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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation, 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population.

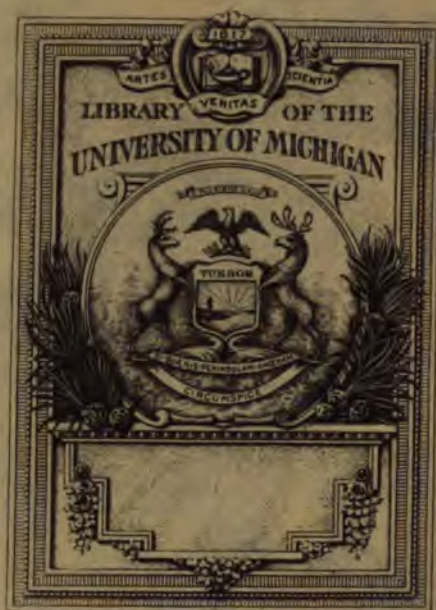
There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

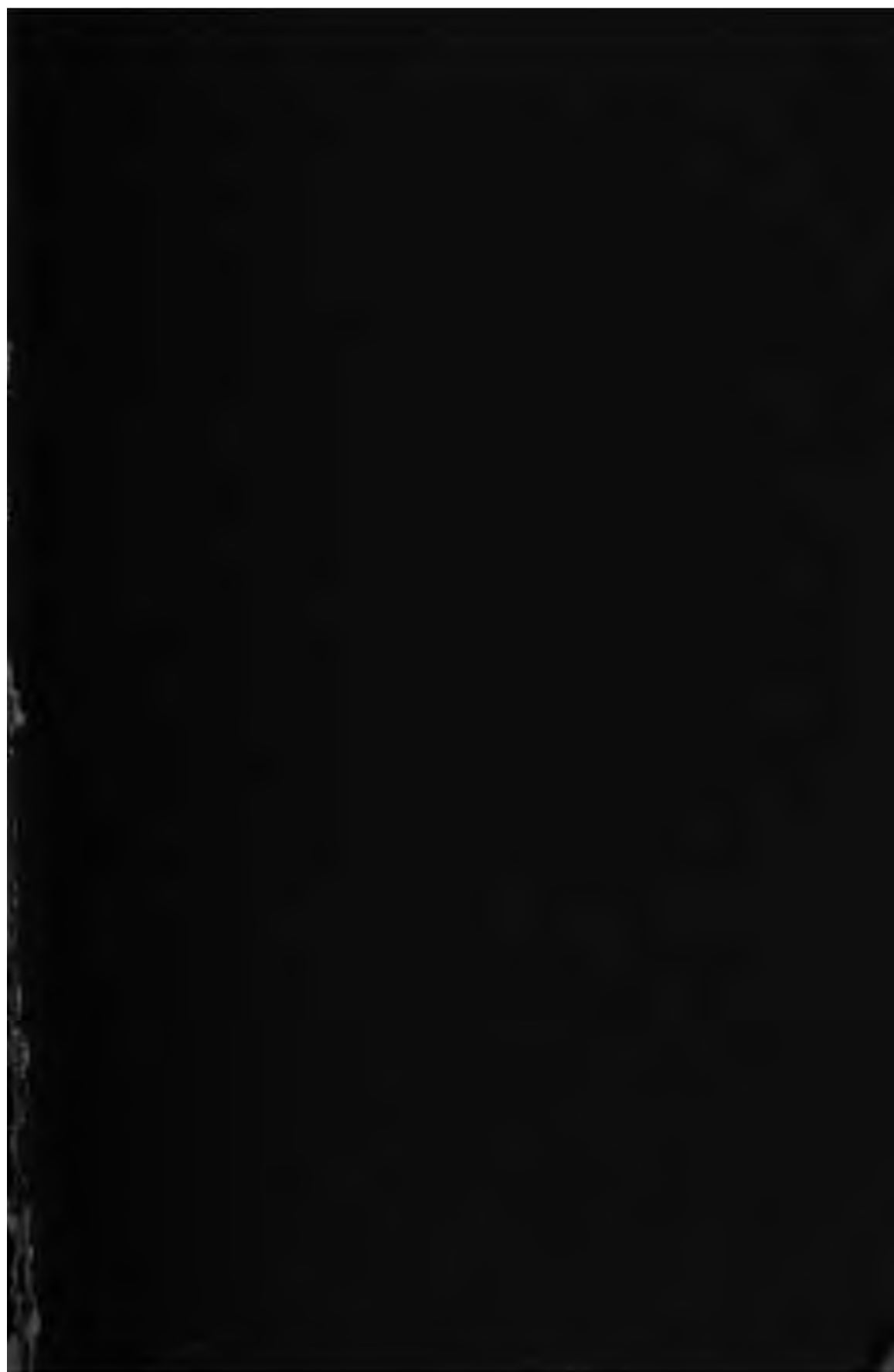
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THE
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OF
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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

#797

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.*

THE curious reader will assuredly have no objection to transport himself for a moment, chronologically, to about the year eighty of the last century, and geographically to Woodford, in Essex, there to inspect a small section of the innumerable Smith family. Behold the father, tall and stalwart in aspect, dressed in drab, as though he were an amateur quaker, and surmounted by a hat of the strangest proportions, like that which a retired coalheaver might be supposed to adopt from old association. The mother is fair to look on, with a charm of mind and manner yet more potent than the beauty of that frame, too delicate for long life among household cares. He is of quick, restless temperament, self-reliant, with a dash of whimsicality in his habit; never long in one place; fond of building and unbuilding; buying and selling some score of places in different parts of England. She has French blood in her veins, and the French vivacity sparkles through her native sweetness. So the children, four boys and a girl, have a goodly

heritage of qualities,—strength from one side the channel, brilliance from the other. All were remarkable for early tokens of talent. To the boys, books and disputation were as tarts and marbles. They read with insatiable greediness, and would try their skill against each other by fierce arguments on questions beyond their years. No other boys can stand a moment against these practised word-gladiators. They grow intolerably overbearing—the young Sophistæ. Away with them from home, ere they be spoilt! A public school shall be their Socrates—shall exercise and temper those quick wits of theirs—show them their limit and their level.

Sydney Smith, the second of these lads, is the subject, and his daughter Lady Holland, the author of the memoir now before us.

Every one who knew Sydney Smith was aware that but a part of his nature—and that not the most truly noble—was known to the public. None was so deeply convinced of this as she who knew him best, and it was the beloved and melancholy task of his widow to prepare the memoranda and collect the letters which should form material for a worthy biography. But who should undertake it? Those who best understood him were

* *A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters. Edited by MRS. AUSTIN. 2 vols. Longman. 1855.*

too old, or too much occupied, or gone. Some said there would be little to tell for which the public would care; others, that the time was not yet come for the telling. But Mrs. Smith had consecrated her remaining days to the memory of her husband, and urged on Mrs. Austin her anxious request that she would undertake the memoir and correspondence. Failing health compelled that lady to decline any labor beyond that of editing a selection from the letters. She stipulated, very properly, for full liberty to suppress anything that might injure the dead or wound the feelings of the living. An excellent discretion has guided her hand throughout the execution of her work. A righteous disappointment awaits those prurient eyes that may scan this correspondence in search of pungent personalities and the piquancy of scandal. The slightest note admitted into the volume has at least its touch to contribute towards the desired portraiture. Nothing is excessive or wearisome, while enough is given faithfully to represent the writer in heart and act.

Lady Holland's memoir, too, is right pleasant reading. We cannot regret that even friends like Moore and Jeffrey were unable to undertake what a daughter has so admirably accomplished. This biography is characterized by good sense and good taste. The narrative is clearly and gracefully written, the anecdotes and good stories well told, with a terse idiomatic raciness at times, that happily marks the lineage of the authoress. Above all—and this must be the source of truest satisfaction to the writer—the work justifies before the world the cherished convictions of domestic affection,—makes it manifest that there were in the subject of it admirable qualities of mind and heart of higher worth by far than any attribute which the common judgment had assigned to the dazzling talker and the trenchant controversialist.

Mrs. Austin justly remarks, that the reputation of Sydney Smith has risen since his death. It has risen, and it is to rise. Every year lessens the number of those who can remember the marvellous charm of his conversation—that diaphragm-shaking, fancy-chasing, oddity-piling, incongruity-linking, hyperbole-topping, wonder-working, faculty of his which a bookful of Homeric compound adjectives would still leave undescribed. But meanwhile, the true proportions of that large intellect have been growing upon the vision of men. Blinded with tears of laughter, they could not estimate his magnitude. Hands

palsied by convulsive caccinations were too unsteady to hold the measure and fit the colossus with a judgment. Now it is better understood how all that wit was only the efflorescence of his greatness—the waving wild flowers on the surface of a pyramid. Time may take from the edifice of his fame some of its lighter decorations, obliterate quaint carvings, decapitate some grotesque and pendant gargoyles, destroy some rich flamboyant word traceries; but that very spoliation will only display more completely the solid foundation, the broad harmonious plan of his life's structure, and exhibit the fine conscientiousness with which those parts of the building most remote from the public eye were finished, even as those most seen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods are everywhere.

It is the work of time either to detect or to vindicate the architecture of every conspicuous name. The decay which exposes pretence justifies truthfulness, and gives the very life it seems to steal.

But, while the truth and the power that lay in such a man might be thus secure of recognition, it remained for a memoir like the present to exhibit the love with which his nature overflowed—his strong affections—the thoughtful tenderness of his sympathy—his generous spirit of self-sacrifice—his passion for making all about him happy, from the least unto the greatest. It is a right thing and a delightful that we should be assured, by those who alone can render such testimony, that the wit and mirthfulness of the noted Sydney Smith were not mere drawing-room and dinner-table coruscations, stimulated by reputation, by company, by wine, but the daily sunshine of a home. For many years his life was a struggle with the incumbrance of inevitable debt, remote from society, in disappointment, in a kind of exile. How many, so circumstanced, would have made themselves and all about them wretched,—visiting their vexations, in fretfulness or gloom, on wife, and children, and servants! He was indomitable in good temper, indefatigable in prompt clear-headed action; sharing and lightening every one's burden by some blithe pleasantry or other; and esteeming no handicraft job a trouble, no contrivance a trifle, which could increase the comfort of any child, domestic, or even animal, beneath his care. We have seen, as from a distance, the scintillations of his wit, like the sparks

that find their way up into the night from the mouth of some lowly cottage chimney. How goodly is it to enter the door,—to look upon the great genial fire of household love from which they all were born—to watch the beaming faces round the ingle—to hear the ringing laugh of childhood, the merriment, the music, the singing. Whether at home or abroad, the wit of this man was the playful overflow of the strength given to a great lover of his kind. Bright it was, but no mere brilliance, no *feu de joie*;—it was shinningly benign, as the rocket gleaming through the sky, whose fire-path is followed by the rope that saves a shipwrecked crew.

At Winchester School, under much misery and semi-starvation, young Sydney produced thousands of Latin verses; ripening through this wretchedness for a fellowship at New College, Oxford. His inclinations would have led him to the bar; but it had been a costly matter to provide a legal education for his clever elder brother, Robert. So Sydney, after narrowly escaping being sent as supercargo to China, is urged by his father to enter the Church. At last he complies; and is next to be discovered, on diligent inquiry, a curate, in the midst of Salisbury Plain—a pauper pastor, horseless, bookless—nay, too often meatless, saying solitary grace over potatoes sprinkled with ketchup. Unhappy!—not for this poverty, but for the pressure which drove him to a calling for which he had no spontaneous vocation. At all events, filthy lucre did not entice him within the pale ecclesiastic. Once entered there, his duty was discharged most conscientiously, according to his views of it.

It appears to us as much a matter of course as the stopping of the heroine's runaway horse by the hero in a novel, that the squire of the parish, having ears on his head and some brains in it, should have taken a great fancy to Mr. Smith, the curate. He sends him to the Continent as tutor to his son; but war breaking out, they put into Edinburgh, "in stress of politics." In that "energetic and unfragrant city," he took two eventful steps—matrimony, the first; the second, the projection and production of the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he edited the first number.

In estimating the share of Sydney Smith in a movement of such importance, it is necessary to ascertain the secret of the power possessed by that portentous creation of buff and blue which was born, ideally at least, in the ninth flat of Buccleugh-place, Edinburgh.*

* See a full discussion of this question in No. XXXI. of this Review.

It was not that the writers in this periodical evinced a talent which distanced what a literature rich as that of England had hitherto produced. The real strength of the new comer lay in the genius and the daring of those successive assaults upon political and social abuses under which we groaned, from our Dan unto our Beersheba. There were the Catholics unemancipated—blood-thirsty game-laws—Test and Corporation Acts—prisoners could have no council—the laws of debt and conspiracy were scandalously oppressive—terrorism and taxation made up the business of the State, and digestion seemed the chief end of the Church. All the most thorough and most telling protests against abuses such as these, which made luminous the early course of the *Review*, proceeded from the pen of Sydney Smith. It is to his commanding genius that we must award the honor of winning a hearing for the *Edinburgh* from listless, despondent, or prejudiced auditors, on those great questions with which its deserved success must be forever associated.

Jeffrey worked harder for the *Review* than any one else. Most praiseworthy is the steadiness with which the versatile mind cooped up in that wiry little body, labored at the periodical oar; and, had the *Edinburgh* existed for Scotland only, it would have needed for success nothing but what Jeffrey could have furnished. His analytical, dissecting-knife style of mind, his metaphysical acuteness, his proneness to philosophize about men as mere abstractions, his love of disquisition—all these were articles in demand north of the Tweed. The clever owner of such qualities might be pardoned, on their account, his flippancy, his critical destructiveness, his weary steppes, here and there, of unrelieved prosiness. As to wit, no one asked for it. Sydney Smith used to say that it required a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. But in England humor is native and of high account. We do not think a man the less in earnest for his jest by the way, for an extravaganza now and then. With all our practicality, we love a playful fancy, quaint indirectness, grotesque collocations, sudden turns, gravely comic ironies. We do not always speak upon the square; we are not ashamed of having been known to utter an impracticable wish. Caledonia has given us some humorists of note, but they have always been formed by the culture and the society of England. Jeffrey, as Smith jocularly told him, was brimful at any time of arguments on every imaginable question; but Sydney alone could render

the arguments he urged irresistible from laughter as well as logic. It is not too much to say that to his mind, more than to any other, was the *Edinburgh* indebted for the vigorous hold it took upon the public feeling of that time. His own modest estimate of his share in the work is thus expressed in one of his letters to Jeffrey:—

"You must consider that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dulness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but, such as I am, I am sure I have done your *Review* good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles. Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the game-laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are *right*, and that there is no lack of sense in it."—Vol. ii., p. 181.

After a residence of five years in Edinburgh, Sydney Smith removed to London, straitened in means, too liberal in his views to hope for much beyond merest journeyman's wages from his Church, but consoled by the *entrée* of Holland House, by an increasing circle of friends, and by signal popularity as a preacher. Languid West-Indians crowded to hear a man who preached in the every-day speech of good society, who was earnest, practical, intelligible, even interesting, in the pulpit, and under whom they almost forgot to yawn. The lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, added deservedly to his fame and funds, and blocked up with equipages the streets which are named after Albemarle and Grafton.

In 1809 preferment came, through Lord and Lady Holland, in the shape of a small living at Foston le Clay, in Yorkshire. A change in the law made residence and building compulsory, and Sydney Smith must atone in his own person for the ecclesiastical negligence and abuse of a hundred and fifty years.

Had he been the feather-brained, popularity-hunting fashionable which John Foster

chose wrathfully to fancy him, he must have perished for lack of ices, champagne, and small-talk. He must have lost at least one pair of boots and all his peace of mind in the stiff clay of Foston. Nor would he have been the first London parson who has all but died of a living in Yorkshire. "Muster Smith," said the octogenarian clerk of Foston, on his first appearance, "it often stroikes my moind, that people as comes from London is such *fools*." Clerk and people straightway discover that their new pastor is no fool. He adapts himself to the situation with a facility that would have been amazing in any one except himself and Alcibiades. At London or at Foston, at Susa or at Sparta, your true lord of circumstance is equally at home. In the twinkling of an eye Sydney Smith has grown bucolic. His ignorance of agriculture is vanishing every day. He dines with the farmers, he sets on foot gardens for the poor, he doctors peasants or cattle, as the case may be (for he heard medical lectures at Edinburgh), he takes an absorbing interest in the diet and gestation of sheep and kine, and can find amusement in the trifles which constitute the events of a hamlet, so sparsely peopled, "that you never for years see so many as four people all together except on a very fine Sunday at church."

Nine months of cheerful untiring energy sufficed to build the new parsonage-house which was to replace the crumbling hovel formerly so called. He says:—

"It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!"—Vol. i., p. 159.

Apròpos of "Bunch," Mrs. Marcet records an amusing scene which she witnessed on a visit to Foston.

"I was coming down stairs the next morning, when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who

was passing, 'Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?' Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'Roast duck, please sir,' and disappeared. I laughed. 'You may laugh,' said he, 'but you have no idea of the labor it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sur ai don't knaw, sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch!' (calling out to her), 'come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;' and Bunch, a clean, fair, equat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir.' 'And what is curtsy-bobbing?' 'Curtsying to the centre of the earth, please sir.' 'Good girl! now you may go.' She makes a capital waiter, I assure you. On *state* occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well; but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimblet into the bread instead of a fork.'—Vol. i., p. 186.

Here is another illustration of the man from the same pen:—

"But I came up to speak to Annie Kay. Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay." Kay appeared. "Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay. Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines." Kay appears with the book. "I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?" "Oh yes, Mr. Sydney." "There is the gentle-jog, a pleasure to take it; the bull-dog for more serious cases; Peter's puke; heart's delight, the comfort of all the old women in the village; rub-a-dub, a capital embrocation; dead-stop settles the matter at once; up-with-it-then, needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of rub-a-dub; and to Mr. Coles a dose of dead-stop and twenty drops of laudanum. This is the house to be ill in (turning to us); indeed, everybody who comes is expected to take a little something; I consider it a delicate compliment when my guests have a slight illness here. We have contrivances for everything. Have you seen my patent armor? No? Annie Kay, bring my patent armor. Now, look here: if you have a stiff neck or swelled face, here is this sweet case of tin filled with hot water, and covered with flannel to put round your neck, and you are well directly. Likewise, a patent tin aboulder, in case of rheumatism. There you see

a stomach-tin, the greatest comfort in life; and lastly, here is a tin slipper, to be filled with hot water, which you can sit with in the drawing-room, should you come in chilled, without wetting your feet. Come and see my apothecary's shop.' We all went down stairs, and entered a room filled entirely on one side with medicines. and on the other with every description of groceries and household or agricultural necessities; in the centre, a large chest, forming a table, and divided into compartments for soap, candles, salt, and sugar.

"Here you see," said he, 'every human want before you:—

"Man wants but little here below,
As beef, veal, mutton, pork, lamb, venison show."

spreading out his arms to exhibit everything, and laughing. 'Life is a difficult thing in the country, I assure you, and it requires a good deal of forethought to steer the ship, when you live twelve miles from a lemon. By-the-by, that reminds me of one of our greatest domestic triumphs. Some years ago, my friend C——, the arch epicure of the Northern Circuit, was dining with me in the country. On sitting down to dinner, he turned round to the servant and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket and he would find a lemon; 'for,' he said, 'I thought it likely you might have duck and green peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon.' I turned round and exclaimed indignantly, 'Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!' and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that. Oh, it is reported that he goes to bed with concentrated lozenges of wild-duck, so as to have the taste constantly in his mouth when he wakes in the night.'—Vol. i., p. 355.

Nor was this gaiety in any measure the result of mere heedlessness or insensibility. His strong affections gave poignancy to all that was trying in his lot. But the sense of duty, the spirit of love, the manly resolve to make the best of whatever might befall, bore him bravely up till better days.

"I have not unfrequently seen him in an evening," says Lady Holland, "when bill after bill poured in, as he was sitting at his desk (carefully examining them and gradually paying them off) quite overcome by the feeling of the debt hanging over him, cover his face in his hands, and exclaim 'Ah! I see I shall end my old age in a gaol!' This was the more striking from one the buoyancy of whose spirits usually rose above all difficulties. It made a deep impression upon us; and I remember many little family councils, to see if it were not possible to economize in something more, and lessen our daily expenses to assist him."

Meanwhile he was a diligent contributor to the *Edinburgh*. He was never without

some subject in hand for investigation. He was a very rapid reader, nimbly "tearing out the bowels of a book," seizing and estimating general results. His memory was not remarkably retentive. In gaining the fullest and most accurate information, written or oral, on any topic he was about to handle, he was most scrupulous and indefatigable. The necessary data once collected and arranged, he wrote swiftly, with all his heart and soul; never pausing for polish or effect, rarely altering or correcting what he had written. His power of abstraction was great. With admirable agility he could transfer, in a moment, his whole mind from one subject to another. From the dry drudgery of bills and business papers he could turn instantly to the composition of an essay or a sermon, and write with rapid ease, unhindered by surrounding conversation or music, unvexed by interruptions. A certain mental restlessness rendered that necessary interchange of business and study which would have fretted most literary men, a positive advantage to him. Ever eager to see and hear, he liked first impressions; he would never dwell more than ten minutes together on the same scene or picture. When no interruption came from without, he would make one; and presently return to his desk, enlivened by a turn in the garden, by play with a child, or attention to some domestic concern. In fact, his capacity for business and for letters was alike extraordinary. He could plod and plan, scrutinize and calculate, as though he had never in his life conceived a fancy, said a good thing, or written a wise one. When made, at last, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, how did he electrify the officers of the Chapter! He was the impersonation of Administrative Reform. Here was a man who would not run in the routine groove—who would take nothing for granted—who would sleepily confide in no person merely because it had been usual to trust him with everything—who insisted on examining everything, and everybody for himself—who taxed the bills (the wretch!)—who somehow had come to know, as well as the builders (the monster!) all about putty, white lead, and Portland stone. Would that we had more such men to manage all our affairs, secular and religious, men brave and true enough to sacrifice peace at first, for purity and safety afterwards. "I find traces of him," says his old friend, the Dean of St. Paul's, "in every particular of Chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find

stronger reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship."

But we anticipate his history. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst courageously offered him a stall vacant at Bristol. Thither he repaired, not to a larger, but a more secure source of income; and, on the 5th of November, preached a sermon before the Mayor and corporation so intolerably tolerant, that they "could scarcely keep the turtle on their stomachs." The kindness of Lord Lyndhurst enabled him to exchange Foston for the beautifully-situated living of Combe Florey, near Taunton.

And now, in the ebb and flow of politics, the Whigs came into power. Lord Melbourne expressed his regret in after years that he had not made Sydney Smith a bishop. Considering, not the ideal, but the actual, Church of England, never had man better claim. He had fought on the Liberal side, when every blow he struck demolished a hope of preferment. He had stood alone in his profession, aiding with his pen the Whig cause, as not another man in England could, when Whiggism was outcast and empty-handed. A bishopric, he was well aware, would not have increased his happiness—it would have been refused if offered; but whether such return came or not, his heart was no less true to the cause he had embraced. It was not for place that he had wrought and endured so much. But at all events Lord Grey will appoint him to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's; some years after, his brother leaves him his property; and behold him in easy circumstances for the rest of his days. In his first letter to Archdeacon Singleton, he is provoked to sum up his receipts from the Establishment as follows:

"You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown churchman; be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now, I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the church; then 50*l.* per annum, for two years; then nothing for ten years; then 500*l.* per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l.*, till, in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4000*l.*, and had reclaimed another from ruins at the expense of 2000*l.* A lawyer, or a physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity."

Let sanguine mediocrity, seeking refuge in the Church of England from Dissent, consider this career. Grievous are the blanks indeed, and sure, to unpatronized independence of thought. It is said that under popular church government, the minister of religion dares not speak according to his convictions. What heroism was requisite in Sydney Smith to avow his! O Neophyte! about to enter holy orders for respectability's sake and the morsel of bread, learn thy first lesson from the sagacious Canon of St. Paul's. He tells you, "What bishops like to see in the inferior clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner. Go! buy thee a full-length mirror, and practice it all day long!"

Now, reader, we ring the bell and order you refreshments; here are some fragments of Smith's conversation—

"It is a great proof of shyness to crumble bread at dinner. Oh! I see you are afraid of me," (turning to a young lady who sat by him,) "you crumble your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop."

"Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen."

"Yes! you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence."

"There is a New Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face."

"An argument arose in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.'"

"When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors."

"At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. 'He may be a great poet,' said my father, 'but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was. For instance,' (turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet,) 'you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider?—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should forever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period

in their defence.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney?' said a young mother. 'Why, you should forever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'"

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

"When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud, that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

"Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, ma'am!' I said, 'it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding."—Vol. i., p. 266.

Lady Holland has summoned to the witness-box some of those best qualified to testify, who with one voice aver, not only that grave truth was often couched in Sydney's wildest witticisms, so that taste and principle always redeemed them from buffoonery, but that many who best knew him admired his wisdom even more than his wit. "His reputation," says an accomplished lady, "has been much founded on his powers of entertaining, which are very great, indeed unrivalled; yet I prefer his serious conversation." Mrs. Austin went to hear him, "with some misgivings," she says, "as to the effect which the well-known face and voice, ever associated with wit and mirth, might have upon me, even in the sacred place. Never were misgivings more quickly and entirely dissipated. The moment he appeared in the pulpit, all the weight of his duty, all the authority of his office, were written on his countenance; and without a particle of affectation (of which he was incapable) his whole demeanor bespoke "the gravity of his purpose." More than once had he the satisfaction of receiving letters of gratitude, assuring him that his preaching had not been in vain, and had stopped the writer in a course of guilt and dissipation. "The expression of my father's face," says Lady Holland, "when at rest, was that of sense and dignity; and this was the picture of his mind in the calmer and graver hours of life; but when he found (as we sometimes do) a passage that bore the stamp of *immortality*, his countenance in an instant

changed, and lighted up, and a sublime thought, sight, or action, struck on his soul at once, and found a kindred spark within it." In the family circle he would give expression at times to thoughtful religious feeling; but, with a taste so sensitive, and a dislike of conventional religious phrases so strong as his, we should be strangely wanting in charity were we to suppose that solemn thoughts were not more frequent with him than solemn words.

What sunny wisdom pervades remarks and maxims such as these:—

"When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect."

"Don't be too severe upon yourself and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last."

"Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God."

"Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that *he has done his best*!"

"Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope; why do they not dare hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair."

"The real way to improve is not so much by varied reading, as by finding out your weak points on any subject and mastering them."

"True it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others: but it is a mistake to complain of it; for it is of no use: you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol."

"I destroy, on principle, all letters to me, but I have no secrets myself. I should not care if almost every word I have written were published at Charing Cross. I live with open windows."

"Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others."

"Oh! I am happy to see all who will visit me; I have lived twenty years in the country, and Have never met a bore."

The wit of Sydney Smith was always under the control of good taste and good feeling. It was never mischievous to him by any unseemliness, impertinence, or vulgarity.

Throughout his writings, so remarkable for natural flow and freedom of style, so simple and so idiomatic, you search in vain for anything slipshod, for triteness or chit-chat, for a single colloquial solecism. His style, like golden-haired Pyrrha, is always *simplex munditiis*. The brilliance of his conversation owed none of its fire to the glass. A thimbleful of wine destroyed his understanding, he said, and made him forget the number of the Muses. He sings the praises of water in a style that will make the floods in all teetotal stomachs to clap their hands. Far other the sparkling faculty of another wit, hectic from the ruddy wine, effervescent with champagne—poor Theodore Hook—the victim of the convivial cruelties of the great, mercilessly dined to death. Some of the happiest jests of Smith were ecclesiastical. But such sallies were too professional to be profane. They seemed to rebound upon himself, or they played about his order; they certainly scorched nothing. If there was satire in them, it was directed only at hypocrisy or corruption. If he could lightly touch the terrene and external part of religion—its secularized institutions—its drowsy dignitaries; he paid lowliest obeisance (wherever he could discern it) to its heavenly spirit. He could play with the tassel of his cushion; never with the leaves of his Bible. Assuredly, of no other wit could this be said, that many persons felt flattered rather than otherwise, when singled out by him as the objects of a conversational attack. How genial and frolicsome must that railery have been,—irradiating, never scathing,—summer lightning, indeed,—always directed by a delicate kindness to something unlinked with the feelings or the pride—something that could be offered up—at which the owner could laugh as heartily as any one in the room, feeling as if some article of his, like a watch, or a handkerchief, was made the subject of a feat by a master of legerdemain; as though he had unawares contributed to the common delight, and turned on, with a sudden touch, the great wit-fountain—never that he was held up as a butt of scorn for the arrows of an irrepressible, and universal laugh. When he was quitting London for Yorkshire, the absent and eccentric Lord Dudley said to him, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid." He remarks, "This, I confess, pleased me." Doubtless:—rare heart and head! A wit—and yet more beloved than feared!

In attempting a summary of the characteristics belonging to such a nature, the first place is due to that piercing sagacity for which he was so remarkable,—that combination of moral qualities with intellectual acuteness which constitutes practical wisdom. His first object is to clear away encumbrances,—to make “a naked circle” about the matter in dispute, so that there may be a clear view of it from every side. He goes at once to the core, never mistaking adjuncts for essentials, never deceived by fine phrases, by conventional solemnities or sentimentalities. “We must get down at once,” he cries, “to the solid rock, without heeding how we disturb the turf and the flowers above.” On the American rivers, the great logs floated down get jammed up here and there;—a man must be let down by a rope from the overhanging trees,—find, if he can, the timber which is a kind of keystone and stops the rest.—detach it—be pulled up in a twinkling—and away dash the giant trunks, shooting headlong, helter-skelter, down the stream. This delicate and perilous office Sydney Smith discharged for the dead-locked questions of his day. His treatment of a half-smothered, obfuscated topic never fails to clear and freshen it for all who come after him;—it is refreshing as a shower on dusty leaves, which not only gives them moisture at the time, but, by washing clean the clogged stomata, fits the innumerable mouths on every spray for drinking in their future nourishment from the surrounding air. He drives a slippery antagonist to his last wriggle,—a pompous and windy one to his last gasp—by insisting on their saying what they mean. Whether in extracting the terror from a term meant for bug-bear, or the hue from a term designed as a cosmetic, his consummate logic is equally admirable. The rhetorician finds that his color-box is gone; the polemic, with linstock lighted, that his powder has been damped. Sydney Smith has conquered by rendering useless weapons which had been redoubtable till he appeared. He need not himself launch a single envenomed personality, or point one deep-throated railing accusation. Those familiar with his writings will remember instances of such high service in the searching examination he institutes into the use and misuse of words like “pedantic,” “simplicity,” “speculative,” “conscience,” and many more.

Of course, to such a man, all mere party cries, specious generalities, clerical flunkeyism, official cant, and owl-faced commonplaces, must be ever abominable. “Upon religion and morals,” he writes, “depends

the happiness of mankind; but the fortune of knaves and the power of fools is sometimes made to rest on the same apparent basis; and we will never (if we can help it) allow a rogue to get rich, or a blockhead to get powerful, under the sanction of these awful words.” He tells brother Abraham, with perfect truth, “If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortunes upon their ruin.” To a clerical opponent, who accused him of want of piety, he replies :—

“Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not, must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life: the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these,—if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.”—*Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, p. 252.

It must have been a shock indeed to every churchman who had made an adored poetical abstraction of the Church to see all the sanctimonious obscurity and lullaby laudation with which he had surrounded his idol dissipated or ignored,—to be reminded that the discrepancy and contention which would be disgraceful and pernicious in worldly affairs, should, in common prudence, be avoided in the affairs of religion,—to hear plain facts simply stated by a man who could retain possession of his faculties in the presence of a bishop,—verily the Knight of La Mancha in the cave of Montesinos could not have been more amazed when his Dulcinea sent to borrow six reals on her new dimity petticoat. “I have but one illusion left,” said Sydney in his mellow age, “and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury.” Alas! that too must be lost by this time to many of his readers, and a wicked world has ceased to put its trust even in archbishops!

The power of Sydney Smith as a light-diffuser and fallacy-detector on the grand scale was rendered the more formidable by a comprehensiveness not inferior to his discrimination—by his moderation and self control. He never overstates his case. The argument once demolished, he does not vindictively pursue its unhappy parent. He does not

take it for granted that every advocate of what is cruel or unjust must of necessity be a brute or a rogue. It is his habit to pause, even in full career, and make due allowance on every opportunity for the influence of education, of position, of routine. He never employs his perfect mastery of language—like the powders applied to dahlia-roots and hyacinths—to change the natural hue of the facts as they grow, and give to the resultant product an artificial coloring. Practical as he is he is no cold-blooded utilitarian. Such men he ridicules as ligneous creatures, from whom, when bored with a gimlet, sawdust must come forth. His early days were unheated by the revolutionary fervor that kindled the contemporary youth of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth; nor did his age, like theirs, forsake the liberal cause. His facts were as carefully examined and set forth—his arguments as guarded and as complete, as though his only hope had lain in diligence and logic. His witty illustration hides no weak places—it is the crest of his helmed argument—the mere pennon of his spear. The sword of this Taillefer does not deal blows less deadly because he rides out before the battle-front, tossing it in the air and catching it. So full of life is he, that when he has hewn his thoughts into serviceable shape for his purpose, they sprout forth presently into unlooked-for arborescent fancies,—are vivacious as the acacia wood, which, planed into a door-post, has been known to root again and shoot out budding boughs above the threshold. He can diverge as wondrously from the established treatment of a subject as doth the tower of Pisa from the perpendicular, yet never fall;—nay, as that tower may safely ring its peal of bells in an attitude menacing instant prostration, so can his strange faculty disport itself at will in posture the most hazardous, and peril no gravity save that belonging to his readers. Such ease and self-possession belong only to great strength. Great as might be the ardor with which he would defend a good thing or assail a bad one, vehemence never made him forget that there were other good things and other bad beside the one in question. He did not imagine that the universe hung on the particular controversy with which he might be at any time occupied; he kept his material in its place; he had no hobby; he was guiltless of a panacea.

His judgment of mankind was healthy, neither Utopian nor cynical. Unlike the Sultal Mahmoud, who, smiting the Indian idol with his mace, saw gush forth therefrom an

incredible quantity of pearls and precious stones, Sydney Smith found image-breaking anything but lucrative. But neglect and misrepresentation could not sour him. He was content to take men as we find them. If the highest motive moved them not, he thought it no shame to appeal to a lower. The skilful mariner must know not merely how a ship *might* be worked in a storm, but what the particular craft he has to manage can be brought to do—how she will “behave,” as they say, in a certain crisis. This was the kind of knowledge by which he set most store in the management of men. He never enjoyed for its own sake the excitement of striving with his fellows. Some men, plunged into controversy, acquire fresh heat and life,—as fire-flies are said to regain their fading lustre on being immersed in hot water. Such a man was Priestly; such was not Sydney Smith. Some worthy cause must be at stake before he will vex his soul with contention. How strongly does his dignified forbearance and large-hearted love contrast with the savage Berserker fury of Swift, or the malign grin of Voltaire—to whom Ridicule and Sarcasm were Castor and Pollux, sole guiding stars across the frothy, melancholy sea of life.

Yet there was one phase of our common nature which presented to Sydney Smith a riddle he could not read. Into the heights and depths of our spiritual being he seems never to have searched. A religious enthusiast was to him as strange and incomprehensible a creature as an ornithorynchus paradoxus. If he sees a man profoundly oppressed by the sense of guilt, he straightway imagines him a poor dyspeptic wretch, who thinks to please God by tears and groans. He is right when he says that God is love; but how strangely wanting in discernment when he fails to see that it is this very love which deepens to such poignancy the consciousness of ingratitude. Faith appears to be understood by him in the mere ecclesiastical rather than in the scriptural sense—as the opinion of the seen, more than the power of the unseen world. He is right when he insists on the necessity of practical preaching, of searching exhortation to the moralities of daily life, but grievously in error when he looks for genuine success apart from the motives set forth in the gospel, and the regenerating influence of the Spirit of God. What measure of such truth he himself may finally have come to hold we know not: far be it from us to judge him.

The complaint we urge is simply this;—

not that he was not religious just in our fashion, but that he denied sincerity or common sense to great numbers who were not religious in his. His injustice to evangelical religion is notorious. In contact with that hated thing, his love of mercy and of justice vanishes—his nobler self is gone, and he is Sydney Smith no more. True, he would persecute neither Methodist nor Catholic; but his charity and candor are pushed to the utmost for the one, his scorn and abhorrence are concentrated on the other. He is eager to believe that every evangelical cobbler deems it glorious to lie for the tabernacle. He can scarcely be persuaded that a Papist will deem it glorious to lie for the church. He is indignant at the power of illiterate preachers over the common people. He forgets how the order of Francis has preyed upon the mob, how the order of Dominic has hounded them on. The bad taste of Methodism disgusts him. A little reading among the works of some of those whom Rome delights to honor—the visions and meditations of some illustrious saints—the foul-mouthed utterances of the French preachers of the League, would have revealed to him sanctified puerilities, holy profanities, delirious obscenities, blood-thirsty blasphemies, in comparison with which the maddest rant of an American camp-meeting is seemliness, sobriety, and sense.

As to the good taste of much that Smith saw fit to quote from the public organs and private journals of the evangelical party, we have not a word of apology to offer. With many passages citation is condemnation, and they convict themselves without a stroke from the satirist. But the sin of the assailant lay in resolving to believe, and to make others believe, that the religionists assailed were made up only of superstition and austerity—if sincere, all grimness—if hollow, all grimace—frantic with a heady proselytism, or greedy with a low-minded cunning.

To his attack on Indian missions every succeeding year brought in, and is to bring, fresh refutation. But for missionary effort Sutteeism would still have been allowed, Indian priestcraft petted, and the wheel of Juggernaut shoved onwards by the shoulder of the Honorable East India Company. He makes the difficulties encountered by missionaries his great argument against missions. Those difficulties had been largely created by the godless gainfulness which lived only to shake the pagoda-tree and gorge. Their existence only showed that brave and devoted hearts had not stirred them too soon. Quite other-

wise did Sydney reason concerning the obstacles in the way of improvement among ourselves. The Champion of reform in England abominates the reformers of India; and the chastiser of episcopalian Brahmins at home is the apologist of an idolatrous priesthood abroad. The reiterated publication of the article on Missions is far less excusable than its production at the first. It was not like Sydney Smith to persist against accumulating facts—to refuse to allow himself mistaken. If he had spoken a hasty word to any one in his employ, he could never be easy in his mind till, with manful kindness, he had in some way acknowledged his fault, and healed the wound. But an evangelical dissenter was beyond the pale of courtesy or justice. Lady Holland tells us, "Some one speaking of missions ridiculed them as inefficient. He dissented, saying that, 'Though all was not done that was projected or even boasted of, yet that much good resulted; and that wherever Christianity was taught, it brought with it the additional good of civilization in its train, and men became better carpenters, better cultivators, better everything.'" There is his own good sense here; many reputed conversions are very questionable; many Indians have been made bad Hindoos without being made good Christians; much is still to do; but the collateral benefits of Christianity alone are an incalculable gain—underrated too often by religious impatience, eager for flattering reports. His views had evidently undergone modification; we are glad to give publicity to the change; we could wish that he himself had done so.

The position of Sydney Smith in the Church of England it is not difficult to understand. In his view, that institution meant "a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. He was grieved to see it near "dying of dignity," but such he knew was the chronic disorder of all establishments. The practical energetic preaching, the activity, the education he advocated, were, alas! only to be found among the evangelicals he denounced. The Puseyite attempt at revival by priestcraft, sacraments, and wax-chandlery, was quite as little to his taste. He has much reverence for principles, little for dignities. For the life of him he cannot say of his bishop, as Cob of Bobadill, "I do honor the very flea of his dog." To every clergyman, duly sensible of

the proprieties, the very sneeze of a bishop should be like the sternutation of the King of Monopotama, which is greeted by shouts in the ante-chamber, shouts in the palace-yard, shouts in the city-streets,—announced and reverberated by a thousand loyal voices; but bold recusant Sydney Smith can watch *rectis oculis*—without awe, and without response—the convulsion of an episcopal proboscis! This provoking Spartan calls a spade a spade, and shockingly discourses of the Church as indeed it is. They accuse him of desecrating holy things. He answers as England did to Ireland in one of our old wars. The Irish had laid up their corn in a church, hoping that the sanctity of the building would preserve their stores. The English replied that the sacrilege lay with the enemy, in converting the holy place to such a purpose; and removed the grain as coolly as if the sanctuary had been a barn.

Sydney Smith maintains that, as there is no adequate payment for the many in the Church, there must be prizes for the few. His letters to Archdeacon Singleton are unanswerable exposures of a fallacious and unjust attempt at reform, by which the strong ecclesiastics would have pilfered from the weak, without appeasing after all the popular dissatisfaction. Most of his ecclesiastical opponents conveniently identified the pious and the comfortable. To disturb an abuse was to assail religion. Has not Sancho the most religious objection to being drawn into discussion when guzzling among Camacho's flesh-pots? "Good, your worship," cries he, "judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears and valors; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbors: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world."

A most felicitous allusion exhibits in a sentence the effect of his plain-speaking. "When an argument taken from real life and the actual condition of the world is brought among the shadowy discussions of ecclesiastics, it always occasions terror and dismay; it is like Æneas stepping into Charon's boat, which carried only ghosts and spirits. *Gemuit sub pondere cymba Sutilis*." Sydney Smith will not cloak the matter; he acknowledges that the great majority who enter the Church do so having in view the good things which that Church may bestow. Yet every one so entering professes that he is moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. The bait must be there, he contends, or capital would not flow into the establishment. But what becomes of the

vows upon the threshold? Hapless dilemma!—what, indeed!

He judged of the Romish priesthood very much by himself. He imagined them scarcely more likely to violate truth, humanity, or justice for their church, than would he for his. They had come down in the world, and he pitied them. They seemed to him the feeble shadow of a bye-gone terror. They resembled in his eyes the player in the *Spectator*, who complains so bitterly that, having once done the thunder, he is now reduced to act the ghost. They had suffered adversity, and he trusted they were the better for it. The service he rendered them was a righteous one and brave, however unworthy and incurable the subjects of the benefit. With scepticism, on the other side, he was never disposed to tamper for a moment. The irreligious spirit of the *Edinburgh* awakened his grave displeasure, and drew forth strong remonstrances to Jeffrey.

As a master of English, Sydney Smith may take his place upon the highest seat. A better model of style it would be difficult to propose,—partly from his intrinsic excellence,—partly because the absence of mannerism renders mere imitation impossible. Two comprehensive attributes may suffice to characterize his composition—Simplicity and Wit.

It is too common to confound simplicity with baldness, and to challenge its excellence accordingly. A simple style must be transparent, idiomatic, natural. Let these qualities be preserved, and a playful humor, or a rich fancy, will never detract from its simplicity. The soil need not be barren, but the flowers must be spontaneous. No brushes and powders, no wires, wax, or gauze, must litter the study table—materials for an artificial flora. No pedantic theory must play the martinet with the common rank and file of speech, or drum out the attention of the reader and the thoughts of the writer in a monotonous roll of periods.

Sydney Smith thought with clearness, and therefore expressed himself clearly. We cannot believe that any man fairly understands his own meaning who is unable to convey it to the tolerably educated mind about him. The banks and shoals of the sea are the ordinary resting place of fogs. It is so with thought and language—the cloud surely indicates the shallow. The literary criticisms of Smith betray his impatience of all artifice. He is aggrieved by the scholastic grandiosities of Parr; he exposes the pompous egotism of Rose; he

rebukes, though gently, the apostrophes of Waterton. His allusions and illustrations are never too refined or recondite; requiring in the reader some unusual knowledge or peculiar point of mental view, and therefore meaningless to the many as a signal flag seen edgewise. His style acquires force as well as clearness from his Teniers-like finish and minuteness of detail—his constant preference of the concrete to the abstract. There is no question about his outline—no drapery conceals drawing careless or untrue—there are no figures half visible through mist. He is like the man of whom the Italian said, that he always spoke *in relief* (*parlava sempre scolpito*). Wherever he can make a generality special by adducing names, places, tangible objects, he always does so. If such features are not at hand, he invents them. Thus, speaking of the Bishop of Peterborough's questions, he says, "By this new system of interrogation, a man may be admitted into orders at Barnet, rejected at Stevenage, re-admitted at Brogden, kicked out as a Calvinist at Witham Common, and hailed as an ardent Arminian on his arrival at York." On the same principle we meet by the way with an enumeration like the following:—"Few men consider the historical view which will be taken of present events. The bubbles of last year; the fishing for half-crowns in Vigo Bay; the Milk, Muffin, and Crumpet Companies; the Apple, Pear, and Plum Associations; the National Gooseberry and Currant Company—will all be remembered as instances of that partial madness to which society is occasionally exposed," &c. Similarly, in the speech on the Reform Bill, the stewards and country gentlemen acquire a grotesque individuality in the fortunes of Messrs. Vellum and Plumpkin. His habit of recapitulation at the close of an article greatly intensifies the impression of the whole. In this way he not only provides against any possible misconception as to his object, but sends away the reader with a telling summary of fact and argument ringing in his ears. Thus the whole of the fallacies exposed in the article on Bentham, are gathered together at last in the Noodle's oration. In like manner, at the end of a masterly paper on the Catholic question, he winds up with a succession of spirited addresses to the several classes interested—to the No-Popery Fool—to the No-Popery Rogue—to the Honest No-Popery People—to the Catholics, &c. The final page of the paper on Female Education is an epitome of the whole, remarkable for

vigorous compression. An article on America is concluded by a collection of antithesis, concentrating in a paragraph the vast advantages and little inconveniences of which that land of anomalies is made up. The ease and self-possession resulting from the consciousness of strength, preserved his simplicity inviolate, whatever might be his anxiety, his eagerness, his indignation. His steed of the pen, as the Orientals would say, never perspires. No other man has ever despatched so many questions in one irresistible, immortal sentence. He will kick out the life of a time-honored sophism by a single foot-note. His parenthesis is terrible—a mere tap on the ear in passing, that smites like the sail of a windmill.

Barrow's celebrated enumeration of the varieties of wit might be completely illustrated with first-rate specimens from the writings of Sydney Smith alone. We have not another writer in our language who has united to a wit and humor so exuberant and multiform a treatment of his subject so comprehensive, so conscientious, so truly philosophical—not another with like measure of the perilous faculty, so completely preserved by heart, and taste and judgment from ever injuring others by malice, or himself by folly.

Space would fail us to specify the many kinds of facetiousness with which his style abounds. The humorists have always claimed the privilege of word-coining, and the royal exercise of this prerogative distinguishes, while it never disfigures, the language of Sydney Smith. This kind of originality lies on the surface, and is the first to strike every eye. Sometimes he fashions strange compounds from the homely Saxon idiom; sometimes he devises bigwig classical epithets, devised with scholarlike precision, comic from their formal gravity, so dexterously misplaced. Thus he speaks of a "lexicon-struck" boy, of "Malthus-proof" young people, of "persecution-fanciers," of "wife and daughter bishops," of "butler bishops," even of "cook and housekeeper bishops;" he describes a measure as rejected "with Percivalism and contempt;" and he enriches our mother tongue with that serviceable hybrid "Foolometer." So when, in the academic vein, he laughs at pedants with sesquipedal words of his own, he will talk of "frugivorous children," and of "mastigophorous schoolmasters;" of "amorphous hats;" of "fugacious" or "plumigerous captains;" of "lachrymal and suspicious clergymen;" of some people who are "si-

mious," and others who are "anserous;" he holds up, as "the Anglophagi," the placemen who prey upon the country; and designates our September sins by the awful name of "perdricide."

A mind of such happy vivacity will, of course, make the similitude and the metaphor the frequent vehicles of fun, of satire, sometimes even of argument—fine and sharp as the Italian's "dagger hid in a hair." For example—"Men of very small incomes, be it known to his Lordship, have often very acute feelings; and a curate trod on feels a pang as great as when a bishop is refuted." Thus again, "To be intolerable strict and harsh to a poor curate, who is trying to earn a morsel of hard bread, and then to complain of the drudgery of reading his answers, is much like knocking a man down with a bludgeon, and then abusing him for splashing you with his blood, and pestering you with his groans. It is quite monstrous that a man who inflicts eighty-seven new questions in theology upon his fellow-creatures, should talk of the drudgery of reading their answers."

Of the pun—that Pariah among the jests—Sydney Smith furnishes but few examples, and those, with scarcely an exception, classical.

His mock-heroics are numerous, and all good. Take this sly hit *en passant* at the pompous Latinized style: "Not only are Church, King, and State allured by this principle of vicarious labor, but the pot-boy has a lower pot-boy, who, for a small portion of the small gains of his principal, arranges, with inexhaustible sedulity, the subdivided portions of drink, and, intensely perspiring, disperses, in bright pewter, the frothy elements of joy." Who has not been convulsed by reading Peter Plymley's flatulent description of the scheme for subduing the French by stopping their medicinal supplies? "What a sublime thought—that no purge can be taken between the Wesser and the Garonne—that the bustling pestle is still—the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude!"

A species of wit to which Sydney Smith is much addicted, we must call, The Particularization of the Hyperbole. When putting something impossible, or imagining something extravagant, he generally contrives to give it, by a sudden turn, a peculiar adaptation to the case in hand. For instance, speaking of Mrs. Trimmer, the well-known writer of children's books, he

does not simply say that he knows she would on no account wittingly have done such injustice to Mr. Lancaster; but, "if she had been aware of the extent of the mischief she was doing, she would have tossed the manuscript spelling book in which she was engaged into the fire, rather than have done it." Thus, again, any one might write, "Nothing can persuade me that the antiquated superstitions of Rome are likely to resume their empire over the mind of this country." What force and freshness does our wit give to the same thought—how he makes it flash and attract all eyes by expressing it this way—"Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonorable action; that anybody who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple; tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but, for the love of common sense, let me hear no more of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery."

A remarkable feature in the satire of Sydney Smith is the way in which it is wrought in his argument, description, or narrative. It diffuses itself through his style like an atmosphere. The touches are slight and incidental, as though he could not help it—he has not to stop or go out of his road for the purpose. Thomas Fuller often embroiders his history with sarcastic touches and humorous allusions; they fringe a sentence, or they slash it by a parenthesis; they glitter on it, or they wind, like a button or a braid—but with Sydney Smith this vein of wit is as it were *shot* into the fabric—it glances at every movement in the texture itself. In this respect he bears some resemblance to Thackeray, whose satire and whose kindness too, will come out in the most ordinary passages of a story—in the narration of the commonest incidents—showing that this humor is no mere decoration of the structure he builds, but, in a manner, the very seasoning of its rafters. Sydney Smith and Thackeray are akin, too, in the tendency of their genius to confine itself to man and his interests. Dickens, in whom the poetical development is larger, has more sentiment and discursiveness. He will invest natural objects with character—informs with

life scenery, buildings, and very furniture. The supernatural and the mysterious steal in among the oddities and the prose of our wondrous daily life. The strange sights of foreign lands suggest to Sydney Smith not poetical or spiritual analogies, but political or ecclesiastical ones—some reality in the actual world at hand. And these very suggestions furnish illustration of the way in which he scatters satire as he goes, instinctively, almost unawares. Thus he reads in the old travels of Brocquière that the Christians at Damascus are locked up every night—"as they are (he remarks) in English workhouses, night and day, when they happen to be poor." This is his reflection on being informed of the astonishing power of the tolling note uttered by the South American campanero: "The campanero may be heard three miles!—this little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family!" A description of the sloth sends his ideas home at once to his profession: "This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop." The boa constrictor reminds him, naturally enough, of the Court of Chancery.

How rapid and how keen are strokes like the following—the mere sparkle of his oars as they dash onward: "To buy a partridge (though still considered as inferior to murder) was visited with the very heaviest infliction of the law," &c. "Even ministers (whom nothing pesters so much as the interests of humanity) are at last compelled to come forward," &c. "We curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the empty satisfaction of Mr. Percival's head."—"Crying out like a school-boy or a chaplain," &c. "The sixth commandment is suspended, by one medical diploma, from the north of England to the south." "If a man finds a partridge upon his ground eating his corn in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it, even if his father is not a Doctor of Divinity." "A good novel is a book which makes you impatient of contradiction and inattentive,—even if a bishop is making an observation, or a gentleman, lately from the Pyramids, or the Upper Cataracts, is let loose upon the drawing-room."

That brevity is the soul of wit is an aphorism which, like many other proverbial sayings, conveys but half the truth. It is the

province of wit not merely to utter the happy saying which is born and complete upon the instant, but also to pursue an idea with inexpressible nimbleness of thought, through windings, and windings, and transformations numberless, long after apprehensions less brisk and agile have dropped it in exhaustion. The chase is marvellous as the conflicts of genii in *The Arabian Nights*, where the fugitive spirit transforms himself, quick as thought, into hare, or worm, or minnow; and the pursuer as swiftly hurries after in shape of hound, or bird, or pike. How long and fondly does the wit of Shakspeare buzz and hover about Bardolph's red nose; that volcanic promontory threatens to coruscate forever; he scarce knows how to let it go. Sydney Smith is a mighty hunter of fancies in his way too; sometimes in wild fun; sometimes in earnest—that he may develop all the intrinsic absurdity of some notion which he combats. At one time he will stop and draw an imaginary picture; at another he will enter with grave irony into an arithmetical calculation. These methods are favorite weapons with Swift; but Smith is his equal in piquency and force, and far superior in refinement both of thought and expression. Swift wields the quarter-staff; Smith draws a rapier.

A whole gallery full of pictures might be collected from his works, full of figures and of scenery selected or imagined with exquisite skill, and every touch and adjunct helping the designed effect of ridicule. Take only one, where he runs riot on the imagination of England invaded, laughably heaping together the most incongruous incidents, and pursuing his argument all the while. "Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate." There are besides the pictures of bishops at their pay-table (*Works*, iii. p. 230); of the ludicrous effects of an intimation by Lord John (p. 227); of the agonized scrivener who took the archbishop's oath for him (p. 222); of the ambitious baker and young Crumpet (215); of the clergyman ideal and the clergyman ac-

tual (p. 250), a very striking pair; and all these are hung together in the apartment, yclept "Letters to Archdeacon Singleton:" go, reader, and gaze upon these works of art, spirit-stirring, laughter-moving, rare as Sir Toby's catch that would "draw three souls out of one weaver!"

"Ah, Mr. Smith!" said a Romish dignitary one day, "you have such a way of putting things!" He had received a home-thrust. Among other "ways," the Canon had a habit of making speeches for his adversaries whereby they are sorely discomfited. He does so (with aggravating truthfulness) for the justice, when pleading on behalf of untried prisoners; he delivers a legal opinion in the person of a fifth judge in the article on man-traps and spring-guns; and he annihilates Noodle by making him open his mouth.

But beyond this legitimate exercise of the dramatic faculty there is the parable or apologue, in which the humor of Smith is unrivalled. Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *History of John Bull* are allegorical caricatures of great power. The satire consists in reducing party characteristics to domestic personalities; in representing the dignified procedure of war, diplomacy, and government, under the homely mask of squabbles between relatives and neighbors—the husband and the wife—the master and the servant. The idea is excellent, but the execution coarse, even for those days. Such indirectness should not be protracted. The *History of John Bull* is sustained too long, and though frequently redeemed by most felicitous invention, grows rather tiresome by requiring reference to the key at every turn. The satiric fictions of Smith are always pertinent, brief, and delicate in their handling. The story of Mrs. Partington—the convenient passage from the *Dutch Chronicle* about the Synod of Dort—the fables concerning the physician and the apothecary in the reform speeches—and the account of the dinner which opens the sixth of *Peter Plymley's Letters*—are well-known specimens.

The difference is remarkable between the humor of Smith and of Charles Lamb, simple and genial as they both are. Smith is excellent at putting together a principle or a policy in a person—an adept at the representative, concentrative process. Lamb is most fond of taking a person to pieces and unfolding a character—as great a master of the explicative art. How he peeps under foibles and oddities to look at the heart—lovingly dilates upon them—draws us near

to strange bits of humanity, and holding a hand of each, makes us friends forever! Smith does great service in bringing down to the common level some highflying pretence or title that gives itself airs, and claims to sit apart. Lamb does a service peculiar to himself in bringing some forlorn eccentricity up to the level of our ordinary sympathies. Lamb is subjective, individual—a man dreamy, whimsical, and unpractical. Smith moves in the stream of affairs, and has always work in hand. He is too intent on producing conviction to have time for the erratic quaintnesses and leisurely delights of Lamb's meditative fancy. For the same reason, and for higher yet, he can never descend to the tricks and starts, the *coups de théâtre*, the utter ribald nonsense, which offend us in Sterne. The very structure of the sentences marks the contrast—the rapid flow of Smith's, the shortness and slight connexion of Lamb's, as though deliberately uttered at intervals, in monologue, between the whiffs of the musing pipe. Sydney Smith all minds, in their order, will more or less appreciate; the common prosaic temperament gets out of patience with Lamb, and thinks him childish. Observe how the two speak of the rising convict-colony of Sydney. Lamb writes to his friend at the antipodes, "What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. The kangaroos—your aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by Nature to the pickpocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony. . . . Do you grow your own hemp? What is your staple trade—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists." Sydney Smith expresses his fears that, in spite of the example of America, this country will attempt to retain the colony under harsh guardianship after it has come to years of discretion. If so, "endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled."

In conclusion, we must repeat our protest

against the mistake which regards wit as the principal endowment of that powerful and noble nature—against that popular error which persists in associating brilliance with reckless superficiality. With justice has Sterne entitled this narrow and vulgar notion the Magna Charta of stupidity and dulness. An illustration, he says, is not an argument—of course not—“nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism—but you all, your worships, may see the better for it.” Let that keen and massive intellect have due honor—and yet more, that brave, and tender and self-sacrificing heart. Let Sydney Smith be remembered as a man who fought in the van of reform, when reform was accounted infamous; who to his own sore loss, in a profession sadly eminent for servility and prejudice, stood forth against gigantic wrongs, and helped our country to

its present home prosperity; who would put out the same energy in saving a poor village lad which he lent to aid a nation's cause; to whom vanity was a strange thing, and envy a thing impossible; and who used his dangerous and dazzling gifts never to adorn a falsehood or insult the fallen, always to crown truth with glory and to fill the oppressed with hope. With prophetic insight, he could discern, in humane solution of the problems of the present, the established axioms of a better future,—could be sure that the novel superstructure of to-day would become the venerated foundation of to-morrow; and to the life he lived and the cause he advocated may be applied, with the fullest justice, those wise words which Tacitus has placed in the mouth of Claudius:—*Inveterascet hoc quoque: et quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ALEXANDER II.

Europe had scarcely recovered from the shock caused by the sudden and unexpected death of Nicholas, ere speculations began to be formed as to the character of his successor, Alexander II. It was whispered and eagerly believed that with the death of our great enemy peace would be immediately restored; for his successor was known to belong to the German party, and besides, a collision might be anticipated with his brother Constantine, who was notoriously of a pugnacious character, and supposed to have already urged a claim to the throne, owing to his having been born during the reign of the Emperor, and not, like his brother, when he was only grand-duke. But all these anticipations were soon found to be unfounded, “so he went unto his fathers, and his son reigned in his stead:” it was just like a passage in Jewish history. Alexander ascended the throne without the slightest disturbance, and his brother was one of the first to offer his allegiance.

Foiled in their anticipations of an agreeable *intermezzo* in the shape of a Russian home revolution, political quidnuncs then had re-

course to the Emperor's antecedents. He was essentially a man of peace; indeed, according to their sanguine showing, his education must have been managed by a brother Bright in uniform. But these delusive hopes have been scattered to the winds: Alexander will follow and remain true to the policy of his ancestors, and will carry on the war undoubtedly “to the last man and the last rouble.”

Russia is certainly a fortunate country in one respect: she is profoundly ignorant of the peculiar blessings of a House of Commons. No disappointed ex-minister can there wreak his vengeance by denouncing the measures and betraying the secrets of his late colleagues; no wolves in sheep's clothing* rise to plead the cause of the enemy; no would-be patriots distort the simplest facts to support their own party purposes; and, finally, ministers do not degrade themselves by becoming political Jack Puddings, and answering the most vital questions by a broad, unmeaning grin, intended to signify so much. Rus-

* Query. Quaker's drab.—Printer's Devil.

sia may consider herself fortunate in so far that she is governed by one head, and the responsibility can be easily traced. But, to compensate for these blessings, Russians lose the Briton's most glorious prerogative—they dare not grumble, their "Thunderer" is merely a Journal of Invalids, and its thunder only *brutum fulmen*—so, balancing both sides of the question, perhaps we may consider ourselves lucky in being Englishmen, and regard our "collective wisdom of the nation" in the light of the slave who rode in the triumphal car to remind the victorious general that he was only a man—as the *amari aliquid* which continually rises *medio de fonte leporum*.

With a whole nation at his back, Alexander's policy could not be expected to run counter to its prejudices. He found the war already commenced on his accession to the throne, and he must perforce continue it if he wished to maintain his own position. His character may very possibly be peaceful, and like an enlightened ruler he may deeply deplore the horrors of war, and foresee the fearful consequences it will entail on his nation; but even an autocrat cannot do everything he pleases, as Nicholas discovered on more than one occasion, and the solution of the great problem, "Peace or War," does not depend entirely on himself. Up to the present, indeed, he has displayed no intention to give way; and if we read his character aright, as described in M. Léouzon Leduc's "Personal Reminiscences of the Emperor Alexander II.," recently published at Paris, and from which we purpose to make a few extracts, it does not deviate very materially from that of his father.

Alexander II. was born on the 29th April, 1818. From his birth he was an object of the greatest care and interest to his illustrious father; but, naturally of a mild disposition, he clung more fondly to his mother, whose gentle nature responded to his own. His father, accustomed to a soldier's rough life, was pitiless in any matter which appeared to him to display weakness of character, and his son, while respecting him, was insensibly led to fear him. In the same way his impetuous brother Constantine gained a complete authority over him, and seems to have domineered over him to his heart's content, if we may believe the following anecdote, which M. Leduc quotes on good authority:

"One day, when the two grand-dukes were playing with several of their comrades in one of the *salons* of the Winter Palace, they suddenly made such a disturbance, that the Emperor Nicho-

las came out of his cabinet angrily to call them to order. The Emperor tore open the door of the room, but at the sight of the scene that was taking place, stopped in amazement on the threshold. The Grand-Duke Constantine was holding Alexander down with his knee; he had passed a scarf round his neck, which he was pretending to draw tightly; his comrades were shouting in glee, while Alexander, feigning despair, was crying for mercy. 'What is the meaning of all this?' the Emperor exclaimed. He soon learned that the children had been representing a scene in Russian history—the death of Paul I. He addressed a stern admonition to them all, telling them it was not permitted to represent such hateful actions. Then he placed Constantine and his companions under arrest for having made the heir to the throne play the part of a victim. As for the latter, as he had been guilty of crying for mercy, he was put in confinement. 'A Russian sovereign,' Nicholas said to him, 'must never ask for mercy!'

The education of Alexander was entrusted to General Mörder, a German and a Protestant, who had been attached to the suite of Alexander I., and held by him in great estimation. The youthful prince soon became greatly attached to him, and sincerely regretted his death, which took place soon after Nicholas ascended the throne. His place was taken by the poet Jaukovsky; it was an honorable selection, both for the subject and the sovereign. The course of instruction to which Alexander was subjected was very varied. He learned the classics, though superficially, as they are generally acquired in Russia: he also learned modern languages, which he speaks fluently and elegantly, more especially French and German. His father paid great attention to his studies, and watched him carefully, but he never displayed that curiosity or love of learning for which his brother Constantine was ever remarkable. The latter, indeed, was a remarkable lad: he regarded his name as an omen, and dreamed of Constantinople; he studied and spoke Turkish; the glory of Russia filled his mind; while awaiting fresh conquests, those already made interested him; he was the only person in the empire thoroughly conversant with its history, manners and literature. He was frequently to be found lying at full length on a map and tracing the lines; and when asked what he was doing, he would reply, "I am regulating the division. I am marking what will be my brother's share and what mine!" At other times he would go so far as to curse the law of primogeniture, and vowed that he would never yield to it.

At first there were strange collisions between the brothers, for Constantine was never particular about his language or his actions.

Appointed, at a very early age, admiral-general of the fleets of the empire, he dared one day to arrest his brother, who had come on board his vessel without asking permission. This was only a foolish outbreak, which the Emperor soon punished him for; but other facts not so eccentric in their nature revealed daily the innate contrast between the two sons of the Emperor. Still we must allow that the contact with Constantine wore off that excessive tenderness, which was the only failing in Alexander's character. He learned by observation the qualities which the real Russians demand most in their princes, and he made it a point to cultivate them in himself. In a very short time he rivalled his brother in their father's affection, and was adored by the whole Russian nation.

The Emperor, though a fond father, was terribly severe: the slightest infringement of discipline was surely punished, with a degree of harshness almost resembling vindictiveness. Out of numerous examples let us select the following, as narrated by our author:

"According to the customs of the empire, Alexander, when quite a youth, entered the military service as a cadet. At fourteen years of age he was appointed a subaltern in the guards. A few days after this promotion, while proceeding to the apartments he occupied in the imperial palace, he traversed a hall in which several high dignitaries were assembled. On the approach of the prince they rose and bowed. This mark of respect, paid him by old soldiers, greatly flattered the young man: he wished to enjoy it again, and passed several times in succession through the hall; but the generals who had saluted him previously paid him no attention. The grand-duke, much annoyed, ran to complain to his father. The latter, taking him by the hand, led him back to the hall where he had left the generals. 'My son,' he said to him in their presence, 'it is really painful to me that you understand so slightly the duties imposed on you by your new epaulettes towards your superior officers, and that you do not feel that respect which heads grown gray in the service of the state claim from you. Are you aware that the men by whom you wish to be honored, you ought to honor yourself? for to them your father owes his throne and his life, and their fidelity, zeal, and loyal services can alone pave your way to that throne, and assist you in filling it with glory. Bow, then, to these noble gentlemen, and consider as a great honor every mark of devotion and respect they grant you. What you have just done convinces me that you are still too young to wear the epaulettes that have been given you: I will take them back. You must not reclaim them until your conduct has proved that you are capable of wearing them honorably.' And the Emperor detached the epaulettes from his son's coat, and warned him not to forget this lesson."

At the age of sixteen, according to the fundamental laws of the empire, Alexander was of age, and took the oath of allegiance to the throne; and henceforth he was constantly seen by his father's side, attending reviews and inspections of the troops, and learning from him all the principles of military routine and discipline. His life resembled that of a soldier in the field. He slept on a very hard bed, which he quitted at daybreak, and proceeded straight to his study. There maps were laid out, plans attached to the walls, and books open: the prince studied strategics and tactics. At a later hour private instructors came to teach him the principles of administration and government. His meals were hurried, his exercise continual. He was first aide-de-camp to the Emperor Nicholas, and colonel-commandant of the Russian regiment of the lancers of the guard. To these titles he added another, which no Russian prince had borne before him: he was hetman of the Cossacks. By the time the grand-duke had reached his twentieth year, the effect of such monotonous routine began to be seen on his countenance: he grew pensive and melancholy, and his father began to be alarmed. To cause a change in his mode of life, a journey to Germany was suggested, and the grand-duke gladly consented. It was at this period that the Marquis de Custine met Alexander at Ems, and was enabled to draw that portrait of him which appears in his work on Russia.

After visiting a multitude of courts, and passing in review all the marriageable daughters, the grand-duke made a final halt at Darmstadt, when he proposed for the Princess Wilhelmina Augusta Marie. The news of this event surprised all the world, for the young princess was so modest, and lived in such retirement; but these were the very charms which Alexander found in her: her character harmonized with his own, and he was not long in obtaining the consent of the Emperor to his marriage. The young lady proceeded to Petersburg, was received into the Greek Church, in pursuance of that amiable egotism which allows no prince of Russia to marry a person of another religion save the orthodox faith, and was christened Maria Alexandrovna.

The marriage took place on the 16th (28th) April, 1841, and until 1850 the grand-duke enjoyed all the blessings of conjugal felicity, when he undertook a journey into the Caucasus. He arrived at Tiflis on the 7th October, where he was magnificently received. On his road homewards he, how-

ever, had an opportunity of testing the courage of the Tchetchenzes, as will be seen from the following despatch, sent at the time by Prince Woronzoff to the Emperor Nicholas:

"Yesterday we left the fortress of Voedvichenskaya with a fitting escort, composed of the infantry of my regiment of chasseurs, six sotnia of Cossacks of the line, a sotnia of the Cossacks of the Danube, a strong body of native troops, and a body of Tchetchenzes. According to his usual custom, his imperial highness rode in the centre of the advanced guard. On arriving between the rivers Roschina and Valerik, his highness perceived a band of enemies on this side the chain of outposts. He immediately rushed towards them, followed by his escort, the generals, a number of Cossacks, and the native militia. He drew so near to the enemy that they were able to fire on his highness. But they were suddenly put to flight and pursued by the Cossacks, and my reserve attacked them in the rear. The leader of the enemy was killed before the eyes of his highness, and his body remained in our possession: his arms were handed to his highness. It was not without apprehension, I must confess, that I saw the grand-duke advance so bravely beyond the chain, and rush upon the enemy, far in advance of his escort, especially when I remembered that his highness was mounted on a very spirited horse, and it was impossible for any member of the escort to keep up with him. We were just at the end of our tour, and I so little anticipated such an event that I had retired to my carriage, owing to a violent cold I was suffering from. When I was informed of the circumstance and had mounted my horse, I saw his imperial highness pulling up three versts off: the affair was over.

"My apprehension was then changed into a lively feeling of joy, seeing that circumstances had permitted our well-beloved prince to take part in an action which, though of slight importance in itself, was not the less a deed of actual war, and entirely in our favor. Thus the grand-duke has been witness to the intrepidity and bravery not only of our Cossacks, but also of the Tchetchenzes, our devoted allies. Still, there is something even more important in this affair, namely, that our late levies, who three weeks back were fighting on the side of our foe, were enabled to judge with their own eyes of the truly warlike spirit which animates the august heir to the throne of Russia. This unexpected victory has terminated the fortunate tour of his imperial highness in the Caucasus—a tour, the precious reminiscences of which will live eternally in the hearts of your majesty's faithful subjects in that country.

"In informing your majesty of this trait of bravery in the grand-duke, I venture to trust you will hear with delight the glorious impression produced by the conduct of his imperial highness on all those who witnessed it. I dare to hope that your majesty will not refuse me or the corps of the Caucasus the happiness of seeing the Order

of the Brave glistening on the noble and worthy chest of his imperial highness. Such a favor would only be an act of justice; I therefore beseech your majesty not to reject my request. The Cross of St. George, 4th class, will be not merely a well-merited reward for his imperial highness the Czarevitch, but also a precious testimony of the satisfaction your majesty feels in the whole corps of the Caucasus. Each regiment will be overpowered with delight."

We know not whether the Emperor placed implicit faith in this pompous report of Prince Woronzoff. The bulletins of the Caucasian generals are frequently deceptive. At any rate, he would listen eagerly in this instance, since his own son was the subject of the panegyric. Besides, an action, however insignificant—a simple skirmish with the Cossacks, a nation who sell their lives so dearly—deserved reward. The Emperor, therefore, granted the order, and sent Colonel Patkul to deliver it. This was the termination of the grand-duke's travels in the Caucasus, and he returned to his family at Tzarskoe Zelo on the 13th (25th) November, 1850, after an absence of two months.

The grand-duke had been raised in succession to all the highest dignities of the empire. He had been member of the imperial council, commander-in-chief of the guards and grenadiers, supreme chief of the military schools, and chief curator of the military hospital at Tcheshmé, commandant of the Russian lancers of the guards, of the Erwan carabinieri, chief of the Austrian regiment of uhlans, No. 11, of the 3d regiment of Prussian uhlans, &c. But of all these dignities, none appears to have been so dear and sacred to him as that of chancellor of the University of Finland.

The University of Finland was indebted to the chancellor for many ameliorations. Not satisfied with those which Alexander I. and Nicholas had introduced, he added new influences. To him the institution owes a professorship of the Finnish language and literature, which had been hitherto wanting; under his patronage the academy, or society, of Finnish literature was founded, with the object of searching through the national records, and popularizing the treasures discovered in them. To complete his great work, the chancellor defrayed at his own charges the expenses of several expeditions. Castrén, Wallin, Kellgren, Cygnæus, and so many others who profited by this new favor, have perfectly justified the confidence placed in them by the marvellous results of their travels.

The most curious thing relative to Alexander's epoch as chancellor of the university, was the incessant antagonism between him and Prince Menschikoff. The latter did his utmost to annihilate the Finnish literature and language, while the other was continually striving to raise them. But although the grand-duke was frequently defeated in his laudable efforts, owing to the great influence of the prince with the Emperor, the intention was always manifest, and the Finnish nation, aware of the difficulties with which its protector had to contend, felt grateful for his attempts, even when unsuccessful. The following anecdote throws a striking light on the subject:

"One day some flatterers, of whom plenty can be found wherever the government resorts to measures of corruption, wished to display their fidelity to Prince Menschikoff by presenting him with an estate. The affair was proposed to the senate in a secret committee, and it naturally afforded no opposition. But, where to find an estate? After much research, they decided on the domain of Anjala, situated in the government of Wiborg. It belonged to Count C—, a zealous and incorruptible patriot. They proposed to him a sale, though without explaining the object; for they knew that, if aware of it, the count would never consent. They acted in a roundabout way, and ordered a harmless young officer to negotiate in their name. As soon as the purchase was completed, the nominal owner gave up the estate to the senate, who presented it to Prince Menschikoff in the name of Finland. Melancholy derision! but the promoter of this comedy was decorated with a new Russian order for *eminent services rendered to his country!*"

The grand-duke thus labored incessantly for the welfare of his country, though frequently thwarted by the old Russian party, until the sudden and unexpected death of his father raised him to the throne. Among the various orders of the day, and addresses which followed immediately on his accession to the throne, the one to the *corps diplomatique* appears to us so pregnant with meaning, that we venture to transcribe it:

"I am persuaded, gentlemen, of the sincerity with which you all regret the misfortune which has happened to us. I have already received proofs of it on all sides, which have greatly affected me, and I yesterday told the ministers of Prussia and Austria how sensible I was of them. I declare here solemnly before you, gentlemen, that I will remain true to all the sentiments of my father, and that I will persevere in the line of policy which served as a rule to my uncle the Emperor Alexander, and to my father. They are the principles of the Holy Alliance. But if this alliance is no longer in existence, it is not assuredly the fault of my father. His intentions always remained

straightforward and loyal; and if, latterly, they were misunderstood by some, I doubt not that God and history will do him justice.

"I am ready to offer my hand for a peace on the conditions he had accepted. Like him, I desire peace, and wish to see the horrors of war terminated; but if the conferences opened at Vienna do not result in a manner honorable for us, then, gentlemen, I will fight at the head of my faithful Russians, and perish sooner than yield. As for my personal feelings for your sovereigns, they have not altered. (Turning to Baron von Werther, Prussian minister) I have never doubted the fraternal and friendly affection which his majesty the king always felt for my father, and I told you yesterday how grateful I was for it. (Then, addressing the Austrian ambassador, Count d'Esterhazy) I am profoundly touched by the kind words the emperor has transmitted to me on this occasion. His majesty cannot doubt the sincere affection my father pledged him on an occasion, which has so recently been alluded to in an order of the day addressed to the Austrian army by their emperor."

Much has been said in favor of the colossal stature of the Emperor Nicholas. It seems impossible to regard in him the moral man without remembering the physical: one was an explanation of the other. The Emperor Alexander is far from bearing the aristocratic type so fully developed as his father, but everything reveals the monarch in him. He is about five feet seven inches in height: that *embonpoint* with which M. de Custine found fault when he was twenty, has disappeared. His muscles are thoroughly formed, and he is splendidly proportioned; in fact, more so than his father, whose thin legs, so frequently displayed in tightly-fitting trousers, hardly suited his gigantic stature. It has been said that Alexander has military tastes; it would be hardly otherwise, if we bear in mind the education Nicholas gave his sons, but we may doubt whether these tastes are so excessive in the present Emperor as in his predecessor; nor do we think he will ever be inclined to play the part of the sergeant of Europe. He does not possess that implacable firmness of his father, but his ideas are more noble and elevated. He would not, like him, descend to the lowest details of the service and the puerile regulations of the barrack-room. In addition, Alexander is not a campaigner; he loves ease and the comforts of life; he studies pleasure; a richly-covered board amuses him more than a review. He will fulfil, undoubtedly, his duties as military sovereign with exactitude, but he will not go beyond them. A gentleman rather than a soldier, he will always

prefer the splendor of his court and the pacific *otium* of his study to the barren fatigues of the exercising ground. He possesses domestic virtues which render him dear to his family. Peace and harmony, mingled with amusement and intelligent pastimes, preside at his hearth. His wife gives the tone, and is greatly admired and esteemed for her exquisite taste and her sound and varied education. The present empress is said to be imbued with the soul of a Catherine II.: we shall be able to judge of this by the influence she exercises on the new reign. To cite our author once more :

"With his sensible heart, lively, open spirit, and joyous humor, Alexander II. is a great source of pleasure in private life. He has a great number of friends devoted to him, and to whom he is faithful. This was seen when he formed his imperial court, for he would not part with any of those who were attached to the grand-ducal house. His personal feelings, without estranging him from the sincere and truly national men of the Russian party, attract him to the West. His predilections are for England rather than France. He has English tastes, he loves the English, and their constitution pleases him. It has even been said that if he were as absolute master of his empire as he wishes to be, he would give it a similar constitution. Alexander II. is religious, but not more or less so than any gentleman in Russia, whose faith has been purified by contact with European civilization. He would require a very thick mask to play the part of an orthodox pope as his father did. We are confirmed in this by the discussions which took place between him and M. de Neesselrode, when it was proposed to publish the last manifesto of the Holy Synod. A fanatic Czar would not have hesitated so long. It is evident that, in this circumstance, Alexander II. yielded to the imperious necessity of his position more than to his personal convictions. This has not escaped the jealous attention of the *élites monites* in the empire. As a proof, we may refer to the address of the officers of the guards, and the articles of the *Abeille du Nord*. Dissatisfaction is concealed behind the formulæ of devotion, and the offer of confidence scarcely veils the bitterness of the remarks."

The death of Nicholas, as might be expected, gave rise to a number of opportunities in which the natural sensibility of Alexander II., and the sincere attachment he bore his father, could be revealed. We need only quote the touching scene which took place at the Winter Palace, when the Emperor received the deputation of the military schools :

"At half-past one the Emperor made his appearance. After walking a few paces up the hall, he stopped and said, 'Gentlemen, I wished to col-

lect you once again together in order to take leave of you as your supreme head. For six years I lived among you, and during all that period you rendered me very happy. You are all here in my heart. I will myself read to you my order of the day.'

"The Emperor commenced the perusal in a loud and sonorous voice. When he came to the words in which he reminded them that the six years of his personal direction of the schools had been years of supreme satisfaction to him, his voice was choked by sobs; tears suffused his eyes when he reached the passage addressed to the children. All present wept; there was not a dry eye in this immense hall. On arriving at the passage addressed to the aide-de-camp General James Rostovtsov (chief d'état major of the military schools), the Emperor offered him his hand. Rostovtsov kissed it with reverence. The Emperor then stopped, turned to the general, and pressed him to his heart. After finishing the order of the day, Alexander, his eyes still bathed in tears, embraced in turn the members of the council and the directors of the schools. While embracing the director of the corps of cadets of Pultava, he said to him, 'Give this kiss to your pupils from me.'

"Then turning to the sergeant-majors, pupils of all the schools: 'Draw near me—nearer!' And sobs again interrupted the Emperor. 'Children,' he said to them, 'love and gladden your Emperor as you did your chief: retain the memory of our common father and benefactor. I transmit to you his blessing and my own.' And he laid his hands on the two cadets nearest him. They began to sob also, and kissed his hands. The Emperor kissed them on the forehead, and giving free vent to his tears, said to them: 'I would have liked to embrace you all: kiss your companions for me.'

"Then walking further up the hall, and addressing the 1st corps of cadets, he said: 'I give you the uniform of your benefactor of imperishable memory, the Emperor Nicholas, in remembrance of his paternal love for his corps. The company of the Emperor (1st company, 1st battalion) will in future wear the cypher of the deceased Emperor, on its epaulettes.' Then turning to the corps of engineers, the Emperor said to them: 'You will in future bear the name of the engineers of Nicholas, to whom this institution owes its existence.' Then addressing them all, the Emperor added: 'During the whole period that I have held the direction of the military schools, I have never experienced aught but pleasure; the progress made by the pupils gladdened the heart of the late Emperor, our common benefactor, and procured me his favor. Once again I thank you all, all, all!'"

Such sensibility as is revealed in the previous description, Alexander had frequently displayed in his relations with Finland; but from his infancy it had been shown more than once in a manner to justify the formation of the fairest hopes. "What would you have done to the conspirators of the 14th of

December?" the Emperor Nicholas once asked him. "I would have pardoned them all!" the young prince replied.

And yet, in spite of his evident goodness of heart, the world has not yet heard of any amnesty in Russia. Can it be that, in mounting the throne, Alexander II. has already divested himself of those noble qualities which distinguished his nature? We can hardly believe it, although persuaded that despotism will pervert the finest characters. We would sooner attribute the delay to the difficulties of his new position, which he cannot master immediately. He has assumed the sceptre under exceptional circumstances: he finds himself face to face with a system which he could not gainsay without a period of transition. He owes the greatest care to the memory of his father, and to the old

Russian party, now so frantically excited. But this period of concession will not last any long time; the day will arrive when the young Emperor will boldly shake off his dependence, and boldly inaugurate the era which will henceforth bear his name. Such was the policy of Nicholas with respect to the measures taken by his predecessor; and surely we have a right to expect the same from Alexander II.

In conclusion, we have to express our renewed thanks to M. Léouzon Leduc for the opportunity he has afforded us for forming a fair estimate of the character of the present Emperor of the Russians, and we can confidently recommend his work to all those who may feel desirous to examine this interesting subject more closely than we are enabled to do in our necessarily restricted limits.

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THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY.

We feel confident of having chosen both an interesting and an instructive subject, in bringing before our readers a short account of the German Universities. In no country, not even in England, are there any institutions of higher importance than they are, for the advancement of learning and science; and it is not only to perform a public task profitably, but also to pay a debt of private gratitude, that we invite consideration of those seats of erudition which have been visited and looked upon with reverence by so many British scholars, divines, philosophers and medical professors, in the age of Cranmer and of Porson, in the time of Canning and of Dr. Arnold; albeit, amongst so many English visitors, and some true admirers, the German Universities have never yet met with one who was sufficiently actuated either by gratitude or else by a desire of criticizing, as to lay before the public of this country, a more lengthened and, if possible, just account of them. Satisfied to reap their advantages, content to borrow or to explore their intellectual treasures, we

have never thought it necessary or expedient to consider the peculiar system of the German Universities in general, or to form a correct estimate of the moral and scientific tone that pervades them. Men recorded their impressions of them in little more than a doggerel verse or so, which Canning could address to Göttingen,* or Porson† devote to the memory of Brunck, Ruhnken, or Her-

* We allude to his well-known verses on
"—the U-
niversity of Göttingen."

† Richard Porson:

"I went to Frankfort and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunk;
I went to Worts and got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor Ruhnken."

Ἠμίδες ἐστε μέτρων, ὦ Τεύτονες, οὐχ ὁ μὲν
δς δ' οὐ.

Πάντες, πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἑρμαννος
σφόδρα Τεύτων.

"Skilled ye are in Metrics, Germans, not the one
or the other,

But all, except Hermann. But Hermann is a
thorough German."

mann, who, at the same time, as Porson confesses, made him *drunk* with their knowledge. From them less information is to be derived than from some continental travellers, who now and then could not fail to turn an accidental and transitory glance towards the German Universities, and who allowed them sometimes a rank, however secondary, amongst the objects of their attention. Of the best we have met with, we may mention "Russell's Tour in Germany, in 1824 and 1825," a book which is certainly written in a vigorous and judicious style, though it may pass sometimes rather a harsh criticism upon the peculiar national habits of the German student. The author, who resided some time at Jena, and seems to have acquired most of his information on the German Universities at the time of his stay at this particular university-town, rates the moral standard of the German academicians very low. This will not astonish him who knows that Jena has been formerly noted in Germany for the wildness and extravagancies of her students; but it is obvious, for the same reason, that Jena can hardly be considered as a fair specimen. In the latter part of his book, the author himself admits that the life of the students at Berlin and at Göttingen does not generally exhibit the crude forms which he found to be characteristic of the Jena student.

Thus we must refer our readers for further information on our subject principally to German publications. It may be well to add, that the Germans have shown a greater interest in the scientific institutions of their neighbors, than the latter have shown for the institutions of Germany. They possess a most elaborate account of the English universities by Huber; and but as lately as 1851, a Professor from Joachimsthal College, Berlin, L. Weise, paid a visit to England and Scotland, for the especial purpose of inquiring into the state of education at schools, both high and low, in these countries. The letters in which he published the results of his inquiries, after his return to Prussia, establish a close comparison between educational establishments in Prussia, and those of England. "G. Bell's Journal of English Education" has given the only translation of them, as far as we know, up to the present time.* Whatever we may think of the author's opinions—according to which the moral and religious part of education would

seem better attended to in England, the mental and intellectual better in Prussia—the letters of Wiese will be worth the notice of all who take an interest in educational topics.

We hope that at a time when the question of University reform is so strongly engrossing public attention, an account of the Universities of a neighboring people may not be unwelcome. But we consider the subject not merely from an educational point of view. It would be very short-sighted, and doing the question little justice, were we to view them only as schools where the young are initiated in the rudiments of science. Their influence is not limited to the rising generation; and their claims to our examination rest upon a still broader foundation—they are nurseries for the philosopher, the scholar, and the statesman—for all who are to fill the most important stations of a country—in short, we may call them the foci of a nation's intellectual life, the sources of its learning, and the fountains of its science—the illustrious assemblages of all its wisest and most thinking men. Moreover, as great social bodies, they display in a remarkable way the genius and character of a nation, and exercise a decisive influence on its moral, political, and social condition. And this particularly applies to the universities of Germany, which have at all times acted in that country a singularly conspicuous and prominent part; and have acquired there an importance which does not belong, in the same degree, to the universities in other countries, both by the greater frequency with which they were resorted to, and by the political ascendancy, which, in the turn of events, has devolved upon them.

We are fully aware of the impossibility of doing so comprehensive a subject full justice within the narrow limits of this essay. We shall therefore limit our description of the German Universities to leading points of general interest, and treat of their peculiar system of instruction, their internal composition and constitution, their relation to the State; and instead of a longer and more precise discussion of their moral and political character, offer some short sketches of the life and habits of the German student, which the personal experiences and recollections of the writer have partly suggested.

A statistical and historical survey of the German Universities will fitly afford us a proper beginning. Germany boasts at present of about twenty-five universities; the uncertainty of the correct application of the

* We see that one or two translations of Wiese's letters have appeared since this was written.

terms *German* and *University* does not allow of a more exact statement. They are of very different ages, some very old, some quite recent. But, as regards their origin, they have been all erected by the sovereigns or secular powers of the different provinces, and none of them existed before the middle of the fourteenth century. This enables us already to draw a twofold conclusion concerning their nature. It explains, on one hand, the entire absence of mediæval institutions, and of monastic, secluded habits; and it shows, on the other, also, why they were, and are yet, dependent on the governments. The earliest university in Germany was that of Prague. It was in 1348, under the Emperor Charles IV., when the taste for letters had revived so signally in Europe, when England may be said to have possessed her two old universities already for three centuries, Paris her Sorbonne already for four, that this university was erected as the first of German Universities. The idea originated in the mind of the Emperor, who was educated in Paris, at the university of that town, and was eagerly taken up by the townspeople of that ancient and wealthy city, for they foresaw that affluence would shower upon them if they could induce a numerous crowd of students to flock together within their walls. But the Pope and the Emperor took an active part in favoring and authorizing the institution; they willingly granted to it wide privileges, and made it entirely independent of Church and State. The teaching of the professors, and the studies of the students, were submitted to no control whatever. After the model of the University of Paris, they divided themselves into different faculties, and made four such divisions—one for divinity, another for medical science, a third for law, and a fourth for philosophy. The last order comprised those who taught and learned the fine arts and the sciences, which two departments were separate at the Sorbonne. All the German universities have preserved this outward constitution, and in this, as in many other circumstances, the precedent of Prague has had a prevailing influence on her younger sister institutions. The same thing may be said particularly of the disciplinary tone of the university. In other countries, universities sprang from rigid clerical and monastic institutions, or bore a more or less ecclesiastical character, which imposed upon them certain more retired habits, and a severer kind of discipline. Prague took from the beginning a course widely different. The

students, who were partly Germans, partly of Slavonian blood, enjoyed a boundless liberty. They lodged in the houses of the townspeople, and by their riches, their mental superiority, and their number (they are recorded to have been as many as twenty thousand in the year 1409), became the undisputed masters of the city. The professors and the inhabitants of Prague, far from checking them, rather protected the prerogatives of the students, for they found out that all their prosperity depended on them. We can desire no clearer or more powerful proof of the tendency of the German University system, than that which we must recognize, when we see Prague enter at once upon the arduous task of spiritual reform. Not two generations had passed since the erection of an institution thus constituted, before Huss and Jerome of Prague began to teach the necessity of an entire reformation of the Church. The phenomenon is characteristic of the bold spirit of inquiry that must have grown up at the new University. However, the political consequences that attended the promulgation of such doctrines led almost to the dissolution of the University itself. For, the German part of the students broke up, in consequence of repeated and serious quarrels that had taken place with the Bohemian and Slavonic party, and went to Leipzig, where straightway a new and purely German University was erected. While Prague became the seat of a protracted and sanguinary war, a great number of Universities rose into existence around it, and attracted the crowds that had formerly flocked to the Bohemian capital. It appeared as if Germany, though it had received the impulse from abroad, would leave all other countries behind itself in the erection and promotion of those learned institutions, for all the districts of the land vied with each other in creating universities. Thus arose those of Rostock, Ingolstadt, Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Tübingen, Greifswalde, Trèves, Mayence, and Bâles—schools which have partly disappeared again during the political storms of subsequent ages. The beginning of the sixteenth century added to them one at Frankfort on the Oder, and another, the most illustrious of all, Wittenberg. Every one who is acquainted with the history and origin of the Reformation, knows what an important part the latter of these universities took in the weighty transactions of those times. The Reformation originated in a disputation of university professors, on

the famous ninety-five theses of Dr. M. Luther, and in its earliest stage the whole movement had the appearance of a mere academical squabble. But soon the overwhelming eloquence of the chief champion of the new doctrines, the deep researches of Melancthon and its other adherents, the burning of the Papal decrees by the whole studentship of Wittenberg, with Luther at their head, convinced the world that questions of greater moment were hidden under the learned discussions of the Wittenberg professors. It is not our business here to follow up the further course of those memorable events. Wittenberg remained by no means the only champion of Protestantism. At Marburg, Jena, Königsberg, and Helmstädt, universities of a professedly Protestant character were erected. These schools became the cradle and nurseries of the Reformation; and, humanly speaking, it may be said that the regeneration of Christian faith, in those times, was, on the Continent at least, the work of the German Universities. Nor can this, by any means, be considered as an accidental merit of theirs. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that the organic principle of the German Universities, given as it was at the erection of Prague, and faithfully preserved in all the subsequent universities—we mean their unrestricted independence of teaching and learning—was, as it were, a preliminary, if not the direct cause of the Reformation. Though England, at that time, had her Oxford and her Cambridge, though she had had her Wickliffe, her Thomas More, yet the impulse of the Reformation came to her less from her own universities than from Germany. While King Henry VIII. engaged in a dispute with Luther, Cranmer and his fellows turned their eyes to Germany; the reformers mostly looked to it for information on the questions that had begun to sway their minds. But whilst in Germany, the universities, backed by the people at large, carried the Reformation against the Emperor and the temporal powers; England, where the universities, as bodies, were more subject to traditional rule and authority, took in the beginning only a secondary part in the cause of the Reformation, and made it its own only in proportion as the changeable views of the sovereigns of the country imposed upon them the necessity of either acquiescing or opposing its movements.

Unfortunately the German Universities lost in the next centuries a great part of their lustre and renown; not that they had become

unfaithful to their mission, and renounced at any time their task; but the country was in general unhappy—and we must not wonder, if during a long period of continual slaughter and ravages, we find the thirst of knowledge subsiding, and people less eager to frequent or promote those seats of learning which had brought on them, together with all the light they had given, so much dissension and strife. No new university was added to the old list—and those which existed divided themselves into two opposite camps. Whilst the Saxon, the Prussian, and all the Northern Universities proclaimed Protestant principles, the Roman Catholic States of Germany, such as Austria and Bavaria, made their Universities strictly orthodox schools; they were not able to do so without cutting down the liberty of teaching and learning in a great many instances, and without reducing them to a kind of seminaries, with close inspection and superintendence from their governments. Though the Protestant princes kept themselves not always free from the reproach of having interfered with the learned schools of their countries, yet they allowed them throughout to retain their original organic principles, and dictated to their professors no creed, to their students no mode of learning. Some decided improvements were gradually introduced, the most important of which was certainly the abolition of the Latin language in University lectures, and the institution of the German tongue in its stead—a merit which is due to the University of Halle and its professors.

The political struggles of Germany called her Universities repeatedly again into the foreground. Thus, when the French invaded the country, and conquered a great part of the Prussian provinces, in consequence of the battle of Jena, the German Universities, and particularly Halle, became the haunts of the national party. The armies of Blücher, and the Black Band of Lützow and Körner, chiefly consisted of German students, who, in their enthusiastic patriotism, had taken an oath to accept no quarter from a Frenchman, and to give none; but not to rest till the foe was expelled from the land. It is chiefly with such soldiers that the battles of Katzbach, Leipzig, Montmartre, and at last of Waterloo, were fought, and the yoke of the French usurper was ultimately broken.

During the late internal struggles of Germany, the Universities took again the lead, as champions of civil freedom. It was not likely that institutions, so intimately connected with the progress and intellectual improvement

of their country, should have espoused another cause than that of liberty and social advancement. But their party has as yet been too weak; and the princes found means to counteract and defeat the bold projects of the Berlin and Vienna students by their cannons and their regular armies. It behoves us best to leave future events and impartial historiography either to justify or to condemn the policy which the German academies of 1848 and 1849 adopted, and not to pronounce, from our own feelings or reminiscences, a sentence which might appear one-sided to part of our readers.

It is universally admitted that the seven Prussian Universities take a prominent rank amongst those of Germany. The largest, and yet the most recent of them, is that of Berlin. It was erected in 1810 by the late King Frederick William III., and has had the most illustrious names amongst its professors—such as F. A. Wolff, Lachmann, Böckh, Zumpt, J. Bekker, among scholars; Rose, Mitscherlich, Ehrenberg, Encke, Lichtenstein, on natural sciences; Schleiermacher, De Wette, Neander, Hengstenberg, in divinity; Müller and Dieffenbach, amongst physicians; and Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, among its philosophers. It has also the largest number of students, amounting at present to about 2,400, of whom only 1,800 may be said to frequent it with the view of perfecting themselves in one of the learned professions. Next to Berlin in point of numbers rank Breslau, Bonn, Halle, of between 700 and 1,000 students; finally, Königsberg, Griefswalde, and Münster, of between 200 and 400 students. Names like those of Bessel, Argelander, Niebuhr, Gesenius, Nitzsch, and Tholuck, will, to mention only a few of their stars, sufficiently establish their claims to intellectual merit. But others of the German States boast of universities highly noted for their success. Thus Heidelberg adds the charms of a delightful neighborhood to the excellent resources it offers for educational purposes, and this has sometimes the effect of inducing the academicians who frequent it to turn the former of these advantages to a far greater account than the latter. Göttingen, where Liebnitz and Luden once taught, was erected by George II., King of England, and elector of Hanover. It was always famous in the classical and historical departments. Tübingen, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, has, amongst other excellencies, an important seminary for Protestant divinity joined to its University. Its divines form a distinct and imposing school of their own. Giessen boasts

of that greatest chemist of the age, Liebig. Jena was till lately ill reputed in Germany, on account of the democratical and dissolute tone of its students. Leipzig, adorned by many great names, has lately lost one of the first scholars in G. Hermann, the veteran of classical erudition. Kiel, Rostock, Marburg, have establishments by no means to be despised, though they may not rank with those first mentioned.

The Universities of the Southern and Roman Catholic districts of Germany are very different from the Protestant Universities. Their system is far more authoritative, their discipline more severe, their instruction more influenced by the secular and ecclesiastical powers. Bavaria has three universities—Munich, Würzburg, and Erlangen. Austria has nine, amongst which Vienna and Prague take decidedly the lead. Olmutz, Gratz, and Inspruck are situated in the different German parts; Pesth and Lemberg in the Hungarian and Slavonic dominions; two, namely, Pavia and Padua, in the Italian provinces of the Austrian empire. All these establishments cannot be said to possess the organic principles with which the German Universities first arose, and which still characterize the Protestant districts. The Governments, being afraid of the consequences that might attend the existence of independent educational institutions, rescinded the liberty of teaching and learning, and kept both students and professors under strict superintendence. Though they did not altogether abandon the lecture system, yet they submitted the academicians to an infinite number of obligations and restrictions, concerning their studies as well as their mode of living. All students' associations are forbidden and suppressed—a regular attendance and periodical examination required—every tendency that does not coincide with absolutism in matters temporal, and with the infallible authority of Rome in things spiritual, is excluded; and wherever it faces the light of day, silenced by immediate removal from the University, or by confinement within the prison-walls of an Austrian citadel—those walls that closed themselves for seven years on the poor Silvio Pellico. The professorships are for a great part in the hands of Jesuits; and invisible spies surround the youth in his amusements and conversations. Such a system could, of course, but have the effect of crippling these institutions. And, in fact, it seems almost as if an intellectual curse lay on these Austrian Universities; for though Vienna and Prague, as well as Munich in Bavaria, are better frequented, and less obscure

establishments than the rest of the Roman Catholic Universities in Germany, yet none of them can exhibit such a succession of literary and scientific celebrities, or men of such general European renown, as the Protestant Universities of the North. When could ever genius and originality of thought prosper under the iron rod of despotism, or amidst the espionage of police scouts? And how can the young be inspired with a genuine love of knowledge and research, if they see their teachers submit, either willingly or unwillingly, to the dictates of an imperious and tyrannical government?

Having thus enumerated the Universities of Germany, it will now be our first and principal business to explain the nature of these institutions, and to elucidate the chief characteristics which distinguish them from British Universities. These latter have, from their earliest time, retained a system of their own, which we may shortly call the Tutorial system. With this the German University system, the professorial or lecture system, as we may denominate it, forms the widest contrast possible. In Germany, an University affords the student no occasion for tuition. It is but a place for public lectures, which those who choose may attend. As there is no tuition, there are no classes, no tutors or fellows; in short, there are only professors who deliver the lectures, and students who attend them as their audience. Thus, instead of a variety of colleges, we find in a German University town only one large building, with a great number of halls (*Hörsäle*), where, at an hour previously announced by each professor, he meets those students who have declared, or mean to declare, their intention to attend his lecture. The reader must discard from his imagination all compulsion to learn, and all direct intercourse between the student and his teacher, who in most cases remain perfect strangers to each other, as they both live out somewhere in the town, and repair to the University but for the few daily hours that their lectures last.

We will cast a closer glance at the mode of instruction. Travellers on the continent, who have stopped but half a day or more at Bonn, Heidelberg, or Berlin, and have visited the Universities of these places, will, perhaps, remember the crowds of students walking up and down the passages, along the walks, *bocages*, or alleys, in or near those buildings. When the clock has struck, they retire into the halls. Fifteen or twenty minutes are usually allowed for assembling. In the meantime every man takes his seat on one

of the forms, puts his hat or bonnet by his side, unfolds his small portfolio, and produces an inkhorn, armed below with a sharp iron spike, by which he fixes it firmly in the wooden desk before him. At length the professor comes out of the professors' room, and walks up to the rostrum to take his chair. He addresses his audience with "*Meine Herren*," and delivers his lecture, either reading or speaking *extempore*. A few introductory remarks usually precede, in order to connect the lecture of the day with the last, whereupon the professor proceeds with his subject. This is the moment when the students take up their pens and begin to put down notes in their books. Some write down in short hand every word and syllable that drops from the lips of their Mentor with a scrupulousness that amounts to superstition. Others select merely the more valuable crumbs that strike their ears. A few affect a sovereign contempt for learning by goose-quills and oak-apple-juice, and appear only listening with profound attention. All seem scribbling, hearing, and learning, for three-quarters of an hour; when the University clock strikes again the magical three sounds, the professor shuts his book, the students wipe their pens, take hat, inkhorn and portfolio, and every one strives to gain the door, to return to his lodgings or to attend another lecture.

This process, daily repeated, includes all the teaching of a German University. There are, it is true, attached to some lectures, a few meetings of a somewhat different nature, in which the students, under the presidency of a professor, explain or discuss chosen passages from sacred or classical authors, from medical writers, or ancient lawyers: here essays are written and criticized by each member in turn; and government or the University have appointed prizes to those of particular merit. But these meetings (called *Seminare*) are attended only by few, and chiefly by poor students; whilst the great majority of academicians never think of visiting them, and derive all their college instruction from the lectures solely.

The lecture system of the German Universities, as we have described it, has been imitated in a great many institutions out of Germany, with different success. In most instances it has been thought advisable to combine it with other methods which might better ensure or ascertain what progress the student has made, and whether he has really profited by the oral deliveries at which he has been present. With such modifications it has been adopted at the Scotch Universi-

ties, at London University, in several Russian, Dutch, and some German high schools. However wise and well-calculated these alterations may have been in particular cases, and for the especial views of such establishments, they must be considered as deviations from the peculiar purpose and tendency with which the lecture system is practiced and upheld by the principal German Universities, where it exists in its purest and unaltered nature. The principal aim and merit of this method is to offer the most independent and least authoritative mode of teaching, and to induce the student, by means of an animated and highly suggestive discourse, to exert his own individual judgment and industry, without the interference of his professor. It omits all direct tuition, in order to produce self-tuition; it avoids all compulsion to learn, all ushering, all superintendence, in order not to prepossess his mind with a dogmatical bias, or one particular school doctrine, but rather to leave his genius to its own unprejudiced bent, and to give his individuality a full and open field.

It would be impossible that the loose and independent relation between the German student and his professor could prove salutary to the former, and satisfactory to the latter, if the student had not attained a high degree of mental maturity previously to his entering on his University course. This is a consideration of the highest importance, if we will appreciate correctly the German college system. Therefore we have to remind our readers that a German student has previously been educated at a German gymnasium, and has there been duly prepared for the University, during a space of nine years. For no student is admitted who has not delivered up at his matriculation an authentic testimonial from his gymnasium that he has passed the established final examination in presence of the examiners duly appointed, and before the Royal Commissioner sent for that purpose. All the elementary part of education, and a great part of what is taught at college in England, has been thoroughly acquired by the German student at one of the gymnasia, which are all equally well fitted for preparing for University life, and form, in fact, the natural basis of the Universities. They combine an extensive and methodical instruction with a strict discipline. From his

tenth to his twentieth year, the student has there been well trained, and as it were drilled, by question and answer, by daily tasks and weekly lessons, by written exercises and memorial repetitions—in one word, by all the hacknied machinery of school tuition. In removing to college, he becomes emancipated from such intellectual guardianship; and with the jacket, he has also left his years of mental minority behind him. Henceforth he is bidden to avail himself of the means of intellectual improvement, without any direct guidance or interference of a master. He chooses his particular vocation out of the four learned professions—a most important step which precedes his matriculation. He chooses the lectures which he will attend, and the professors whom he will hear. He lives in complete independence outwardly and mentally, and is entirely master of his actions and of the use he will make of his time.

Thus, it appears that the professorial University system is based on the supposition that the student has attained already a high degree of moral and intellectual maturity; it can only succeed under this condition. We must bear this in mind, whilst we reflect on its efficiency. Lectures cannot, by any means, be considered as the most efficient mode of teaching; we have not the slightest hesitation in admitting this. Indeed, how can a transaction, which assigns to the hearer a merely passive part, claim any high effect in imparting knowledge? But we must remember that the purpose of University lectures is rather to suggest thoughts, and to produce or direct self-exertion, than to inculcate certain principles. They afford to the professor an opportunity for laying down his views in an eloquent manner, and for expounding, in a connected delivery, and before an intelligent and unbiassed audience, the fruits of his lifelong researches, which he could not do by instruction in the shape of lessons, or by doctrinal and practical tuition. At the same time he can give the student all the necessary hints that are needed to introduce him to his science; he will, of course, never forget to mention the sources and authorities whence further information may be drawn; he can advise the student what he must read, give him his criticism on publications or former doctrines on the subject, and thus a lecture cannot fail to become, in truth, a signpost which shows him the way into the realms of knowledge. More than this is not intended by the lectures, for all the toil and responsibility of learning, which in the English colleges and in other schools is for a great

part borne by the tutors, masters, or fellows, devolves in Germany on the student alone. The student is not submitted to any test of his improvements until he either desires to pass his examination for a degree, or for his capacity for holding office, which latter examination is not the business of a German University.

It may be said, that institutions which thus decline to offer a guarantee for the success of education cannot be possessed of a praiseworthy method; for if nothing prevents the student from remaining in utter ignorance all the time of his University course, if he may miss the object of his staying, without being in time made aware of it, we cannot say that the Universities fulfil their task. To this we can only answer, that the German Universities are not, properly speaking, *educating* institutions in the same sense as the English colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. As they do not pledge themselves to *educate* young men, they cannot be justly reproached with missing that aim. Their design is but to afford young men the best possible opportunity for acquiring knowledge by their own efforts, and they should only be judged according to this their professed purpose. And let their history, let a glance at their actual state, show whether they have misunderstood their task, and whether they have overrated the self-educating abilities of the youth they have had to deal with.

Some English writers, as Coleridge, have described the German lecture system, in a sarcastic way, as a great waste of ink and paper. They have been at a loss to conceive why a number of persons should meet to put down notes from the mouth of a professor, whilst they might ask him to send his lectures to the press, and might thus, for a couple of shillings, purchase all his wisdom in plain legible print, and peruse it at home at leisure, as if we lived yet in the middle ages, or as if Jansen's art had never been discovered? Even in Germany the mechanical use of the pen has often been censured, and we have often heard a few lines quoted, which are exquisitely illustrative of the difference between *writing* and *knowing* the summary of a lecture:—

"Der Studio muss in's Collegium,
Dass er die Wissenschaft allda erschnappe,
Und, ist der Weg zur Weisheit noch so krumm,
Er trägt sie fort, in seiner Mappe."

"For lectures sound the student's bound,
Deep wisdom not to catch ill,
And when it's caught, his head knows nought,
It only fills his satchel."

However, they who think thus are apt to overlook the great advantages which oral demonstrations offer over written or printed expositions. Our memory and our imagination receive infinitely deeper and more lasting impressions from a discourse which is held in our presence by a person in whom a science is, as it were, embodied, than from books on the same subject. We might quote an ancient authority for this truth, out of Plato's "Phædrus," where Socrates discusses with his adept the superiority of oral delivery to written essays for philosophical purposes. But even without appealing to any authorities, we may easily conjecture that the living word must supersede the dead letter in power and efficacy. There must be more effect in listening to a Newton in the chair demonstrating the laws of motion in their eternal necessity, than in reading his "*Principia Philosophiæ Naturalis*." As for the habit of writing down from lectures, we should not quarrel too much with that; as it is by far the most immaterial part of the proceeding, it should be left to individual choice, and may have its good, partly by affording a document to which the student may refer, and by which he may recall the thread of the lecture to his mind, and partly by fixing the attention of the hearer on the words and thoughts of the lecturer by an outward and physical means.

Opinions will probably always be divided on the question, What means are the best for educating young men of an advanced age. Some will advocate close superintendence, frequent examinations, and direct personal influence of the masters upon the student, as the safest course. The German Universities have followed the opposite course, and look upon a system like that of Oxford, Dublin, or Cambridge, or—to turn to a different part of the globe—of Riga and Dorpat, and of most Universities in other countries, as derogatory to the dignity both of the professor and student. It may indeed fairly be questioned whether anything is won at all for the purposes of an University, by reducing the professors to the drudgery of daily tuition, with all its concomitant toil, unpleasantness, machinery, and repetition, and on the other hand, by ushering each student into some pre-established method or traditional frame of teaching. The mind is an organism infinitely finer and more self-acting than any other organism nature presents. Yet, the more independent the mind is in its growth than a plant or a tree, and the more such a comparison must be considered as inadequate, the more correct and justified we shall be in choosing an infer-

ence from the practice of a gardener. You may bend and twist a tree, almost into any shape, whilst it is young; this is both conducive to its growth, and indispensable to its proper formation; but, when stem and root are once developed, you must leave them to their own direction and impulse, and provided that sun and rain are fairly and in due time afforded, the tree will grow of itself, whereas it will fade and be crippled under a continued artificial treatment which extends beyond the acme of its growing powers. Much more so the mind. University education is to be the last stage of mental growth. It comes at a time when body and mind are adult, and all but finished in their natural stage of development. For this reason a considerably wider field ought to be left to the intellectual individuality of the student. It is a great mistake to believe that doctrines or knowledge were best imparted to that age by means of the most direct and most practical training. The best kind of education for adults is that which is most calculated to produce *self-exertion* and *voluntary* efforts of the learner. For self-exertion is the only true and genuine spring of mental improvement. An uniform and authoritative mode of teaching is often even calculated to do much mischief. It bars true genius up within the trammels of learned traditions; it deflects or suppresses talent in its yet infantine guesses or stammerings; it denies or misapprehends the instinctive gifts of the mind, the innate love of truth, and forgets entirely that we learn nothing so well and so convincingly as what we acquire by self-made researches.

There is certainly as much danger in educating too much as there is educating too little. The German professorial system is intended to steer clear of both these extremes, by giving the most easy and accessible instruction, together with the least degree of direct teaching. It offers the most varied, the most attractive, and the most suggestive form of instruction, and leaves the student entirely to judge and use it as he feels himself disposed. Let no one suppose that such a system would *endanger* rather than *promote* the exertions of the student, by the absence of more direct inducements for learning.

It is well known that the German student is not behind in industry and in patience; nor can we conceive why this system should lead to a different result. A young man has, in his twentieth year, we should say, become wise enough to know that he does not merely learn in order to please his professors, and

he labors no more under the delusion of the school-boy, who fancies he is nicely tricking his master whilst he steals away from his school-form. But if the student should ever cease to remember the object of his stay at the University, the thought that he is, by his own choice, remaining ignorant amidst a crowd of assiduous and intelligent fellow-students, will induce him more effectually to amend, than any disciplinary notices or tutorial remonstrances.

We cannot pass by this occasion without stating some of the historical effects by which the German University system has been attended. Impartial observers will admit that Germany boasts of students who are willing and able to exert themselves in the highest degree possible. Their *plodding* disposition has become a standing jest to some English writers, who could be foolish enough even for a moment to depreciate the zeal and fervor of those youthful and disinterested searchers after truth. Is not the toilsome and self-dictated, unwearied patience of the German student, over his midnight lamp, quite as worthy of respect and praise as the daily reading hours of an Oxford or Cambridge student, who often works for prizes or honors, under the direction of his tutor? And who that truly appreciates learning and science will ever indulge in sneering at the means and trouble by which it must be acquired? The German Universities have no cause to disclaim the epithet with which their adepts are honored, as long as German University-men are sought and respected, and as long as their writings, the fruit of their plodding qualities, are read and appreciated.

With equal truth it may be said of the German Universities that they promote individuality of intellect and opinion almost to an excess; of course, for every one is there led, nay, compelled to think and judge for himself, and to take nothing on trust. It is certainly true that lately a great many learned novelties and doctrinal schools have been hatched at the German Universities. We do not want to deny—in fact it would be useless—that Germany is possessed of the largest amount of intellectual fertility. Its Universities have, indeed, put forth all kinds of theories—sometimes useful, but often fantastic—in many cases profound, in some revolutionary; here with an air of venerable antiquity, there again with the artificial hot-house forcing of modern wit. Homœopathy has come from Germany—mesmerism had its origin there—hydropathy emanates from thence; rationalism and mysticism, too, have

their adherents there in innumerable shades and ramifications. Pantheism is maintained by some philosophers; scepticism is the result of others' views, and schools follow each other there, thick and quick. Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel have peopled the German Universities with their followers. Go to a University, there are not two doctors in law or divinity who hold the same opinions; and even their lectures often have a strong admixture of individual views and even polemics: the students, of course, choose their party too for themselves. This mushroom-like fertility of doctrines in Germany forms a striking contrast to the steady, undeviating march of intellect in the learned circles of Oxford and Cambridge, Dublin or London. At the British Universities, doctrines and education are infinitely more *positive* and *alike*. All the students receive, within each College, one and the same kind of education; they are all taught in the same fixed way, and depend for their opinions almost solely on the opinions of their tutors or professors, who do not much differ from each other. For this reason it often appears to observing foreigners as if the intellects of English University-men were all moulded in one and the same national shape, and stamped by the same influence; nor can it be astonishing that the authoritative character of English University education should have this effect. Compare with them an adept from a German University, and you will find him usually swayed by a restless and independent, nay, frantic desire of research and of theorizing on his own account. There is, undoubtedly, much danger as well as some good with either of these two different tendencies, which it is not our business here to discuss. But we may, without great fear of erring, set it down as a fact, that the German University system, devoid as it is of the principle of authority, has gained in intellectual fertility, in the quick growth of science, in production of individual views, whereas it has, at the same time, lost in steadiness and concentration of aim, and in unity and firmness of doctrine, which have their own particular good, not in science, but in moral and political views, and may rather be said to belong to the properties of English education.

We trust that the mode of instruction usual at the German Universities is so far sufficiently characterized in its main features. It embraces, as we have stated, four distinct branches of science—divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy (that is, classics, natural sciences and history); four deans and one

rector are annually chosen by and from among the regular professors, to represent these four learned *faculties*, as they are denominated. These five men constitute the University Senate, who hardly ever interfere with the students, over whom they have only a nominal control, except in coming and leaving, at their matriculation, and at their asking for a testimonial or a degree. They preside, together with the ordinary and extraordinary professors, at public occasions and festivities, invested with richly decorated velvet robes. Connected with the Senate is also an University Judge, before whom students may be taken who incur debts, or have been found out duelling, or have committed themselves politically.

The reader will perceive that the above division into four faculties implies a professional character which does not belong to the British Universities. Every German student decides before his matriculation which profession and which class he will join. The whole plan of his studies and the choice of his lectures will depend upon this decision. A medical student will hear lectures on anatomy, physiology, chemistry and phrenology; a lawyer will attend prelections on civil, criminal, and common law, or the ancient and modern codes; the divinity student will frequent exegetical lectures, learn Hebrew, read the fathers, hear lectures on church history, ethics, and the dogmas of the Christian faith; whilst the classical student, according to his particular intentions, will be present at interpretations of Horace, Pindar, Plato, and Sophocles, or else hear some historian, geographer, mathematician, or astronomer. Thus each student, though fully at liberty to hear and learn what he likes, will generally choose but such lectures as fall in with his particular profession, and the different halls of a German University are usually filled but by one of the four classes of students. There are but few lectures of common and general interest, such as logic, metaphysics, and those on all general topics, historical, or philosophical; the great stock and majority of lectures are altogether addressed by professional men to professional adepts. In this respect the British Universities form a wide contrast with those of Germany, and the Continental High Schools in general. British students receive within their colleges all one and the same kind of education, and no regard is paid to any individual profession. Their object is said to be *general* knowledge, and not professional knowledge, and for law and medical science, as well as all more practical pursuits

of any kind whatever, little or no preparation is made, except in establishments independent of the Universities themselves. It is certainly not the design of the Universities to form mere business men; but it may be hardly advisable to defer the apprenticeship for the learned professions too long. Universities should not merely be considered as intended to turn out gentlemen, or to delegate a multitude of scientific drones, or to create a number of young Grecians, with a great amount of general taste and little practical skill. The country derives no use from general philosophy and universal information. Its wants are of a more imperative and individual nature. It requires men fit for the higher branches of administration — men qualified to preach the Gospel, to guard its laws, to cure the sick, or to instruct the rising generations. If the Universities were either too haughty or too short-sighted to attend to the actual requirements of the country, they would earn little gratitude from a people for whom they did not provide, and from pupils whom they left unfit for their vocation. General knowledge is the province of elementary schools and preparatory colleges; in Germany it is the professed aim of the gymnasias. But it is both natural and indispensable that education, in its final and most advanced stage, should become professional, or else Universities can never be seriously said to prepare young men for the higher and learned branches of society.

We will add here a few words on University degrees and examinations. It will be understood from the preceding explanations that the German Universities do not examine their students at all. As they do not engage themselves to teach practically, and decline every direct responsibility for the actual improvement of their scholars, they have no occasion to examine any student on the use he has made of his time and of the University lectures. No prizes are awarded, no inducements for industry held out. It is true that each faculty annually proposes one prize-question; and that students of moderate means may, upon applying and giving some test of industry, often receive presents from the assisting-funds of the University or the Government; but these solitary and exceptional cases are by their nature and extent without effect or importance for the mass of students. Their industry is not stimulated by love of gain or love of honor. There is no list of wranglers or classmen inviting the academicians to labor; no fear of being plucked, to hinder him from being as lazy as

he likes. The industry of the German student is unselfish and disinterested; he works for his own good and for the love of science, and not from ambition or want. We do not think that his assiduity would in general be increased, and we feel confident it would not be ennobled, if the somewhat mercenary system into which—to German eyes at least—the English universities seem to have fallen, was substituted for the German system. When a student leaves his university, he receives a testimonial whereon the lectures which he has paid for and attended are mentioned from half-year to half-year; each professor usually is requested to witness his attendance by some little epithet, as *Besucht*, *fleissig besucht*, etc. Beyond this a University does not go. The only case where examinations take place is when application is made for a degree. Any person may get a degree from a German University, if he can pass the requisite examination, and send in a printed essay, with other testimonials to prove his capacity. The candidate, who may be from any country or school, has only to pay the fees, get his essay acknowledged as satisfactory, and then present himself for the oral examination, which is conducted by ordinary professors of the University, whom the candidate may choose for himself.

Let no one suppose that the examination for a degree of Doctor et Magister, or Doctor of Medicine, was given away to undeserving persons at any of the Prussian and most of the larger German Universities. It is true that, of late, some of the obscurer Universities have established quite a traffic with diplomas, and have granted them to foreigners, without requiring any oral examination, merely on paying their fees, and sending some essay, with other testimonials. This has brought academical degrees into disrepute in Germany as well as abroad; but, as the other Universities did not fail to complain of the said abuse at the Diet at Frankfort, and took other effectual steps in order to compel the governments of the lesser German States to check it, a more scrupulous mode of examining has been enforced, and is conscientiously observed in Prussia.

Degrees are merely ornamental; they give a title or public character, but are no legal test of capacity. Now, in order to ascertain the fitness of young men for office, either for the church, or the bar, or the gymnasial or academical chair, or for surgical practice, it appears a public test is requisite. But the Universities could, according to their design and nature, not meddle with it. The

necessary examinations, therefore, are conducted by commissions appointed by Government to examine young divines, scholars, lawyers, and surgeons, before they are permitted to hold office. Here, of course, difference of skill among the candidates is a matter of the highest importance; and the result of these examinations usually decides the actual improvements of the student, as well as his future prospects. These examinations are, therefore, the final aim and conclusion of the student's effort, who passes them sometimes immediately, sometimes from one to five years after his University-triennium. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!* hereafter will be all plain sailing.

The British Universities are independent corporations, but those of Germany are in a great measure dependent on the governments. It was the princes who founded and endowed them, and it is the princes too who can, if they choose, keep them in constant check. Therefore, the German Universities are often degraded into a kind of political engines, which the minister of public instruction must work, according to the wind of the court or the immediate inspiration of the sovereign. Science ought, by its nature, to be independent; and as the censorship of an overruling power must needs tend to fetter and degrade its representatives, we will trust in a future generation, and an age yet to come, when the German Universities may be emancipated from the interference of their governments. Hitherto oppressive measures have only now and then been carried into effect, and an appearance of autonomy has been left to the Universities of the Protestant and northern states, though less so in Austria. Every person can become a lecturer upon proving his ability before the existing professors; but his promotion and salary depend on the intentions of government, and the support of his colleagues. If he can meet with an audience, if he attracts the students by his lectures, he cannot well be refused a professorship for any length of time. The German Universities boast of the principle of universal admissibility both for those who want to teach and for those who want to learn. No creed or birthplace disables a person who can prove his capacity, from becoming either a lecturer or a student on whatever subject he pleases. There are no sectarian or religious disabilities at any German University; in this respect they differ widely from the older British Universities. Thus you may find at any German University Lutherans, Calvinists, Roman Catholics,

Jews, foreigners from Greece, Russia, England, and America, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Hungary, and Poland, &c., amongst the students. Nor are the professors all of the same creed, except in faculties of divinity, which, by their nature, present entire uniformity of confession. Some Universities contain two faculties of divinity, one for Roman Catholics and another for Protestants. This order of things is perfectly compatible with the German system of non-interference in delivering and receiving knowledge; whereas it can, of course, never be made to agree with the present English system. The German High Schools profess to teach all to all, and consequently know of no creed; but as true scientific bodies, they admit argument as the only proof of truth, and do not shut the mouth of all other confessions, in order that one privileged doctrine may claim the battle-field undisputed.

The German princes and ministries are more inclined to interfere with the *political* than with the *religious* opinions of the people. They have in some cases deposed, or not promoted, such professors or lecturers as had offered to their measures an unpalatable resistance. Some time ago the King of Hanover put in force a new constitution in his dominions. He required all the higher officers of his State to swear allegiance to the new laws. But seven professors of Göttingen refused doing so, and published a protest against the proceedings of Government. Some eminent lawyers and scholars were amongst them, such as the two brothers Grimm, Gervinus, and Dahlmann. They were all deprived of their chairs in one degree. But this measure only tended to ruin the University. For one morning some hundred students led the seven victims in triumph out of the town, shook the dust off their feet at the gates of Göttingen, and went into exile with their seven professors. The acclamations of all Germany were so loud, and the reputation of the professors rose so high, that they got all of them other chairs at other Universities, and thus drew the majority of the Göttingen students with them into other States. Such-like demonstrations of liberal sympathies have at all times been frequent in Germany, and the princes well know that every oppressive measure they may adopt is sure to be counteracted by the independent and turbulent spirit of the students.

We cannot here give a full account of the true prevailing features of German University life—a topic which has certainly its peculiar attractions, partly for the singularity

of the facts to be described, partly for the difficulty of a correct and impartial appreciation of their ultimate import. Some English travellers, such as Russell, Laing, Talfourd, and others, have spoken of German students in terms little flattering, and the impression which they leave on readers of their accounts is that they are a wild, lawless, drunken, fighting, and hectoring class, of little gentlemanly bearing, and of savage habits and dispositions. A more charitable and thoroughly German-tinctured account of German student life has been given by William Howitt, who lived some years amongst them, and appears to have availed himself of the excellent German authorities he had occasion to meet with. It would be useless to deny that the customs of drinking and duelling are some of the dark sides of the German universities, and we can only wish that, fast disappearing as they are, they may soon quite cease to disgrace those establishments. It is unjust, however, in criticizing a class of men, to turn one's eyes merely at one or two topics, and we ought rather to attempt to form a more general estimation of their merits and pervading tone.

It is true, the life of a German student is one of enjoyment as well as of study. They hear their lectures, and ponder over them at home, they read books on the objects and questions that interest them most; they consult their professors; they form little clubs or societies for discussions, and stoutly maintain their individual opinions against their professors or against each other. But these pursuits are not the only thing that occupies their minds. Youth claims its rights; and as the German student is free of superintendence on every side, he allows fair play to his favorite propensities. It cannot be astonishing that their exuberant spirits should have a peculiar national turn which does not coincide with the habits of students of other countries. A German student does not feather his oar in a university-boat on regatta-day; he does not kick the foot-ball on Parker's piece; he does not skilfully take the balls at a cricket match. These gentle pastimes would not satisfy his bolder and noisier disposition. His thoughts are more excitable and somewhat enthusiastic. His manners are more cordial and unreserved. His appearance and demeanor are less aristocratic. Yet he is well-bred, and spirited, and high-minded; he is frank and open; a faithful friend, and an eccentric lover of his fatherland. He is a sworn enemy to all falsehood and all deceit. Peculiar notions of honor,

and a deep love of independence and liberty, belong to his most deep-rooted principles. Song and music, social parties, convivial fêtes, a martial, undaunted spirit, and excitement of the patriotic feelings, throw over his life an enchantment which gilds it yet in all his later recollections.

Each student lives in apartments hired at some townsman's house, according to his choice and particular requirements. From thence he resorts to the University only for three or four hours daily, to attend lectures. The rest of his time is either spent at home in reading, or else with his comrades. The absence of a link of union among the members of German universities, has compelled the students almost everywhere to form certain clubs or clans, the sole object of which is to enjoy themselves together, after true students' fashion. These fraternities wear their own peculiar colors on their caps, flags, and breastbands; they are organized with seniors, presidents, articles of *comment* or students' usage, and meet at their particular inns and on especial days of every week. There you may see them, sitting together around two oblong tables, before their beer or wine-goblets, drinking and singing till late into the night, and often hidden in thick clouds of tobacco-smoke. They will discuss the duels that have been fought lately, or are going to be fought; they will scheme some joke upon a sordid Philistine or landlord; they will agree to bring a serenade to their favorite professor; they make their political speeches on the prospects of their fatherland, and the whims of its princes; they drink and sing, and sing and drink, whilst wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt, fly across the room in quick succession, and all is dissolved in infinite laughter and merriment.

Many of the students are fond of gymnastics, or *Turnen*. They spend accordingly much of their time upon excursions and exercises for that purpose, and form associations which are called *Turner-Vereine*.

But by far the majority of *Burschen* delight in fencing and the practice of arms. This would certainly be very harmless and praiseworthy, if it did not induce them to try their swords and rapiers in actual contest upon each other. But such is still the case to a great extent at almost all the German Universities, and especially among the members of the above-mentioned fraternities. The facility with which some German students come from a pugnacious disposition to offensive words, and from offences to challenges, will always appear equally extraordinary

and lamentable to an observer. There are amongst them a number of *braggadocios*, eager to test their skill and the metal of their swords, and glad to pick a quarrel with any one to whom they are just in the humor for addressing their pert provocations. It is to this spirit that most duels must be traced; and they have not always even the excuse of personal antipathy, or difference of opinion, or a previous quarrel, or a miscarried joke, or some public or private insult that might have set the parties at war. For a few hasty words, satisfaction with arms is desired and promised; cards are exchanged, seconds chosen, the cartel solemnly declared, and time, place and weapon agreed upon. After a delay of some days or weeks, which are conscientiously made use of for practicing at the noble art, the parties repair, early on the appointed morning, with their friends, to the place of rendezvous, on some neighboring heath. An umpire and a medical student must always be present. Arrived on the ground, they fix the spot and distance for the fight, mark the *mensura* or circles within which the combatants must keep, strip the upper part of their body, and, after close examination of the weapons, the sanguinary contest begins. The umpire holds his rapier steadfastly between them, in order to stop them at the first wound that is inflicted, and to prevent foul play. Thus the two antagonists may stand, parrying and returning each other's thrusts for some minutes, until at length their vigor relaxes. Now comes the moment for the decisive blow. The contest becomes more desperate, and the swords glance almost invisibly, whilst the shouting of the anxious friends mingles with the rapid clash of the rapiers. Suddenly the umpire shouts—*Sitzt*, one of the two is hit; blood has been drawn and the duel is over. And, whilst the medical student advances to attend to the wound, the umpire summons the two antagonists to shake hands and to promise that they will consider the offence as forgotten and as expiated, and that they will neither bear one another any grudge from it, nor allow any information of the occurrence to spread. This is vowed, as throughout transactions of this nature a certain chivalrous air and appearance of good grace is preserved. Thus the mischief which duels cause consists fortunately in little beyond disfiguring the face by sword-cuts, as lives are but seldom or never set at stake. Yet we have no desire of cloaking the savage and barbarous nature of a custom which is so utterly repugnant to

all the humane feelings. The governments and college authorities have long since proscribed and forbidden duelling; but of late even the students of Berlin, Bonn, and Breslau have themselves made efforts to prevent and eradicate them entirely, by the erection of a students' jury (*Ehrengerichte*), before which quarrels may be settled peacefully.

The students' associations have always been suspected, and repeatedly dissolved by the governments; for these self-constituted clubs continually fostered a feeling of political dissatisfaction, and were sometimes decried as the haunts and refuge of secret conspiracies. It was under similar pretences that the general *Burschenschaft* was dissolved, after the murder of Kotzebue by a young enthusiast of the name of Sand.

The principal reason, however, why the ancient student associations are dying away, is not so much the order of the authorities, but is due to the existence of a strong feeling against them amongst the majority of the present German academicians. The traditional *Burschen-Comment*, with all its rude and ludicrous appendages, begins to fall into utter disrespect, and is looked upon as antiquated, useless rubbish, or as toys for insipid freshmen. The actual generation of *Burschen* is a more refined class of men; they have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the cap of the corps (or association) for a common chapeau, the sword or rapier for a riding whip or a walking-stick; and it has almost ceased to be considered as a merit to provoke duels, to besot oneself with beer, wine, and tobacco; or to go swaggering along the street with a professed view to annoy each Philistine, beadle, or night-guard, who may come in their way. The old customs are only practiced on the sly, and are carefully hidden from the eyes of the world, instead of parading in public as formerly; even the old slang is hardly ever used or referred to, without provoking a smile on every countenance. Nor is it likely that the sober, reflecting, and assiduous nature of the German students should make no reaction against the crude and boisterous tone of some of their comrades. It is in general but the smaller Universities which take delight in them, in order to bring some change into the uniformity of continual study in their rural towns. In Berlin and Vienna little of the old students' habits is to be met with.

The predominating spirit of the larger German Universities bears of late reference rather to the political struggles of the country. It is certainly not the business of young

men, nor of learned schools, to fight the battles of their fatherland, nor to discuss what laws and constitution they will establish. But it was to be expected that the Universities, which hold in Germany such a pre-eminent rank, should have also taken a leading part in the present aspirations of Germany after constitutional liberty. The academicians of Vienna and Berlin have made themselves the avowed champions of popular reform; and if freedom has yet hardly begun to shed her beneficent lustre over the middle of Europe, it is certainly not owing to a lack of patriotism and enthusiasm among the youth of the German high schools. The force and generality of the liberal sympathies among them is the most evident proof that, in the following decennium, when the generation of young men who frequented those schools in 1848 and 1849, will have succeeded to the offices and administration of the German States, that country must, by internal necessity, give way to the demands for liberty. It is sincerely to be wished that Heaven may grant to Germany a peaceful and steady solution of her internal difficulties, and that her Universities may unite moderation with firmness, in the open and untiring pursuit of free institutions.

In conclusion, it may be useful to recapitulate the main outlines of the picture, so as to leave a distincter impression of them as a whole. The German Universities, which have many defects among much that is good, bear distinct traces and marks of the soil on which they are planted. They stand under the control of more or less arbitrary governments, and are to them the instruments for educating a supply of officers and professional

employés, which those bureaucratic States require in order to be governed. But the Universities fulfil their task not in a little or slavish manner. As pre-eminently national institutions, they uphold the principle of universal admissibility, and exclude no doctrine, no creed or nationality from teaching or learning among them. They pursue an independent system of instruction which scorns any but scientific authority; they omit all mercenary means of stimulation, and expect their adepts to cultivate science purely for its own sake. They have sacrificed all the practical business of education, because superintendence is thought at once contrary to their constitution, and unsuitable to their students, who are expected to educate themselves. Assiduity and enthusiasm form the leading features of the youth who frequent them, and which, in spite of some habitual excrescences, are still found amongst them; they yield to Germany and to Europe a number of profound scholars, divines, and philosophers, who unite a close-looking, microscopic understanding with a wide and gigantic grasp of intellect. Situated in the heart and centre of Europe, visited by strangers from all quarters of the globe, the German Universities have acquired a far-spreading influence on the world of letters, both by their position, and by the nature of their intellectual stores. They stand as the strongholds of modern European intelligence, and form the safest and firmest anchors of general civilization and knowledge. May they remain true to their trust, may they prosper and flourish, and never cease to infuse wisdom and learning into the generations that annually gather around them!

From Chambers' Journal.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A LYRIC POET.

Few readers, acquainted with the prose-writings of Mr. Kingsley can be ignorant of the fact, that he is a true poet. The stream of his prose continually reveals the golden sand of poetry sparkling through it. In his pictures, taken from the many-colored landscape of life, and in his transcripts of natural scenery, we feel that he has selected with the poet's eye, and painted with the hand of a poetic artist. But it is not as a writer of poetry in prose we purpose speaking of him now, so much as a writer of poems—in fact, as a lyric poet. The *Saint's Tragedy*, which was Mr. Kingsley's first literary work, contained great poetic promise, both dramatic and lyric. It evinced a subtle knowledge of human emotion, especially of the mental workings and heart-burnings of humanity, wrestling with the views inculcated by Catholic ascetics. In addition to its dramatic interest and truthful delineation of character, there were scattered throughout it some drops of song, which, minute as they were, seemed to us to mirror the broad, deep nature of a lyric poet, even as the dew-drops reflect the over-arching span of the broad, deep sky. In his prose works, Mr. Kingsley has also printed several fine lyrics, the beauty and strength of which have been the subject of almost universal remark. *Alton Locks* contains a ballad, *Mary, go and call the Cattle Home*, which is akin in its simplicity to those old Scotch ballads that melt us into tears with their thrilling, wild-wailing music. In *Yeast* appeared the *Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*. It is the cry of a poacher's widow, the passionate protest of a broken heart against the game-laws—poured forth to the great silence of midnight as she is sitting near the spot where her husband was killed. It is distinguished by intensity of feeling, and a Dantean distinctness, not frequently met with in the sophistication of modern poetry. Few that have read it will ever forget it. The lyrics we have mentioned are probably all the reader will have seen of Mr. Kingsley as a lyric poet: other pieces, however, have appeared in print.

The chief of these were published in the *Christian Socialist*, a journal started by the promoters of Working-Men's Associations some few years since, which had but a small circulation and brief existence. It is from these we select most of our specimens of our author's lyrical genius, although not all of them.

Mr. Kingsley is the descendant of a family of fervent Puritans, and the spirit which lived in them still flashes out: the hot, earnest life which beat so impetuously beneath the armor of the Ironsides, still throbs in his writings. For example, here is a lyric worthy to have been chanted by a company of the Puritan soldiers the night before a battle, and their loftiest feelings might have found in it fitting utterance:—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth;
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old—
Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Is this not grand writing? The martial swing and the religious soaring of it make the soul rock to its rhythm.

The next quotation will illustrate how perfect is Mr. Kingsley's mastery over the lyric as a form of expression, and with what consummate ease he has put a tragedy into three stanzas.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

This is a true ballad. It is clearly conceived, clearly finished, simply worded, and it contains neither metaphor nor conceit. These two lyrics alone will amply show that their author possesses the fire and force, the cunning art and the beauty of expression, of a lyrical master—in addition to which qualities, his Muse has at times a wondrous witchery and most subtle grace. Some of his dainty little lilt of song are so full of melody, they sing of themselves, which is the rarest of all lyrical attributes. They remind us of the sweet things done by the old dramatists, when they have dallied with airy fancies in a lyrical mood. Here is one:—

S O N G.

There sits a bird on every tree,
With a heigh-ho!
There sits a bird on every tree,
Sings to his love as I to thee;
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

There blooms a flower on every bough,
With a heigh-ho!
There blooms a flower on every bough,
Its gay leaves kiss—I'll show you how:
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
With a heigh-ho!
The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
The earth shall pass—but love abide,
With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.

We conclude our quotations with a brief strain of pathetic minor music, so like the tenderness of some Scottish music, which must have been struck out of the strong national heart, like waters out of the smitten rock, through rent and fissure. These eight lines bring out another quality of the lyric poet—that of suggestiveness—the power to convey a double meaning—to make a sigh or a sob speak more than words—to hint more than can be uttered—to express the inexpressible by veiling the mortal features, as did the old Greek artist:

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the church-yard,
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

If these specimens are not sufficient to prove that a powerful lyrist is among us, we do not know what evidence would be necessary. "Tell Mr. Kingsley to leave novels, and write nothing but lyrics," said one of our greatest living writers to us the other day, when we showed him some of these songs. Often has the distinguished Chevalier Bunsen, in speaking of the song-literature of Germany and its influence on the people, urged Mr. Kingsley to devote his powers to becoming a Poet for the People, and a writer of songs to be sung by them. England has no Burns, no Béranger, not even a Moore: she waits for her national lyrist. Although not as yet, perhaps, thoroughly tried, we know no man who appears to be so fittingly endowed to ascend into this sphere of song, that is dark and silent, awaiting his advent, as Mr. Kingsley. He is an intense man, large in heart and brain, a passionate worshipper of truth and beauty. His heart has a twin-pulse beating with that of the people; his song has a direct heart-homeliness, and is that of a singer

born. The verses we have given, be it remembered, do not constitute the choicest picked from a larger quantity: they are the most of what we have seen, and are taken as they came. We claim for them the rare merit of originality: there is no echo of an imitation, no reverberation of an echo. The melody has a bird like spontaneity. It will be found that each repetition serves to increase their beauty. Observe, too, how essential everything is that belongs to them: there is

nothing accidental. Mr. Kingsley has the self-denial to reject all that is superfluous in thought or word, which is a most rare virtue in a young poet, and without which no one can ever become a writer of national songs. He has also acquired the young writer's last attained grace—simplicity. Many of our young writers seek to clothe their thoughts all in purple words, thinking thus to become poets. A man might just as well think of becoming king by putting on the royal purple.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE POETRY OF ALFRED TENNYSON.*

BY GERALD MASSEY.

WAR and Revolution are not those unreckoned evils which the peace-men would have us believe them to be. The great, grim, terrible thing which appears to tower up so darkly as an obstacle in the path of progress, may become another Sinai, dreadful with the presence and eloquent with the voice of the Almighty speaking his grand decrees in thunder and lightning, and the terror of tempests. Rudely awakened from some voluptuous dream, or suddenly called from the lighted halls of peace, we stand looking out into the night, and, straining our eyes on the strife, we hear the clang and tumult, the thunders and the shoutings, the cry of the victor and the moanings of the wounded. War seems a fearful thing. By and by our eyes become attuned to the gloom, and we perceive that it has other aspects. Its lightnings often cleanse the moral atmosphere. Its sword cuts clean through the flimsy draperies and hollow masks of conventionality, sham, and artificiality. We get down to the ground-root of things, and look in the unveiled face of the great Nature.

Fields may be heaped with slain, and

mound and furrow be red with carnage, but such seed is not sown in vain, and may produce a worthy harvest in the after-years.

It is said of many young men who went out to the Crimea, and who have seen the veil torn from the gorgon-face of Battle, and been within arm's-length of death, that, though they left England as thoughtless, vain, gay fops, they returned from that solemn experience, sad, wise, earnest, valiant men. Even so is it with the life of nations. War reveals what stuff they are made of, what endurance, heroism, truthfulness, earnestness, is in them still; and, constituted as man is, it is most necessary that these qualities be kept alive, seeing that life is a continual combat, and it is well that the battle-trumpet should rouse us from the pillow of sloth, the bent-knee of slavery, and the all-fours of money-grubbing, into heroic attitude. One of the best and most precious results of war, national struggles, and the changes in religious, political, and social systems, is in the new and vigorous life they give to literature. There the mortal life lost by field and flood is caught up and rendered back to us immortal by the hands of Poetry. What a tide of fresh life poured through the heart of England after the mighty impulse of her Reformation, and burst up in a new out-bud-

* Poems by Alfred Tennyson. Ninth Edition, 1884.—"The Princess, a Medley." Fourth Edition, 1851.—"In Memoriam." 1850. London: Moxon.

ding and flowering of poetry, such as the world had never before seen. We also derive a priceless heritage from the struggles of that handful of men who rose up in England two centuries ago, and drew the sword for freedom, flinging down the scabbard as a gauntlet of challenge at the feet of cowed, and crowned, and mitred Tyranny. They gave to the nations a proud flush of nobler life, a wider horizon to the whole human existence, placed their country in the foremost van of the world, and left their deathless names as watchwords that ring down far futures for the true to battle by. That revolution gave us John Milton. It was drowned in blood, but its ploughshare had cut deep, and its seed was well sown and trampled in, and although each springing germ was watched with jealous eyes and crushed in the budding, yet it struck deep root, and sprang up in other lands beyond the sea. Scotland would never have possessed her unrivalled wealth of national song, and her music so unspeakably beautiful, but for her immortal traditions, her mountains and glens, hallowed by the persecutions and martyrdoms of her Covenanters; her heaths so often trampled by the footsteps of heroic men, who marched to death as 'twere a bridal bed; her moors so often reddened by the blood of the brave and chivalrous; the glorious men who bore the Scottish thistle on banners bloody and torn through the burning hell of battle in many a dark and desolate day, and kept the flame of patriotism alive and unquenched amid the deluging rain of tears and blood; the gallant hearts that have quivered on the rack, and cracked in the furnace flame; the noble heads that have laid them down upon a tyrant's bloody block for their last pillow; the deathless deeds that have been done and written in the memory of men as in letters of electric light;—these have been the inspirations that have made the poet's song eloquent. The poetry was first written in deathless actions before it became literature.

Of all the conflicts of arms and the society upheavings that have shaken the world in modern times, none have had a more quickening influence on literature than those of the French Revolution and the subsequent wars. The fountains of the great deep of human life were opened, and the floodgates of tyranny were burst, so that, when the floods subsided, the shores were rich with jewels and treasures that had been surged up in the mighty motion of the heaving waters. Men's hearts leaped and burned within them as at the sound of

the trumpet of God, their eyes glowed with the light of some great future, and through delicious tears they caught a glimpse of a truer existence. There was such a surging of spirit, such a quickening motion of mind, as much was felt in one year as would take half a century to express. After a long night of starless gloom, and servile trembling, and growing misery spent in feeble thought and foolish fears, with a feeling akin to that of Lazarus, waking within his tomb, came the morning of action, motion, health, life! Then followed the tug of grappling armies, and the nations were cast into the fiery furnace of War. The ties and fears, the bonds of falsehood and deceit, that had so long fettered the great human heart, were withered, and burst. The tinsel, and the glitter, and the masquerading habits are consumed utterly there, and nothing stands the flaming ordeal save the naked strength of iron manhood.

Such times bring us face to face with what is genuine; human life passes through its snake-like crises, in order that it may slough off its worn-out, dirty, rotten coating, as the snake gets rid of its skin. Artificiality cannot live in the presence of such terrific earnestness; sloth cannot drowse in such a noise of combat; imitation cannot compete with such primordial originality; and thus literature benefits and reaps a rich harvest from the fields of war. In all these great eras it is the People—the great source and resource of poetry—who, having held their peace so long, come forth to write their poetry in sword-dints and strange hieroglyphs on the face of the earth. What poetry there must be among this same People, to judge by such sublime specimens, if we could but get at it!

If our monetary national debt, incurred during the wars with France, be great, our national debt to poetry is still greater. As our poetic outcome of that time, we have the following magnificent result:—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Hunt, Keats, Campbell, and Tennyson, not to mention others. These could never have existed, as we now know them, but for the stirring circumstances of the times in which they were moulded. Great times, great thoughts, great feelings, produce great men, and these gave us a race of Titans. Wordsworth has pictured the influence which the dawn of the French Revolution had upon him. So has Coleridge. Byron was begotten by the very spirit of Rebellion. Shelley's early poetry was the French Revolution adapted to English verse. It is to his martial lyrics, which

are a fit chariot of song for the spirit of British valor to ride in, flaming through the battle-field on the wheels of conquest, and driving over the heads of its enemies, glorious as a god, that Campbell owes his immortality. Not so manifest in the poetry of Keats and Hunt is this influence, but very manifest in their politics and in their lives, and their poetry is the issue of their lives. It is less perceptible still in the poetry of Tennyson; he is farther away from the scene, and the spirit of it did not enter so much into his composition. Like a stone plunged into the water, did that influence strike down into the existence of the former poets, widening the circle of their whole being. In Tennyson we have the distant and gentle ripple, with nothing of the tumult. Nevertheless, he is one of the brood of giants who stepped into life through the rent of Revolution, although he is in the second generation. He is also related to his predecessors by his *subjectivity*. The mention of this characteristic of the poetry of our century—its subjectivity—as compared with the poetry of the Elizabethan era, naturally leads us to a consideration of its causes.

Those grand fellows who lived and wrote in the golden time of Elizabeth, appear to have been much more unconscious than our brooding, thoughtful, modern mortals. They seem to have gone about their work 'like noble boys at play.' The pressure of the time did not lie heavy upon them as it does upon us. The national life was up at 'glory's high flood-mark,' and they were borne on a tide of triumph, buoyantly, hopefully, and cheerfully. England towered up proudly amid the surrounding nations, like Saul among his warriors, a head and shoulders above the rest. It was a proud thing to be an Englishman in those days. To be heroic was a natural sort of thing. Life was so strong within them, so enjoyable without. They were brimful of physical health. The sheath of the body was not overworn by the sword of the mind. Their thoughts were not dammed up, nor the tides turned back upon their own souls. They lived, and did not speculate on life with a morbid persistency, or lie and watch the lazy stream of their own blood, poring on their own pulse, and eating their own heart. They lived. They lived and they wrought free and forcibly, even as the bird sings, and the waters roll, and the wind blows, careless to know the wherefore, or analyze the law that inspired. The great, enduring result seems to have flashed out of their lives with a magical unexpectedness,

doubtless as surprising to themselves as to us. Genius thus freely and naturally flowed forth in objective forms. The poet's nature ran outwardly to embrace the universal humanity without let or hindrance. Happy men! glorious time!

It is widely different with the poets of our century. Poetry in our time is a continual protest against the pressure of tendencies adverse to the full and free human development. She fights a continual fight, disputing the ground inch by inch, with the blind brute forces, with all kinds of tyranny, with all kinds of scepticism and mammonism, which seek to encroach on her fields, and commons, and wood-paths, and holy consecrated ground. She feels somewhat like that criminal who was shut up in a prison, the walls of which grew narrower day by day, until they closed in upon him and crushed him. The force of circumstances which we have thrown up around us is fast crushing all spiritual force out of ourselves. The laws of mechanism lie on us like a mountain, and we have not the faith that moves mountains and works miracles. Our lives are spent in the search for what is immediately useful and practical; and should the gods chance to come our way, we are not at home to spiritual influences.

Our poetry is a protest against all this, and many are the influences that re-act upon the poet, and concentrate his nature within itself, and thus tend to make his thought and its utterance subjective. It matters not in what position of society a poet may have been born into our century, it is inevitable that he be subjective. There may be infinite differences in the mode of manifestation. At one time it is Campbell protesting against the brute power of wrong; at another, Shelley shrieks his anathemas against priestcraft and kingcraft. Now it is Byron striking with the naked energy of desperation at the perplexing problems of life, individual and national; again, it is the voice of Tennyson we hear soaring triumphantly above the long agony of doubt, soothing as that of a sister leading the bewildered mind out of the burning trance of delirium. The effect of political persecution, of adverse criticism, of a generous desire to fight the quarrel of others personally; these are all conducive to the modern poet's subjectivity. Thus we find that the subjectivity of our poetry is representative of the time and the circumstances that produced it, as was the objective drama of the times of Shakespeare. In Tennyson this subjectivity has its culminating point. In him, as has been well said, poetic inconsistency attains consist-

ency. He comprehends the best elements of his predecessors, together with an added strength, grace, and beauty. His genius pours itself, as it were, like oil upon their troubled waters. He has attained a clearer calm. He brings in the crowning dainties of that great poetic banquet which has been spread before us during the past half-century.

The growth of Tennyson's mind and fame, like that of all great things and enduring results, has been slow, gradual, and certain. It took twenty years to produce what he has given us. And looking upon these three books of poetry, we cannot but pronounce them one of the most precious contributions ever added to poetical literature. We look upon Alfred Tennyson as one of the greatest poets of our century, and one of the very noblest that ever lived. Not that he is the equal of Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante; he is not a great whole, so much as a brilliant, perfect part; but he is one of the most nobly pure, one of the most exalting of poets. He gives expression to the most ethereal sense of intellectual beauty in both woman's and man's nature—or rather of the woman's in man. And this delicate sensitiveness is united to a stern strength of thought, both when he deals with nineteenth-century experience, or bears the burden of the other world on his shoulders. His poetry is always the inmost essence of the thing. Compare it with that of Wordsworth and Byron in this respect, and you will find that, while they are content to take first thoughts, and write down anything that comes, and consequently have heaps of tares amid the harvest of their verse, his needs no wedding, and will admit of none. He has jealously selected only the choicest of his thoughts, and has exercised the most severe censorship in choosing. It is the subtlest spirit of poetry which he gives shape to, and robes in immortal beauty. He is the exponent of some of the loftiest life and the deepest thought of our time. Of all others, he most reveals the poetic spirit to itself; hence all our young poets are Tennysonian. Then he is one of the perfectest artists that ever wrought in verse, and one of the cunningest masters of melody. In his poems all is in keeping, nothing superfluous; all is necessary, and nothing accidental. There are no jewels scattered at random, as if to show his wealth; all are fitly set. All his pictures are appropriately and exquisitely framed, and there are no unfinished sketches, no frescoes, daring in aim, and feeble in execution. He will mark a distinct era in English poetry far

more effectually than ever Wordsworth will, when the world looks back in the lapse of centuries.

At the outset, Tennyson made some slight return to the old worship of wordmongering, which Wordsworth aimed at destroying. And there is a soul of beauty in some words, which gives them a greater charm than the thought they are intended to symbolize, even as the beautiful form and winning lineaments of woman may at times eclipse the charms of her mind; and this often dazzles and misleads the young and inexperienced; they are borne away, aim at being too rapturous, and become magniloquent, which is a false strength. The most profound, equally with the most delicate thought, can be most fittingly expressed in the simplest Saxon words. But this was soon cured, and in his later poems he has scarce a rival in choiceness of diction.

It was a profound saying of Goethe's, and worthy of universal acceptance, that the eyes can see only just so much as they bring with them the faculty of seeing. Thus, a sunset sky seen through the vision of a Turner, and transmuted into a picture, with all his sparkling light, glory of colour, and rainbow richness of mingling, shifting, cloud-swallowing beauty, may be unappreciated by the mass of men, as not akin to their ordinary sunsets—the painter having seen and brought away more than they can identify; their mental vision being so dim, his so clear and deep-piercing. Thus the lover, because of his love, sees a beauty in the face of his beloved which none other may have ever seen—the eyes seeing only that which they bring with them the power of seeing. And thus it is with our seeing from the loftiest outlooks of the soul. In reading, we only appreciate that which yields us our written experiences; all beyond is blank to us, save that we sometimes apprehend a dim something which is the motion of the feelers being put forth by new growth. To understand more, we must widen and deepen our natures by further experience and larger life. This is why shallow poetlings, who have not an atom of creative power, not a thrill of divine inspiration, yet fill their measure of experience for the million, and are popular; while the great poet Tennyson, with his loftier revelations of beauty, his wondrous dower of the "vision and the faculty divine," his exquisite melodies, his great mind, which is a glorious temple of thought, filled with heroic, rare, and most lovely statues, wrought by the cunning hands of an imagination, sweet, subtle, and

strong as Raphael's is comparatively unknown to them, or known, in some dim wise, to be "obscure."

Many persons profess to see little in Tennyson. This we can only regret for *their* sake. Perhaps they have not the power of seeing what is in his poetry, they may have little in common with him, no chord in harmony with his harp, which can vibrate to its sound because in perfect tune. But they had far better pray for more light, than go about preaching their own blindness. Others are very fond of Tennyson, but think he is sometimes vague and obscure. One of these latter urged to us in proof, that half-a-dozen different readers will construe half-a-dozen different meanings from particular passages. This is quite true, for we have found it so in reading "In Memoriam" with others; nevertheless, instead of proving an obscurity of utterance, this appears to me to prove that in each particular instance the poet had dug up one of those gems of eternal truth which may be six-sided, and capable of mirroring the readers' half-dozen individual portions or interpretations. When I read an author, and find I do not follow him deftly, and catch his meaning easily, I attribute it to my own want of understanding, rather than to his obscurity, especially if I have faith in him (which faith is the result of my having found my method of reading the obscure passage again and again to be successful); and it is astonishing how that which appeared at first vague, and hazy, and nebulous, grows by fine degrees into stars, and clusters of stars, with the "further lookings on," as the vision gets more intense. Tennyson is never vague in expression—the thought may be distant, the matter remote from us, the expression may be involved, but it is never vague. He always knows what he wants to say, and says precisely that which he meant to say. He is too great an artist to daub and make confusion. The stream of his speech may be deep, perhaps unfathomable to some, but never will you find it muddy; you may make it so by your own splashings and floundering. "But," it is objected, "poetry ought to be plain to all, and it is the poet's first duty to make himself understood. We can understand Shakespeare and Burns; they are clear enough; is Tennyson greater than they?" Not greater, but different. The conditions demanded of a lyric that may be sung in a tap-room, and a drama written to interest an audience of the Globe Theatre, are different to those demanded of an "In Memoriam." In the one

case, we have the poet's genius diffused through a variety of characters, or voicing a sentiment common to all, for artistic purposes and ends. In the other, we have the poet hymning his own high thoughts, his far imaginings, his subtle instincts of beauty, his self-questionings, his visions seen from the altitude of his poet's nature, and nine out of ten of the human beings represented on the stage with the interest of action may come nigher home to our business of life than the lofty musings of a poet who sings with a self introverted eye of his own unspeakable love and sorrow. In the one case, it is broad human nature appealing to broad human nature: in the other, it is the poet's nature appealing to the poet's nature in us, and we can only respond in so far as we possess the nature of the poet. This, of course, narrows the popularity and appreciable influence of the subjective poet. I say appreciable, because you cannot gauge the influence of Mr. Tennyson by any reference to the sale of his books; he is one of those men, few of whom are in the world together, and who are the fountainheads of thought, in relation to whom the mass of writers are the digestive organs that take in their food and circulate its new life through the great body of the people.

Another will urge that he has done nothing like "Festus," or that terrific originality, "Death's Jest-book." Thank Heaven, he has not; one of each kind was quite enough for us. We have to judge Tennyson by what he has done, and what he is, and not blame him for what he has not done, and is not. Tastes differ: some prefer one poet, some another. It may be remembered that, when a singing-match was about to take place between the nightingale and the cuckoo, the donkey was chosen for an umpire. Longears, having listened attentively until the contest was over, gravely gave his decision:—the nightingale sung very well, said he, but for a good plain song he preferred the cuckoo. So much for difference of taste and judgment. Another argues that Tennyson lacks passion and earnestness. Nay, not so; only he does not often let you see him in a passion, or hear him cursing in it. Noble passion he has, but he does not pour it forth while effervescent or in ferment, and therefore mixed with dregs and lees. It has to pass the clarifying process of his judgment, and ripen into spirit under the influence of his imagination. Strong feeling merely would not set him singing; he does not get his inspiration from a tumult and a tingling in the

blood; not until these are transfigured in the "light that never yet was seen on sea or land," would he break silence. It is his colossal calmness, the absence of blind hurry, that is often mistaken for a want of passionate earnestness. That he has passion, even in the popular sense, is shown by "Locksley Hall;" and that he has terrible, bitter earnestness, is shown by the "Vision of Sin;" but these elements he would now look upon as the raw materials of poetry. Let us take him as he is, and for what he is. One great function of the poet is to give expression to the beautiful, wheresoever he may find it—to give a voice to that dumb Spirit of loveliness, and harmony, and truth, which haunts us everywhere, seeking an interpretation of her dumb show. And surely it is a good thing to get beauty into our souls, and into our lives; and surely he does well who translates a single page of this precious language.

Tennyson's poetry is a very world of beauty—a weird world of wondrous beauty. Calm and smiling it rises out of the vexed and stormy ocean of our century, all fair as Aphrodite clad in her supernal loveliness. Wordsworth's world towers up grandly as after the deluge, full of strength and majesty, bearing the poetic ark on its shoulders. A look of eternity is in its aspect. Healthy, healing waters spring from its sides, which are not so barren as they appear at a distance. It has habitable pastures, inspiring breezes, that blow a rose of dawn in the face, and spots and colors of beauty, that make the eyes brighten and the heart glad. Shelley's fronts the skies, like the Alps of a sphere where no snow falls, and frost is never known; so fantastic, yet aspiring are the forms into which its beauty runs and leaps. At times they are half-shrouded with a faint, fair mist, through which veil their loveliness looks dim and more divine; and again they are lit and flooded with auroral hues and unimagined splendors. Their sides are clothed with rainbows of bloom, and are musical with singing birds and falling waters while at their base are deep, tangled haunted wildernesses, to lose yourself in which is far pleasanter than finding yourself in almost any other place. Byron's world is a volcano not yet extinct. How it glared on us through the night of the past, like the dwelling-place of some fiery demigod, vivid as the pinnacle of that hall in Dante's hell, glowing red-hot through the gloom. And still, to many eyes, does it soar in its terrible beauty, grand as a midnight conflagration. "Festus" is a

sort of hell in harness, with the devil driving. Keats' world is a body of physical beauty, with a soul of sensuousness, and it floats in a sea of "rich and ripe sensation:" a world where Pan is deity, and all life lies as in infancy, or drunkenness, sucking nectared sweets from the bosom of the air. Birds sing dainty love-ditties, flowers bloom and blush for very deliciousness of pleasure, fruit ripens, and becomes the Hebe of appetite out of merry wantonness, and woos you with a smile that says how much it could reveal: and human life thoroughly enters into the life of tree, and fruit, and flower. You lie still in a dreamy reverie, with half-shut eye, aching all over with satisfaction, lulled as in lotus-land, and only wake up to a fresh banquet of beauty, and to be kissed back into a languorous oblivion by the soft, warm pressure of the superincumbent air.

But Tennyson's world is like that other, fairer, better, purer world of beauty, of which we get brief glimpses from the delectable mountains of imagination. It lies somewhat nearer heaven. The coarse and robust nature will have to mount to its topmost window before it can get a peep at it. The sensual will have to cast their goat-hoofs, and get wings, before they can touch its holier ground. To those who see nothing in nature but a producer of corn, coal, iron and wood, nothing in the sun but a time-piece, nothing in the ocean but a beast of burden, the sum of whose lives is getting and spending—to them it is an invisible world. But others will see in it a real and divine possession; a world where the mortal meets with the immortal; a world enriched with the presence of shapes of the subtlest loveliness, and most royal souls, which are the ministrants in this house beautiful—or rather, world of beauty. There we hear voices which have the "large utterance of the early gods," and see the loftier spirits of the past move with their grandly solemn pace. There is

"Music, which gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

there the most delicate aromas of poetry impregnate the air, and make it breathe like that of paradise. The beauty, the balm, and the bloom of sensuousness are spiritualized, by being exalted to a loftier altitude. The light that lies on the face of that world is not a colored light, but a white radiance for the red flush of passion is not known, and beauty has found a more ethereal expression in that serene region: it is a soft

subdued light, like the tender glory of moonlight, or the placid smile of affection on a loving countenance that is pale with the intensity of its love. Here you may get interpreted those strange hints that visit the mind in its mystic moods and high imaginings, and everywhere will you feel the "spirit of the years to come, yearning to mix itself with life." Altogether, as we have before said, the poetry of Alfred Tennyson constitutes a world of exceeding loveliness, a world of peculiar beauty, unique in all literature. His poetic luxury is so refined and delicate, it requires an educated taste to appreciate it, just as some wines do; it is never animal, never of the earth earthy, never of the flesh fleshly. It could never have been produced by any one possessed of exuberant animal spirits, and ruddy flesh-and-bloodfulness. When his verse "trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy," it is intellectual, and not a dance of the blood. Love with him is a passion hallowed, sublimated, and consecrated. He has none of the fire, the rapture, and the *consumption* of Byron. He is the poet of a nobler and loftier life. In this respect, we would make the success of his poetry the gauge to show how far the world is advanced in purity, love, and spirituality: just as we would take that of Byron to show how far it is gross, animal and fleshly. No doubt Byron would poll the larger number of votes—so much the worse for poor humanity. But, in proportion as we grow less material, and more spiritual, more fitted to apprehend the perfect beauty, does Byron die out, and Tennyson dilate upon our growing perceptions. And after that grand debauch with the fire-waters of Byron, which we look back upon, how pure, how fresh, and sparkling with health is the poetry of Tennyson! It is a slow process the transformation of the material into the spiritual, but in proportion to this change must the poetry of Tennyson win its widening way with the world; and he can wait, for he has built upon foundations which are neither local nor temporary.

The great poet has in a great measure to create his own audience. There have been those who have been popular in their own time; but, even with these, it was not always their highest qualities that were so immediately appreciated—they had to wait for the growth of intelligence, and the elucidation of time. Others, who have been great in some special direction, and whose poetry has possessed, in a smaller proportion, the elements of universal popularity, have had

to bide their time, which has often tarried long. The dramatist and the lyricist have the greatest chance of immediate popularity, because they deal more especially with human passions and feelings, which are the common property of all; and this constitutes a ground on which both unintellectual and intellectual may stand. Indeed, the greater the dramatist or lyricist, the greater the certainty of being popular at once and forever. Let the sentiment be genuine and the expression direct, and they will reach the heart of the most uneducated. It is different in the cases of poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson, who work in poetry's special domains, and not in her common pastures. They are partial poets, and can never compete for popularity with the universal, like Shakspeare and Burns.

It is the same to-day as it has been in the past: seldom that the great poet obtains immediate recognition. He always transcends, and can never be gauged by, the standard of current criticism. We call for the poet of our own time, but we should not know him were he in our midst. We look for a peculiar sign, and lo! there is no sign. We map out a programme of what he should be, and of the work he should do, and it comes to pass not so, but the "reverse of so." We ask for a man who shall not be like ourselves, but something different, and behold! he is most like unto us—most human, and being most human, is most divine. We expect him to come into the world with the pomp and pæan that may attend his departure. We anticipate him wearing his crown, and singing robes, but he toils on in secret, painfully climbing the ascent necessary for the poet's vision, and in joy and sorrow, hoping, despairing, and triumphing weaves the prophet's mantle out of the threads of a many-colored life. He is far on in advance of us, and "dwindles in the distance;" we can only get from him, and of him, what he leaves us by the way. And the world only sees him in his just proportions, when he has planted his tired feet on the mountains of Immortality, and stands glorified with a finer light, and is seen through the mist of worshipful or regretful human tears.

One of the pleasantest thoughts that arises in reviewing the poetry of Alfred Tennyson is, that he is not one of the illustrious departed, but still among us, and still a comparatively young man—not much above forty years of age. We may hope for yet greater things from him. The interesting event of marriage has taken place since he gave us

"In Memoriam," consequently we may look for a growth of poetry gathered from a novel world opened up in his nature. There is nothing like the sweet influence of a noble woman for quickening and enriching a poet's genius. He has also a young family springing up around him, and putting forth their green leaves and tender blossoms about the parental stem—another fine source of inspiration: we never live truly, until we live our lives over again in those of our children. But, with a prayer that blessings be showered upon him, as he tends his garden of beauty, and rears fresh crops of poetry, we must turn to that which he has already written.

We have heard Tennyson called a dainty poet of the drawing-room; and some have the idea that he is a "beautiful" poet, in the boarding-school-miss sense of the word. All such know him not. The grasp of his intellect is strong as its apprehension is fine. For a specimen of magnificent power—of "strength reposing on its own right arm"—take his "Ulysses." No piece of sculpture was ever dug out of Greece more perfect, no picture was ever more truly informed with the spirit of antiquity. There is a majesty about it as of the early gods, that loom upon us so large and lovely through the dawn-light of time. It has a colossal calm as of "magnificence dreaming." What sweet serenity! what pearl-like purity! what solemn grandeur! what sustained music! attend it, and convey it, like some newly-discovered god of wisdom, from Greece right home to us in England.

It is a great mistake to think that anything Tennyson gives us is meaningless. His verse never moves with "aimless feet." Everything is crammed with meaning, often meaning within meaning. Sometimes it may be so subtle, and evolved with such consummate art, that the very perfection is a concealment to the careless looker on, just as the spinning-top appears to be standing still from the swiftness of its motion. Take, for example, that lovely allegory of the "Lady of Shalott," which I have heard called a soulless thing. It appears to me to image the fall of genius, which we have so often seen painfully realized in our own times, in poetry the most ethereally beautiful. The Lady of Shalott is the Psyche or soul, the Island of Shalott, where she lives, is the body. Here the world surrounds her, and the stream of human life flows by:—

"But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land?"

No, she has wedded Solitude; she works in silent secesy. She does not beckon to the pleasures that pass. She does not join the gay troops that go laughing on their way down to the Vanity Fair of Camelot. No one hath seen her standing idle at the window. That is, the poet must not hunger and thirst after fame, and he must preserve sacred his own individuality; say to the lusts of the flesh, Stand off, for this is holy ground: and let the money-grubbing world go by, unhailed, unheeded. Thus the Lady of Shalott sings her song in her island loneliness, as the nightingale sings in her darkling privacy:—

"Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly,
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'"

There will always be a few minds up and awake in the morning of the times who will hear the song of genius, and it will fall like dew from heaven on those who have borne the burden of life in the heat of the day:—

"There she weaves, by night and day,
A magic web of colors gay:
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot."

She works her work; "and little other care hath she." She has a mirror in which she sees the "shadows of the world appear." That is the poet's nature, which reflects all that it is necessary for him to see, so long as he preserves it clean and pure:—

"And in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

For, mark the solemn warning:—

"Often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes, and lights,
And music, went to Camelot."

Wrecks of the world's great might-have-beens were these, who rose proudly, like stars of the first magnitude, but soon shot again into the darkness; souls that fell from their high thrones and lofty seats, in stooping to that which was beneath them. They looked down to Camelot. So the Lady of Shalott is at length seduced to look down to

Camelot by Sir Launcelot, who comes singing and glittering in radiant vesture and grand adornments. This is popularity, dangerous popularity, unworthy fame, which the poet must not seek, must not follow, must not think of:—

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web, and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

Her nature being now warped from its original aims, she descends from her eminent estate, and becomes careless whither she drifts. She takes a boat, and tricks it and herself out for public notice, and floats down to Camelot. The bright spirit gradually dims; the song she sings dies gradually low; the inner eyes wax gradually blind; and she drifts into Camelot dead. The people are astonished at her beauty, and he who had brought her there—

"Sir Launcelot moved a little space,
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

If the reader cannot apply this allegory, surely all will flash upon him at the mention of one word, and that word *Burns*. I fancy another signification may be found in the poem, but this one may stand for the nonce. All great poets are great teachers likewise, and I might fill some pages in showing how great a teacher of his age Tennyson is; but have little space left. Take "The Princess," for instance; how full of fine wisdom it is, and of application to the circumstances of the time. The grand object of the poem is to show that woman is not man in an undeveloped state, and all her attempts to unsex herself, all her leaps to pluck at manhood, will end in utter failure. She cannot belie her nature with impunity; her heart of flesh will turn into a heart of stone, and she will out-man man. There is nothing more pitiable than your downright "emancipated" woman! Woman is most noble, most loveable, most womanly, when *she is most herself*; and it is precisely because she has not the liberty and right to be most herself that we war with our present system, and not be-

cause it does not permit her to become masculine; for we believe that all attempts to train her into manhood will prove as false and unnatural as it is, to clip the glorious branches off the spreading yew-tree, and torture it into the poor miserable effigy of a peacock. Where a woman has succeeded in such an emancipation, she has most likely succeeded also in crushing those tender affections that cling about the heart, and tremble into life as love! The milk of human kindness has curdled and soured her being, instead of *creaming*, to enrich it. She has slain her sweeter, dearer self, and fossilized the woman's heart within her. We once knew such an one, and the Lord preserve us from such another. For Love's sake, and for the sake of humanity, let woman be educated up to the holiest offices and noblest duties of life, and, moreover, fulfil them. Let her be educated and developed in accordance with her nature and destiny; let her be taught to cherish all that is pure, great, and ennobling; let her mind be familiarized with lofty thoughts and patriotic deeds, and she will learn to think and act nobly and greatly.

All this is finely portrayed and beautifully illustrated in this poem of "The Princess." With a false ambition she unsexes herself, cuts away from her heart all the budding tendrils of love with an inexorable knife—that otherwise true and tender heart becomes frosted up with blind and erring pride, and the sweet springs of affection are sealed at their fountain-head. She becomes a mere repository of mummied learning, and vividly does the poet show the fatal effects of her false ambition, and the deadening results of belying her own nature, and assuming that of man. But hers is an error that must be kissed out of her rather than whipped out, and at length her hardened heart melts in the great and glorifying light of priceless human love, and becomes a warm, living thing, pulsing with boundless humanity; and all her better self—the angel-side of her nature—shines out in the dewy radiance of love's holy dawn. Her proud self-reliance is broken, and she feels the delicious happiness of being humbled by love. But what exaltation there is in such a fall! It is the dumb, cold marble quickened into warm, breathing, living, loving life, stepping from the lofty pedestal of her isolation, and sitting at the feet of the beloved, a perfected, satisfied woman! glorifying and glorified.

Here is the high argument of the poem, full of fine wisdom, extracted from the loving

talk of the prince and princess, who are nursing up grand conjectures and hopeful prophecies of dear woman's future, which, to them, wears all the luminous beauty of richest promise:—

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more
alone.

For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor loose the wrestling thews that throw the
world;

She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and
calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

* * * * *
Dear, look up, let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half world:
Approach, and fear not: breathe upon my
brows.

In that fine air I tremble; all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour; and this
Is more to more, and all the rich to come
Reels, as the golden autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive
me,

I waste my heart in signs; let be, my bride!
My wife! my life! Oh, we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. My hopes and thine are
one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

There is also lofty teaching in those allegories, "The Palace of Art" and "The Vision of Sin." The latter is a terrible vision and portrayal of a "crime of sense avenged by sense." The poet "had a vision when the night was late."

"A youth came riding toward a palace gate.
He rode a horse with wings which would have
flown,
But that the heavy rider kept him down."

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(Alas! how many of us do that, and fet-
ter down to earth the spirit that was meant
to aspire!)

"And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes."

Here the youth spends his body-and-soul
destroying days and nights in enervating
pleasures and voluptuous revelry. And every
morning "God made himself an awful rose
of dawn unheeded." That is, God was per-
sonified in the crimson morning that flamed
through the palace windows, and looked on
their carnival of sensuality with awful eye—
in vain. The poet sees Age, and Disease,
and Nemesis, coming slowly but surely, out
of the future in a heavy vapor, and the black
darkness of the grave, which steal on for
many a month and year to wrap this child
of sin as in swaddling-clothes for hell. Then
comes a ghastly change:—

"I saw within my head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man, as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath."

He has become a ribald, rotten reprobate;
an atheist to all virtue, a mocker at all good.
He chants a strain fearful enough to be
chanted to a company of lewd, leering, hoary
old Lechers, damned to the lowest region of
hell. What a picture for Lust and Luxury
to contemplate! A gap-toothed, lax-eyed
old sinner, with one foot in the grave, his
hand having the frailest, tremblingest hold
of life, his flesh almost quickening into rep-
tile life, gloating on the most horrible thoughts
that he can find in his mental devil's den!
"Sit thee down, and have no shame," he
mumbles:

"We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise;
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy flies.
Virtue!—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.
Oh! we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.
Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.
Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young,
Savors well to thee and me."

The conclusion of this poem is fine as all this is bitter and fearful, and illustrates the poet's large-hearted charity. How mournfully pleading is that, "Is there any hope?"—

"To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit, far withdrawn,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

What a grand ending it has, and so have many of his short poems; they leave you standing, like Cortez and his men, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

A brave and healthful lesson is inculcated in "Locksley Hall." It is an immense improvement on the old Werterian sentimentality and Byronic misery. It was the right thing at the right time, and, like new wine, it burst the old bottles that previous love-poets had been so long filling with their tears of utter despair. In this poem, the lover resolutely determines to overlive his mischance, and will not die slowly in despair; the beautiful puppet of his early worship has made shipwreck of his hopes, but he has strength enough left to swim for shore. 'Tis not such natures as his that die of a broken heart, and wherever deep divine love hath brooded and nestled, it hath dropped healing from its wings when it fled. Though this arrow on which he staked so much hath missed its mark, his quiver of life is not yet empty. And so it ends hopefully and cheerfully, with its outlook of promise into the future.

And what a dainty Ariel the muse of Tennyson becomes at will, singing songs that steal upon you like the sweet South, songs that flow from the very spirit of melody gracefully and naturally, as rich notes from the skylark. Here are two:—

A DEAD SORROW TURNED TO A LIVING LOVE.

"As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears."

A LULLABY.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

What a pictorial wealth he has lavished on his poetry! A perfect gallery of pictures might be collected from his writings. Spenser has been called the poet of painters; but Tennyson is almost as rich in paintings. He is a turner among modern poets. The muse of painting seems to have taken to verse in our day. Why do not the painters take their revenge on her, and paint her verses? They should begin with the poetry of Tennyson, with whom the muse of painting as well as poetry loves to sit. Let us copy a few of his pictures, portraits, and bits of still-life into our tapestry.

Was ever Venus rendered, in color or in stone, more lovely or more perfectly, than in these lines from "Æneid?"

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom, her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form,
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches,
Floated the glowing sunlight as she moved.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh,
Half whisper'd in her ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear."

In addition to the loveliness of the picture, note the fine intuition of the concluding lines.

What a noble picture also is this from the "Morte D'Arthur!"—

"Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending, they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by
these

Three Queens, with crowns of gold—and from
them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge;
And to the barge they came. Then those three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she that rose, the tallest of them all,
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his
 hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow,
 Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
 And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with
 dust;
 Or clotted into points, and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his
 lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King."

In realizing his dreams of fair women,
 Tennyson has some most lovely poetical
 creations, and he has lavished "riches fine-
 less" upon their portraits, which are set in
 frames of fine gold. Look at the "Gardener's
 Daughter :"—

"One arm aloft—
 Gown'd in pure white that fitted to the shape—
 Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.
 A single stream of all her soft brown hair
 Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
 Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
 Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
 Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,
 But, ere it touch'd a foot that might have danced
 The greensward into greener circles, dipp'd,
 And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
 But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
 Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
 And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
 And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
 As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
 She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

Or glance lovingly for a moment at this
 specimen of artistical and imaginative power
 from "Godiva :"—

"But ever at a breath
 She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
 Half dipp'd in cloud; anon she shook her head,
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
 Unclad herself in haste; adown the stairs
 Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
 The gateway; there she found her palfrey, trapp'd
 In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold."

Mr. Leigh Hunt has likewise sung a very
 sweet strain on the subject of this "naked
 deed thus clothed in saintliest beauty" in his
 new volume. In quoting these pictorial pas-
 sages, I have forborne to italicize any par-
 ticular lines; what need, when all are so per-
 fect? It is song and picture in one.

In painting little pictures of English sce-
 nery, Tennyson has scarce a rival. Who
 gives so much in so little as he does? His
 eye selects with an instinct as marvellous as
 it is certain, it penetrates to the innermost
 spirit of things, and renders up its secret in
 lines more graphic and living than Retzch's.
 A few talismanic words, and the rounded per-
 fection rises, whether it be a shape of home-
 liest beauty, or an image of dim, delicious,
 dreamy loveliness, perfect in melody, perfect
 in color, perfect in form. Here are a few
 instances, not confined to landscape, but all
 illustrative of his power of getting so much
 in so little :—

"Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning."

"The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn."

"The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
 With shadow-streaks of rain."

"The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
 Half fallen across the threshold of the sun,
 Never to rise again."

"Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
 And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep."

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all
 the chords with might,
 Smote the chord of *self*, that, *trembling, pass'd in*
music out of sight."

(This couplet contains one of the most ex-
 quisitely perfect images in the whole range
 of literature—an image that stands on per-
 fection for its pedestal. If you strike the
 string of a harp, it vanishes in a kind of wing-
 ed sound; so, when the hand of love strikes
 the chord of self in the harp of life, all self-
 ishness passes away in music and trembling.
 What a thing to think over and to dote
 upon!)

"A still, salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
 Left on the shore, that hears all night
 The plunging seas draw backward from the land
 Their moon-led waters white."

"And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
 As bottom agates seen to wave and float
 In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

"Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
 Came furrowing all the orient into gold."

"The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies."

"Couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field."

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves."

"Oh, mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, while thy head is bow'd
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

My space is exhausted, and how little have
I said, how much remains to be written! I
have said nothing of that noble "In Memo-

riam," so full of love, "passing the love of
woman," so touchingly eloquent in its pas-
sionate *vibrato* of grief, so full of dearly hu-
man tenderness, so wide-ranging and lofty in
its poetry—altogether, the greatest religious
poem written in our language. Many last
words of love, and gratitude, and admiration,
claim utterance; for Tennyson has acquired
that happy fame which amounts to personal
affection with his readers. May that affection
re-act upon him with fresh tides of inspira-
tion. [Since writing the above, we have seen
the welcome announcement of "Maud, and
other Poems," which may offer another op-
portunity for returning to the Poetry of Al-
fred Tennyson.]

From the Eclectic Review.

BUCKINGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THESE volumes are light and pleasant read-
ing which cannot fail to entertain, and, on
some points, may be instructive to many.
They do not fully realize the promise of their
title-page, at least of its leading term, as a
large portion of them partakes more of the
character of a book of voyages or travels
than of an autobiography. Nevertheless we
have been much pleased with their perusal.
What is strictly personal might have been
condensed within narrower limits; but the
style of the author is so easy and graceful,
his narrative glides along so pleasantly, his
observations are generally so sound, his tem-
per is so amiable, and his self-complacency—
of which the indications are sufficiently ob-
vious—is so inoffensive, that we should
scarcely be content to lose any portion of the
work. What he says in his brief preface is
strictly true, that the work is adapted to
teach the humblest of its readers "that there
is no obscurity of birth, no privation of
poverty, and no opposition, either of power-
ful individuals or still more powerful public
bodies and governments, that may not be

overcome by industry, integrity, zeal, and
perseverance."

Few men have seen so much of the world
as Mr. Buckingham, or have mingled, on
terms of easy familiarity, with so many and
such extreme classes. He has encountered
both penury and wealth in all their varieties,
and has here furnished his readers with a
frank narrative of his "enterprises and spec-
ulations, successes and failures, personal in-
tercourse with some of the very lowest class-
es of mankind, and of interviews, banquets,
and entertainments, in the palaces of kings,
princes, and potentates." Mr. Buckingham
was born at Flushing, in Cornwall, on the
25th of August, 1786. His parents were
possessed of a moderate competency, obtain-
ed by his father in the merchant service.
They were of the old school, he tells us, in
politics, sentiments, and manners. His father
died when he was young, leaving seven chil-
dren, of which our author was the youngest.
All the recollections of his early youth are
agreeable, and his taste was speedily shown
in nautical feats which awakened the astonish-
ment of his seniors. In consequence of the
high price of corn, the miners of Cornwall,
"a numerous and determined body," roamed
over the country demolishing grain stores, and
demanding bread at the old peace prices. A
body of these men, numbering between three
and four hundred, visited Flushing, and their

* Autobiography of James Silk Buckingham, in-
cluding his Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Specula-
tions, Successes, and Failures, Faithfully and Frank-
ly Narrated: Interspersed with Characteristic
Sketches of Public Men with whom he has had In-
tercourse during a period of more than fifty years.
In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

presence awakened serious apprehension. The time of their visit was most inopportune, as a cargo of grain was just then being stored in warehouses. Every person therefore apprehended an attack, and dreaded the consequences. Fortunately, one of the officers was sufficiently alive to the danger, and knew the best means of diverting it. The religious element was at the time rife in Cornwall. Mr. Wesley's ministry had exercised a powerful influence amongst the miners, and many of his disciples were included in the body which now threatened the town. What followed must be told in our author's own words:—

"A few boys about my own age and myself, taking courage from our companionship, and strongly stimulated by curiosity, went towards the warehouse where these captains were collected, and where the grain was being stored away, a body of the 'tinnerns' being there remonstrating against the act. Captain Kempthorne, an old friend of my father's, and with whom I had always been a great favorite, seeing me in the group of boys, came to me, took me up in his arms, and planting me on one of the sacks of corn then leaning against the wall, bade me give out a hymn which he had often heard me do before—for I had nearly all Dr. Watts's collection by heart—and having an excellent voice, with some ear and great fondness for music, I was equally acquainted with the most popular of the hymn tunes. I asked him, 'Which hymn?' He replied, 'Any one will do; but be quick, and also pitch the tune.' The captain then called out, 'Silence, for a hymn!' and the 'tinnerns,' struck with the appeal, hushed their murmurs, and took off their hats and caps, as if attending worship. The first verse of the hymn was as follows; one of the most popular for its words and tune among all classes:

'Salvation! oh! the joyful sound,
'Tis music to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.'

"As almost the whole body of the miners were at this period followers of Wesley, and many extremely devout, they joined in the simple melody of the hymn, verse by verse, as it was given out, and at its close again covered their heads and retired in peace, crossing the ferry to Falmouth in the boats that brought them over, and relieving all the villagers from any further apprehensions."—
Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

Mr. Buckingham's early predilection was for the sea. We are not surprised at this. All his associations were favorable to it. He was surrounded by seamen, and his earliest recreations were of this order. "Scarcely a day passed," he says, "except Sundays, when I was not on the water for two or three hours at least; some-

times with one or more companions, but as frequently alone. It was a great object of ambition with me to show them that I could handle a boat without the assistance of any one, though then between seven and eight years only." On one of these occasions his boat capsized in a heavy squall, and he was rescued from the most imminent peril by some sailors from one of the nearest packets. It was hoped by his friends, and especially by his mother, that this incident would diminish his fondness for the sea, but they were disappointed. He steadily refused to enter the church, which his mother urged, and was ultimately permitted, in despair of his settling to anything else, to follow his inclination. One of his sisters was married to a Mr. Steele, who was master of the "Lady Harriet," a government packet, and it was arranged that the young lad should sail with him. It was expressly designed, says Mr. Buckingham, "as was afterwards admitted to me, but then of course concealed, that he should exercise towards me the highest degree of rigor that the discipline of the service would admit." Nothing, however, availed to eradicate his maritime propensities. He was resolved on a sailor's life, and with much reluctance, and many tears, his admirable mother yielded to his wishes. He performed three voyages to Lisbon, his narratives of which are amongst the most pleasing portions of his work. The third of these voyages was disastrous. We were at the time at war with France, and when off Cape Finisterre, the crew of the "Lady Harriet," on a dense fog clearing off, had the mortification to find themselves within gunshot range of a large French corvette. There was no alternative but submission, and our author and his shipmates were ultimately landed at Corunna, in Spain, which country was then in alliance with the French republic. Their accommodation was of the worst possible order. "The men soon began to catch young dogs, cats, and even rats, and convert them into soups, stews, and ragouts, which were far from unpalatable, and which extreme hunger made most acceptable." Mr. Buckingham fared better than his companions, and the secret is disclosed in the following extract, which awakens a smile without inducing one unkindly feeling towards the author:—

"For myself I was fortunate enough to be amply provided, not merely with abundance, but even with delicacies, from another source. The governor or superintendent of the prison had a handsome and dark-eyed young daughter about my own age—a little past ten years old—but in Spain girls

at ten are as mature as English girls at sixteen. She occasionally attended the prisoners with their food, and conceived, as she afterwards confessed, a violent passion for me, which she found it impossible to control. I may observe that even in England I was considered to be a very handsome boy, and the charm of a clear complexion, rosy cheeks, light blue eyes, and light brown curly hair, so unusual in Spain, made me appear, it would seem, a perfect Adonis in her love-seeing eyes. She therefore revealed to me her inmost thoughts in her own impassioned language, which I had learnt during my voyages to Lisbon in conjunction with the Portuguese, and which I now sufficiently understood to comprehend every one of her burning phrases impressed as they often were by kisses of the most thrilling intensity. By her kind hand I was furnished at every meal with all the delicacies of her father's table, of which she contrived to abstract some portion daily; and with an ingenuity which left all my inventive powers far in the rear, she contrived twenty times a day to find some pretext for calling me out of the room for some pretended message or errand, to get a squeeze of the hand only if others were near, or if in any passage where we were not likely to be seen, a warm and fond embrace, by which she pressed me to her bosom as if never intending to relax her grasp, and kisses and tears rained in equal abundance."—Ib. pp. 103, 104.

The fascinated girl devised a mode of escape, and offered to accompany the young English sailor, but though "scarcely less enamored than herself," he had too much honor to accede to her proposal, and the authorities of Corunna finding the support of the prisoners burdensome, offered them liberty on condition of their proceeding by land to Oporto or Lisbon. This proposition was of course heartily welcomed by all the prisoners; but to the enamored senorita, "The tidings came like a death warrant, and its first announcement, which was made by myself, was met with a shriek and a swoon which called the members of the family to her relief. An explanation was demanded, and it could not be refused. There was a little manifestation of anger on the part of the father, but much more of sympathy and pity on the part of the mother; and in the end all was forgiven, as our separation was so near, and as no evil consequences were now likely to ensue."

The journey to Lisbon taxed very sorely our author's physical powers, and the scenes which he witnessed in the latter place, where several of his companions were "seized, handcuffed, and dragged into boats" by English press-gangs, determined his abhorrence of a system against which he has never failed to protest.

"A few only escaped by concealment, among whom I fortunately happened to be one. In the midst of the struggle between the press-gang and our men, I ran into the first open doorway I saw,—mounted up stairs,—was met by two women of the laboring class,—and, speaking Portuguese pretty fluently, I explained that I was endeavoring to escape from the press-gang, the terrors of which they seemed to understand and feel, so that with many exclamations of sympathy and expressions of shame that such youths should be kidnapped and torn away by ruffians, they kept me concealed in bed in an upper attic for three days and nights, till the press-gang had scoured the locality and was not expected to return. To this incident, perhaps, I owe my early abhorrence of the system of impressment, which has continued with me through life. How compassionate are the women of all countries—and towards children and youths especially!—and how grateful did I feel for their protection!"—Ib. p. 132.

He subsequently returned to Flushing, and was ultimately persuaded by his sisters and his mother, whose health and spirits were greatly depressed, to relinquish the sea, at least during his parent's life. The question, therefore, again arose, what was to be his occupation? He eschewed the church, and it was arranged at length that he should be placed in a large bookselling and nautical instrument establishment at Devonport. Here he continued between three and four years, and entered freely into all the gaieties of the place. A great change, however, though but temporary, now took place in his views. He was about fifteen years of age, when having wandered into a church he heard a sermon preached on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. "It took deep root," he says, "in my heart. My repentance was most sincere; I determined to begin a new life, and applied myself with all practicable diligence to the abandonment of my old connections and the formation of new." He immediately applied himself to a course of extensive theological reading, rarely going to bed before midnight, and rising constantly at four o'clock. He thus secured about eight hours a day for reading. His favorite volume was the celebrated *Treatise* of Jonathan Edwards on the "Will;" but much of his time was given to the writings of Bunyan, Baxter, Cotton Mather, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, and the older nonconformist divines. He became a Calvinist of the most rigid school, was baptized by immersion by the Rev. Isaiah Birt, and was on intimate terms with Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, and his son, the Rector of Stoke. "I spent many evenings," he tells us, "with each in their libraries and family circles; was a frequent communicant

at the churches of both; attended their private prayer-meetings and recital of religious experiences, and was never more happy than when so engaged." This state of things, however, did not last long. With the versatility which was characteristic, Mr. Buckingham's religious impressions soon began to decline, while the erroneous views he had formed tended to relax exertion, and to induce a neglect of those means, on which the energy and growth of religious life so habitually depend. The consequence was, that in the course of a few months he returned to nearly the same moral condition as that in which he was found when he entered the church in St. Aubyn-street. We are not surprised to learn that his passion for the sea now returned. His self-dissatisfaction would naturally prompt this, and some dispute having arisen between himself and his employer, he suddenly quitted his service and volunteered on board a man-of-war. Here, however, he did not long continue, and those who read what is recorded on pp. 152-168 of his first volume will not marvel at the fact. The brutality which characterized the discipline of the navy at this time is scarcely credible. The captains of our men-of-war were despots of the worst class, and the code which they administered was framed as with a design of fostering every ferocious and deadly passion. Our author witnessed two scenes, one of hanging and another of flogging, which thoroughly disgusted him with the profession. Speaking of the latter case, Mr. Buckingham reports, that after having received a dozen lashes at ten or twelve ships—six or eight more remaining to be visited—"the victim having several times fainted, and his voice having ceased either to give forth shrieks or groans, he was reported by the surgeon to be incapable of bearing any further infliction, and was ordered to be rowed ashore to the hospital, before reaching which he was discovered to be dead; and some declared that he had received the last heavy lashes on his body after the spirit had quitted its earthly tenement." One can scarcely believe that such things were enacted in this world of ours. They harmonize far better with our notions of Pandemonium,—nay, we do injustice probably to the fallen and apostate rebels who tenant that dreary region in imagining they could be guilty of such atrocities. Disgusted with what he had witnessed, Mr. Buckingham resolved to desert, consoling himself with the belief that, if caught, he might by suicide escape the fearful torture which would threaten him.

Happily he reached Flushing in safety, where he was received with all the "tenderness of a younger son and favorite." The attractions of the church having failed to wean him from the sea, those of the law were now tried. He was placed in the office of Mr. Tippet, where he remained about a year, and was "petted, indulged, and coaxed by the greatest personal kindness." All, however, was vain. He recoiled from the law with still greater aversion than from the church, and passed the two following years in freedom from any fixed occupation. His indulgent mother, whose fondness does not appear to have been always discreetly shown, died about this period. Our author felt the loss deeply, but his susceptible heart was speedily engaged by the charms of Miss Elizabeth Jennings, of whom it is pleasing to hear him say, after fifty years of wedded life, that their presence is "more essential to each other's happiness than at any previous period." At his mother's death the family property was vested in the hands of trustees for the joint benefit of himself and two unmarried sisters. It was to be divided equally between the three on his becoming of age, and was expected to supply an income of some hundreds to each. In the prospect of his marriage, however, it was deemed advisable that he should settle down to some fixed occupation, and after revolving various plans, it was finally arranged that he should establish a depot at Falmouth for nautical and astronomical instruments, with marine charts, coupled with a printing-office and library. As it was not convenient for the trustees to advance the capital required, goods were ordered on credit, but before the time of payment arrived, one of the trustees having engaged in a large smuggling transaction which proved unsuccessful, the property on which Mr. Buckingham calculated was utterly lost, and he and his young wife were thrown penniless on the world. The first effect of this calamity was to paralyze his exertions, but he ultimately resolved to proceed to London, in the hope of obtaining an appointment in a West Indiaman sailing from that port, of which a brother of his wife was captain. For this purpose he left Falmouth and located himself in a humble garret in the metropolis, at a weekly rental of two shillings and sixpence. Finding that Captain Jennings was not expected from the West Indies for three months, he engaged himself as a printer, and from his weekly earnings of twelve or fourteen shillings contrived to remit five to his wife. Thinking he

should fare better at Oxford, he proceeded thither, and immediately obtained occupation at the Clarendon Press at higher wages, half of which he remitted to Cornwall. An amusing anecdote is recorded, which, whether literally correct or not, is in perfect keeping with the "larks" current at the time amongst the gownsmen.

"While working at the Clarendon Printing Office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect. Some of the gay young students of the University who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for corrections when required; and when the sheet containing the Marriage Service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place the letter *k*,—thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved—as the altered passage now read as follows:—the minister asking the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health: and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?"—To which the man shall answer, 'I will;'"—The same change was made in the question put to the bride."—*Ib.* p. 206.

On his brother-in-law's arrival in London he was appointed chief officer of his vessel at eight pounds a month, and the sketch given of his voyages throws an agreeable light on the condition, both physical and social, of the countries visited. During one of his residences in London he went to the Plough, in Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, then kept by Gully, the most popular prize-fighter of the day, who had just beaten Gregson, the champion of England. Gully is described as "a tall handsome young man of about twenty-one years of age, his head fearfully battered, many cuts on his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his late triumph; he wore a little white apron before him after the manner of landlords, and served his visitors with whatever drink they required; while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles' style of beauty, assisted in the most smiling and gracious manner her victorious husband and his visitors." Many years afterwards Mr. Gully was again met under circumstan-

ces so vastly different as to render his recognition difficult. He had left the ring and the public-house, and our author had exchanged a sea-faring life for that of Parliament. It was about the year 1832 when the present Earl Fitzwilliam, having attained his majority, a grand entertainment was given at Wortley House. On such occasions it was usual to invite the members for the three Ridings of Yorkshire, together with those of the boroughs within the county. Mr. Buckingham was present as member for Sheffield, and Mr. Gully as member for Pontefract.

"At the head of the staircase," says Mr. Buckingham, "on entering the grand saloon, stood Earl Fitzwilliam to receive his guests, to each of whom he had something kind or complimentary to say; and as I had the pleasure of being personally known to his lordship before this visit, my reception was very cordial and gracious. There were already about two thousand persons assembled in their gayest apparel; with a blaze of diamonds and jewelry, especially on some of the elderly ladies, whose natural beauty having departed, was sought to be replaced by artificial attractions, in which rouge, false hair, and other auxiliaries were used, to harmonize with an openness of neck and bosom that was anything but appropriate. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons—the central one, a fine, manly, athletic, yet well formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about eighteen and twenty years of age, dressed in plain green velvet, without a single ornament or jewel of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, and rich and abundant hair, as might make either of them a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus, of Medici, or of Canova. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, 'But who are they? who can they be?' They received as much attention from Earl Fitzwilliam as any other of the guests, and this only heightened the curiosity to know from whence they came, as they were evidently 'unknown to the county gentry.' At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his two daughters! He was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune, and most honorably it was believed, on the turf, being an excellent judge of horses,—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Hare Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbors. Such a contrast as this scene presented to that of Mr. Gully at the Plough public-house in Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, five and twenty years before, or to myself working as a compositor in the Clarendon Printing Office at Oxford, and living in a garret at a rent of eighteen-pence a week, appeared to me sufficiently striking to justify this

departure from the natural order of the narrative, and the anticipation of events as I have described them."—*lb.* pp. 246–248.

Our author's narrative now greatly widens, and details with much minuteness the accidents that occurred during his nautical experience. Being appointed to the command of the "*Scipio*," he proceeded on his second voyage to Smyrna, touching as usual at Gibraltar and Malta. In the course of his voyage, when off the African coast, he met with a curious fact which cannot fail to interest the student of natural history. The wind having shifted, and blowing over the great Libyan and Numidian deserts, he was surprised one morning to see the vessels of the fleet which were ahead of him arrested in their course, till the whole convoy formed an almost straight line. Curiosity was naturally awakened, and the following brief extract explains the phenomenon :

"On looking over the ship's side there was seen a thick mass of brown matter, which it was difficult to sail through with all canvass spread, it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar, or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn up on deck for inspection, but all that we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odor. Sending the buckets deeper and deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs and wings, and half-putrid bodies, of brown locusts, in a less advanced stage of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface ; and we concluded, of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same materials. Desirous of ascertaining the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the fore-topmast cross-trees with a glass, and sweeping the horizon ahead and on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north, and south, which presented one solid and unbroken mass of smooth brown surface, while to the west the open sea presented the deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was that some vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen, exhausted, into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them."—*Vol. ii.* pp. 35, 36.

Having realized large profits by his adventures, and established a character which commanded general confidence, Mr. Buckingham now resolved to leave the sea and commence business as a ship-owner and merchant at Malta, then the greatest mart of trade in the Mediterranean, and the general depôt for those goods which found their way into the continent in defiance of the decrees of Bona-

parte. With this view he laid out his capital in the manner best fitted for the market of the island and obtained as much credit as he desired. Shipping the goods thus obtained on board the "*Gallant Schemer*," he accompanied them as passenger ; but on making the island, the plague was found to be raging and the passengers and crew were therefore forbidden to land. His property was consequently housed at Malta, whilst he himself proceeded to Smyrna, where his previous visits had secured him many friends. The result was disastrous to his hopes. His property was scattered or destroyed by fire, and in the end he tells us :—"I not only lost all the earnings of my profession as an officer and commander during a period of several years, but I became involved in heavy liabilities for goods obtained on credit in addition to those paid for with cash." In this destitute condition he knew not what to do, and at length resolved to offer his services to Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. To that country, therefore, he immediately proceeded, and the account of his adventures will be read with considerable interest, not unmixed with improvement.

In Egypt he met with the travellers Buckhardt and Belzoni, of whom some interesting incidents are recorded. The former of these having mentioned the sect of the Ismaïyles, Mr. Buckingham informs us :

"One of this sect came to Jeddah during the present year, and performed all the rites and ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mecca, after which he returned to Jeddah to re-embark for India. It happened, however, that he had run through all his means, and was unable, therefore, to proceed on his voyage ; when, with the ingenuity which is characteristic of the fakirs, or mendicant religious orders, of which he was one, he hit upon the following expedient to increase his resources. As a man of unquestioned piety, he obtained permission of the muezzin, or public crier of the principal mosque of Jeddah, to accompany him to the galleries of the minaret, and assist with his fine voice in the invitation to prayer, which is given five times a day from all the mosques, in lieu of bells : these being held in abomination by Mohammedans—chiefly, I believe, because they are used by Christians ; just as *prudish* Protestants repudiate all use of the Crucifix, because it is so much used by the Catholics ; though the Cross ought to be equally regarded as a symbol of Christianity with both. The invitation to prayer is addressed with a solemn yet pleasing recitative, in the fine sonorous tones of the Arabic language ; and literally interpreted, is this : 'God is great ! God is great ! and Mohammed is the Messenger of God ! Come to prayer, come to prayer, for prayer is better than sleep ;' and so on, enjoining devotion as a duty with which no other avocation should interfere. The Fakir, however, not content

with this profession of faith and invitation to prayer, superadded a petition to the Prophet to send him two suits of garments, two horses well caparisoned, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses of gold. The people in the streets and bazaars below, hearing this novelty, gathered in crowds around the foot of the minaret, at each of the usual hours of prayer, till at last the whole town was in a commotion. It was remarked, too, that each day he increased the number of things prayed for; till at last the most religious part of the community was scandalized at this unseemly exhibition. The man was accordingly taken before the Cadi, and questioned as to his conduct. He replied that it was perfectly orthodox: the Koran had declared that whoever should pray, even for temporal blessings, with a firm faith that they would be granted, should obtain them. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; persevere, and it shall be granted to you.' As a firm believer, therefore, in the truth of this doctrine, he had asked at first for what he actually needed and no more. But perceiving that the Prophet delayed the grant, he thought it might arise from his too great humility in not trusting sufficiently to the Divine bounty, and therefore he went on gradually asking for more, being perfectly satisfied that in the end he should obtain all he wished. The Cadi said that the people generally were scandalized at all this; to which the Fakir replied, it was because they were not true believers. An offer was then made to him by some of the wealthy merchants, that if he would desist from this course, they would furnish him to the extent of his first prayer at least. This he indignantly rejected; saying that by so doing he should call Mohammed a false prophet, and brand himself as a liar; because he fully believed he should have all he had asked for, and would not dishonor the bounty of the Prophet by taking less. The Cadi grew angry at this rejection, and began to talk of the prison or the bastinado; when the Fakir, seeing the matter taking a turn he little expected, agreed to accept the offer conditionally, namely, that when he was provided with two suits of garments, two well-caparisoned horses, two sets of arms, two young and chaste wives, and two purses, a certificate should be given that he had not compromised his claim from any doubt of its ultimate realization, but merely to meet the wishes of others whose faith was not so strong as his own. The bargain was struck; the Fakir was supplied with the stipulated articles, and returned to India, where he would no doubt exalt both the Prophet and himself, by declaring that his prayers, and faith, and perseverance had obtained him these agreeable proofs of Divine favor!—*Ib.* pp. 309-312.

Of Mr. Buckingham's adventures in British India we shall have a better opportunity of speaking when the subsequent volumes of his "Autobiography" appear. At present it is enough to remark that they reveal a state of things which it is now difficult to realize. The groundless fears engendered by the selfishness of the East India Company are strikingly illustrated by his narrative. There is

unquestionably much yet to be done in order to develop the vast resources of India, but so bright is the present compared with the past, that it is almost impossible to believe the reports which are made to us. Waiving the graver points of the case, we shall content ourselves with noticing a personal incident from which the lovers of the terrific will draw special delight. Mr. Buckingham had been dining with Colonel Hunt, at Salsette, a few miles from Bombay, and started in his palanquin at ten o'clock in the evening for that city. In the midst of a level plain he was suddenly left by his bearers, ten in number, who ran away from him with the utmost possible speed:—

"I was perfectly astonished," he says, "at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger, in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savory morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose, or even to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin, and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong chest or box, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches only above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end, the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched along upon a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mode of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening in each side, which, when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door; this is usually composed of Venetian blinds to allow light and air, in a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass hook and eye. Everything about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labor of the bearers; and there is no part of the panelling or sides more than half an inch thick, if so much.

"All I could do, therefore, was, in the shortest possible space of time, to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you can suspend your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious of wild beasts will leave you. I attempted this, by holding my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recumbent statue. But I found it of no avail. The doors were hardly closed before the tiger was close alongside, and his smelling and snorting was horrible. He first butted one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with its cane-bottom presented to the tiger's view.

Through this, and the mattress, heated no doubt by my lying on it, the odor of the living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the palanquin, and drag me out for his devouring. But another butting of the head against the bottom of the palanquin rolled it over on its convex top, and then it rocked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the revolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved, I dreaded lest it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected; and, giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slinked off in the direction from whence he came. I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was a full quarter-of-an-hour before I had courage to open one of the side doors, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily he had entirely disappeared, and I was infinitely relieved."—*Ib.* pp. 352-355.

Here, for the present, we pause, and in leaving our author, take occasion to express the hope that he will not be tempted to enter into minute details in the subsequent portions of his narrative. The great events of his life, so far as the public are concerned, are yet untold, and he will be wise to despatch these within narrower proportionate limits than have been assigned to earlier and more private incidents. He must bear in mind that some things deeply interesting to himself will be viewed with indifference by the public. From the store-house of his experience many things may be selected which all will be glad to know, and to these his narrative should be confined. There is enough yet untold to constitute a deeply interesting section of his work, but its value will be greatly diminished if its limits are extended beyond the absolute requirements of the case. To benefit the public rather than to gratify his own vanity should be the end steadily kept in view.

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

A KING OUT OF HARNESS.*

THE private life of an Eastern king! How the very words thrill through one! We gloat over the thought that some of those dark mysteries, whose existence is whispered, will be revealed to us; we shall become intimate with the sayings and doings of the Zenana, and find ourselves mentally enjoying the orgies of a monarch whose power is even more unlimited, for good or evil, than that of the great Northern Autocrat. On perusing the book to which we now propose to draw attention, we find our wishes more than realized, and we may venture to assert that its publication will throw more light on the internal condition of India, and the cause of her gradual absorption by John Company, than all the blue books beneath whose weight the library-tables of our M.P.'s so patiently groan. But there is a trite saying

about "the proof of a pudding," &c., and we cannot do better to prove the truth of our assertion than by giving our readers a taste of its quality, and assuring them that if they like the sample, the remainder of the article will be equally worth purchase and careful digestion.

The author was induced to visit Lucknow, partly on business, partly through the curious tales he had heard in Calcutta about the immense menageries maintained by the king, and his fondness for Europeans more especially. Having a friend at court, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his majesty, who immediately took a great fancy to him. As he received a hint that there was a vacant place in his majesty's household, he determined on applying for it. But as no European could be taken into the king's service without the sanction of the Resident, he was compelled to apply to that illustrious man, and was granted permission to take service under his Majesty of Oude,

* The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude. Hope & Co.

"on condition that he was not to meddle or intermeddle, in any way whatsoever, in the politics of Oude—not to mix himself up in the intrigues for power between rival ministers, or in the quarrels of the large landed Zemindars, who were continually warring among each other."

The household of his majesty contained five European members, one of them being the tutor, nominally employed to teach the king English. But the king was truly a royal scholar; and after hardly ten minutes' application to a page of the "*Spectator*," or some popular novel, would exclaim, "Bop-pery-bop! but this is dry work: let us have a glass of wine, master;" the books would be thrust aside, and the lesson ended. The tutor received fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them. The tutor then was one of the king's friends; the librarian (who appears to be the author of this work), another; his portrait-painter was a third; the captain of his body-guard, a fourth; and last, but by no means least, his European barber was a fifth. The life-history of this Olivier le Daim of the East is so romantic, that we venture to transcribe it.

"He had come out to Calcutta as cabin-boy in a ship. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser in London, he had left his ship, on arriving in Calcutta, to resume his business. He was successful: he pushed and puffed himself into notoriety. At length he took to going up the river with European merchandise for sale; he became, in fact, what is called there a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, he found a resident—not the same who was there when I entered the king's service—anxious to have his naturally lank hair curl like the Governor-General's. The Governor-General was distinguished by his ringlets; and, of course, in India he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form. The Resident would be like him; and the river-trader was not above resuming his business. Marvellous was the alteration he made in the Resident's appearance; and so the great Saheb himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the king. The king had peculiarly lank, straight hair; not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. The barber wrought wonders again, and the king was delighted. Honors and wealth were showered upon him. He was given a title of nobility The king's favorite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber, however, had other sources of profit open to him besides bribing; he supplied all the wine and beer for the royal table. Nussir put no bounds to the honors he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the king as a thing of right; nor would his majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than the barber's. So afraid was his majesty of being

poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the king's table; and before he opened it, the little man looked carefully at the seal to see that it was all right. He then opened it and took a portion of a glass first, before filling one for the king."

The confidence the barber enjoyed of course soon became known over India, and the press found him a capital mark for their shafts of satire. "'The low menial,' as the *Calcutta Review* called him, 'was the subject of squibs, pasquinades, attacks, and satirical verses, without number; and marvellously little did the low menial care what they said about him, as long as he accumulated rupees.'" The paper most incessant in its attacks on the barber was the *Agra Uckbar*, since dead. He eventually employed a European clerk in the Resident's office, to answer these attacks in a Calcutta paper, with which he corresponded, and for this received ten pounds a month. Surely it might have been worth a little more.

Our author naturally evinced much curiosity to see this great man, and his wishes were gratified at the first dinner-party, where the king made his appearance, leaning on the arm of his favorite. Of the two, the king was much the taller, the favorite the more muscular and healthy-looking. His majesty was dressed in a black English suit; and an ordinary black silk tie and patent-leather boots completed his costume. "He was a gentlemanly-looking man, not without a certain kingly grace; his air and figure a complete contrast to that of his companion, on whom nature had indelibly stamped the characteristics of vulgarity. Both were dressed similarly; and the contrast they presented was made all the more striking by the outward habiliments in which they resembled each other."

The dinner was quite European, save and except in the presence of dancing-girls, whom we do not usually see. The cookery was excellent; for a Frenchman presided in the royal kitchen—a cook who had formerly been *Cordon bleu* in the Calcutta Bengal Club. After dinner there was a display of puppets, and the king did a tremendously clever feat, at which, of course, all laughed heartily, by cutting the strings with a pair of scissors. After this brilliant feat had been repeated several times, the king applied himself with fresh vigor to the bottle, until consciousness was almost gone; and he was then assisted by the female attendants and two sturdy eunuchs behind the curtain, and so off into the harem. But the king,

when in good temper, was fond of harmless jokes; the following anecdote will serve as a sample:

"We were in a large walled-in garden in Chaun-gunge, one of the park palaces, where animal fights often took place. The garden might have been some three or four acres in extent, and was surrounded by a high wall. Some one had been describing the game of leap-frog to his majesty, or else he had seen some pictures of it, and it had taken his fancy mightily. The natives were left without the garden, the heavy gates were swung to, and his majesty commanded that we should forthwith begin. The captain of the body-guard made a back for the tutor, the librarian stood for the portrait-painter. Away we went, like school-boys, beginning with very 'low backs,' for none of us were highly expert in the game, but gradually making backs higher and higher. Tutor, barber, captain, librarian, portrait-painter—off we went like overgrown school-boys, now up, now down. It was hot work, I assure you. The king, however, did not stand long a quiet spectator of the scene; he would try too. His majesty was very thin, and not over strong. I happened to be nearest him at the time, and he ran towards me, calling out. I made a back for him, and he went over easily enough. He was very light and a good horseman, so that he succeeded in the vault: he then stood for me. I would have given a good deal to be excused; but he would not have it so, and to have refused would have been mortally to offend him. I ran, vaulted; down went the back, down I went with it; and his majesty the king and the author of these reminiscences went rolling together amongst the flower-beds. He got up annoyed. 'Bop-perry-bop, but you are as heavy as an elephant!' he exclaimed. I was afraid he would have been in a passion, but he was not. The barber adroitly made a back for him forthwith, and over he went blithely. The tutor, a thin, spare man, was the lightest of our party, and the king made a back for him, and succeeded in getting him safely over. It was then all right. Away they went, vaulting and standing, round and round, until majesty was tired out, and wanted iced claret to cool him. The game was frequently repeated afterwards."

Another royal amusement was *snow-balling*; not with real snow, of course, but with large yellow flowers. One of the party had been giving the king a description of English sports; and a word was let fall about snow and snow-balling. The king pulled some of these yellow flowers and threw them at the librarian. Like good courtiers, all followed the example, and soon every one was pelting right and left. The king enjoyed the sport amazingly. Before they had concluded they were all a mass of yellow leaves; they stuck about in their hair and clothes, and on the king's hat, in a most tenacious manner. But it was enough that the king was amused. He had found out a new pleasure, and en-

joyed it as long as the yellow flowers were in bloom. With such a king, and among people so obedient to authority as the Indians, it may be easily believed that favoritism was unbounded. The barber made the most of his time, and, it appears, feathered his nest very considerably. His monthly bill was a perfect treasure of arithmetical art; and one which the author saw, when measured, was found to be four yards and a half long. The amount was frightful—upwards of ninety thousand rupees, or nine thousand pounds. It was paid without a murmur; and when an influential courtier tried to draw the king's attention, some months later, to the fact that the barber was robbing him through thick and thin, the king indignantly replied, "If I choose to make the khan rich, is that anything to you—to any of you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so, it is my pleasure. He *shall* be rich." But, unfortunately for the recipients of his majesty's favor, he was wont to be terribly capricious, and a very slight thing would make him as great an enemy as he had hitherto been a friend. The story of a Cashmere dancing-girl was a case in point. She was an ordinary Nautch girl; and one evening the king felt highly delighted with her singing. "You shall have a thousand rupees for this night's singing," said the king. When leaving the table for the harem, he would have no support but her arm. The next evening no other Nautch girl would be heard, and two thousand rupees were her reward. She grew rapidly in the royal favor, and she was kotooed by the whole court. Native festivities interrupted the dinners for a week, and then the Nautch girl reappeared, but the king had already grown tired of her. All at once he felt a fancy to see how she would look in a European dress. A gown and other articles of female attire were fetched from the barber's house, and when they were brought, she was told to retire and put them on. The transformation was wretched: all her grace was gone—her beauty hidden. It was quite distressing to see her disheartened look as she took her place again. The king and the barber laughed heartily, while burning tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks. For weeks she was compelled to appear in this unseemly attire, and then she disappeared, and made no sign.

But the king at times held his friends in pleasant memory. For instance, let us refer to a former Resident, with whom the king had been on very intimate terms. We will call him Mr. Smith. The gentleman had a very captivating wife, and scandal did say

that the king was fonder of Mrs. Smith than of her husband. All that, however, was before our author's time in Lucknow, so that he can only speak in hearsay. Mr. Smith left Lucknow a richer man than when he entered it by seventy-five lacks of rupees—that is to say, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. So large was the amount invested in Mr. Smith's name in the Company's paper, that an investigation took place, conducted by the Bengal government, with closed doors; and the result was that Mr. Smith resigned the service and returned to England. But to prove how "the memory of the just smiles sweet and blossoms in the dust," we may mention that the king would frequently talk of his "dearest friend" with tears in his eyes—especially after an extra allowance of champagne—and sent Mrs. Smith, by a returning European, his own beautifully-jewelled watch, which had cost fifteen thousand francs.

Of the living curiosities of the palace, there were none the account of which will strike a European ear as stranger than the female sepoys. Our author had seen these Amazons pacing up and down the entrances to the female apartments for months before he was informed of their real character. There was nothing but the fulness of the chest to distinguish them from other sepoys, and this is so common a circumstance in England that he took no notice of it. But let our author speak for himself.

"These women retained their long hair, which they tied up in a knot on the top of the head, and there it was concealed by the usual shako. They bore the ordinary accoutrements of sepoys in India—a musket and bayonet, cross-belts and cartridge-boxes, jackets and white duck continuations, which might be seen anywhere in Bengal. Intended solely for duty in the palace, as guardians of the harem, they were paraded only in the court-yards, where I have seen them going through their exercises just like other sepoys. They were drilled by one of the native officers of the king's army, and appeared quite familiar with all the details of the barrack-yard. Whether they could have gone through the same manoeuvres in the field with thousands of moustached sepoys round them, I cannot tell—probably not. They had their own sergeants and corporals. None of them, I believe, attained a higher rank than that of sergeant. Many of them were married women, obliged to quit the ranks for a month or two at a time occasionally. They retained their places, however, as long as possible; and it was not until the fact of their being women was pointed out to me, that I perceived their figures were not always in the proportions allotted to the other sex. I have seen many a sergeant, however, in England, whose figure was just as *outré* as those among them furthest advanced in pregnancy. Their appearance was a piquant subject

of merriment to the king, who usually ended his *badinage* by ordering some present to be given to the delinquent—delinquent properly so called, for there was an express order against such disfigurement, clothed in the plainest language, and of the most absolute character, posted up in their barracks."

The influence of the barber had by this time become so great, that our author found it impossible to make head against it. Several causes conduced to this ascendancy. The low, depraved tastes which the king had contracted during years of unrestrained indulgence, and an almost boundless command of wealth, were just those which the barber found it his interest to foster. He had made himself necessary to the king, and took advantage of the opportunity. "Every bottle of wine consumed in the palace put something in his pocket: it was his interest, therefore, to prevent the king's reformation in respect of drunkenness. Every favored slave, every dancing-girl who attracted the king's notice, paid tribute of his or her earnings into the open palm of the barber. Even the Nawab and the commander-in-chief of the king's forces found it their interest to conciliate the reigning favorite with valuable presents." At the same time, the barber encouraged the king's innate taste for ferocity, and took every occasion to rouse his tiger nature. There was a strong feeling of enmity prevailing between the king and his uncles, because they had tried to prevent his gaining the Musnud, and he was always delighted when he could invent some scheme to outrage their feelings. In this the barber was his willing coadjutor. One of the uncles, Azoph by name, was invited to dinner by the king, and made fearfully intoxicated—not by fair means, but by the barber compounding for him a bottle of Madeira more than half brandy. He soon fell off in a heavy, lethargic sleep, and the barber had an opportunity to carry out his villainous designs. At first he pulled the old man's long moustache, which reached nearly to his waist, turning his head, as he did so, first one way, then the other. It was barbarous usage, especially for an infirm old man; and two of the household rose from their chairs to interfere. But the king was furious. "The old pig," as he politely termed his uncle, "should be treated just as he and the khan pleased." The barber then procured a piece of fine twine, which he divided into two parts, tying one firmly in each moustache. He then fastened the other ends to the arms of the chair on which the old man sat. The king clapped his hands, and laughed loudly at the ingenious device. The

barber left the room. Feeling convinced that some new trick was preparing, the Englishmen could not endure it any longer, and one of them rose to release the old man. But the king fiercely bade him begone, and our author accompanied him, feeling his powerlessness to sway the king in his present excitement. They heard subsequently what occurred after their departure. The barber returned with some fireworks just after they had left. They were let off under the old man's chair. The legs of the unfortunate uncle were scorched and burnt, and he seized the arms of the chair with his hands, and started to his feet. Two locks of hair were torn from his upper lip as he did so, and a portion of the skin with them. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and the drunkenness of the sufferer disappeared. He left the room, thanking the king for his entertainment, and regretting that the bleeding of his nose prevented him from remaining.

After this outrage, the active enmity of the king's family was aroused. All Lucknow was in commotion. The royal troops were beaten by the insurgents, and the king demanded assistance from the Resident, who, however, refused it, recommending him to make a trip with his family. After a week of utter confusion a hollow peace was patched up. The absence of the barber, who was sent by the king on a mission to Calcutta, gave a favorable opportunity for the other Europeans to remonstrate, and they obtained a promise from the king that, on his return, he should be kept to his own station, and not be permitted to join the dinner-party. But, alas! these good resolutions faded away on the barber's return, and a crisis inevitably

took place, the result of which was that our author and his friend resigned their functions, and quitted Lucknow.

A few words will complete the story of Nussir's life: "The power of the barber grew daily greater. His pride increased with his power, and no limits were set to the caprices and wild pranks of despotic authority and reckless depravity combined." This state of things could not last long: the energetic remonstrances of the Resident forced the king at last to part with his favorite, who left Lucknow, it is said, with 240,000*l*. But this was sealing the king's death-warrant. His family soon obtained influence in the palace—the king was poisoned; and one of his uncles, whom he had treated so badly, succeeded him on the Musnud. But the future career of the barber, as we have heard it, will also serve to point a moral, if not to adorn a tale. On his return to England, he took a fancy to speculating, and after a time, like the frog in the fable, tried to outvie the ox, in the shape of a railway king. His speculations were unsuccessful: he lost all his ill-gotten wealth, was compelled to go through the Insolvent Court, and is now to be found as conductor of a 'bus, from his lofty position probably speculating on the vanity of all human wishes.

In taking leave of this most interesting book, we must not omit mentioning that it contains some most graphic accounts of the animal fights for which Lucknow was once famous, from which our limits would not permit us to cull any extracts, but which are equally well deserving perusal as the portions to which we have drawn attention.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self-discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation: let him not be contented with that small insight. His first step in self-discipline should be to attempt to have something like an adequate idea of the extent of the disorder. The deeper he goes in this matter the better: he must try to probe his own nature thoroughly. Men often make use of what self-knowledge they may possess to frame for themselves skilful flattery, or to amuse themselves in fancying what such persons as they are would do under various imaginary

circumstances. For flatteries and for fancies of this kind not much depth of self-knowledge is required; but he who wants to understand his own nature for the purposes of self-discipline, must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his own soul:—

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The old courtier Polonius meant this for wordly wisdom; but it may be construed much more deeply.—*Arthur's Helps*.

From Dickens' Household Words.

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalize himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-colored strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sevres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimney pots, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could

make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne, with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age, walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a sacre," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Du-

bois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane, that cough of yours must be cared for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him, buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to the knees, lest they might be spoiled by the mud, no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper. The youth saw nothing. He had gone down-stairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavoring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sèvres, and was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half inquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognized the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochère was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as
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they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes, in one particular, in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the doctor, sententiously.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes I am sure, that if we can prolong her life, but just a little, health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat, muffler and coat, and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair, with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practiced eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger.

The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she inquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montaurrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair, and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see;" Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to do otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things

happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honored, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough, was the reply, "to make me honor and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fulness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginia planter, and settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty, news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affec-

tion sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterward returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way; and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of their marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence

the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of hopes of better times which you seem to entertain."

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to want for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR,—I am in want of money immediately; please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humor.

One evening in the following summer, when the physician happened again to be making ready for a comfortable evening with his feet in the same slippers; with the usual plate of nuts and almonds before him and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with which he took alternate draughts of Seltzer water; with the same black velvet skullcap thrust to the back of his head, and the same morning-gown thrown back in graceful folds, Bobonne had just come in with the coffee and the evening paper. The bell rang again. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed, "Diable" and "Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save us from the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What is the matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "As for your coffee, my dear doctor, I will keep that warm for you," she said, in a tone of affectionate familiarity which was new to Victor.

Doctor Dubois learned as he walked towards the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on

beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel, all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller was listening with astonishment, anger, and contrition to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met with many perils and fatigues, which had disgusted him at last with a wandering life. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, and might have returned into the society which had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and although M. de Chesnel recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness which it had never before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a confused look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—we beg her pardon—which Madame Dubois, had presented him with.

From the Westminster Review.

SELF-EDUCATION.—FERGUSSON AND MILLER.*

EVERY age has its watchword and panacea for the evils of life, but seldom is its full import or due application known to the men of the age who use it. "Education" has been the cry of this century; but who shall we find to tell us what education really

means? It would be wearisome to go over the various notions which that word conveys to men of different sects and opinions, and might haply awaken laughter over a fact far too melancholy to admit of mirth; for if education really be the panacea for all human ills, and no two individuals have yet agreed as to what education is, we are still struggling on in darkness, and the activity of the last fifty years may have led us astray instead of advancing us on our way. Perhaps we shall find the best clue to the definition by attending to the derivation of the

* 1. *The Story of the Peasant-boy Philosopher.* By Henry Mayhew. London: Bogue. 1854.

2. *My Schools and Schoolmasters.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter. 1854.

3. *Lectures on Select Subjects.* By James Fergusson, F.R.S. A New Edition. London: Tegg. 1843.

word : education is assuredly a *drawing out* of what is already in the being subjected to it ; not the impressing a fresh character : it follows, therefore, that education consists in perfecting the natural faculties. The only legitimate inquiry, therefore, is—what is the process by which these faculties may be best drawn out ? and this short preliminary inquiry, we think, removes a good deal of the difficulty in judging between the various theories on the subject, and may help to clear away some of the mists of prejudice which obscure it. We have believed too long that a certain amount of information inserted into a passive recipient was education, and, as Mr. Mayhew well observes, have crammed our intellectual prize oxen into obesity rather than strength. It is a mistake of the most mischievous kind, and we are beginning to feel its effects in the dead level to which it has reduced the higher orders, and in the hebetized intellects of the lower. Take a boy, for instance, of the higher class from a public school, stuffed most creditably with Latin, Greek, and mathematics—in a fair way to take honors at the University, and set down by his teachers as a very promising youth. What is his education ? Is it not rather gained among his companions than from his tutors ? From his companions he will take up his opinions and his manners—among them, and from the circumstances in which he is placed at that early age, his character will be formed ; for among them he will have learned to wish for, and to become something, either good or evil ; while his school studies will at best have given him the key of knowledge, but seldom the wish to use it.

No doubt exceptions will occur, but of the number so carefully, nay, painfully instructed in the languages of Greece and Rome, how many are there who have learned to put in practice any of the precepts of the philosophers, a portion of whose writings they have “done,” not comprehended ? or who have gained from the historians whose works they have been called upon to construe, any lessons in politics which may enable them to correct the crude notions of the present by the experience of former ages ? The truth is, that the real education of the child begins long before he takes his place on the forms of the school : it is commenced in the nursery, carried on, perhaps, in the stable, but certainly not much forwarded by the drudgery of lessons which he hates, and never thinks about after they are over. It is the *wish* of the young mind which first trains the

faculties—the wish to speak comes when it is perceived that by speaking some advantage will be gained ; and the child soon learns to fashion the tender organs to articulate sounds, however difficult the first attempt : —the wish to know, in like manner, would be followed by knowledge, for the wish is the condition on which all good is accorded to us, and if we do not seek we do not have. The fault, then, rests with the parents in the first instance, who have not cultivated in the child’s mind the wish to know the things which they send him to school to learn. The influence of home has been paramount for several years, and those years, too, in which the future character is formed ; and according to what these influences have been, will be the use made of the tools put into his hands by the schoolmaster and the tutor. Yet the mere putting these tools into his hands without an endeavor to teach him the use of them, is, by the great mass of parents, held to be education ; and the youth who has never had one principle instilled into his mind, who has been taught to consider his learning merely as the means of “getting on,” and who consequently runs wild at college, disgraces his family, and ruins himself, is quoted as an instance of the innate depravity of human nature ; for “he had had such an excellent education,” and, notwithstanding all the pains taken by his careful father, turned out a scamp. His real education was probably what was given him in the stable and the servants’-hall at home, the wine party and the boating match at school and college. We do not put tools into the hands of an artisan without long instruction and practice in the art of using them ; but we seem to fancy that a legislator wants less training than a joiner, and that the brain, that finest of all organs, needs less practice than the hand to enable it to do its work. The youth, even if he do not run the wild career we have supposed, comes forth after his so-called “education” stuffed to repletion with undigested knowledge, which fares as other undigested matters are apt to do, and is rejected because it has been thrust into the stomach in too hard a lump to be healthily assimilated. The dearth of great minds and able men among us is the stern comment of God and nature on the unwholesome system.

In our schools for the poor, on the contrary, there is no reason to complain of undue repletion ; but the boy is usually left no less ignorant than his young master of the object and end of what little knowledge he does

acquire. He is marched into the school in a military step, made to repeat catechisms which he cannot understand, to read chapters of Scripture *usque ad nauseam*, from which no lesson is drawn; to spend long hours in acquiring the mysteries of letters and figures printed and written, for which he can see no use, since the sounds produced by their combination are for the most part unintelligible to him, not being those of his *patois*; and having been drilled in the goose-step and the catechism, with perhaps the addition of the multiplication-table, for five or six years, he also is turned out of the hands of the schoolmaster "well educated," according to the views of the clergyman of the parish and the committee of gentlemen subscribers.* The result of this kind of training is, that when released from the wearisome drudgery of the school, the boy escapes to pursue and finish his education in the cowyard and the wood, or, maybe, the workshop or the barrack; and having been thoroughly wearied and disgusted with all that was taught him so unpleasantly, he uses no more of it than affords him pleasure or profit, and that is seldom much; for though he was made to learn words, he knows not how to use them; and though he may have passed through two or three rules of arithmetic, he has no notion of their application; and even if he have learned a few facts of history or science, nothing has been done to enable these facts to ripen into practical knowledge; while as for the religious and moral training which is so much insisted on, he has never been invited to exercise his mind for one moment on the subject of any of the great questions which so deeply interest mankind. Everything has been settled for him, dogmatically. What his parents believe, he is required to believe, or rather to repeat, on pain of a flogging; and great truths, which have afforded lifelong thought to sages, are repeated trippingly and thoughtlessly by children who have never thought about them at all; have never felt a wish to be informed, and never will, until something occurs to awaken thought, and if that something do not come early enough in life to form the character, most probably when difficulties arise, the gin-shop rather than the Bible will be the resort of the well-trained *alumnus* of the national

school. That this is no exaggerated picture of the evils attending our present system of so-called education for the lower classes is sufficiently proved by the facts of the last census, as published by authority; and no one who had closely observed what was passing around him, was at all surprised at that statement. All thinkers have seen the evil: many, like the Dean of Hereford, have set their shoulders stoutly to the wheel to remedy it, and so much has been done in such instances, that it has left no question as to what is possible in the way of real and fructifying education. The difficulty is to persuade the unthinking part of the public, which unluckily forms the majority, to see it.*

There is in human nature during early childhood so much aptitude for receiving impressions; so much of inquisitive curiosity; so much activity of mind, in short, that whenever the slightest encouragement is given, knowledge is sought as an amusement and a delight; and if a child has been allowed to be the companion of well-informed persons, who have duly answered all his questions for the first seven years, there is scarcely one of the great principles of physics, morals, or religion which will not have been established in his mind without fatigue or any consciousness of a strain upon the faculties; for a child will no more ask for information when he is weary, than he will ask for food when he has had a sufficient meal. Wherever we can trace back the career of great men to their early years, we generally find that they have had a well-judging and clever mother or teacher, by whose lively and affectionate discourse they have early had their faculties pleasurably excited, and the wish for intellectual progress awakened; and as during these first years the brain is in a state of growth, the impressions then made on the child become the tastes of the man, like letters cut on the bark of trees, which widen but are not obliterated by the lapse of years: our tastes are in fact our character. But what is the fate of the great majority of children who are born into the world? The

* Of course we do not mean to assert that there are no bright exceptions to this general condemnation—every reader will remember some: we merely speak of the mass of common national schools.

* If any fear should be entertained that the introduction of a system which would call forth the dormant faculties of the child would be too costly for common purposes, we may refer to the published accounts of the school at King's Somborne, which has accomplished everything that could be wished at so small a cost, that the larger portion of it has been paid by the poor themselves. Its success was perfect, and several schools of the same kind might be pointed out, where equal success has been attained.

poor man's child, we can easily perceive, must be deprived of all chance of gaining intellectual activity from intercourse with his parents or neighbors, for both parents and neighbors in most localities are coarse and ignorant, and thus the first years are almost wholly thrown away; questions are not asked because the objects which might awaken curiosity are few, and the gossip of the village is all that they hear. The school, therefore, ought to remedy this by exhibiting all kinds of new objects, and surrounding the first steps in the path of knowledge with flowers. But we have seen how the generality of schools are constituted: bare walls, thumbed lesson-books, a slate hung round the neck covered with wretched scrawls, the cane and the strap; such are the usual constituents of a country school, and how these are to awaken a love of learning, or satisfy it if any accidental circumstance have awakened it, our readers can judge from what they daily see.

But this, it will be said, is inseparable from the station in life in which these children are born. The distinctions of rank in the social fabric make knowledge of a higher kind unnecessary to the poor man. It is not in a country where a Faraday lectures to applauding princes; where a Dalton by his commanding intellect conquered for himself a prouder place than hereditary nobles could command: where, in short, talent has grown up from every rank and every locality, it is not in such a country that this argument should be used: but for the moment it shall be granted. What is the effect on the class for whom the good things of knowledge are to be reserved? Domestic servants are taken from this helot race; they have been drilled duly into civility and obedience at the national school, can write, and keep an account; and if females have added thereto the use of the needle, they are of course accomplished for their station, and accordingly one of these "very excellent servants" is placed at the head of the nursery to superintend the mental and corporeal development of the heir to wealth and power; and then it is that the niggardliness which has grudged the cultivation of the intellect to the poor man's child comes back as a curse, to roost at home. The precious years when the character is taking its bent and the constitution its tendencies, are in most families spent in the society and under the care of persons ignorant of every principle of science, whose conversation is at best idle gossip, and often something much worse; whose notions on every subject are narrow; whose attention is

confined to their own small concerns; who are incapable of answering a question if asked, and avoid the confession of ignorance by a testy reply. Thus the child leaves the nursery very little wiser in the last year than the first, knowing nothing of pleasure in intellectual exercises, and connecting in his own secret soul instruction with weariness, and knowledge with dull dry lessons. The *real* education of the rich man's child then is, in fact, no other for many years than that which has been acquired by his nurses in the national school, aided by the gossip of the cottage; and the young heir passes into the hands of tutors and teachers with a mind as devoid of ideas, and faculties as little awakened as the persons under whose charge these invaluable years have been spent, whose misuse can never be remedied.

In strong contrast to this will be seen sometimes a child left wholly to the education of circumstances, and whose mind has been awakened to observe, because there was amusement in the employment. Without going all the length of Rousseau's theory, it may be safely asserted that the child to whom everything has been taught before he sought to know it, is likely to remain an ignoramus, and that the wise teacher will rather strive to excite curiosity than demand learning from the very young. If a child be set to do a day's work like a laborer, his health will suffer from the long-continued exertion; for the instinct of childhood dictates a fitful activity alternating with sleep and rest. The brain is subject to the same law as the other natural organs, and, if nature be consulted, will do its work by the same irregular movements; now eager for novelty and striving to open fresh adits to knowledge, now weary and unwilling to apply. If this law of nature were attended to in early youth, by the parent or home teachers of the child, he would have laid the foundation of knowledge without fatigue or inconvenience, and would rather seek than shrink from the lessons of the school, if they were, as they ought to be, rational, and, consequently, interesting. It is with the mind as with the body;—food may be supplied, but if there be no appetite it will be useless; for if it be forced down the throat when the stomach is not fitted to receive it, the substances thus thrust in will not be assimilated, and the body, consequently, will not be nourished. The art of the tutor, then consists, not in driving into his pupil a certain amount of acquirement, as a carpenter would drive a nail, but in awakening the faculties so far as to induce the child

to seek information, and thus, in a great measure, to educate himself. But the tutor, or the schoolmaster, under whom many boys are placed, finds such an attention to character troublesome: his task is rendered more difficult by previous neglect; and he is too apt to enforce the completion of the lesson by severity, without considering whether it is duly digested so as to afford wholesome nutriment to the mind. He succeeds, at last, in carrying his point; the lesson is done, but the book is hated, and the first step in *such* education is thus accomplished—that of giving a complete distaste to everything that the pupil is thus compelled to learn. The houses of parliament, the pulpit, the bar, all bear testimony in unmistakable language to the results of this mode of instruction; for it would be difficult to find in any one of these a single broad principle laid down, a single great and comprehensive view taken of any question in politics, in theology, or in jurisprudence. The principles advanced, instead of being taken from the eternal verities of God and nature, are patched up, like a physician's prescription, *pro re natâ*; for the child who has been trained by the "excellent servant," brought up under the eye of the clergyman, in the school he superintended, grows to maturity with much the same powers of reasoning as his earliest tutoress was likely to give him. And yet when we see the progress in intellectual greatness occasionally made by persons who have had scarcely any of the "advantages of education," as the phrase is, we must believe that the human mind is capable of higher flights than these cramped, drilled faculties ever reach: and if our present system were always to be pursued, we should rather say of any one who has risen above the general level, "he has done it in spite of the disadvantages of education." Let us take an example or two to make the matter clearer: the tale will not be without interest. All biographies begin with a history of ancestors: ours shall not set at nought the good old custom, and the ancestor of our hero shall be as duly commemorated as if Mr. James himself had been the historiographer:—

"It was rather more than eighty years ago that a stout little boy, in his sixth or seventh year, was despatched from an old-fashioned farm-house, in the upper part of the parish of Cromarty, to drown a litter of puppies in an adjacent pond. The commission seemed to be not in the least congenial. He sat down beside the pond, and began to cry over his charge; and finally, after wasting some time in a paroxysm of indecision and sorrow,

instead of committing the puppies to the water, he tucked them up in his little kilt, and set out by a blind pathway, which went winding through the stunted heath of the dreary Maolbuoy Common, in a direction opposite to that of the farmhouse—his home for the two previous twelve months. After some doubtful wandering on the waste, he succeeded in reaching before night-fall the neighboring sea-port town, and presented himself laden with his charge at his mother's door. The poor woman, a sailor's widow in very humble circumstances, raised her hands in astonishment. 'Oh, my unlucky boy!' she exclaimed—'what's this?—what brings you here?' 'The little doggies, mither,' said the boy; 'I could na drown the little doggies; and I took them to you.'"

The consequence of this adventure was, that the child returned no more to the farmhouse; he followed subsequently the profession of his father, and in process of time became the proprietor of a trading-vessel; an honest, kind-hearted man, of sober habits, fond of reading, and, what is more to our purpose, possessed of a few useful books. It was in the home of the worthy master of the sloop *Friendship* that the hero of our tale first saw the light: and a pleasant home it was to the boy, who at his father's return from his voyages always found his lap filled with toys, and was fondled by all who respected the well-to-do proprietor of the sloop he sailed in. The child learned his letters, not by tedious tuition, but from having his attention caught by those on the sign-posts of the place, where the pictures of jugs and glasses and ships had delighted his eyes. His next step was to a dame's school, where, by the time he had reached his sixth year, he had learned to read enough to form one of the Bible class; and here stumbling on the history of Joseph, his heart was interested in that most delightful of all narrations, and he became a reader from choice: "he had discovered that the art of reading was that of finding amusing stories in books!" Fortune had hitherto smiled on him, but the bright gleam was now shrouded. One stormy night made his mother a widow and himself a penniless orphan, at an age when he could hardly guess how much he had lost.

"I remember I used to go wandering disconsolately about the harbor at this season," observes the boy, when describing in after-life his position at this time, "to examine the vessels which had come in during the night, and that I oftener than once set my mother a-crying, by asking her why the shipmasters who, when my father was alive, used to stroke my head and slip half-pence into my pockets, never now take any notice of me, or gave me anything? She well knew that the

shipmasters—not an ungenerous race of men—had simply failed to recognize their old comrade's child; but the question was only too suggestive, notwithstanding, of both her own loss and mine. I used, too, to climb, day after day, a grassy protuberance of the old coast-line immediately beyond my mother's house, that commands a wide reach of the Moray Firth, and to look wistfully out—long after every one else had ceased to hope—for the sloop with the two stripes of white, and the two square topsails. But months and years passed by, and the white stripes and the square topsails I never saw."

Fortunately for the orphan, when means of improvement were so entirely cut short, according to ordinary opinion, by his mother's destitution, he had two maternal uncles, hard-working but intelligent and conscientious men, such as Scotland has been wont to produce. They pitied the child thus early deprived of his natural protector, and set themselves to supply the loss. James, the elder of the two—we again quote the boy's own narrative—

"Added to a clear head and much native sagacity, a singularly retentive memory, and a great thirst for information. He was a harness-maker, and wrought for the farmers of an extensive district of country, and as he never engaged either journeyman or apprentice, but executed all his work with his own hands, his hours of labor, save that he indulged in a brief pause as twilight came on, and took a mile's walk or so, were usually protracted from six o'clock in the morning until ten at night. Such incessant occupation of course left him little time for reading; but he often found some one to read beside him during the day; and in the winter evenings his portable bench used to be brought from his shop into the family sitting-room, and placed beside the circle round the hearth, where his brother Alexander, whose occupations left his evenings free, would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit. Occasionally the family-circle would be widened by the accession of from two to three intelligent neighbors, who would drop in to listen; and then the book after a time would be laid aside, in order that its contents might be discussed in conversation. I soon learned to bring my story-books to his workshop, and became, in a small way, one of his readers. My books were not yet of the kind which he would have chosen for himself; but he took an interest in my interest; and his explanations of all the hard words, saved me the trouble of turning over a dictionary. And when tired of reading, I never failed to find rare delight in the anecdotes and old-world stories, many of which were not to be found in books, and all of which he could render singularly amusing."

This was education of the highest order, for the boy was won to love knowledge because it cost him no sorrow, and afforded him amusement, and learned to sift its worth

from the conversation of shrewd and experienced persons. Accordingly, as we shall by-and-bye see, the taste never left him, and bore a richer fruit than the honest harness-maker, even in his brightest imaginings, had ever anticipated.

Alexander, the younger brother, was no less remarkable in his way. He was a grave, observant man; had passed some years in the Royal Navy; had sailed with Nelson, and aided in the landing of the English troops in Egypt, till, at the short peace in 1802, he left that stirring life for one more congenial to his taste in his native place. From him the young orphan gained a quick eye for the wonders of creation. Alexander was a naturalist—had many a tale to tell of the creatures he had seen in distant seas, and of their curious habits; and when, between his hours of labor, he would wander along the shore on the crags, the child loved to join him, and hear his talk of crabs and lobsters, which he was skilful in catching, or trace the haunts of marine animals, and admire their curious forms: and thus, while James was cultivating in the boy's mind a love of solid knowledge, by showing him its bright side, Alexander was equally laying the foundation of scientific greatness, by cherishing in him the habit of close observation, without which nothing important is ever discovered.

"I owed more," says his pupil, when writing in after-years of his early tutors,—“I owed more to the habit of observation which he assisted me in forming, than even to his facts themselves; and yet some of these were of high value. He has shown me, for instance, that an immense granite boulder in the immediate neighborhood of the town, known for ages as the Clach Malloch, or cursed stone, stands so exactly on the line of low water, that the larger stream-tides of March and September lay dry its inner side, but never its outer one: round the outer side there are always from two to four inches of water; and such had been the case for at least an hundred years before, in his father's and grandfather's days: evidence enough of itself, I have heard him say, that the relative levels of sea and land were not altering, though during the lapsed century the waves had so largely encroached on the low flat shores, that elderly men of his acquaintance, long since passed away, had actually held the plough when young, where they had held the rudder when old."

Where is the gentleman's son whose walks are productive of a tithe even of the wisdom which the destitute orphan was imbibing from the observant Scottish mariner? And yet the mode of instruction is both easy and pleasant;* for the dull routine of our so-call-

* It is pursued in some schools in Switzerland and with great success.

ed education is no less wearisome to the tutor than to the pupil, and ends by leaving the teacher as high and dry on the shore of knowledge as the unfortunate youths whom he has been called upon to cram with a certain amount of scholastic information.

But the hero of our tale had other sources of information and amusement also; he was Nature's own scholar. The woods on the lower slopes of the hill, when there was no access to the zones uncovered by the ebb, furnished him with employment of another kind. He learned to look with interest on the workings of certain insects, and to understand some at least of their simpler instincts.

"The large diadem spider," continues he, "which spins so strong a web, that on pressing my way through the furze thickets, I could hear its white silken cords crack as they yielded before me, and which I found skilled like an ancient magician in the strange art of rendering itself invisible in the clearest light, was an especial favorite. Often have I stood beside its large web, when the creature occupied a place in the centre, and touching it with a withered grass-stalk, I have seen it sullenly swing on the line with its hands, and then shake them with a motion so rapid, that the eye failed to see either insect or web for minutes together. I learned, too, to take especial interest in what, though they belong to a different family, are known as the *Water Spiders*, and have watched them speeding by fits and starts, like skaters on ice, across the surface of some woodland spring or streamlet, fearless walkers on the water."

In fact, nothing came amiss to our young observer; and, at an age when very few boys, of what are called the educated classes, have an idea beyond a bat or a ball, or girls have any exercise for their mind but the dull walk with a nursery-maid, carrying a doll for a companion, this pupil of the dame's school gained a stock of facts on which to build after-reasonings; and, better than all, a habit of using his senses as a spur to his intelligence. He did not merely *see*, he *looked*; he did not merely *hear*, he *listened*; and the information thus gained was not forgotten.

Cromarty, like most old Scotch localities, boasted a grammar school; and the boy's uncles finding him ready at learning what they taught, were anxious that he should have the education which they, in common with the rest of the world, fancied might be there obtained. He was placed in the Latin class, and with four other boys, fairly entered on the "*Rudiments*."

"I labored with tolerable diligence for a day or

two," says he; "but there was no one to tell me what the rules meant, or whether they really meant anything; and when I got as far as *penna, a pen*, and saw how the changes were rung on one poor word that did not seem to be of more importance in the old language than in the modern one, I began miserably to flag, and to long for my English reading, with its nice amusing stories, and its picture-like descriptions. The *Rudiments* was by far the dullest book I had ever seen: it embodied no thought that I could perceive: it certainly contained no narrative: it was a perfect contrast to not only '*The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace*,' but to even the voyages of Cook and Anson."

But even the dulness of the *Rudiments* could not now deaden the boy's thirst for books, or his enjoyment in his communings with Nature: for his childish tastes had been formed too effectually to be altered by any subsequent circumstances. His school learning indeed availed him but little, but his real education went on:—

"My native town," says he, "had possessed for at least an age or two previous to that of my boyhood, its moiety of intelligent book-consulting mechanics, and tradesfolk; and as my acquaintance gradually extended among their representatives and descendants, I was permitted to rummage, in the pursuit of knowledge, delightful old chests and cupboards filled with tattered and dusty volumes. The moiety of my father's library which remained to me, consisted of about sixty several works; my uncle possessed about one hundred and fifty more, and there was a literary cabinet-maker in the neighborhood who had once actually composed a poem of thirty lines on the Hill of Cromarty, whose collection of books, chiefly poetical, amounted to from eighty to one hundred. There was another mechanic in the neighborhood—a honest carpenter—who, though not a poet, was deeply read in books of all kinds, from the plays of Farquhar to the sermons of Flavel; and as both his father and grandfather had been readers and collectors of books, he possessed a whole press full of tattered, hard-working volumes, some of them very curious ones, and to me he liberally extended what literary men always value—the full freedom of the press. But of all my occasional benefactors in this way, the greatest was poor Francis, the retired clerk and supercargo:"

an eccentric being, full of book knowledge, which he turned to small account himself, but which helped to forward the education of his young companion.

"There were several other branches of my education going on outside the pale of the school," continues the subject of our biography, "in which, though I succeeded in amusing myself, I was no trifler. The shores of Cromarty are strewn over with water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks,

derived chiefly from the west during the ages of the boulder clay; and I soon learned to take a deep interest in sauntering over the various pebble-beds when shaken up by recent storms, and in learning to distinguish their numerous components."

"Uncle Sandy" was a sawyer, and a man of taste moreover, for his sawpit was always fixed in some picturesque and sheltered spot; and here the sometimes truant boy delighted to ramble, and return to his kind uncle with the result of his expeditions, or accompany him in a walk when his work was over. The school learning went on but slowly, but then his real education was every day becoming more important to the future life of the boy, whose mind was rapidly receiving the impressions which were to influence it forever. The cliffs about Cromarty contained much that was curious and exciting to the inquisitive mind of a child; there were caves of great size, in one of which the calcareous matter with which the water that dropped from the roof was impregnated, formed stalactites and other incrustations; and another of them, entitled the Doo-cot cave, from affording shelter to a number of wild pigeons, became the scene of an adventure calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of one so young. One of his schoolfellows had to a certain degree been won over to his tastes, and occasionally shared in his exploring expeditions; the account he gives of that to the Doo-cot has all the interest of Scott's famous scene in "The Antiquary," and we quote it as a specimen of what the self-educated boy became capable of in after life.

"It was in a pleasant spring morning," says he, "that with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that with its stern granite wall bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doo-cot. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near. The tide was a low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides at the period—"

And the adventurous passage was accordingly made. The two children stood alone in the Doo-cot, and enjoyed their success.

"The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slope beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves, in

creeping dwarf-bushes that told of the blasting influence of sea-spray, the pale yellow honey-suckle that we had never seen before, save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply-shaded slope that leaned against one of the steeper precipices, we detected the sweet-scented woodroof of the flower-pot and parterre, with its pretty verticillate leaves, and its white delicate flowers. There too, immediately on the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the over-beetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot bitter scurvy-grass which the great Captain Cook had used on his voyages: above all, there were the caves with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue—and their mysterious depths in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble. The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea as viewed from the extremity of the cave, while all around was dark as midnight—the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine—the black heaving bulk of the grampus as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin—even the pigeons as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them, and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet a full fathom below the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But first hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would not fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their base, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the glare of the evening. The sea-gull sprang upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, the dusky cormorant flitted past to his whitened shelf on the precipice—the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands, and every creature that had wings, made use of them in speeding homewards; but neither my companion nor I had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow-hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up, and so as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair—'Wouldn't care for myself,' said the poor little fellow, 'if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?' We

retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed to ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms. The night was stormy, but towards midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon in her last quarter rose red like a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light over the rough slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently to yield us a passage, but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea overleaping the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not the imprisonment of a tide to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week! There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore, and assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and just as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout in reply of the startled helmsman: we waited on and on, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length, losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upwards higher and higher at every dash."

At length the two children were rescued from their perilous position by some boatmen, who, hearing that two little boys were missing who had been seen among the crags, went in search of them. But what a lesson had these boys received of the great forces of nature! Where again, we may ask, is the gentleman's son who ever gains such, or has any inducement to *wish* to know anything of them; and without the wish to know, who ever profited to any extent by the information afforded him. The young explorers of "the Doo-cot," on the contrary, after such an experience, could hardly have avoided speculating on the causes of tides and their phenomena. We are not going to recommend that children should be exposed to all the perils and sufferings of such an adventure; but we do say that, as schools for high as well as low are at present constituted, the youths placed there have their faculties

cramped by being debarred from that free intercourse with Nature and with Man which forms the true education of the human race. The child who never mixes with any who know more than himself has but small chance of improvement; but the child who only becomes acquainted with his superiors in intellect and information by severe treatment and harsh dry lessons, has none. He learns to hate the very sight of a book, and does not even wish to gain acquirements which render the possessor (according to his childish notions) quite as disagreeable as he is wise. When a pupil of one of our ragged schools had been roughly treated by one of his teachers, he inquired of another if Mr. — would go to heaven? "I hope so, certainly," was the answer. "Then," said the boy, "I shall not come to school again, for I do not want to go to heaven." Children trained to more politeness will not speak out so bluntly as this young vagabond, but they will think thus: and the schoolboy who has been flogged into learning by a man whose learning is the only title shown him for his respect, will probably eschew the character of a learned man from that time forth. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as self-education, for it would hardly need the experiment of Psammetichus to know that the brain and intellect will not develop themselves without the aid of external circumstances; but then let these external circumstances be freely used: they form the education of the Creator, and will bear richer fruit than the pinched dole of cultivation now afforded.

As the boy whose course of training we have watched, grew up, his taste for the observation of nature received fresh aliment from two or three visits to the abode of some of his mother's relatives in the Highlands; and one of his cousins who, like himself, was eager for knowledge, had so much won upon his liking, that when the time came for choosing a handicraft which might afford him a maintenance, he chose the trade of his favorite cousin—that of a mason—because the winter, when masonry is at a stand, afforded time for reading and improvement. He was apprenticed to a master, and amid the rude journeymen with whom he was thus brought in contact, it might have been justly feared that he would learn evil habits, and forget the lessons of his wise uncles: but these lessons had not been dull dogmatic instructions, they had woven themselves into his very nature, and the drunkenness and

wild life of his companions only disgusted him. He had communed with God in his works, and could not sink himself into the companion of brawling profligates. His money, when he got any, was laid by to buy books; his hours of recreation, when he could enjoy such, were spent like his boyish life, in rambling among the rocks, and the district in which he was employed abounding in fossils, gave him ample food for thought. Need we now name the hero of our tale? The thoughtful boy, the sober industrious stone mason, was no other than Hugh Miller, the chronicler of the Old Red Sandstone, whose name will never be forgotten while the science of Geology is studied, and whose life affords a striking example of the difference between real, fruit-bearing education, and that spurious production which is cultivated in our schools for the maintenance of ignorance and vice, and the suppression of all true religion and virtue.

Our limits will not allow of our tracing his after career with the same minuteness as his childhood. His manly years, it is already well known, have not belied the promise of his boyhood; and the tale of his almost unassisted struggles to support himself in independence, and pursue his favorite studies at the same time, forms a singularly interesting and instructive narrative, which ought to be studied by all who wish to know how much may be done without the schoolmaster, or rather, who wish to see what the schoolmaster ought to do to produce such results.

But Mr. Miller is not the only instance which Scotland has produced of high scientific knowledge gained under circumstances apparently the most unfavorable to such pursuits. Mr. Mayhew's clever little book gains its chief interest from the true foundation which he has embroidered upon. James Fergusson, the real boy philosopher, was born in even a humbler station than Hugh Miller, his father being dependent on his daily labor for the maintenance of his family, aided by a few acres of land, which he rented. Too poor to pay for the instruction of his children he was himself their tutor; but the child spared him the trouble of teaching, by learning the art of reading without his assistance, from watching the process whilst his elder brother was learning. The accidental circumstance of seeing a lever applied by his father to raise a part of the roof of his house which needed repair, led young James, not then above seven or eight years old, to try his own skill in using Mechanical forces. The processes of thought, by which at that

early age he arrived at a knowledge of the laws by which those forces act, and his clever contrivances to effect his purpose with the rude means which he had at hand, are simply told by Fergusson himself in after life, in simple language, as if they were nothing extraordinary;—perhaps, indeed, we may be allowed to say that they were not *extraordinary*; for the ordinary talents bestowed on the great mass of mankind with such culture as God will, and man ought to give, are sufficient for results which seem almost miraculous to persons accustomed to see only the stunted intellects of children who have had information thrust upon them which they never wished to possess. Young Fergusson saw one circumstance that he could not well account for, and his curiosity was awakened;—the rest was but the consequence of applying his mind heartily to solving the problems which he set himself. Having made a few experiments in the construction of machines for different purposes, he began to give an account of them in writing,

"Imagining it," says he in his autobiography, "to be the first treatise of the kind that ever was written; but I found my mistake when I afterwards showed it to a gentleman who told me that these things were known long before, and showed me a printed book in which they were treated of; and I was much pleased when I found that my account (so far as I had carried it) agreed with the principles of mechanics in the book he showed me; and from that time my mind preserved a constant tendency to improve in that science. But as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit of these matters only, and I was rather too young and weak for hard labor, he put me out to a neighbor to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years; and at that time I used to study the stars in the night. In the day time I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such other things as I happened to see. I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighborhood. . . . I found him very kind and indulgent, but he soon observed that in the evening, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back and stretched a thread of small beads upon it at arm's length between my eye and the stars: sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying a thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective position, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me, but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself."

It was to the kind heart of this good man,

probably, that young Fergusson owed his future progress in science; for had he been harshly stopped short in his first attempts at astronomy, childhood is so little persevering that probably he would have given up altogether pursuits which only brought sorrow in their train. After this he was received into the house of Mr. Grant of Achoyanney; and there, under his butler, a man even more extraordinary in his acquirements than the youth thus placed under his care, the boy rapidly improved himself. This man was, as his pupil observes, "what is generally called *self-taught*, but I think he might with much greater propriety have been termed God ALMIGHTY's scholar"—and so was Fergusson himself—so was Hugh Miller—so is every one who is left free to catch at the means of improvement scattered around him, and not cramped by the severity or the frivolity, the ignorance or the vices, of those about them. Fergusson's father was a religious, industrious, good man; his son, therefore, had no hindrances, but was rather encouraged by the example and approbation of his parents; and thus it is that "God Almighty's scholars" perfect their education in spite of what to common eyes appear to be disadvantages. Who is there who does not know at least one such, who, in spite of poverty and difficulties, has won for himself the esteem and respect of all who know him, and generally enough also of this world's goods to satisfy the reasonable wants of his animal nature, no less than the aspirations of his intellect? We, at least, have known many such; but none of them had been submitted during any very long time to the stupefying influences of an ordinary school. One, whom it is our pleasure now to know and hold pleasant intercourse with, a prosperous and respected man, roamed the country with his mother selling sugar-plums for subsistence during a considerable period of his childhood, gaining during that unpromising period a decision of character and a knowledge of men and things which afforded him the means of building up his future fortune. His moral qualities were cherished and improved by the assistance of a good friend, who liked the thoughtful boy, and bestowed much time on his instruction, both in book-knowledge and conduct; an instruction which became profitable, because it was sought as a favor, not forced upon him as a task. We might point to another, who left a fortune which placed his son among the magnates of the lands, who began life as a bricklayer's laborer, and like

Hugh Miller, by industry, sobriety, and economy, saved enough to lay the foundation of his future prosperity, which his honorable punctuality in business and invariable integrity completed. He too had enjoyed very little of the so-called advantages of education, yet he became a shrewd calculator and a sufficiently close observer of passing events to render his speculations always successful ones. We have not space to multiply examples; our readers will readily find them.

Of course, had judicious teachers had the charge of these persons in their youth: had the appetite for knowledge been ministered to, not overloaded, in most cases the young aspirant might have reached a higher point, for time is lost in unassisted research; but it is assistance, not coercion, that is wanted. The experience of ages has shown that whatever may be the case with the actions, coercion has no effect on the mind; and education is a failure, if it do not fetch out and improve the mental faculties: without that, it deserves no better name than that of an apprenticeship, where the youth learns the use of certain tools with a view to maintain himself by their aid in after life, but remains, probably, as much undeveloped in intellect as he was before he entered on his apprenticeship. The tutor's business, then, is, to aid the youth in educating himself; and unless he has endeavored to rouse in him the wish to do so, he has neglected the largest and most important part of his work.

It is the childhood of such a youth as those we have noticed above that Mr. Mayhew has endeavored to sketch in his pretty tale of "The Peasant-Boy Philosopher;" but, though it is told with a good deal of spirit, it wants the life-like reality of the autobiographies of Fergusson and Miller. Like an imaginary landscape, where trees and rocks are mingled, of kinds which are not wont to be found together in nature, the tale occasionally displeases by its incongruities: it will nevertheless be acceptable to children, and useful to their teachers. Against one of Mr. Mayhew's propositions, however, we must protest. The following passage appears to us to contain a mischievous assertion:—

"The misfortune is," he observes, in speaking of modes of instruction, "that the sense of mental effort connected with the exercise of active attention is often irksome to naturally weak or young minds—for the faculty does not appear to be developed till the age of fifteen years—that the study of such matters as require the intellect to be

exerted for their comprehension becomes uninviting and tiresome to the student . . . Hence the educational problem is, how is a habit of active attention to be engendered in the mind, or, rather, how can this feeling of irksomeness, which ensues on the first exertion of the intellect, be so far removed that the youth may not, by the dread of the labor, be repelled from the study of those subjects, the comprehension of which is not alone necessary for the expansion of the mental faculties, but a source of much refined pleasure, as well as being likely to prove of considerable benefit to the student, and perhaps to mankind in general."

Now if, as all pathological records prove, the brain is the organ by whose agency the action of thought is accomplished, we may settle this matter very easily upon physiological grounds, and disprove Mr. Mayhew's assertion that the faculty of attention is not developed till the age of fifteen years; for this organ is subject to the same laws of growth as any other. We do not suppose that a child's limbs are incapable of movement because they have not acquired the strong muscular development of mature manhood; on the contrary, we encourage moderate exercise in order to promote that development: and the same will hold good of the brain. The immature organ has not strength enough for *continuous* exertion, but it will have fits of application during which its flexibility will give it the advantage for the time over mature manhood, as we have seen from Fergusson's account of his childhood. Few mature men have ever made such progress in so short a time, with so little assistance; yet Fergusson felt no weariness. He was engaged in studies which he liked, and no one urged him to go on when his young brain was fatigued. Conversation, experiments, the intercourse with Nature generally, will awaken active attention very early, and rarely will any man be found to have made great progress in after life whose mind had not been thus awakened. The child accustomed to these moments of deep thought, will not lose in the interval of rest what has thus been gained, and will be found capable of and willing to exercise much of that intense application which is so irksome and even painful to those whose youth has passed over without such an awakening process. But this application must not be prolonged, and whilst arousing the attention of his pupil, the judicious teacher will be careful to mark the first indication of weariness, and dismiss him to recruit his mental power by timely recreation. Many a child has been sacrificed to the injudicious forcing process to which he has been subjected. We be-

lieve, and can indeed say from experience, that a child whose brain has had due exercise without allowing it to be pushed to fatigue, will never know that feeling of irksomeness which is generally thought to attend severe study. The consciousness of power which a brain so constituted will find in exertion is too gratifying to be attended by any distressing fatigue; and it is only when *the man* begins to use his talents for the purposes of ambition or gain, that the brain is overwrought:—*the child's* application is pleasurable if it be not forced by the dread of punishment.

With the rest of Mr. Mayhew's propositions as to the proper mode of inducing the young to acquire knowledge, we cordially agree; for unless the taste for it be excited, it is in vain that information is forced upon the unwilling pupil: he will neither remember nor profit by it. But there is yet a further incentive to exertion which he has not touched upon, and which, as far as we have seen, is never insisted on by the teachers of the young. Yet it is the only cable which will thoroughly stand the strain of the tempests which await the young man's entry into life. This incentive is the thought of the duties imposed on us by the simple fact of our existence. Unless we are to conceive ourselves the very sport of chance—a persuasion which no man can hold long without the risk of losing his reason from utter despondency—we must feel that we exist for a purpose, and that our duty consists in the fulfilment of it. Nor is it difficult to discover what that purpose must be. Everything in Nature tends towards its own peculiar perfection, and that perfection consists in the perfect development of every capability of its organization. If man be capable of more than the animals which surround him, he has by that mere fact an assurance that he has more important duties to perform, nor are they performed thoroughly till he has not only called all his own faculties into play, but until he has so used them as to afford to the human race generally, as far as in him lies, the same opportunities of perfectionizing their nature as he has himself enjoyed; in short, till all are put in a situation to use their faculties and gratify their instincts enough for their own happiness and that of those dependent on them. With such an object in view, there will be no hanging back from study, no time lost in frivolous pursuits. We owe every moment of our time which is not devoted to such repose and recreation as shall keep us fit for work, to our fellow-creatures and to our

Maker, whose unmistakable mandate we are thus obeying. No man in his senses can ever believe that he was placed in the world merely to devour and assimilate a certain quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and then to give it forth again in death to the air and the earth: less nicely-balanced faculties and less godlike intellect might have sufficed for that;—and the child should be taught to see that such is not his destination. He should be shown that he is the heir of a noble nature, capable of diffusing happiness around him, which will come back tenfold into his own bosom if he uses it aright; but that it is equally capable of being abused, to his own misery and that of those about him; that the blessing and the curse is set before

him, and that if he misses the opportunities and mis-spends the time given him for better purposes, the curse will dog his steps for the rest of his life: in short, that every human being born into the world has a destiny to fulfil, and ought not to rest till he has put himself in a position which will enable him to accomplish it. What that destiny is, no one is informed beforehand; he can therefore only prepare himself by diligent self-culture for the occasion when it comes; and when he can look back and say with truth, "I have left more good and more happiness in the world than I found in it," he may lay down his head in peace, and feel that his duty is done—his destiny fulfilled.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the son of Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated manager and actor, and of Frances Chamberlaine, his wife, both commemorated in an earlier portion of the present series. This is the man of versatile and multiplied endowments, eulogized by Thomas Moore, as—

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master
of all;"

and whom Lord Byron has placed even on a higher pinnacle, when he says—"Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, *The School for Scandal*; the best opera, *The Duenna*;—in my mind, far before that St. Giles' lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera*; the best farce, *The Critic* (it is only too good for an afterpiece); and the best address, 'The Monody on Garrick'; and to crown all, delivered the very best oration, the famous Begum speech, ever conceived or heard in this country."

The varied abilities, systematic profusion, convivial intemperance, brilliant conversational wit, unrivalled eloquence, dazzling

meridian, and most melancholy decline, of this gifted, but ill-regulated son of genius, have employed the pens of such a host of writers, and have formed the text of so many printed discussions, that novelty in going over the same ground can scarcely be looked for. All the leading incidents of the public and private life of this remarkable individual have been held up as a moral lesson, commented on, and sermonized until the topic is exhausted. Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," as in the case of Lord Byron, has labored with the zeal of a friend and fellow-countryman, to perpetuate the most agreeable features of the portrait he undertook to draw. It is deeply to be regretted that he has been less fortunate himself when he became, in his turn, the subject of a biography.*

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin (not at Quilca, as has been sometimes supposed), in the year 1751. In his family, natural talent and literary acquirements appear to have been hereditary. His father and his grandfather were both eminent

* A good condensed life of Sheridan, compiled by G. G. S., is prefixed to an edition of his works published in Bohn's Standard Library, in 1848.

for their scholarship, and his mother distinguished herself as an authoress in more than one department. It was not, therefore, likely that his education would be neglected. In his seventh year he was consigned, with his brother, to the instruction of a well-respected pedagogue, Mr. Samuel Whyte of Dublin, with the encouraging recommendation from Mrs. Sheridan, that they were the two dullest boys she had ever met with.

When his parents removed to England in 1762, he was sent to Harrow, under Dr. Sumner, but he gained no laurels in that renowned seminary, which he left with the reputation of being a sharp, froward, careless lad, of a buoyant temperament, fond of light reading and poetry, but averse to sustained or studious application. Yet he must have laid in, while there, what Dr. Johnson would have called, "a bottom of learning," or he could never, at eighteen, in conjunction with his schoolfellow, Halhed, have undertaken and completed a poetical translation of Aristænetus—an obscure Greek author of disputed existence, under whose name some epistles in prose have been preserved on subjects of love and gallantry, and which are more characterized by gross indelicacy than by wit or graceful imagination. The young translators softened these passages; but there was an error in taste and judgment, as well as loss of time in their selection, which few read and nobody liked.

Sheridan lost his mother in 1766, before he quitted Harrow. Having left that seat of learning, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, with a view to the profession of the law, an intention which he speedily abandoned. Themis was too dull for an enthusiastic votary of Apollo. In 1771 he went to reside in Bath, his father finding it convenient to fix the head-quarters of his family in that idle resort of fashion, valetudinarianism, profligacy and selfishness, while he himself was fulfilling a round of professional engagements elsewhere. Here young Sheridan became acquainted with the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Linley, daughter of the eldest Thomas Linley, a distinguished composer and musician. The young lady, who sang at public concerts and oratorios, possessed vocal abilities of the highest order, and, as might be naturally expected, was followed by a legion of admirers. She was a coquette too, and played them off with considerable skill, but sometimes with hazardous imprudence. Included in the list was a Captain Matthews, an intimate friend of the family, the possessor of a large fortune

in Wales, but unfortunately a married man. His principal employment in life was playing whist, on which he wrote a treatise, long considered the infallible guide. The close attentions of such a squire in ordinary under such circumstances, could only tend to injure Miss Linley's character, and his free conversation gave color to the most damaging reports. A mutual attachment of an ardent and romantic complexion sprang up between Sheridan and the fair syren, which led to an elopement to the continent, winding up with a secret marriage.

Then followed two singularly savage duels between the happy husband and the disappointed Matthews. In the first, Sheridan was victorious, breaking his adversary's sword, and compelling him to beg his life. The second appears to have been a sort of drawn battle, or scuffle, in which the combatants having closed and fallen together, hugged and hacked away on the ground with the fragments of their broken blades, something after the practice of the Jesuit D'Aigrigny, and the Maréchal St. Simon, in "The Wandering Jew."* Wounds slight, although they were reported deadly, were given and received on both sides, until the seconds, who had long looked on in passive silence, thought it necessary to interfere at last. The *ex-parte* statements of these encounters published respectively by Sheridan, Matthews, and their friends, are so totally at variance, that it is not easy to extract the real truth from such conflicting evidence; but in both quarrels the principals seem to have gone to work more like red Indians, determined to tomahawk and scalp each other, than polished gentlemen, moving in elegant society, fighting according to rule, and in compliance with the ordinances and prejudices of the day.

When Sheridan ran away with Miss Linley he was twenty-two, and his bride eighteen. He was without a profession, or any certain income. The lady had a fortune of £3,000, paid to her by a Mr. Long, for a very unprecedented reason—because she had refused him; but she was articed to her father, who could claim her services until she was twenty-one. Linley, finding the marriage irrevocable, after an interview with Sheridan at Lisle, assented to a marriage he was no longer able to prevent, and became reconciled to the young couple, on the understanding that his daughter should fulfil her engage-

* This scene seems to have furnished the idea of the close of the duel between Fabien dei Franchi and Château Renaud, in *The Corsican Brothers*.

ment to him, as in duty bound. This being settled, they returned to England, and lived for some time in retirement at East Burnham. Sheridan had a great dislike to the appearance of his wife in public, and resolved to withdraw her entirely from all professional avocations. By yielding to this point of delicacy he gave up at least one thousand pounds per annum, a sum she was sure to receive for several years, and which in all probability would have continued to increase. Dr. Johnson, in conversation with Boswell, expressed his warm approbation of this high spirit in a young man without a shilling, who would not be induced by straitened means to permit his wife to become the public gaze. Sheridan determined from this time forward to live by the exercise of his abilities, but he was too inexperienced to fathom the art of acquiring wealth, and the more difficult process of keeping it when obtained. Long after, when speaking of his early struggles with an intimate friend, who alluded to the events of his life, he said, that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as Tom Erskine; but, he added, "I had no time for such studies—Mrs. Sheridan and myself were both obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton, or we should have had none." "Ay," replied the other, "I see it was a joint concern."

The first effort made by Sheridan to obtain a livelihood through his brains, was the production of the comedy of *The Rivals*, at which he worked long and diligently before it was acted. From the ease of his language, and the natural exuberance of his humor, it would appear that he composed rapidly; but the contrary was the fact. His most flowing periods were elaborated and corrected with fastidious care. He began this play before he had completed his twenty-second year. About the same period of life, or a little earlier, and with equal inexperience, Congreve wrote *The Old Bachelor*, one of the wittiest compositions in the whole range of the English drama. Sheridan's comedy is fully equal to Congreve's in construction, incident, and dialogue, while it far surpasses it in the absence of impurity or coarse allusions. *The Old Bachelor* is banished from the stage; *The Rivals* lives in active popularity, and, during the two last seasons, has been performed above thirty times at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. C. Kean. Yet this play, of the highest character in every essential point, met with very harsh treatment on the first night,

and with difficulty obtained a second representation. On the 17th of January, 1775, *The Rivals* was acted at Covent Garden, and repeated on the 18th, when it was withdrawn for alterations and curtailment. On the 28th it was re-produced, and from that date has maintained an unshaken hold on public favor. The opening failure was attributed to the immoderate length, to the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, which was considered by a portion of the audience as a national reflection, and to the miserable acting of Lee, in the pugnacious baronet, which excited repeated gusts of disapprobation. Clinch superseded him when the play was brought forward again, and gave infinite satisfaction both to the public and the author. The original prologue, in the form of a dialogue between a sergeant-at-law and an attorney, was spoken by Woodward and Quick; but, on the 10th night, Sheridan replaced it by another, more appropriate, and consigned to Mrs. Bulkeley. The plot and characters of *The Rivals* are undoubtedly the pure invention of the author; but resemblances may be traced, as in almost every other instance, where a close examination is instituted. Sir Anthony Absolute and Mrs. Malaprop bear some relationship to Matthew Bramble and his sister Tabitha. The latter is more obviously suggested by Mrs. Slipshod, in "Joseph Andrews," or Termagant, in Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer*. Rigid critics call it a gross caricature; but there is good reason to suppose that the portrait is drawn from life without exaggeration. If so, then must Nature herself be pronounced a caricature. There are some remarkable coincidences in the dialogue, which can scarcely be accidental. Acres, in the third act, says—"Tis certain I have most anti-Gallican toes." The same thought occurs in the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, where the old man, on being desired to put on a pair of Lacedemonian boots, endeavors to back out by saying, that one of his toes is *παρα μολακων*—a bitter enemy to the Lacedemonians. Again, when Acres speaks of swearing, in the second act, and ends by saying that the "best terms will grow obsolete," and that "damns have had their day," the idea seems to be suggested by the following old epigram of Sir John Harrington:—

"In elder times an ancient custom was,
To swear, in weighty matters, by the mass;
But when the mass went down, as old men note,
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn.

Last, having sworn away all faith and troth,
Only G— damn them is their common oath.
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,
That, losing mass, cross, faith, they find damnation."

The friends of Mrs. Sheridan wished it to be understood that the epilogue to *The Rivals* was written by her, but there can be little doubt that it proceeded from the pen of her husband. The point throughout is the supremacy of woman in every class and situation of life, and a woman could scarcely laud up her own sex with such unmeasured panegyric.

Sheridan was so pleased with Clinch for his excellent performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that when his benefit occurred, on the 2d of May, 1775, he made him a present of the first night of a new farce, entitled, *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, to add to the attraction. The trifle succeeded, and is in every respect better calculated for representation than persual. It added nothing to the literary fame of the author, and a point is strained when we admit that nothing was detracted. The object was to assist a deserving man on a particular occasion. Larry Clinch, as he was familiarly called, had been a brother-actor and intimate friend of Sheridan's father. He was a native of Dublin, and obtained an engagement from Garrick, at Drury-lane, very early in his career. He came out as Alexander the Great; but his success was small, and Garrick, in his disappointment, after trying to buy him off with money, forced him into disagreeable characters, until he removed in disgust to Covent Garden. His success in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* established his reputation, and in a short time after he returned to Dublin, and became the hero of the Irish stage. Having married a lady by whom he was rendered independent, he performed *when* and on *what* terms he pleased; and about 1780, disapproving of the manager's (Daly's) conduct, he declined playing the number of nights for which he was engaged. The manager took the usual method of complaint in the newspapers; but Clinch preserved a dignified silence, and disdained to reply. Unluckily, however, his wife died, and her fortune with her, so that a diminished income compelled him thenceforward to become more amenable to constituted authority.

On the 21st of November, 1775, Sheridan rose again to a high point, by the production of *The Duenna*—a comic opera of the first order, whether as regards the dramatic arrangement, dialogue, or music. The com-

posers of the latter were Linley, Rauzzini, and Dr. Harrington. No piece was ever more successful. It ran seventy-five nights during the first season, and still continues a favorite with the public. The popular airs were sung in the streets and ground upon every barrel-organ throughout the kingdom. Harris gave a large sum for the copyright, and would not allow the opera (except the songs) to be printed. But no precaution can evade piracy. Tate Wilkinson obtained a surreptitious copy of some scenes, and between memory and invention, concocted a *Duenna* of his own, which he gave to the public as Sheridan's, in the York circuit; and thus it found its way into many of the leading theatres in Great Britain and Ireland. For this reason all printed copies, up to a very late period, were denounced by the author, and are undoubtedly spurious. As in the subsequent case of *The School for Scandal*, the substituted passages were so inferior to the true originals, that the piece could scarcely be recognized. But the result answered the purpose of the pirates, although annoying to the lawful proprietors.

Profound criticism has told us that the plot of *The Duenna* is borrowed from *Il Filosofo di Campagna*, of Goldoni, *Le Sicilien* of Molière, and *The Wonder* of Mr. Centlivre. It may be so, but it requires very minute comparison to detect the relationship. The violations of probability also have been severely castigated; yet, if the improbable is to be banished from the drama, we know not what materials are to be found for an exciting or interesting story. The songs of *The Duenna*,* both in music and words, are of the highest order; but if they were omitted altogether, we should still retain a most amusing comedy: unlike the majority of more modern operas, which are merely so many pegs on which to hang a melody, a duet, or a concerted *finale* three-quarters of an hour long.

In 1776, Garrick retired from the stage and from all active participation in the cares of management. However uneasy he might have found his theatrical seat of sovereignty, it was well stuffed with bank notes, for he made a large fortune in the same speculation which impoverished his successors. But he possessed advantages which they had not,

* When George IV. visited the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in state, on the 22d of August, 1821, he commanded, as a national compliment, Sheridan's opera of *The Duenna*, with his farce of *St. Patrick's Day*. George IV. seldom committed an error in taste, whatever mistakes he may have made in more important matters.

without reckoning his exclusive superiority as an actor—capital, experience, punctuality in business, a constant eye on the exchequer, and what Miss Strickland calls “great regnant abilities.” He looked after everything himself too, and trusted nothing to deputies without supervision. Sheridan adopted as his maxim through life, “never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.” Garrick, on the contrary, never delayed for an hour what could be carried through on the instant. He knew the value of time, and threw away as little as most men.

Garrick, as will be remembered, was joint monarch of Drury-lane with Lacy. He sold his own moiety of the patent and property to Sheridan, his father-in-law Linley, and Dr. Ford, for £35,000. In 1778, Sheridan was coerced into the purchase of Lacy's share for £45,000. To complete this, he consented to divide his original portion between Dr. Ford and Linley, so as to make up each of theirs a quarter; but the price at which they purchased from Sheridan was not at the rate at which he bought from Lacy, though at an advance on the sum paid to Garrick. Sheridan afterwards contrived to possess himself of Dr. Ford's quarter for £17,000, subject to the incumbence of the original renters. By what spell he conjured up all these thousands it would be very difficult to ascertain with accuracy. From nothingness, he stepped into the practical working of an enormous property, which had hitherto proved a mine of wealth to the speculators. Moore has given the best account he could of all these money transactions, gathered from the correspondence and papers placed in his hands for the purpose; but he has not furnished a full solution of the mystery, for this simple reason, that it was never thoroughly known to any one. Colman was very anxious to become the sole purchaser of Drury-lane, as he objected to divided sway; but he had not the means of buying autocracy, and gave up the negotiation to the more successful triumvirate. Garrick continued still a sort of sleeping partner, or consulting counsel; the new managers were too glad for a time to listen to his suggestions, and occasionally to profit by his advice, while he, on his part, was well enough disposed to retain his old habits of dictatorship, although he had seceded from personal labor or responsibility. Sheridan was young, ardent, full of hope and ambition, with the innate consciousness of talent, and a reliance on his own resources, which admitted no calculation of the possibility of failure. But his habits were extravagant and

thoughtless; his associates were far above him in wealth and station; and he reciprocated entertainments without any visible means of competition. From this date onwards, his life became progressively an unceasing series of shifts, subterfuges, apologies, endeavors to stave off embarrassments, contrivances to elude arrest, breaches of contract, practical jokes in place of ready money, and the gradual laxity of principle which winds up at last in total recklessness. The anecdotes which have been fathered on him fill a goodly volume, and have been compiled as “Sheridaniana.” Many are true, some are exaggerated, and a considerable balance are invented altogether. Lord Byron says he once found him at his solicitor's, where his business was to get rid of an action, in which he succeeded. “Such,” adds the poet, “was Sheridan! He could soften an attorney: there has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus.” But even Sheridan never executed a feat of adroit diplomacy equal to that recorded of a living eccentric genius, cast somewhat in the same mould, who being once arrested by two bailiffs at the same time, on two separate writs, actually cajoled the one son of Agrippa to pay the other.

The commencement of Sheridan's career as a manager conveyed an unfavorable impression, and gave rise to comparisons between him and his predecessor, much to his own disadvantage. The first novelty produced was an alteration by himself of Vanburgh's comedy of *The Relapse*, under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*, which made its appearance on the 24th of February, 1777. The piece was received with considerable opposition, but held its ground, though without much popularity or attraction, for several succeeding seasons. It was acted for the last time at Drury-lane, in 1815. Sheridan's success in *The Rivals* and *Duenna* had already made him an object of jealousy. There were not wanting mouths to carp at the “modern Congreve,” as his admirers designated him, and the newspapers of the day almost unanimously condemned what they called his gratuitous mutilation of Vanburgh. In 1779, he was asked by an editorial article in one of the journals, if he did not consider his dealings with *The Relapse* as an illustration of what his own Dangle says in *The Critic*, that “Vanburgh and Congreve are obliged to undergo a bungling reformation.” The editor of the “*Biographia Dramatica*” also censures Sheridan's alteration severely, but, like many other critics, he pronounces the sentence without stating the evidence. He adds that

the alterer admitted himself, in conversation, that he had spoiled Vanburgh's play. Beyond this vague assertion we have no proof that such words were ever spoken, but Sheridan might have contradicted the statement had he thought it worth while. The opinion is unjust. We have many alterations of old plays, but few so good as this. Sheridan has retained everything in the original that was worth retaining, has omitted exceptionable passages, and his additions are improvements. We may name particularly the first scene in the fifth act, which concludes that part of the plot regarding Loveless, Colonel Townley, Amanda, and Berinthia, much better than it is wound up in *The Relapse*. It must be confessed that it is highly improbable (as Collier was the first to observe) that Sir Tunbelly and Lord Foppington should negotiate a match through the medium of such a person as Mrs. Coupler. This, however, is a fact radically inherent in the piece, and it certainly lies at Vanburgh's door, and not at Sheridan's. The latter makes Loveless say—"It would surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers for want of a little wholesome pruning; which might be effected by any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least till they are outdone by the living ones."

On the 4th of January, 1777, Sheridan produced an alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest* by himself, retaining some of Dryden's version, with some new Songs by Thomas Linley the younger, his brother-in-law. There was no particular strength in the cast. Bensley as Prospero was the best, but he was not more than respectable. The singers were indifferent, and the attempt altogether must be considered a failure.

The town was beginning to express loudly its regret for the retirement of Garrick, and to complain of vapid entertainments, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, *The School for Scandal* was announced. The drop had not fallen on the first act before the whole house felt that they were sitting in judgment on a master-piece—one of those rare productions which appear once in a century, an inspiration of real genius, and an exhibition of truthful character, drawn from nature, without reference to age, country, local manners, or ephemeral fashions. A full account of the gradual progress by which Sheridan expanded a slight sketch into a perfect comedy is given by Moore, and will be considered by many readers as the most interesting portion

of his book. We are not of that opinion, and would rather the details had been spared. We delight to look on the finished picture, but are not much attracted by the rough outline. When we ascertain that the author has labored so artificially, although we are impressed with his diligence, we lose something of our admiration for his genius. The passage of Moore's biography might be spared in which he tells us that *The School for Scandal* "was the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, and that it arrived step by step at perfection." The play came out so late in the year, that when the theatre closed with it on the 7th of June, there had only been a run of twenty nights. During the next season it was performed sixty-five times. Perhaps no comedy was ever so perfectly acted in all its parts, neither has such a company ever again been collected as that which then graced the boards of old Drury. Great actors have since represented all the principal characters, but none have ever been reputed to come up to the originals.

On a fair comparative estimate, *The School for Scandal* may perhaps be placed at the head of all recent comedies, not only in the English, but in any European language. There are blemishes, doubtless, but they are as specks on the sun. The play may not be altogether original; some portions of the plot the author himself admitted he had borrowed from his mother's novel of "Sydney Bidulph." Others may revive recollections of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. Charles and Joseph Surface bear a strong resemblance to Fielding's Tom Jones and Blifil, with a splendid varnish of modern manners and fashionable refinement. The scandalous coterie are not sufficiently connected with the action. The hiding Lady Teazle behind the screen, and exactly before the window commanded by "a maiden lady of such a curious temper," is undoubtedly a great mistake, scarcely to be excused by the sudden confusion into which Joseph is thrown by the unexpected visit of Sir Peter; and the fifth act is comparatively weak, and constructed on the principle of anticlimax. But making full allowance for all these drawbacks, there stands this imperishable monument of Sheridan's genius, alone, on a pedestal by itself, attractive, popular, and on the acting list of every leading theatre; fresh and brilliant as in its first infancy, and without rival or competitor to stand in the same file. It has been approached, but never equalled. Envy usually follows merit as its shadow. An idle rumor was propagated that Sheridan was not the

real author of this incomparable play ; it was said to be taken almost *verbatim* from a manuscript previously delivered at Drury-lane by a young lady, a Miss Richardson, daughter of a merchant in Thames-street. The story went on to say that, being in the house on the first night, she recognized her own production, was taken out fainting with surprise and mortification, and died not long after of a rapid consumption, produced by chagrin. Isaac Reed first alluded to this report in the "Biographia Dramatica." Dr. Watkins, in his "Life of Sheridan," expatiated on it with an impression that it was true ; and Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," has very unnecessarily repeated the assertion, after Moore had completely proved that it was absurd, and based upon no foundation.

Garrick evinced the most unbounded satisfaction at the success of *The School for Scandal*. He was proud of Sheridan, and this event indicated his judgment in resigning the theatre into such able hands. A caviller observed to him—"It is but a single play, and will not long support the establishment. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say, that the Atlas that propped the stage has left his post." "Has he?" replied Garrick; "if that be the case, he has found another Hercules to succeed him." During the run of *The School for Scandal*, a passenger, walking past Drury-lane on the side of Russell-street, about nine o'clock at night, was suddenly startled by a terrific noise, which resembled the concussion of an earthquake, accompanied by peals of distant rolling thunder. He asked in dismay what it was, and received for reply the intimation that it was the applause of the audience on the falling of the screen, in the fourth act of the new comedy.

The writer of this notice once saw the screen fall in an important theatre without producing the slightest effect on the select assembly, who appeared utterly unconscious of what was intended. A ludicrous incident occurred one evening in connection with this scene, at the Hawkins'-street house, in Dublin, then under the management of William Abbott. When the screen was pulled down, Lady Teazle was not there, and thus the great point of the play was lost. She had gone into the green-room to gossip or rest herself, and calculated on being at her place in time. Before the house could recover from their astonishment, or evince disapprobation, Abbott, who played Charles Surface, and loved a jest, with great readiness added a word to the text, and exclaimed, "No Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!" A roar of

laughter followed, in the midst of which the fair absentee walked deliberately on, and placed herself in her proper position, as if nothing had happened.

But brilliant as had been the success of *The School for Scandal*, it proved but a passing meteor, and very soon the general system of the management subsided again into darkness. Sheridan's besetting sin of procrastination increased on him, and grew into a chronic disease too deeply rooted for cure. He delayed answering letters until they accumulated into a hopeless heap, and then he consumed them in one indiscriminate holocaust. Authors could neither obtain a reading nor a restoration of their manuscripts, and complained in loud but unheeded remonstrances that their dialogue, incidents, and arrangements were pilfered and transformed most unmercifully, and so completely that it was almost impossible to recognize them, unless where some unique feature proclaimed the identity. Garrick, not long before his death, began to feel convinced that the theatre was tottering, and that he had mistaken his man. In his last letter to King, he says—"Poor old Drury, I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines."

On the 15th of October, 1778, Sheridan allowed a dramatic entertainment, as it was called in the bills, a farce in reality, under the title of *The Camp*, to be announced as his. It was a *piece de circonstance*, founded on a late encampment at Coxheath, and intended as a vehicle for scenery, and to embody some local circumstances which actually took place. Tate Wilkinson, in his "Wandering Patentee," was the first who denied positively that Sheridan had anything to do with this very inferior production, which, in reality, was written by his brother-in-law, Tickell. What could have induced Sheridan thus to trifle with his reputation it is impossible to divine. The mere connection by marriage was not a plea of sufficient weight. Had he never soared beyond *St. Patrick's Day*, the *Camp* might have passed for his. With slender pretensions, but as a temporary stop-gap, it met with unusual success, and lived for two seasons, attracting good houses, while Shakspeare's best plays were exhibited to empty benches. Who shall attempt to fathom the shifting currents of public taste, or caprice, or extravagance? Moore says—"One of the novelties of the year was a musical entertainment, called *The Camp*, which was falsely attributed to Sheridan at the time, and which has since been inconside-

rately admitted into the collection of his works. This unworthy trifle (as appears from a rough copy of it in my possession) was the production of Tickell, and the patience with which his friend submitted to the imputation of having written it, was a sort of martyrdom of fame which few but himself could afford."

Garrick died on the 20th of January, 1779. Sheridan wrote a monody on his death, dedicated to the Dowager Lady Spencer, which monody was spoken by Mrs. Yates from the boards of Drury-lane, on the 2d of March following, and repeated on many successive evenings. But the public thought less of it than Lord Byron, whose praise is absolute. It has undoubted merit, and must be considered a very graceful composition. Perhaps the best passage is that which is general rather than particular, and wherein the ephemeral nature of the actor's fame, whose works die with him, is unfavorably contrasted with the immortality of the painter, sculptor, and poet, who leave behind them undying memorials:—

"Such is their meed; their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.

The actor only, shrinks from time's award,
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
No fixed effect, no model leaves behind."

The theatre was going rapidly down, when the attention of the play-going public was excited by the production of *The Critic*, on the 29th of October, 1779. Lord Byron was not wrong when he called this the best burlesque that had ever been written. The proof is, that it retains its attraction, when all local causes and coincidences have ceased. We have no longer Cumberland to be identified with Sir Fretful Plagiary, Thomas Vaughan, the author of *The Hotel*, with Dangle, or Woodfall to be the target of certain sly hits at the press. The piece is essentially excellent, and as there will never fail to be tumid, bombastic plays, in all ages, it will do just as well for a satire in the present day, as during the reign of the last generation. The drift of this performance, which abounds with easy wit, unaffected exuberant humor, and caustic pungency, is, perhaps, not thoroughly understood. It might not have been written with the single view of procuring full houses during its own run, but as a crafty expedient to banish empty ones on future

occasions. It seems like an advertisement from the manager of Drury-lane, to signify his wish that no more *modern tragedies* might be offered for representation at his theatre. A tragedy, called *Zoraida*, written by William Hodson, a Cambridge man, of considerable scholarship, was performed within two months after the production of *The Critic*, and while the burlesque was yet succeeding—a most unhappy propinquity, which proved fatal. The woes of *Zoraida* being forestalled by *Tilburina*, were banished after a few fruitless repetitions. Hodson attributed his failure entirely to that cause. He printed his play in indignation, and annexed a postscript of considerable length, containing some general observations on tragedy, which contain sound sense, and are much better worth reading than the play they accompany. The author's Cambridge friends compared him to a man with a dark lantern, casting a light on everybody but himself.

Many attempts have been made to show the passages from different plays ridiculed in *The Critic*; and, by those versed in the dramatic literature of the period, a great number of them may be easily detected. Holcroft once thought of publishing a key, which had been done before, in the case of *The Rehearsal*. One remarkable illustration may be quoted as a specimen. When Whiskerandos is killed by the pretended beef-eater, he says—

"O cursed parry—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal! Captain, thou hast fenced well;
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
In all *eter*—"

and so he dies. The beef-eater finishes the word, and says—

"—*ntly*—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once."

It has been supposed that this was suggested by the conclusion of the terror-stricken dialogue, and the division of words between the Abbess of Andouillet, and the novice, Marguerite, in "*Tristram Shandy*." But a much closer original is at hand, taken from a dramatic source, to which Sheridan would assuredly resort for his example. In Henry Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*, one of the characters relating the death of another (act iii. sc. 1), says—

"Tell him for once that I have fought like him,
And would like him have—"

Conquer'd, he would have said—but there, O!
there!
Death stopt him short.”

The resemblance here is too flagrant to be mistaken. Shakspeare supplies an earlier parallel in the death of Hotspur:—

“Oh! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—*Dies.*”

The Prince of Wales concludes the sentence—

“For worms, brave Percy!”

Sheridan would hardly have ventured to point at Shakspeare in his parody, although it is quite certain that he had no profound veneration for our immortal bard. Ireland, in his “Confessions” (the only occasion, perhaps, on which he ever spoke the truth), says, that during the *Vortigern and Rowena* negotiation, his father, Mr. Samuel Ireland “had very frequent conversations with Mr. Sheridan respecting the transcendent genius of the great dramatist; and one day in particular, after Mr. S. Ireland had been, as usual, lavish of his encomiums, Mr. Sheridan remarked, that, however high Shakspeare might stand in the estimation of the public in general, he did not, for his part, regard him as a poet in that exalted light, although he allowed the brilliancy of his ideas and the penetration of his mind.” If we are to believe the same authority, Sheridan was taken in by the forgery, in common with Parr, Warton, Boswell, and many others. When perusing a fair copy of the play, from the supposed original manuscript, he came to one line which was not strictly metrical; upon which, turning to Ireland sen., he remarked, “This is rather strange; for though you are acquainted with my opinion of Shakspeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry.” Having read a few pages further, he again paused, and, laying down the manuscript, spoke to the following effect:—“There are certainly some bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd; one would be led to think that Shakspeare must have been very young when he wrote the play. As to the doubting whether it be really his or not, who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?”

With the *Critic* ends the list of Sheridan's

original dramatic compositions.* He was then only in his twenty-eighth year; and, judging by what he had done at such an early age, we may conceive what he might have effected in the same walk, had he not turned his thoughts and pursuits into another channel. In 1780, he was returned to the House of Commons, as member for Stafford, and thenceforward became an active politician. He attached himself naturally to the party of his friend, Fox, at that time in opposition. His maiden speech, in defence of his seat, was a failure, and led to a somewhat hasty decision that nature intended him not for an orator. His utterance was thick and indistinct, an imperfection he never entirely subdued. When he had finished, he went to the gallery, where Woodfall was reporting, to ask his opinion. Woodfall frankly told him to stick to his former avocations, for that he had now got beyond his depth. Sheridan, nothing daunted, replied—“I know it is in me, and out it shall come.” He improved rapidly with successive opportunities, and obtained great credit for a ready reply to Mr. Pitt, in the session of 1783, in a debate on the preliminary articles of peace. Sheridan had warmly seconded Lord John Cavendish, in an amendment of the address, which went to omit the approval of the treaty. Pitt, then even a younger man than himself by several years, already chancellor of the exchequer, and in training for prime minister, took him up in reply, and commenced his speech by the following sarcastic exordium:—“No man,” he observed, “admired more than he did the abilities of that honorable gentleman, the elegant sallies of his thought, the gay effusions of his fancy, his dramatic turns, and his epigrammatic points; and if they were reserved for the *proper stage*, they would, no doubt, receive, what the honorable gentleman's abilities always did receive, the plaudits of the audience; and it would be his fortune, *sui plausu gaudere theatri*. But this was not the proper scene for the exhibition of these elegancies; he therefore called the attention of the house to the question.” Pitt lost his temper, while he forgot his politeness, and Sheridan instantaneously answered:—“On the particular sort of personality which the

* A pantomime called *Robinson Crusoe, or Harlequin Friday*, was produced at Drury-lane, in 1781, and attributed to Sheridan, but it is doubtful whether he had anything to do with it. It was very successful, and the scenery, by Louthembourg, produced a most extraordinary effect.

right honorable gentleman had thought proper to make use of, he need not make any comment; the *propriety*, the *taste*, the *gentlemanly point* of it must have been obvious to the house. But " (continued he), "let me assure the right honorable gentleman, that I do now, and will at any time, when he chooses to repeat this sort of allusion, meet it with the most sincere good humor. Nay, I will say more, flattered and encouraged by the right honorable gentleman's panegyric on my talents, if ever I again engage in the compositions to which he alludes, I may be tempted to an act of presumption—to attempt an improvement on one of Ben Jonson's best characters, that of the angry boy in *The Alchemist*." The effect of the application was electrical, and after this it was long before Pitt could divest himself of the epithet of the "Angry Boy," which was applied to him in lampoons, caricatures, and the opposition journals.

During the mutations of ministries, Sheridan enjoyed more than one office under his friend and patron, Fox, but they were of short duration. Between 1783 and 1787, he made many masterly speeches, which were listened to with attention and applause by opponents as well as partisans; but on the 7th of February, 1787, he reached the apex of oratorical excellence, in the celebrated discussion on the charge against Warren Hastings, for the spoliation of the Begums. For five hours and a half he commanded the breathless attention of the house, and when he finished, decorum was forgotten, and long and enthusiastic peals of applause greeted him from every quarter. Such an effect was never produced within the walls of any legislative assembly before or since. Within four-and-twenty hours he was offered one thousand pounds for the copyright, if he would himself correct it for the press; but this was impossible, for he had no copy. An outline only of this marvellous effort of eloquence has reached us, so that it may be considered as lost. The published debates of the session present but a faint adumbration. Moore says that a perfect transcript of the speech is in existence, taken in shorthand by Gurney, some time in possession of the Duke of Norfolk, then in the hands of Sheridan, and afterwards in those of Moore himself. He has given some extracts, but they only whet curiosity, without allaying it. A perfect publication of this speech would find an army of purchasers. We may form some idea of its power from the encomiums of such men as Burke, Fox, and Pitt. Burke

said that the honorable member (Mr. Sheridan) "has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardor and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected." Fox said, "that all he had ever heard or read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun." Pitt joined in with equal admiration, and acknowledged that Sheridan "had surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and that his speech on the third charge against Mr. Hastings possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Lord Byron's "Monody" contains these fine lines in allusion to Sheridan's speech. They are a little overstrained in fact, but beautiful in poetry:—

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,
The wrath, the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips, and
blazed,
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised."

On the following day a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to prepare articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, in which Sheridan was included and appointed one of the managers. When it came to his turn to speak again, in

the course of the trial, he proved that he had not exhausted his resources in the former effort, and delivered a second speech, which lasted for four successive days, with adjournments, and was by many supposed to be fully equal to the first, although it was impossible to excite the same enthusiasm when the freshness of the subject had become withered. And now, what is the impression of all this marvellous display on the sober minds of unprejudiced posterity? That the whole proceeding was a mistake, and a very grievous one to the principal character in the imposing spectacle; originating in and perpetuated by party faction and personal hostility; and that Warren Hastings, who was ultimately acquitted, but left to pay the expenses of an eight years' process, was comparatively an innocent man, while he was most undoubtedly an injured and persecuted one to the extent of ruining his fortune and embittering the remainder of his days. The splendid eloquence, too, which was then exhibited would not now be listened to, but would be considered waste of time, and empty, ornamental rhetoric. Such is the change which sixty years have produced in the march of practical utilitarianism as opposed to oratorical display.

Sheridan's unprecedented success in the House of Commons interfered sadly with the commercial interests of the theatre. His acquaintance and intimacy with the circle of the great became more extended, and his habits of conviviality and extravagance more irrevocably confirmed. The affairs of Drury-lane fell rapidly into confusion. The salaries of the actors were seldom paid, the tradespeople never. Discipline became relaxed, and insurrections were frequent. Even Mrs. Siddons at last refused to go on the stage unless some portion of her large arrears was paid on account. In the midst of all these difficulties, Garrick's theatre had reached the period of age when it was pronounced unsafe. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds were required to build a new one. This sum was raised with ease in three hundred debentures of five hundred pounds each. How to pay the regular interest never entered into the calculation. On the 4th of June, 1791, old Drury-lane closed forever, and began to be pulled down. The company went first to the Opera House, and from thence to the Haymarket, where they played at advanced prices. On the 4th of September in the same year, the first stone of Holland's magnificent edifice was laid, but many difficulties arose, and a long time

elapsed before it was fit to receive the public. In the meantime Sheridan sustained a heavy domestic blow in the loss of his first wife, who died of a lingering decline in 1792, being then only thirty-eight years of age. He was fondly attached to her, and she was worthy of his love. All who knew her concurred in admiration of her character and extraordinary beauty. Jackson, the composer, said, "That to see her, as she stood singing beside him at the pianoforte, was like looking into the face of a deity." The Bishop of Norwich was accustomed to declare that she seemed to him "the connecting link between woman and angel;" and even the licentious John Wilkes pronounced her "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower that ever grew in nature's garden." Her only daughter died soon after, and the loss of this interesting child imprinted an indelible wound on the heart of the bereaved father.

On the 21st of April, 1794, the new theatre of Drury-lane opened with *Macbeth*, the leading characters by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. An occasional prologue and epilogue were spoken by Kemble and Miss Farren. A lake of real water was exhibited, and the audience were told that an iron curtain was in preparation to insulate them from any fire that might originate behind the scenes. On this occasion an attempt was made to banish the ghost of Banquo, but the galleries soon insisted on his recall. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm. Holland's theatre, the handsomest in the kingdom, was destined to a short existence, being totally burnt down on the night of February the 24th, 1809, when it had stood only fifteen years. The following authentic anecdote in connection with the building has not before, as we believe, appeared in print. Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen, whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter. "Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of call-

ing on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late." "Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless." "So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you." "Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure." A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post. "Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?" "Yes," was the immediate answer. "Can you hear me?" "Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!" "Then I wish you a very good morning." So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

Towards the end of 1795, Sheridan contracted a second marriage with Miss Esther Jane Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. He was then at the ripe age of forty-four, and the lady young enough to be his daughter. She was fascinating and handsome, while constant intemperance had made sad inroads on his personal pretensions. His nose had become red, and his cheeks bloated; yet such were the charms of his manner, mind, and conversation, that he soon changed the original aversion of his selected bride into enthusiastic love. In spite of his pecuniary difficulties, he contrived to raise fifteen thousand pounds (by selling shares in Drury-lane Theatre), which sum the Dean required to be settled upon his daughter and her children, should she have any, in addition to five thousand which he contributed himself. These conditions comprised the *sine qua non* of his consent, and being complied with, an estate called Polesden, at Leatherhead in Surrey,

was purchased with the money, and carefully invested in the name of Mrs. Sheridan and her future offspring. Here was a second love-match, not quite so romantic as the first, but fully as ardent in mutual affection.

Sheridan, like many other clever people of expanded minds, was prone to superstition. He had implicit confidence in dreams, with a full reliance on lucky and unlucky days. Nothing could induce him to travel, or allow a new play to be brought out on a Friday. On the 14th of December, 1797, a drama was produced, the unexpected run of which relieved for a while the embarrassments of the theatre, and replenished the exhausted treasury. This was *The Castle Spectre*, by Lewis, the author of "The Monk." The great success of this piece, which is in truth a jumble of absurdity, may be quoted as a striking proof that popularity is a very uncertain criterion of merit. With the exception, perhaps, of *Pizarro* and *Bluebeard*, *The Castle Spectre* brought more cash than any piece that had been produced for twenty years. The ghost, which was expected to be the cause of failure, proved the great source of attraction. George Frederick Cooke, in his journal, says: "I hope it will not be hereafter believed that *The Castle Spectre* could draw crowded houses when the most sublime productions of the immortal Shakespeare were played to empty benches." Reader, pause and ponder over the unfathomable eccentricities of public taste. A story is told, that towards the end of the season, Sheridan and Lewis had some dispute in the green-room, when the latter offered, in confirmation of his arguments, to bet Mr. S. all the money which *The Castle Spectre* had brought that he was right. "No," replied the manager, "I cannot afford to bet so much, Mat.; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you *all it is worth!*" This retort was as witty as it was ungrateful and ill-timed, and proves that Sheridan, under any circumstances, could never resist the temptation of a joke.

The Castle Spectre produced but a temporary lull in the storm of pecuniary difficulty by which the management of Drury-lane Theatre was continually beset. Sheridan found himself compelled to resume the dramatic pen he had so long abandoned, and after an interval of twenty years employed his genius on an amalgamation of Kotzebue's two dramas of *The Virgin of the Sun* and *The Death of Rolla*; out of which, through the medium of previous English translations, with much original matter, he compounded

the far-famed romantic play of *Pizarro*, or *The Spaniards in Peru*. No play has been more abused, yet none was ever so successful. It has been called an unworthy prostitution of Sheridan's brilliant talents, a monstrous melodrama in five acts, an absurd, inflated, unnatural farrago, with many other vituperative epithets too numerous to detail. Yet what modern manager would not rejoice to stumble on such a mine of gold? We shrewdly suspect too that if now presented for the first time, the interest of the story, and the dramatic strength of the leading characters, would carry it over all objections. The first representation took place on the 24th of May, 1799. It was so late in the season that there was no room for more than thirty-one repetitions, but for several following years the attraction continued with unabated interest. Many stories are told with respect to the difficulty of getting Sheridan to finish the play, on which the very existence of the theatre depended. Neither duns from without, nor disaffection within, could arouse him from his prevailing sin of procrastination. It has been said that the fifth act was not complete when the curtain went up for the first, and that the last scene was handed to the actors while the ink was wet, and the paper blotted with corrections. It has been also affirmed that Sheridan refused eight hundred pounds for the copyright, that he afterwards accepted one thousand, and also that he declined both offers, and finally published the play on his own account. If so, his profit must have been enormous, for before the expiration of 1811, twenty-nine editions, each of one thousand copies, had passed through the press. The greater part of his alterations are highly judicious; and many poetical passages are introduced which are pleasing and impressive, whether listened to from the stage or perused in the closet. The scenic effects are numerous and striking, and the leading personages afford great scope to great actors. John Kemble was magnificent in Rolla; and Mrs. Siddons, although at first she disliked Elvira, found that the part added much to her reputation. She was singularly unfortunate throughout her career in original characters. This was the best that fell to her lot, and by this scale the value of the others may be estimated.

No speech was ever better calculated to entrap applause than Rolla's address to the soldiers, which is entirely Sheridan's, and not in the original. It was evidently intended as an *ad captandum* reference to the war with the French Republic and a philippic against

the principles of the Revolution; yet nothing is said which might not with perfect propriety be addressed to an army of Peruvians. Such was the popularity of this tragedy, that the King, George III., could not resist his desire to see it. He had not been at Drury-lane for some years. Many causes have been assigned for his dislike to the theatre; some sufficiently absurd—such as a personal dislike to Sheridan because he was a Whig, a partisan of Fox, and an intimate associate of the Prince of Wales; but the most probable one is, that he had commanded two pieces, which, on account of the complicated machinery, could not be acted on the same evening unless he chose to wait two or three hours between the play and the farce, a delay little suited to the legitimate impatience of royalty. The intimation of the difficulty was given in a manner not considered as consonant with court etiquette.

Mr. Pitt having also been induced to see *Pizarro*, was asked his opinion. "If you mean," said he, "what Sheridan wrote, there is nothing new in it, for I have heard it all long ago, in his speeches at Hastings' trial." One of the finest ideas seems to have been borrowed from Burke. Rolla says, "I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father." The reader that can lay his hand on Burke's celebrated letter to the Duke of Bedford, will find that the writer, then a widower, and deprived of his only son, makes a similar comparison in language still more noble and affecting. We do not recollect the precise words, but their tenor is the same. Sheridan with becoming though unusual gallantry, inscribed *Pizarro* to his wife, in the following words:—"To her, whose approbation of this drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, has been to me the highest gratification its success has produced, I dedicate this play."

During the high tide of the *Pizarro* mania, a descriptive burlesque song appeared in the papers, and obtained notoriety enough to be perpetuated in the "Annual Register." Some said it was written by Colman, others attributed it to Porson. The learned professor, though a professed Grecian, was a humorous man withal, and indulged in jocularity (particularly in his cups), not always restrained "within the limits of becoming mirth." The deeply studious but eccentric mind which conceived the "Devil's Walk,"* and "Lingo

* "The Devil's Walk," so long attributed to Porson, is now claimed as the property of Coleridge.

drawn for the Militia," might as easily, in the relaxation of *horæ subsecivæ*, descend to the following *jeu d'esprit*:—

PIZARRO—AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

"As I walked through the Strand, so careless and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow:

'Choice fruit, sir,' said she, 'and a bill of the play,'
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

"When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried
'dear me—
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow;'
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

"Lo! the hero appears—what a strut and a stride—
He might easily pass for Field-Marshal Suwarrow;
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
But the loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

"This Elvira, alas! turn'd so dull and so prosy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro;
Had I been 'mongst the gods, I had surely cried,
'Nosey,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro!'

"On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing as straight as an arrow;
But of him I have only this little to say,
That his boots were much neater than those
of Pizarro!

"Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white
and flowing,
Walked solemnly on, like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole house they
were going
To entreat heaven's curses on miscreant
Pizarro.

"Then at it they went—how they made us all
stare:
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like
a sparrow;
I listened, but all I could learn, I declare,
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on
Pizarro.

"Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and
grammar,
—As must sure rouse the envy of Counsellor
Garrow—
It would sell for five pounds, were it brought
to the hammer—
For it rais'd all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

"Four acts are tol, lol—but the fifth's my delight,
Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro;
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

"I have finished my song. If I had but a tune—
'Nancy Dawson' won't do, nor 'The Sweet
Braes of Yarrow'—

I vow I could sing it from morning to noon,
So much am I charmed with the play of Pi-
zarro!"

Pizarro, like the *Castle Spectre*, could only feed the endless wants of the theatrical exchequer for a limited period. The usual negligence and inattention to business soon brought back the ever-recurring difficulties. Many questions and claims required the interference of the Lord Chancellor, who always decided with as much delicacy and consideration for Sheridan as he could possibly exercise in consistency with his high office. The manager's means were increased by his appointment to the post of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. During the short administration of Mr. Fox, in 1806, he was made Treasurer of the Navy. The office was inferior to what a person of his ability, with more regular habits, might have expected; but the salary was acceptable, and his enjoyment of it unfortunately brief. On the 24th of February, 1809, Sheridan experienced the heaviest calamity of his life—Drury-lane being, on that evening, totally consumed by fire. As this was a Friday in Lent, there had been no performance. The same catastrophe had befallen Covent Garden only five months before, on the 19th of September, 1808; so that the two great metropolitan theatres were levelled to their foundations at the same time. The close recurrence of two such conflagrations excited much suspicion that the second was intentional; but on a strict examination it appeared to have resulted, like the first, from accident, or more properly, from shameful neglect. It was proved that the stove in the upper coffee-room was of slight construction; the workmen who had been employed during the day had made a much larger fire than it was customary to make there, the remains of which were left in it at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is reasonable to suppose that the fire had communicated with the surrounding woodwork, and had been gaining strength from that time until about eleven at night, when it burst forth. Before twelve the whole of the interior was one blaze; at three the flames had nearly subsided, and nothing remained but a vast congeries of ruins. From the date of this unfortunate event, Sheridan's fate appears to have been definitively sealed. The source of immediate supply was cut off;

and when the new theatre opened in 1812, he ceased to have any connection with the management. His conduct while at the head of this great national concern has been too severely condemned by Watkins, and too leniently extenuated by Moore. The balance of truth lies between the two statements. Sheridan labored under many peculiar habits which unfitted him for the complicated duties of his office; but want of *capital* may be pronounced the overwhelming influence which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all minor deficiencies. He began in debt, and had no sinking fund to hold out even a dream of liquidation. He behaved ill to King, his first deputy manager; worse to Kemble, the second, and treated authors with systematic neglect. The performers suffered greatly by his extravagance. Miss Pope, though an economist, was at one time compelled to sell stock to meet her current expenses, notwithstanding that a large sum was due to her for weekly salary. Others were subjected to similar inconvenience—and all were obliged to take twenty-five per cent. in substitution of arrears.

Sheridan was in the House of Commons when news arrived of the destruction of the theatre by fire. Every eye turned towards him, and a motion for adjournment was immediately made as a token of general respect; but, with Roman composure, he said, "that whatever might be the extent of his private calamity, he hoped it would not be suffered to interfere with the public business of the country." It appears quite certain that he remained at his post, which destroys all the anecdotes that have been told of his joking on his own misfortune. In 1812 he lost his seat in Parliament, having no longer money, or offices with which to purchase the votes of independent electors. From that time forward his few remaining years present little to vary the roll of the muffled drum, and the gradual approach of the funeral bell. He had now no temporary resource in the nightly receipts of the theatre: his person was open to arrest, and he actually underwent the indignity of being taken to a sponging-house. His books, in splendid bindings, the gifts of holiday friends, were consigned to the shelves of the pawnbrokers; the cup, presented by the constituency of Stafford, went after them; and the portrait of his first wife disappeared from the walls which it had so long graced as a *genius loci*.

The stipulations which regarded the interest or claims of Sheridan on the new theatre, were cruelly framed, and still more harshly

enforced, by Whitbread, who was a cold, systematic, calculating, organized embodiment of business—as different from the person he had to deal with as light and darkness. But the broken man was obliged to succumb to the flourishing capitalist.

Sheridan left behind him fragments of an unfinished opera, intended to be called *The Foresters*. He often alluded to this in conversation, particularly when any regret was expressed at his having ceased to assist old Drury with his pen. "Wait," he would say, smiling, "until I bring out my *Foresters*." Moore says that the plot of this musical piece, as far as can be judged by the few meagre scenes that exist, seems to have been intended as an improvement upon that of an earlier drama, from which he has given extracts—the devils in the first being transformed into foresters in the last. The similarity will not be easily apparent to the reader who compares the two; but Moore does not seem to have had the least suspicion that Sheridan borrowed many of the leading circumstances of his Drama from *The Goblins* of Sir John Suckling. Moore has given the whole of a love scene between the Huntsman and Regeanella. A comparison between this and the concluding scene of the third act of *The Goblins*, will show that the former is very nearly a literal transcript of the latter—Sheridan having merely converted into prose what Suckling had originally written in the metrical form.

It was not likely that the ex-manager would feel much inclination to enter the walls on sufferance, within which he has so long ruled as arbitrary sovereign. The compliment of a private box had been offered to Mrs. Sheridan by the Drury-lane committee, but three years elapsed before he availed himself of the privilege. At the end of that time he was persuaded by the late Earl of Essex to dine with, and accompany him afterwards to see Edmund Kean, of whom he had formed a very high opinion, and whom he had only once heard in private read *Othello*. On this occasion he was tempted, after the play had terminated, to enter the green-room, where his presence was most cordially greeted, and where, surrounded by familiar faces, and the revival of old associations, he recalled the remembrance of the happy past, indulged in all his fascinating powers of conversation, and snatched an hour or two from the pressure of the brooding nightmare which haunted him without intermission, and was hurrying him rapidly to his grave.

Much has been said and written in abuse

of the late King George IV. for his alleged ingratitude to Sheridan, and total desertion of an attached friend and supporter, who had devoted his talents to his service. But here, as in many other cases, gross exaggeration has superseded truth, which is not to be found in the harmoniously flowing, but bitterly expressed, verses of Moore, wherein he says, with reference to a sum proffered by the King, then Prince Regent, when Sheridan was on his death-bed :—

"The pittance which shame had wrung from thee
at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was
returned !"

That in the lines alluded to, Moore conveyed the opinions of Sheridan's friends, is certain ; but it is equally a fact, that when he lost his interest in the theatre and his seat in parliament, the Prince offered, at his own expense, to get him returned for a borough ; and that he also came forward to interpose between him and the harassing threats of arrest and imprisonment. It was said in the *Westminster* and *Quarterly Reviews*, that he had actually presented Sheridan with four thousand pounds, to which statement Moore gives no credit ; but the *Edinburgh Review*, in an elaborate notice of the sparkling poet's life of the deceased orator, thus speaks to the question :—"With regard to the alleged gift of £4,000 by his Majesty, we have the most sincere pleasure in saying that we have every reason to believe that the illustrious person is fully entitled to the credit of that act of beneficence, though, according to our information, its unhappy object did not derive from it the benefit that was intended. The sum, which we have heard was about £3,000, was, by his Royal Highness's order, placed in the hands of an attorney for Sheridan's benefit, but was then either attached by his creditors, or otherwise dissipated in such a manner that very little of it actually reached its destination. Nor is it to be forgotten, that however desirous his Royal Highness might have been to assist Sheridan, he was himself an embarrassed man ; he had been careless of his own expenditure, and there was not in his treasury the means adequate to afford the relief he might have felt an inclination to give. Every portion of the Prince's revenue was appropriated long before it was received ; and though there was a sum annually devoted to objects of charity and to works of benevolence, there was little left for the casual instances which presented themselves. But it was not royal munificence

that was required, it was the assistance of his own immediate family that was denied him. The whole of his debts did not amount to five thousand pounds, and Mrs. Sheridan's settlement had been fifteen thousand ; and however kind her conduct was towards him from the first moment of his malady, she does not seem to have influenced her friends to step forward to his pecuniary relief. All that has been affirmed of his forlorn situation at the hour of his death is borne out by the testimony of those who saw the utter poverty to which he was reduced. A neglected house, the most deplorable want of the common necessities of life, of decent control over the servants, whose carelessness even of the physician's prescriptions, was remarked—do not speak of a wife's domestic management, however pure may have been her affections." It is but fair that this statement should be considered on the one side, while such opposite ones are put forward on the other. A comparison of evidence is the only true mode by which to arrive at a just sentence.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816, Sheridan died in his destitution, and in the sixty-fifth year of his age. A report of a very shocking nature was spread, to the effect that the inanimate corpse had been seized and carried off by his creditors. The laws of the country would not permit such an abuse, which never occurred ; although it is certain that a sheriff's officer had arrested the expiring sufferer, and was preparing to take him to prison in his blankets. The rumor of the violation of the dead arose from the circumstance of the body having been removed from Saville-row to Great George-street, Westminster, the residence of Mr. Peter Moore, an attached friend of the deceased, as being nearer to the abbey, and more convenient for a walking funeral. On the following Saturday, all that was mortal of the once fascinating companion, matchless orator, and unapproachable wit, was conveyed to the grave. Then the great and influential of the land, who had held aloof from the bedchamber of the dying man, came forward to render empty honor to his inanimate remains. The "long parade of woe" was graced by the presence of royalty, while princes and nobles eagerly pressed forward to hold a corner of the pall.* In the south transept of Westminster Abbey, adjoining Poet's-corner, the dust of Sheridan

* The Dukes of York and Sumex. The pall-bearers were, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Lord Spencer.

moulders, under a plain, flat stone, on which is inscribed, "Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born 1751, died 7th July, 1816. This marble is the tribute of an attached friend, Peter Moore." Three similar stones in close juxtaposition with this, form a continuous parallelogram. They cover the remains of John Henderson, David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson. It would be difficult to select four more remarkable men lying together in the peaceful communions of the grave, throughout the vast extent of that thickly peopled and time-honored necropolis.

At the opening of Drury-lane Theatre, on September 7th, 1816, "A Monody on the death of Sheridan," by Lord Byron, was spoken by Mrs. Davison, and repeated for five successive evenings. It was written in a great hurry, on very short notice, and can scarcely be ranked amongst the happiest of the noble bard's minor compositions. The two concluding lines have been often quoted with commendation:—

"We mourn that nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

The idea is forcible, and well expressed, but not original; being borrowed almost literally, and without acknowledgment, from Aristotle's well known sentence—

"Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa."

It would be superfluous here to enter into a review of Sheridan's pretensions as a writer, his qualities as a legislator, or his frailties as a man. All this has been done so often that repetition would be wearisome. Few individuals have been so highly endowed, and a still smaller number have so thoroughly wasted rich gifts, and thrown away golden opportunities. If he had possessed a greater share of worldly judgment and prudence, with a more limited genius, tempered by a

methodical mind, his life would have been happier for himself, more profitable to his friends, his family, and dependents, and the moral lesson it supplies would have been less distressing, though, perhaps, not equally instructive.

In 1826, a volume was published, which contains a selection of the best authenticated anecdotes in connection with the subject. From this compilation it appears that the author of *The School for Scandal* was passionately given to betting, that he was fond of practical jokes, and often indulged in witticisms at his own expense; which he enjoyed with as much gusto as did the listeners. In the latter practice he has had few imitators. Tom Sheridan closely resembled his sire in many points of character and peculiar humor. He too is dead, as is also his second son, Frank; but the eldest, Charles Brinsley, lives "a prosperous gentleman," married to the daughter of the late distinguished General Sir Colquhoun Grant (well remembered as commanding the Dublin Garrison), by which union he obtained an ample fortune. The line of Sheridan, originally from the middle ranks, and with slender means, expands and has soared up in two generations, until connected (and likely to be perpetuated, through their descendants) with the high aristocracy of the land. Three granddaughters of the subject of this memoir are ennobled in the peerage, and have long been celebrated for mental accomplishments and personal charms. Lady Seymour was specially selected to represent the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton tournament, and the various works of the Hon. Mrs. Norton prove that she is the genuine scion of a gifted family. Before closing this notice, it is proper to mention, that Miss Sheridan, the sister of the great author, produced one dramatic performance, entitled *The Ambiguous Lover*, which was acted at the Crow-street Theatre in Dublin, in the year 1781, but never printed.

From the Eclectic Review.

M O R E D U N.*

ONCE more the attention of the literary world has been challenged to the vexed and yet entertaining question of disputed authorship. The excessive interest which such questions excite seems to depend upon the exercise which they offer for literary ingenuity and even sophistical criticism. From the "Icon Basilike" to the "Vestiges of Creation;" from the "Letters of Junius" to the work now before us, the publication of books of disputed authorship has engaged the critics in a conflict which has in some instances been contested with a degree of warmth in an inverse ratio to the value of the works in question. To the list of these must now be added "Moredun," which forms the subject of this article. It is distinctly attributed to Sir Walter Scott. The evidences adduced in favor of this assumption by the proprietor of the manuscript are purely external, but there are also some internal indications of an opposite tendency to which it will be necessary to give our attention. We propose to consider these in their order, and to present an analysis of the story, illustrating it by such quotations as may guide the judgment of the reader both as to the character and the authorship of the work.

As to the external evidence, it will obviously be necessary to quote at some length the statements of Monsieur Cabany. It is alleged, as we have said, that the work was written in early life by Scott; that, deeming it unsuitable for immediate publication, he presented it to his daughter, Miss Anne Scott; and that she subsequently presented it to Mr. Spencer, a needy but esteemed friend of her father. Sir Walter's Diary, as published by Mr. Lockhart, is characterized by so many omissions as to throw but a faint light upon those intercourses with Mr. Spencer which, if this work is genuine, would demonstrate its identity. We must give Monsieur Cabany's account.

* *Moredun: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten.* By W. P. In Three Volumes. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1855.

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"We find from his diary one day after another, 'poor Spencer' coming to breakfast with him; that Spencer, to whom he, the following year, makes this affecting reference on a day when he was"

"And Lockhart has this note:—

"The late Hon. W. R. Spencer, the best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Burger's "Lenore." Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825."

"To this I may add, that M. Amédée Pichot, director of the 'Revue Britannique,' writes to me on the 17th February last, that he remembers Mr. Spencer well, and of being introduced to him in the Windsor Hotel, at Paris, by Sir Walter Scott, as his intimate and esteemed friend.

"Of all those particulars I was entirely ignorant when I received the MS. of 'Moredun,' and published my account of the discovery. I can now see a very plain and obvious solution to the whole affair.

"Sir Walter Scott sees his old and esteemed friend, contemporary, and brother poet, at Paris, in great pecuniary distress. His kindhearted daughter bethinks herself of the interdicted manuscript, and her father allows it to be given—not expressly for publication, but with a very plain hint at such an expectation; and seeing in such an event the trial of his early 'story-telling' with the public without compromising himself; a trial, which, if so successful as to encourage him to follow it up, would open up a new source of revenue for his creditors as well as for himself. . . .

"I have not yet brought forward with sufficient prominence the entries in the Diary which relate to Mr. Spencer during Sir Walter's visit to Paris, nor some notices in the same record of a very curious nature, which occur just as he was setting out on that journey. With them, and they will not detain the reader long, my task will be finished.

"It appears, then, by the Diary, that Mr. Spencer breakfasted with Sir Walter and his daughter on the 2d November, when there is this remarkable entry:—

"I expect poor Spencer to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me."

"On the day following, 3d November, Spencer again breakfasted with them.

"The letter to Spencer is dated the following day—4th November—on which day Sir Walter

did a very anomalous thing with him whilst in Paris, he 'stayed at home on Anne's account.'

"If there be any who, after reading carefully the letter written on that day, and considering the nature of its contents, can possibly expect an entry of it in the Diary—let them read what follows; the answer it gives to their inquiry is in these terms:—

"November 5. I believe I must give up my journal till I leave Paris."

"These entries might have been considered commonplace if they had stood alone—but I ask of the candid reader who has duly weighed the many singular circumstances I have brought forward, last of all to turn with me to two very curious entries in his Diary, the one just before leaving Abbotsford for Paris, and the other while in London on his way thither.

"He makes this entry while at Abbotsford—'I have a curious fancy. I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing.'

"I need not here remind my readers of that vein of superstition in Sir Walter Scott's mind, which he held in common with Dr. Johnson and many other illustrious men, in order to call their attention to this curious act of divination, done in private, and so significant of the tendency of his thoughts at the time towards incognito undertakings—but he himself gives it a most distinct elucidation when so soon after—that is just before leaving London for Paris—he follows it with these words:—'I am considering like a fox at his shifts whether there be any way to dodge them—some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way. To give novelty: to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story!—to make the world stare, and gain a new march a-head of them all! Well! SOMETHING WE STILL WILL DO.

'Liberty's in every blow,
'Let us do or die.'"

—Introduction, pp. 63-69.

Monsieur Cabany next enters on a discussion in answer to anticipated objections, as to the probability of Sir Walter's having written this in early life, but suspended its publication on the ground of its being unworthy of the great fame which the earlier "Waverley" novels achieved. Here again we must let him plead his own cause. He says:—

"I would just briefly remark, that as it is acknowledged that concealment was habitual to him—as he kept no diary till 1825—and as Lockhart does not give all that private journal, but only such portions as he judged advisable—it follows, that any such sweeping assertion, as that no work can be by the author of 'Waverley' which is not found mentioned in Mr. Lockhart's 'Memoirs of Scott,' is worth just as much as the paper it is written upon.

"Turning from Lockhart's summary to the narrative itself, the first circumstance which arrested my attention was the early demonstration of a 'tale-telling' faculty and propensity in Scott

—the repression of that peculiar talent—its exercise, in private, later in life, and its ultimate development to the public, only when he was 'constrained' to acknowledged authorships which could no longer be concealed.

"Thus I find him in 1786 writing romances in verse 'in four books, each containing 400 verses,' and then committing them to the flames; and when I inquire into the cause of this, I find it to arise from the severity of the criticism of some friends—who were equally harsh towards his prose essays—and from a diffidence in his own talents, increased, no doubt, by experiencing the truth of the saying, that a prophet hath no honor in the little circle around him, who, in their self-conceit, think they see through him.

"That severity which sent the first volume of 'Waverley' into retirement for eight years, was the true cause of the system of concealment which he adopted—a system not merely of secrecy but of denial—for in 1796 he is found averring that he had never written anything beyond sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, whilst, ten years before, he had burnt an epic of 1600 stanzas; and further on, in his Diary, he says he is ready to give his affidavit, if it be necessary, that he is not the 'Great Unknown.'

"Still his story-telling went on; in the Parliament House and in the walks around Edinburgh; where he was continually either pouring forth the overflowings of his own imagination, or borrowing the tales of others to 'put cocked hats on their heads, and canes in their hands, in order to make them presentable in company.'

"Did all the tales he then recounted—did all the imagination which gave them birth, find vent for a space of twenty years in the collection of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and in a volume of Descriptive Poetry every two years? Is it credible that such a story-teller, such a lover of ancient lore, who every year, at least, paid a long visit to Perthshire and the classic ground of Macbeth, or to the Border counties of England and Scotland—and who often, as his 'grinder' Weber told Mr. Ellis, had five works in hand at the same time—is it within the range of probability that, amongst all these works, such an imaginator, such a worshipper of classic ground and picturesque scenery, would be committing no other record to paper of his impressions during these visits than what appears in the 'Life'?"

"We might safely give an answer in the negative to such questions, on the ground of probability alone: but there exists a most singular document in the 'Life' itself which proves that there was something written—something which never saw the light of publication—and which is never so much as once elsewhere alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's work; for it was written, as we shall see, long before John Gibson Lockhart was made known to the world through the impertinences of Peter's Letters. The notice of it is contained in a letter from James Ballantyne (Scott's printer, and his greatest confidant) to Miss Edgeworth, written 14th November, 1814, that is, soon after the publication of 'Waverley,' and is in these words:—

"I am not authorized to say—but I will not re-

sist my impulse to say—to Miss Edgeworth, that another novel, descriptive of more ancient manners still, may be expected ere long from the author of "Waverley." But I request her to observe that I say this in strict confidence.'

"Now, that such a work must then have been in existence is clear, whereas 'Guy Mannering' and the 'Antiquary,' which followed 'Waverley,' at the interval of a year each, were pictures of more recent manners—not of 'more ancient.' Romances, descriptive of more *ancient manners*, afterwards appeared; but the periods of the subsequent actual writing of those works are distinctly recorded, and none of them could have been the 'more ancient' story—the co-existence of which with 'Waverley' is borne testimony to by James Ballantyne."—Introduction, pp. 23, 28.

We will now proceed to an analysis of the work.

The scene opens at Scone, where King William of Scotland is staying with his niece Isabella, daughter of his brother the Earl of Huntingdon, and his young son the Prince Alexander. A winter storm of unusual violence occurs, and the king is alarmed by the sudden arrival of a messenger who hurriedly announces that the queen is in imminent danger from an inundation which threatens the walls of the royal residence at Perth, where she is staying. The king flies to her rescue, attended by the knight who had brought the intelligence. The wooden bridge which they had to cross in order to arrive at the palace had its western and lower side carried away by the blocks of ice which were borne along by the irresistible current just as the king and his attendants had gained the centre. All of the latter save one fled to the eastern gate, leaving the king with a single attendant on the middle of the bridge. Before the king could follow them, the eastern side of the bridge was swept away, and he was left on the central portion, with the single attendant who had brought the message. By his heroic exertions the lives of both were saved, but not until his infant child, committed by the queen from a window to the arms of a servant, had perished with its guardian in the waters. But a heavier catastrophe awaited the royal house. Isabella of Huntingdon, who remained in charge of the heir-apparent, left him in his sleep at dawn to observe the effects of the flood, and on her return to the chamber found that the young prince had disappeared, having been stolen, as is afterwards disclosed, by an emissary of King John of England. Isabella, frantic with grief, betakes herself to a religious house in the neighborhood, where a foreign lady, evidently of noble birth, but

then sojourning as a nun, significantly recommends her to try the powers of a seer at Dusimane, whither she resorts, but without any successful result. Meanwhile, the loss of the prince is disclosed to the king and queen, and the position of Isabella is of a most distressing kind. It is, however, known that the young knight who saved the life of the king was attached to Isabella of Huntingdon, having as a rival Henry de Hastings, who had been placed as a spy and an enemy at the Scottish court. In the enthusiasm of his gratitude at his deliverance, William of Scotland proposed a suitable reward to his deliverer, who was no other than Moredun, the hero of this story; and his chancellor recommended, amidst no small opposition, on account of the supposed unequal birth of Moredun, the hand of Isabella, now seemingly the heiress-presumptive to the throne of Scotland. Henry de Hastings, as yet unsuspected, undertakes a search for the missing prince, and journeys southwards as far as Newcastle, where he repairs to an inn kept by one Michael Plummer, who appears from time to time throughout the narrative. Here he finds Maelstrom, the abductor of the prince, together with the boy himself in female attire. Some of the troopers belonging to the Scottish king are quartered at this hostelry, and the commanding officer, overhearing Maelstrom talk somewhat freely of certain losses recently sustained in the royal family, orders him under arrest for further examination. Maelstrom and his apparently female companion escape from their apartment during the night, and arrive at a small vessel at a cave across the Tyne, used for smuggling purposes, amongst what were called the Marsden Rocks. Hither the fugitives are followed by Sir Henry de Hastings, accompanied by Michael Plummer as his guide, and in the obscurity of the cavern receives a wound from a poisoned arrow aimed by the hand of Maelstrom himself. The main incident of the book is now developed—namely, the meeting of King John and William of Scotland at Hexham in Northumberland, for the purpose of arranging those border feuds which kept an English military force within what were claimed as the territories of Scotland. All the popular diversions of the time were exhibited on this occasion before the two courts in a style of unexampled magnificence, and among them feats of archery for the prize of a silver arrow, to be presented by the hand of King John. The description of the latter, if it is not an anticipation of the scene in which

Lockeley figures in "Ivanhoe" at the lists of Ashby, is so obvious an imitation as at once to condemn the book as an imposture.

"The sports now began, and the day being fine, and everything going on well, the countenances of the royal party began gradually to brighten up a little as they became more and more interested in the proceedings. In that interest, the son of Macduff the piper partook so largely that he seemed to have forgotten the purpose which, according to his own account, had enrolled him there as a spectator. When it came to the turn of the archers, the Englishmen, whose bows were longer than those of the Scots, and their arrows heavier, had evidently the advantage at long distances, and the acclamations of the spectators in testimony of it was highly pleasing to the English monarch. 'The Lady Isabella must own,' he said, bending forward, 'that if in some of the sports our English yeomen cannot equal in agility your lithe-limbed Highlanders, they excel them, and even your Lowlanders, in the manly exercise of the bow.' 'We aim neither so far nor so high in our poor country,' the Lady Isabella recommenced, when, observing a shade come over the countenance of the king, she added: 'Nay, your majesty, I had no figurative allusion in what I said; I but meant that in our narrow valleys and in our mountain passes light implements and light accoutrements are more suited to the nature of the country than in England, with her wide plains and gentle eminences.'

"It was perhaps the length of the aim which sent them beyond the mark in France," King William, who was within hearing, remarked to De Bosc. John affected not to hear it, but he bit his lips, and kept silence longer than usual. As the acclamations of the crowd were again rising, when an English archer sent his shaft right into the centre of the bull's-eye, one of the lads in green, who had been remarked by Wilburn and Boynton earlier in the day, fought his way through the crowd, entered the lists, and after bowing respectfully towards the royal stand, selected an arrow from his quiver, poised it carefully, placed it on its rest, and seemingly without much effort, and with an appearance of great indifference, drew it to its head, and sent it right upon the last shot arrow, cleaving it in two. In the midst of the deafening shouts which arose on the performance of this feat, the other green man, following the example of his companion, took aim, with the same careless bearing, and in his turn split the shaft of his brother in arms. 'Who are these young men, brother of Scotland?' John said, addressing King William, 'they are wondrous like some of those fellows of Sherwood forest, to whom my brother of valiant memory was foolish enough to grant an amnesty.' 'In truth, I know not,' William said, but addressing Moredun, he added, 'Order one of thy men to bring these archers before us here to receive the prize they have so well gained.'—Vol. i. p. 211.

From this period it is impossible to follow

and trace out the labyrinth of the narrative. "There is," as another critic has expressed, "a never-ending series of moving incidents by flood and field, raging torrents, snow-storms, thunder-storms, ambuscades, fires, shipwrecks, drownings, murders, tournaments, processions, harangues, lost sons, mad minstrels, outlaws, disguised kings,—enough of that element to make out ten melodramas, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations." Through all this it is impossible to wade, but we are enabled to give something like a clue to this tangled web of narrative in the death-bed confession of Maelstrom, who was brought upon a litter before the king and court of Scotland, at the Moot-hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Conscious of the close approach of death, he addressed the king in the following words:—

"William the Lion, thou seest lying here as thy prisoner, Isaac King of Cyprus."

"King William and all his court simultaneously arose as they heard these words, but Maelstrom motioned to them to resume their seats, with the air of one accustomed to receive homage, as he thus continued:

"Dethroned by Richard the Lion-hearted, it was this hand which directed the arrow from the walls of Chalus that laid low the noblest but the proudest and cruelest heart in Christendom. I vowed revenge, and I kept my vow."

"A shudder ran through the whole court, for although England was then considered almost as the natural enemy of Scotland, Richard had been universally looked to as the chief or king of chivalry.

"Ye may well look aghast, for it was to make room for the basest heart that e'er beat in a royal bosom, and the weakest hand which ever held a sceptre; but I had a deeper cause of hatred to move me than the loss of a throne. He took from me twin sisters, princesses of Circassia, which I had taken captive with my sword and with my bow, the fairest captives which e'er the sun shone on;—one of them lieth here!"

"And as Godfrey removed the pall, and showed the transcendently beautiful woman, clothed in the white drapery which on many occasions she had worn so gracefully, murmurs of admiration rose from the crowded court, and many an eye was dimmed as it gazed on the lovely form.

"The twin sisters," Maelstrom resumed, were deceived with the forms of marriage by Richard and his brother John. The Princess Ada here was betrothed to Richard. Their son, the Knight of Moredun, is at thy side, King William as he was in the hour of peril. His mother was made a widow by my hands, and our son, Godfrey of Eitrick, standeth beside me here. Her sister, Zillah, and her child, were strangled by the minions of her husband."

"The feelings of the audience were now worked up to the highest pitch, but the King of Cyprus went on.

"I was unknown personally to King John, and under the name of Maelstrom I became nominally one of his tools—actually a frustrator of his plots, in league with her here whom he and his brother betrayed. To this end I became the captain of a band of contrabandists, and in league with Wladislas, King of Bohemia and Moravia, who had renounced the throne of those unhappy countries and taken refuge in the disputed territory between England and Scotland, I had laid a mine which would have shaken the vacillating tyrant from his throne. It hath pleased the ruler of all to unfold it prematurely. But if John hath escaped, it hath not been scatheless, and Scotland hath been rescued from his grasp."

"Observing symptoms of a demonstration of feeling on the part of the people, he said :

"Let me entreat those who hear me to maintain silence ; my strength is failing me, and I have still much to disclose. Call Wladislas of Etrick into court, with the princess Jeanne of Anjou, and her daughter, the Lady Anne of Ledburgh."

"A door at the back of the dais was thrown open, and the Chief of Etrick entered, conducting the two ladies, followed by Blondel. A murmur of astonishment ran through the court, when, in the Lady Anne was recognized Deborah of the Crown and Anchor."

"The scene which the Moot-hall of Newcastle-upon-Tyne presented at that moment was in the highest degree interesting, impressive, and extraordinary. An Eastern monarch laid in the centre of the hall, a weak, helpless prisoner, accused of crimes of the deepest dye, yet restoring confidence, hope, and happiness to bosoms which he himself had been accused of wounding ; the companion of lawless men, the perpetrator of deeds of darkness, summoning monarchs to be his judges, and looking with calmness and confidence for their verdict—claiming as his son—and that son proud of the appellation—the accepted suitor of the undoubted heiress of the English throne, and pointing to the most queenly form which ever graced a throne or bore a sceptre as the companion of all his intrigues, of his dangers and of his ambition ; his retinue, the bowmen of Etrick forest ; his most alarmed listeners, the flower of the Scottish nobility and court. Overlooking this singular group the King and Queen of Scotland stood, encircling in their embrace their newly-restored son—scarcely conscious of whether they owed his disappearance or his restoration to the individual before them ; the abdicator of the throne of Bohemia, the English princess, supposed to lie buried at Clairvaux, and her fair and blooming daughter, forming another royal group ; the nobles of the Scottish Court and their ladies, in full costume, ranged on each side of the ample hall—and above all, the wide gallery filled with the citizens and the yeomen, with their wives and daughters, all in the gay holiday dresses of the period—it was a scene, take it for all in all, such as the banks of coaly Tyne never had before, and never could again witness."—Vol. iii. pp. 206-212.

We have already alluded to the intricacy of the plot. Anything more disjointed,

clumsy, and unintelligible it has never been our fate to read ; and he must be blest with a most enviable memory, who, having reperused it, could tell the tale. Moreover, the complication of it appears quite unnecessary and gratuitous, insomuch that the reader is tempted to believe that it was intended as a puzzle to exercise his ingenuity. The origin and motives of some of the characters are left to the last utterly unexplained. The waiting maid at an inn turns out to be Lady Anne of Ledburgh, daughter of the Princess Jeanne of Anjou, Queen of Sicily, the sister of King John of England ; and fifty other transformations, equally startling, can only be compared to the marvels of a pantomime.

The treatment which this work has received at the hands of the critics has been remarkably various. Those who have believed in the possibility of its being a genuine production of Sir Walter Scott have palliated its glaring defects, and have exhibited such merits as it possesses in favorable comparison with the most inferior conceptions and passages of the Waverley Novels. Those on the other hand whose skill and research have at once detected the imposture—for an imposture it unquestionably is—have assailed it with unqualified condemnation, and denied it those merits which candor must admit it to possess. The author's powers of description, especially of natural scenery, and of scenes of rapid action, certainly reminded us of the author of the "Lady of the Lake," and one scene somewhat analogous to that of the White Lady of Avenel, displayed itself in a rather favorable light beside what we must regard as the capital failure of the Great Unknown. We refer to the following passage. "Moredun" in one of the fantastic aberrations to which his historian subjects him, finds himself with a mysterious minstrel, whose relevancy to the narrative is never explained, from whom he hears the following verses, which will remind the reader of the feeblest part of the "Monastery :"—

And she deemed him dead,
And the mass was said,
And the dirge was sung on high ;
The response was given
From the vaulted heaven,
That the valiant never die.

Many an hour,
In her hall and bower,
The lady did weep and mourn ;
They wished her wed,
She smiled and said,
Ah ! the valiant never return !

And he came to the bower,
At the evening hour,
When the lady ne'er deem'd him nigh;
My heart! she cried,
To the heavens replied,
No! the valiant never die.

They sought in the dungeon's farthest cell,
In its chambers the most remote;
In the straw where the toad and the viper dwell—
In the moat and the well they sought.
The iron clank'd, and a hollow sound
To their footsteps' tread replied;
For the captive was gone, and the chains were
unbound,
Where many before him had died!

But while it may be justifiable to estimate the merits of this work *per se*, it is futile to discuss the question of its authorship, inasmuch as it has now been demonstrated that it cannot have been the production of Sir Walter Scott. It is true that the author has succeeded, perhaps from being a Scotchman, in imitating the defects, and especially the grammatical defects, of the author of "Waverley." We have observed that the latter invariably uses the solecism of "farther" and "farthest" instead of further and furthest, forgetting that these comparatives and superlatives cannot spring from the root far, but from forth, which is compared further and furthest. Again, we find in "Moredun" it was "*her*," which error occurs not infrequently, with cognate grammatical errors, even in the mouths of cultivated persons throughout the Waverley Novels.

But it is needless to descend to such minute particulars. The whole structure of the tale betrays an imposture. Its clumsy plot, its awkward manipulation, its multiplication of irrelevant incidents, would of themselves be sufficient to vindicate the author of "Waverley" of the charge of its authorship. In the light of this evidence alone the boasted external proofs of Monsieur Cabany would go for nothing. But there are certain persons who ought to have particularly good memories, and the investigations of the "Athenæum" have reduced the matter to an absolute demonstration. Another critic has judiciously remarked that Sir Walter Scott, with his marvellous good sense, never puts the Scottish dialect into the mouths of his Scottish characters in those novels of which the scene is laid in ancient times. Neither Quentin Durward, nor Balafre, nor Halbert Glendinning, utter a word in contrast with the speeches of persons of other countries. There is no difference in the language used by the inmates and tenants of the "Monas-

tery," and by Sir Piercie Shafton, except that the knight speaks affected English, and the Scotch men and women plain English. But to a person ignorantly attempting what he thought would pass as an imitation of Scott, it would occur to make King John of England speak English and Malcolm the servant speak Scotch, such as it is. Up to a more advanced period, there was no difference between English and Scotch, though there was a difference between English and Celtic.

But the absolute demonstration of the imposture is due, as has been said, to the "Athenæum." A single anachronism, like the water-mark on the paper of a disputed document, upsets the whole contrivance at once.

"We have proved," says the writer, "that M. Cabany's theory as to the time and season of its composition is untenable. Yet M. Cabany is not content. He appeals against our judgment—and, let us say, against that of all our literary brethren, with one ridiculous exception. Inaccessible—as a foreigner—to the argument of style—the best argument of all—he will submit to nothing short of the stern despotism of facts. Well, we must try to humor him. It will be remembered that we proved, by the passages describing 'the fantastic rocks of the Simplon,' that the novel must have been written *after the Peace*; and, therefore, could not be the 'romance of more ancient manners' referred to by Ballantyne in 1814. This fact upset the whole of M. Cabany's argument. We may go further. The tale contains evidence that it *could not possibly have been written until some years after Scott died*. Here is the proof. Chap. IV. of Vol. I. begins: 'In one of the narrow streets which wound up tortuously from the Sandhill to the castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne—some traces of which still resist the improving hand of time, money, and *Granger*—a man, &c.' This passage offers us a date. The story must have been written *after* Mr. Granger had commenced re-building Newcastle, and probably was written after he had finished his task. Now, Scott died in 1832. Mr. Granger made the purchase which ultimately led to the vast alterations in Newcastle in August 1834. It is therefore absolutely impossible that 'Moredun' could have been written until some years after the death of Scott."

After this *exposé* it is unnecessary to say more. The fanatically curious will read the book. The circulating libraries have repudiated it; but as to its authorship by the Great Magician of the North, we can only say with the Roman critic of ancient fiction—

"Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ."

LIBERIA.*

From the Wesleyan London Quarterly Review.

THE President of an independent Republic, opening the Session of 1854, addressed the gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives in a speech, the first words of which were as follows:—"Every revolving year brings with it cause of congratulation and thankfulness to God, that the great work in which we are engaged, of rearing up on those barbarous shores a Christian State, is onward in its march, by gradually developing its practicability and excellence." Farther on in his speech the President makes use of these words,—words such as have not often fallen from the mouth of a chief magistrate upon an occasion of state:—"But above all, God has been pleased to bless the people with a gracious visitation of His Churches, inspiring them with a spirit of pure and undefiled religion, thereby wonderfully extending the inestimable benefit of Christianity among the idolatrous tribes of this land, and dispelling the gloom of moral night which has so long overshadowed them."

The Republic of Liberia, from whose President's speech we have transcribed these lines, has already taken an honorable position among the nations of the earth. To quote once more:—

"We continue to receive from her Britannic Majesty's Government assurances of friendly concern for our welfare. From the French Government we are also receiving tangible proofs of the interest his Imperial Majesty feels in the future prosperity of his infant State. As a present to this Government, the French Minister of War has forwarded recently one thousand stand of arms, to be followed shortly—as advised by our agent in Paris—by an equal number of equipments for our Militia. I am happy also to inform the Legislature that, during the year just passed, the independence of Liberia has been formally recognized by his Belgian Majesty, accompanied with expressions of friendship, and warmest wishes for our success and happiness."

An increasing interest is taken in the colonization and the evangelization of Africa, es-

pecially its Western Coast, by the American Churches and people; and we are led to believe that the information conveyed by such publications as that above mentioned, will not be without interest, in this country, to the survivors and the descendants of a generation whose Anti-Slavery exertions constitute the noblest *epos* of the age. We believe that the fulfilment and glorious triumph of Anti-Slavery effort will be worked out by means of communities, of which Liberia is the most important, though not the only, specimen. The regeneration of Africa must proceed from her own sons; to them alone will it be possible, in the exercise of a legitimate commerce, to introduce those influences which civilize a people; they alone can stand beneath her burning sky to proclaim the Gospel of truth. The white Missionary is soon struck down by sickness; but the colored emigrants sent out by the various Colonization Societies of America speedily become acclimated. The mysterious sympathies which bind together individuals of the same race, will serve as the channels of an ameliorative influence; and we may assume that the numerous educated and Christian free blacks, who are now flocking to the country of their fathers, will draw from their abominable practices, and elevate in the scale of humanity, tribe after tribe of the population of Africa, until the cruelties and idolatries of its abject millions shall be replaced by the blessings of civilization and religion.

There is, indeed, no organization which commends itself with stronger force to the sympathies and support of the Christian public, than the various American Colonization Societies. These Societies present a platform on which the followers of Christ, of every denomination, can stand and co-operate, without the least disturbing influence to mar their harmony, or interrupt their combined action. The cause is one of unequalled grandeur; it contemplates nothing less than the evangelization of the whole of Africa. For the accomplishment of this sublime object it presents, as it seems to us, the only feasible plan. The Colony of Liberia thus far has prospered beyond

* *The Colonization Herald*. Conducted by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, Philadelphia. January to April, 1855.

all that its friends anticipated. It is now a flourishing Republic, governed by wholesome and wisely framed laws. Its President is a man of acknowledged ability, and its Legislature will compare favorably with that of any of the old established State Legislatures of America. Many of the friends of these Societies look only to results connected with the ultimate abolition of American Slavery. This is itself an object of incalculable importance. It is, indeed, a matter of rejoicing, that present results are not unlikely sensibly to hasten that happy consummation, since they open channels through which owners of slaves can liberate them, and give them homes where they will have not only equal civil rights, but equal social advantages. But it is the missionary aspect of the movement which forms the strong ground of our confidence in it. In its probable future we see melting away the vast mountains of difficulty which impede the progress of truth and happiness amongst the victim-nations of a mighty continent. England sends to America that truth which always and everywhere makes free. Its influence is felt by the poor slave, who is raised to feel the longing desire for all the rights of humanity. It is felt also by men mixed up with the most appalling evils by which Christians were ever surrounded; and they lend a hand to help the African, thus prepared for a great work, to reach the shores from which he or his ancestors were violently torn. Thus is presented an antidote to much past, and a preventive of much future, evil; thus is paid the first instalment of that mighty debt which the Anglo-Saxon race owes to the unhappy children of Ham.

We do not think it necessary to give a detailed account of the early history of Liberia; but feel pleasure in transferring the following remarks from an able article in the "*Reveu des Deux Mondes*:"—

"A single effort in favor of the Negro has succeeded; that is, the establishment of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. This colony, composed of Slaves redeemed or emancipated, is now a little independent State which prospers, and to which a Society really philanthropic conveys annually a certain number of Negroes. This enterprise has had two adversaries,—the slave-merchants and the excited Abolitionists; but it has not been discouraged, and the progress of Liberia has not been retarded from its commencement up to the present day. If it is to the English we must attribute the origin of Slavery in North America, it is just to say, that to them belongs the honor of the first commencement in Africa. After a Decree of 1787, pronouncing that there could be no longer any slaves upon the English soil, they con-

veyed to the coast of Africa 400 blacks and 60 Europeans. It was to this Colony, which in 1828 numbered 1,500 Africans, that Jefferson proposed to admit emigrants from the United States. He had entertained this intention since 1801. Already, in 1816, this project had occupied the attention of the Legislature of Virginia: the American Colonization Society was organized in 1817, by Mr. Finley. When objections were addressed to him, he replied, 'I know the design of God.' A lady gave 60 slaves to the Society—a planter liberated 80—another 60. The Colony had difficult times, but overcame them courageously. A petty African King, who sold to it some lands, fearing, with some reason, that its presence would be an obstacle to the Slave-Trade, wished to destroy it: happily it had for its Chief a resolute man, named Jehudi Ashmun. He explained to the colonists in simple and strong language, full of confidence in God and in their good right, the necessity of an energetic resistance. They abandoned 154 houses which they could not defend, they surrounded the remainder with a palisade, and, after several attacks valiantly sustained, the enemy was repulsed. Since then the repose of the Colony has not been any more troubled. In 1847 she proclaimed independence, which has been acknowledged by France and England. The Government is modelled after that of the United States. The actual President, Mr. Roberts, came to London and Paris. He is a most intelligent mulatto. The Republic of Liberia occupies a space of 500 miles along the coast of Guinea. Little numerous still, she extends her protection and her influence over more than 200,000 natives whom she civilizes. She has a flag, custom-houses; has commenced and devoted herself to agriculture;—all her fields are well cultivated. In general, the blacks labor, and are happy and contented with their condition. One of them said, 'Here I am a white man.' There are in Liberia schools and newspapers, and we see that the Negro race emancipated is not everywhere the same that it has exhibited itself in Hayti. The establishment of Liberia offers several advantages: it is upon this part of the coast a great obstacle to the Slave Trade; it tends to introduce civilization among the barbarous nations which surround it; it offers, in fine, a true country to men who, in coming out of slavery, would not have found one in the United States."

The bearing of the various Colonization Societies upon American Slavery, though, as we have said, secondary in comparison to the grand result of evangelizing Africa, is yet of present and unspeakable importance. In the Southern States a strong jealousy prevails, lest an "institution," which they consider exclusively their own, should be disturbed, their peace destroyed, and their safety endangered, by the zeal of its enemies in other parts of the Union. In the North, an universal alarm prevails, lest Slavery should invade territory hitherto free, and lest the power of

the Government should be wielded by the friends of this peculiar "institution." Under these circumstances the Societies have pursued the even tenor of their way, without meddling with the question whether Slavery shall be abolished, or whether it shall be perpetuated, whether it shall be restricted within narrower limits, or shall be allowed to occupy a wider sphere. While such questions agitate the Union, and in the opinion of some threaten its dissolution, the Societies follow out their noble objects, without becoming the means of party strife. They see a numerous class, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, who are free without the privileges of freedom; whose numbers are continually increasing, and whose condition in the United States seems without hope of improvement. The condition of the Africans, both in the Northern and Southern States, is indeed much to be deplored. In slaveholding States they have fewer privileges, but they enjoy a climate more congenial to their physical nature, and are less isolated in their condition. In the non-slaveholding States they feel the baneful influence of a prejudice which deprives them of many rights, and banishes them from the society of those among whom they dwell. These Colonization Societies do not stop to inquire whether or not they are suffering injustice at the hands of their fellow-men. They are equally entitled to commiseration in either case, and to relieve their miseries will be equally meritorious. They have no power to punish their oppressors if they are suffering wrongfully; nor can they elevate their condition while they continue in America. But a way is opened by which all the ends of benevolence will be accomplished, without disturbing any section of the Union, and by means of which both the white and the colored race will receive immediate relief. The way is one which required no genius, but that of benevolence, to discover. It is the plain and obvious way of restoring the free colored race to the land of their nativity, where is territory enough to accommodate all, a climate calculated to insure life and health, and a soil fertile enough to sustain them and their posterity.

Though we are not in a position to give the very latest statistics of the Colony, the following figures are not without interest:—

"The Colonization Societies have sent, at their own expense and by the request of those who have gone, (up to the close of 1853,) 8,968 colonists. The United States Government have sent 1,044,

who were *recaptured slaves*, making, in all, 10,012 colonists established in Liberia, both by the Colonization Societies and the Government of the United States. Of those sent by the Colonization Societies, 783 were sent during the year 1853.

"The expense of sending a colonist to Liberia, and supporting him there for six months after his arrival, together with a homestead of five acres of good land, &c., is from sixty to eighty dollars each one, both old and young.

"The Colonization Society gives the passage, furnishes provisions and medical aid, with a comfortable house, for the first six months, and longer, when necessary, to each and every emigrant going to the Republic of Liberia, besides the gift of a homestead of five acres of land."

All the materials for commercial prosperity are gradually accumulating in Monrovia and its sister towns. Steam-engines and saw-mills, and machinery for expressing the valuable oil from the palm nut and kernel, are rising in every direction. The necessity for the former is found in the great variety of timber which abounds in the Colony; the latter is required to develop a most important export trade, capable of almost boundless expansion. As a specimen of the rapid progress already made, we quote the following from a private letter, dated "Monrovia, December 23d, 1854:—"

"Our mill is in full operation, and we expect to send some lumber to New York, by Rev. Mr. Pinney, not that we cannot find sale here for it, but to have it tried by some of their first-class mechanics. We have cut some seventy or eighty thousand feet of lumber since we commenced, and are yet driving ahead with all our might. We have found sale for all we have sawed, up to this time, and the demand is still increasing. We hope, by the time the year is out, to have cleared our entire mill, and the expense of setting it up. We hope, too, to be able to pay off our loan of two thousand dollars before it is due. This, no doubt, is our hardest year, inasmuch as we have had the mill to set up, and a stock of logs to lay in; but I am in hopes that after we get through with this year, we will be able to do much better."

We look upon every evidence of progress in this young community with interest. Amongst the recent items of news, we find an account of the Honorable D. B. Walker's (fancy a black Honorable!) new and elegant vessel, "T. L. Randal," of thirty-five tons, "the largest and finest vessel ever built in Liberia." The usual ceremony of christening was gone through; the vessel "glided down beautifully into the water," amid the vociferous cheers of the multitude; the accustomed speeches were made; and the whole affair reads like the account of an ordinary launch

on the Clyde, the Mersey, or the Thames. Such an occurrence has its significance: those who are little affected by moral considerations, can yet foresee the inevitable result of an extended and prosperous commerce.

The power of combination is beginning to be felt in the Colony. Commercial Companies, among the most prominent of which may be mentioned the Liberia Enterprise Company, have begun to develop the resources of the country, to open out roads, to navigate rivers, and even to lay down railways. With natural wealth in such profusion all around, who shall prophecy the ultimate result?

But the evidences of the interweaving of Christian principle and effort with the secular progress of the Colony, afford the most pleasing of the glimpses given by these recent publications. We stand by, and view with delight that procession, with the Rev. Alexander Cummell, B.A., and Hezekiah Green, at its head, marching to lay the foundation-stone of Trinity Church, in which an Episcopalian congregation will, probably for ages to come, give utterance to the words of their noble Liturgy, in the worship of God. We sympathize with the zeal of the Bishop, who writes:

"Thus, while I would have at Cape Palmas, Sinou, and Bassa Cove, High schools, I would establish at Monrovia a *regular College*. And I would have this work begun in the year 1855. When Trinity Church at Monrovia shall have been completed, or before, the announcement of our intention to *establish an Episcopal College* there would soon elicit, from parties waiting for some such opportunity to bestow their goods, such contributions as would encourage the Committee and us here to go forward in this good work."

We are rejoiced to observe the earnestness with which the Baptists are watching and watering the seed they have sown in various parts of the country. We read, with a smile perhaps, but certainly not with a sneer, those addresses and lectures, in which some dark-colored orator, with all the energy of Demosthenes, but in a style as luxuriant as the vegetation around him, strives to excite the patriotic aspirations of the young Americo-Liberians. And we may be pardoned if we peruse with unusual gratification, and some degree of pride, the list of Stations of the Ministers appointed by the Liberian Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met at Greenville, Sinou. The Circuits are arranged in four Districts,—Monrovia, Grand Bassa, Sinou, and Cape Palmas. An increase of members and probationers, to the amount of 119, is stated to have taken

place during the year; and the oft recurring words, "One to be sent," not only present a strong family likeness to lists of Missionary Stations with which we are familiar at home, but show that fields of Christian labor stand ready to the harvest, to tax and stimulate the best exertions of the Church.

Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, contains about three hundred houses and two thousand inhabitants, and is built upon a depression of the ridge which sweeps inland from Cape Mesurado. The houses are detached, being built upon lots of a quarter of an acre each. They are of good size, many of them two stories high. In almost every yard there are fruit-trees, mostly the lime, the lemon, the banana, the papaw, and the coffee-tree. Oranges are good, but scarce; the lemons large and fine. The suburbs present many fine views, particularly from Fort-Hill. Of the appearance and conduct of the inhabitants Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States, remarks, in his description of a recent visit:—

"There are five churches, all well attended. Indeed, I never saw a more thorough-going church community, or heard a greater rustling of silk, on the dispersion of a congregation, than here: all were, at least, sufficiently attired; and the dresses of the children were in better taste than those of their mothers. One of the most gratifying things I noticed, was the great number of well-dressed and well-behaved children in the schools and about the streets. The schools are also numerous and well attended."

In conclusion, he remarks:—

"I must say that the town presented a far more prosperous appearance than I had been led to anticipate. From its fine situation, it must evidently be a salubrious one. The sea-breeze, at all seasons, blows directly over it; and in this respect it is far preferable to Sierra-Leone."

The *soil* of Liberia, like that of other countries, varies in appearance, quality, and productiveness. There is, however, no poor land in Liberia, and most of it is very rich, not surpassed, perhaps, by any other in the world.

Among the numerous agricultural products of the Colony, we may specify, as *exportable* articles, rice, coffee, cotton, sugar, arrow-root, ginger, pepper,—all of which can be raised so as to rival the similar productions of other countries, both in quantity and quality. Indian-corn, or maize, grows well on some lands; not so well, however, as in certain parts of the United States. Fruits in great variety grow luxuriantly and plentifully:

amongst them are the pine-apple, lime, orange, papaw, cocoa-nut, tamarind, the plantain, and the banana: Domestic animals can be raised, of every necessary kind, and in any required number, with less trouble and expense than in the United States,—such as cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, geese, turkeys, &c. In addition to these resources, numerous kinds of wild game, including deer of several varieties, are found; and, finally, fish are obtained in all the waters of the territory. To the industrious agriculturist, therefore, Liberia offers an inviting home,—a home in which all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life may be procured with less labor than in most lands.

Any amount of *free-labor* coffee can be grown in Liberia, with suitable capital and labor. But palm-oil is the great staple of Liberia at present. This article is exceedingly high in price, and the consumption in Great Britain and the United States is rapidly increasing. Ground-nuts, for the manufacture of oil, form also a very important article of export for our allies, the French, and one which is getting more into demand in this country. In France, this oil is employed as a salad oil, and also for lamps, and for lubricating machinery. Cam-wood, (a dye-wood,) ivory, arrow-root, and some gold dust, are the principal other articles of export from Liberia. But sugar can be made to any amount, and good cotton grows indigenously: both these valuable products can be supplied in unlimited quantities, by the due application of capital and labor.

The *climate* of Liberia is, on the whole, healthful and pleasant, and well adapted to the constitution of the Negro. The extremes of the thermometer may be set down at 65° and 90°. The mean temperature for the year is about 80°. The only recognized division of the year into seasons is the wet or rainy, and the dry seasons. During the half of the year commencing with May, much more rain falls than during the other half commencing with November. As a general rule, however, it may be stated that some rain falls during every month in the year.

The Republic has a length of sea-coast exceeding five hundred miles, with an average depth of fifty miles. One or two smaller Colonies upon this coast have already been absorbed, by the voluntary act of their inhabitants, into this growing State. A movement is now taking place, however, of great importance; we refer to the attempt to induce the British Government to give up Sierra-Leone, and allow it to form a part of

Liberia. Should this take place, the sea-coast line will be extended to more than seven hundred miles. Very much may be said in favor of granting this concession, and we hope and believe the Government will give the subject its best attention. Both Colonies are the result of the same spirit of benevolence. A moral necessity gave birth, in each case, to the enterprise. The suffering and degraded condition of the colored people in various parts of the British Empire, moved the hearts of Wilberforce, and others of kindred spirit, in 1787, to devise means for their relief and improvement, and the Colony of Sierra-Leone was the result; an example which was influential upon the American Colonization Society, when, in 1816, Liberia, the germ of a future empire, sprang into life. The two Colonies are, therefore, the offspring of the same benevolent spirit; working by the same means to the same great ends. What more natural than that their union should be solemnly pronounced by the British Government? A possession which, in our hands, has no value but what arises from its answering its benevolent design,—and even that value is greatly lessened by the unsuitableness of the climate to European constitutions,—would thus become a source of greatly increased strength to its younger brother and successor. The splendid port and harbor of Sierra-Leone would be a great gain to Liberia; and, indeed, its acquisition is the grand motive to the movement. Let us hand over our possessions on this coast to an *independent* African Government. With this orderly rule we are well acquainted, and our growing commercial relations will always give us influence in its councils. Our moral support will serve at once as guide and defence in its future career.

The country greatly differs from the usual representations. The scenery is nowhere uninteresting, and everywhere presents something pleasing to the eye. It is diversified by mountains, hills, and vales,—all embellished by mighty trees, or elegant shrubs, clad in thick and luxuriant foliage of perpetual green. The banks of rivers and smaller streams are decorated with magnificent festoons and natural grottoes, formed by creeping plants, hanging from the tops of the tallest trees to the water's edge. Large farms of rice, Indian corn, and yams, are often to be seen; and many vegetables belonging more properly to temperate climates grow well. Beans, peas, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers, and water-melons may be cul-

tivated without difficulty. The cucumber attains the size of fourteen or fifteen inches; the yam is found three feet long, and weighing from twenty to thirty pounds.

A tolerable idea of the interior settlements may be gathered from the following extracts from a letter written by Bishop Payne, during a recent episcopal progress through his extensive diocese. Speaking of SINOÛ, he remarks:—

"This is a Liberian settlement, intermediate between Cape Palmas and Basso, and about ninety miles distant from either place, the apparent prosperity of which was far greater than I had anticipated, flattering as had been the accounts of it. Greenville, the sea-port town, presents altogether the most pleasant and respectable appearance of any in Liberia. Not so large by half as Monrovia, nor having so large a number of good buildings, it is yet more compact, has more good houses together, and the style of building is better and more uniform. This arises from the fact, that the inhabitants came chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah, and are many of them men of means and excellent mechanics. I believe all the trades are there represented, from the goldsmith to the blacksmith. A fine steam saw-mill has been erected, and is in operation, on the Sinou River, immediately in the rear of Greenville, and on the border of a heavily timbered forest. Besides the town of Greenville, there are four other villages or townships on the Sinou River, namely, Farmersville, Lexington, Louisiana, and Reedsville. They extend to the distance of seven miles from the sea-shore, and have an aggregate population of about 1,500. These settlements are receiving a yearly accession of population from the United States; and are, I think, destined to improve as fast, and increase as rapidly, as any other places in Liberia.

"The BASSA COVE station may now be regarded as fairly commenced. The settlement of Fish-town, in connection with which so much difficulty had occurred, and upon which incipient operations had in some measure depended, has been effected. More than two hundred people are on the ground; the city has been laid off, lots drawn, and buildings carried rapidly forward towards completion.

"FISHTOWN is three miles from the mouth of the St. John's River, and the present settlement of Bassa Cove. With the settlement and the intervening plain, it constitutes the city of Buchanan. The project of a railroad to connect the two settlements is in agitation."

The mercantile interest of the Republic seems to be in a healthful state: the merchants are extending their operations by opening up new sources of commerce; and not only are their efforts producing very satisfactory results in reference to products and trade, but the prosperity attending these

branches of industry and enterprise has given an impulse to general improvement decidedly encouraging. The steam communication lately established between England and Liberia, is causing to spring up between the two countries a considerable traffic. The rivalry of America is of course to be looked for, and there is a movement now going on there to establish a line of steamers direct from the Chesapeake to Monrovia, at short intervals. Our American friends are not willing to let the important trade which they foresee will soon arise with the West Coast of Africa, fall altogether into the hands of the English. But rapid transit is the best way to bid for trade. They will thus have to compete with a mode of communication so quick, that President Roberts lately landed at home on the twenty second day after leaving London. The more of this rivalry the better for Liberia. Let England and America contend, in a friendly spirit, as to who shall buy the cam-wood, the ivory, the palm and nut oil, the sugar, cotton, and coffee of Liberia, and sell her what she may want of cotton, woollen, and silk fabrics, salt, crockery, and ironmongery;—such competition will but work out and develop that prosperous future for Liberia, which we conceive is destined to be attended by such vast results.

We find satisfactory evidence that their educational institutions are in a prosperous state, and are fully appreciated by the people; and preparations are making to introduce a higher order of establishments,—those of the collegiate kind.

We cannot too much commend the principle on which the colonization movement is based. Mankind have ordinarily been led to the colonization and settlements of new countries by motives of commercial advantage. Such was the case in ancient Greece, and such was the origin of the greater portion of the American Colonies, mingled, it is true, in some instances, with a desire to escape from religious persecution. But the cause of African civilization was based upon no such ground. Its object and aim was to benefit a race entirely distinct from that to which the founders and friends of the Societies belong. They were established upon principles of the purest benevolence, and are thus worthy of the sympathy and support of Christian philanthropists of every country. Liberia has already accomplished much for African freedom, and proved a powerful instrument in the suppression of the Slave Trade. She has concluded treaties with many of the native Chiefs of the interior, by which the latter

have bound themselves, not only to discontinue dealing in slaves, but to refer to arbitration those inter-tribal differences which prove so frequent a cause of war, and which furnish the principal sources whence the Slave Trade was fed. Let the civilizing influences of commerce have but a fair field, and the Slave Trade, as well as domestic slavery, will disappear from the coast.

The close connection between African colonization and African Missions is apparent throughout the history of both, at least so far as regard the Western Coast of Africa. The constant growth of the latter, under the fostering influence of the former; the glorious missionary agency already at work, both in Sierra-Leone and Liberia; the rapid multiplication of Churches and Missionary Stations along thousands of miles of the African coasts; the gradual extinction of the Slave Trade, and the preparation of Africa for the reception of the Gospel;—these are all encouraging proofs of the happy union and mutual influences of the two great movements. And if we take into the account the facilities in the United States for preparing, and that rapidly, the descendants of Africa to become teachers and guides of their dark-colored brethren,—we see laid down a mighty circle of influence, which shall pour a current of scriptural truth through the whole of that vast and populous continent.

One grand result which the success of Liberia has already produced, is the solution of the problem, *Is the colored man capable of self-government?* We lately noticed some elaborate attempts, upon the part of certain American ethnologists, to prove the natural inferiority of the Negro race. We may almost decline to bandy arguments with such men, when we can point to an example like Liberia. Men who can, year after year, go on exercising the highest functions of the Christian citizen, may well pass over such attacks with just scorn. The successful black merchant, the prosperous black agriculturist, may be pardoned if he treats with merited contempt the ravings of these white sciolists, whose claim of superiority is founded neither upon personal nor family merit, but upon the somewhat diluted merit of race. The problem above referred to is now being practically and beautifully solved by the ability and fidelity of the colored man himself, aided, it is true, by Christian philanthropy. He is carving out for himself, his children, and his race, a NATIONALITY, commanding the confidence and respect of the civilized world. Wherever the colored man lives, and how-

ever deeply he may be called to suffer in legal slavery or social serfdom, while he can point to that prosperous Republic, and say, "There is the country and home of my brother: he constructed its stable Government, preserves its integrity, and promotes its prosperity and power, by his own hand, by his own virtue, his own enterprise;" whether personally he be bond or free, whether in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, or Brazil,—that man can never hereafter be held to belong to an inferior race. The ban and the darkness of ages are removed; the true light shines: Ham is not cursed of God, as men would have him cursed; the *theory* fades before the brightness of the *fact*.

Look, again, at the door of escape which Liberia affords to the free colored population of the United States. It is difficult to realize the sensations of the free black in the States, who may possess wealth and education. An eternal barrier, as it seems, shuts him out from all that wealth and education procure for their possessor in other circumstances and other lands. Everything conspires to wound his pride, to lessen his influence for good, to check his natural ambition. If the worst portion of his nature prevail, he sinks into a careless sensualist, or a mere sycophant. But if his education and his religious principles have matured his native powers, and led him to desire that position of influence from which he is debarred by nothing but his color, what is he to do? It is in such circumstances that Liberia offers him a sphere for his usefulness, a field for his honest ambition. And if we find, as we do, that many of the wealthier free blacks still hold aloof from Liberia, and are waiting till more material comforts are gathered into its houses, we may safely conclude that time will show them their error, and will point out the true sphere for their talents, their wealth, and their influence. But to the poor free black, who has no means to enjoy the luxuries of the large cities of the States, and whose desire is to provide for his family in ordinary comfort, and raise himself and them to a higher grade in the social scale,—to him the opportunity of reaching a land which offers every promise to his hopes, is afforded by the Colonization Societies. It was the language of one of these, who had experienced the benefits of a home amongst his countrymen, when expressing anxiety to return from a visit to the States, "Sir, I feel anxious to return as speedily as possible to my own country; for there I feel myself to be a *man*."

The achievements of colonization on the

West Coast of Africa can hardly be exaggerated. There we find a national polity, municipal institutions, Christian Churches, and Christian Ministers; schools, and a sound system of education; a public press, rising towns and villages, a productive agriculture, and a growing commerce. Under its rule about two hundred and fifty thousand human beings are found living together in harmony, enjoying all the advantages of social and political life, and submitting to all the restraints which government and religious principle demand. Means are found to harmonize the habits and interests of the colonists, their descendants, the native-born Liberians, and the aborigines of the coast. As the creation and achievement of less than forty years, we insist that this is without parallel in the history of the world.

But if it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the past history of the movement on this coast, is it possible to over-estimate the vast importance of its future?

The benefits it is conferring already upon America are considerable. The best men in the States are encouraging the establishment of Colonization Societies, having experience of their usefulness in removing from their soil a difficulty of the most pressing kind. The blacks themselves are applying for passages to Liberia in greater numbers than the Societies can possibly overtake; and the letters of those who have had the good fortune to escape to Liberia are filled with invitations to

their former friends to come over, and enjoy the good land. That the Slave Trade will be extinguished, under the influences growing up along the coast, taken in connection with the Anglo-American Squadron, is in the utmost degree probable. The commercial treaties with the native Kings, in which a clause is generally introduced,—we believe we may say, invariably,—binding them to discontinue the traffic in their subjects; the increasing number of merchant vessels in those waters, which the growing commerce of the coast will necessitate; and the experience of the greater profit attending the pursuits of legitimate trade,—all will combine to hasten the fall of this cruel and nefarious traffic.

But these are Christian communities, and embrace, amongst their machinery, the institutions of the gospel. They carry, not only the social seeds of the civil redemption of Africa, but the elements, of mighty power, by which that long desolated continent, and those oppressed races, can be regenerated and elevated into civilized and Christian nations. The light from this centre is irradiating the interior of the continent, and breaking up the superstition and idolatry of the native tribes. The accursed Slave Trade, the most afflictive scourge of Africa, shall first be destroyed; and every obstacle shall fall which would impede the progress of the Gospel among the varied and countless populations of that continent.

From Chambers' Journal.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

PATERNOSTER Row, which, as most people know, stands north of St. Paul's Churchyard, began its career as a straggling row or rank of dumpy wooden houses, inhabited by the turners of beads and rosaries, and the writers of Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds, in days prior to the invention of printing. Its proximity to the metropolitan church, and its central position in the capital, made it a desirable situation for the scribes and the artificers of those days, whose occupation it was to supply the literature and the machinery of devotion. The Row then consisted

but of a single rank of houses, looking out upon old St. Paul's Church; and the sale of its merchandise, we may reasonably conclude, augmented or declined with the religious fervor of the people, and with the periodical celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies.

When the Reformation came, and England grew Protestant, the beads and the rosaries, the Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds—and the poor friars of the religious houses, "white, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," had to decamp without beat of drum. In their

place came a swarm of mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and tirewomen and seamstresses. Church-goers no longer wanted beads and breviaries, but handsome Sunday-garments—and the new tenants of the Row administered to the necessities of a new species of devotion, not much better, it is to be feared, than the old. The Row now began to grow famous as a market for rich velvets and stuffs. It was here the gentry of the court of Charles II. came a-shopping in their equipages; and by this time the Row must have become, to some extent, what it is at the present day—a narrow lane, unsuitable for the passage of vehicles—for we read that the thoroughfare was often blocked up by the carriages of the court ladies. Pepys records, in his diary (1660), that he came here to buy, “moire for a morning waistcoat;” and again, in 1662, that he came on foot to purchase “satin for a petticoat for his wife against the queen’s coming.”

But the mercers, lacemen, &c., had not the whole place to themselves. A century before Pepys bought his wife’s satin petticoat, one Henry Denham, a bookseller, had opened shop at the sign of the Star, and had written on his sign-board the motto: *Os homini sublimē dedit*. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the booksellers in a body removed to the Row from Little Britain. From that time to this, the reputation of the Row has spread further and wider through the world with each revolving year; and for many generations past, the well-known name has been familiar to the eye of every man, woman, and child of the realm to whom a book is either a necessary or a luxury of life. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the commerce in books, of which the Row is the great centre, and where as many as five millions of volumes have been sold in a year by a single firm. To do that, would require more space than we have at command, and would involve researches and calculations that might perplex and appal a Bidder. The Row is fed, now-a-days, by fifty thousand authors at least, and a thousand or so of steam-presses; and what the amount of printed paper may be which is turned into it and turned out of it in the course of a year, let those declare, if there be such, who have the means of judging. There are firms there of above a century’s standing, who might throw some light on that subject, if they chose; and to them we leave it—preferring, on the present occasion, to introduce the reader to Paternoster Row under its ex-

isting aspect, and contemplate at leisure such of its activities as may help us to some general idea of its way of life.

The aspect of the Row, enter it from what quarter you may—and you may take your choice of very numerous different entrances—is pretty sure to disappoint the expectations of a stranger. To say the best of it, it is but a narrow, curving, irregular thoroughfare, leading from near Ludgate Hill to Cheapside—a lane of brick and mortar, with erections of all dates and all styles and no-styles of building—with a foot-pavement scarcely wide enough for two individuals to pass each other, and a roadway through a good part of which vehicles can pass only in single file. The shops, which, with the exception of two or three, are all those of publishers, have a business rather than an attractive air, and except on certain periodical occasions, are not much troubled by the rush of customers. Into this lane, a number of narrower lanes, of courts and alleys, disembody themselves—some leading to Newgate market, whose shambles are in unpleasant contiguity to the rears of the houses on the northern side—some into St. Paul’s Churchyard, some into Newgate Street and Warwick Square, and some to nowhere particular, only to a *cul-de-sac*, which sends the wanderer back again into the Row. At the west end, in a small dusty square, accessible through close-paved courts, leading by a byway to Ludgate Hill, stands a noble sycamore of perhaps a century’s growth, whose leaves rustle pleasantly in hot summer-time, and whose leafless boughs in the winter are the parliament of the sparrows of the ward, which are observed to sit there in deafening convocation daily during the short half-hour of winter’s twilight.

Viewed, then, in connection with the immediate neighborhood of Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Newgate Street, which, from early morn to midnight, are resounding with the continuous roar and rumble of wheels, the Row is, in general, a remarkably quiet place. The fever of business is intermittent, and the crises occur only at regular intervals. During the quiet times, the place is frequented chiefly by two classes: the publishers, their booksellers and their agents—and literary men. There is a good deal of gossiping in the shops among clerical-looking gentlemen in white ties, and much lounging and reading of newspapers and magazines over the counter among clerks and shopmen. Now and then, the old blind fiddler strays into the Row, and tunes up a

sentimental air, followed by rapid variations, in a masterly style, to whom his regular patrons are not slow in awarding the customary meed of coin. Anon comes a brass band of Germans, who draw up in rank on the kerb, intoning the patriotic harmonies of Fatherland, and who, in their turn, gather a shower of coppers, cunningly aimed from upper stories into the open throat of French horn or ophicleide by publishers' clerks in want of more profitable amusement. Here and there, a collector, bag on shoulder, strolls from shop to shop, to make up some extra parcel for a country customer—or a hungry bookworm lounges from window to window, to catch a glimpse of some new work; but there are no great signs of activity—except it be the sudden taking to his heels of the bookworm aforesaid, from a sudden effluvium that hits him clean off the pavement, and sends him staggering down the nearest court; and which proceeds from a tallow-melting establishment, as appropriately fixed, as would be a pig in an Operabox, in the very focus and centre of the literary world. Once a week, however, the Row puts on a vivacious look, and bustle and business are the order of the hour. By post-time on Friday, the weekly papers march off in sacks, bags, and parcels to the post-office, and of these the Row furnishes a liberal quota. The procuring of the papers from the publishers of each, which is often attended with no small amount of squabbling and delay—the packing for agents—the addressing to private customers—the invoicing and final bundling off on the back of the boy to the post-office—all together put the whole force of the publisher upon their mettle, and make his shop-counter the arena of a contest against time, in which, if he come off the winner by a minute or so, he is perfectly satisfied. Before the clock strikes six, the whole affair is over—the crisis past, and the Row has relapsed into its former state of tranquillity.

But the grandest demonstration of all occurs on that day of days, which is the test and touchstone of the publisher's commerce, known among printers, binders, booksellers, and men of the Row of all denominations, as Magazine-day. On this day, which is the last day of every month, the Row is as much alive as an Egyptian pot of vipers, and far more wide awake. Every house, from garret to cellar, is in a thrill of agitation that stirs the dust in the remotest crannies. Such pulling and lugging and hauling, and unpacking and brown-paperying and pigeon-holing, as then

takes place, upstairs and down, is a thing to be seen only then and there, and at no other time or place. It is a thing worth seeing, too, only we would advise no unauthorized intrusion of spectators who cannot compromise their dignity, and consent to be carried with the tide.

The business of Magazine-day invariably commences on the night before the important day dawns—a night which goes among the trade by the denomination of "late night," from the fact that its duties, when business is brisk, rarely terminate before twelve or one o'clock. By the morning post of this day of preparation, the orders of the country booksellers have all arrived. From their orders the invoices have to be made out; a process which in some houses, is facilitated by means of printed lists of the monthly magazines and of the publisher's own books. Each regular customer has his allotted pigeon-hole, or other place of deposit, into which his invoice is put as soon as it is copied, together with such of the books he has ordered as the publisher has on his premises. In this way, a considerable part of the work of Magazine-day is done during "late night;" and in houses where the business is extensive, it is indispensable that all that can possibly be done should be done before the labors of the night cease. Because, in a case where a man has to supply in one day the monthly parcel of a hundred or more of country booksellers, each of whom would think there was a design to ruin him if his parcel did not arrive on the first of the month, he cannot afford the risk of a moment's avoidable delay.

As soon as breakfast is swallowed on Magazine-day, the business of despatch begins. The printers have sent the magazines perhaps overnight, or, at the least, by early morning. The object is now to complete the order of each customer; and the moment it is completed, to pack it up with the invoice, and direct the parcel. Were nothing more to be done than to add the magazines and monthly publications to such books as form part of the publisher's own stock, the affair would be comparatively easy and simple; but as country booksellers deal mostly with but one publisher, each publisher has to supply his customers with all they want; and it will happen that, for one book of his own, he is compelled to procure ten or a dozen of other people's, upon which all the profit he gets is a trifling commission. Let him be as provident as he will in reference to this contingency, he finds, on Magazine-

day, that he has to send not only to every house in the Row, but to half the publishers scattered over the metropolis besides, for books or pamphlets he has not got. His hands are so busy packing, sorting, and arranging, that he cannot spare enough of them to run half over the town for the whole day; so he has recourse to the book-collector, who at this moment comes forward with his services, and of whom, notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, we must say a word or two before we proceed.

The "collector," so indispensable to the Row, is a rather anomalous subject, and may rank as a curiosity among London industrials. He is, for the most part, neither man nor boy, but in that transition period of existence known as hobbledehoyhood. For the outward and visible signs of respectability, judging from appearances, he cares not a doit. He wears a seedy suit, surmounted by a cloth cap or a crushed hat; and he carries on his shoulders a dust-colored canvas-bag, which had parted with its original and legal hue before it came into his possession. His voice is loud, his bearing independent, and his speech sharp, rapid, and abbreviated. Perhaps you would not be inclined to trust him with much, measuring him by your instincts; but if you were a publisher, you would be compelled to trust him often, and with a good deal. In the financial conduct of small and serial publications, ready cash is the standing rule; and you must give your collector the cash, or he can't collect the goods. Fortunately, you *may* trust him without incurring any great risk: there is honesty in him, and a proud feeling of caste, and he will account for your cash to the last fraction; and if he should do so with an air as though, if there were any delinquency to be suspected, it would be on your part, and not on his, you need not be surprised—it is his way. When you have given him your cash and your commission, he knows what to do, and is off like a shot. A specific sort of knowledge he has in perfection—a knowledge of little books and low-priced publications, and who their publishers are, and where they may be got. He will not travel half the distance for the things you want that your own clerk would do if you were to send him after them. Then, he can crush into a crowd, and "chaff" and bully his way to the counters in a style which your clerk would never learn, and get his business done all the quicker for it—and he will fill his bag, and return with the load, leaving you ample time for packing before the carts come for

the parcels. He is well known at all the news-offices—was, in fact, a news-boy himself as long as he was a boy at all—is well used to accounts, and the mental addition of fractions especially; and though more than a trifle pert and slangy, and given to stare at you in a way that savors of impudence, he is, upon the whole, a reasonably reliable, indifferent, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow enough.

As fast as the several orders are completed, the collected books and publications, together with the invoices, are carried to the packing-department, which may be a cellar, gas-lighted, below the shop, to be packed. The packets of the smaller traders are mostly cleared off early in the day, and stacked ready for the carters; but the completion of a large order is a thing not to be got over in a hurry, and is only effected at last by the success of the collectors in their rambling mission. Often enough, as country book-sellers know to their mortification, an order is not completed at all—tracts and pamphlets being returned as "out of print" when they are only "out of reach," far off on the shelves of some West-end publisher, to whom there is not time to send.

As the day grows older, faster and more furious grows the strife of business. Every publisher has not only his own dozens, scores, or hundreds of parcels to despatch, but he is himself a quarry of more or less importance to fifty other publishers, whose agents and collectors are goading him on all sides with eager and hurried demands, which it is as much to his interest to supply instantaneously, as it is to execute the orders he has himself received. Within doors, the shops are crammed with messengers, bag-laden and clamorous, from all parts of London; and without, the Row is thronged like a market with figures darting to and fro, and across and back again—with bulging sacks on shoulder—with paper-parcels and glittering volumes grasped under each arm—and with piles of new books a yard high resting on clasped hands, and steadied beneath the chin. It is of no use now for the blind fiddler or the brass band to make their appearance, and they know that perfectly well, being never caught in the Row on Magazine-day.

Let us enter one of the shops while the business of the day is at its height, and note what is going on. The apartment is not particularly large, the convenience of space being the one thing in which the Row is awkwardly deficient; but it is well furnished

with goods, the walls, from floor to ceiling, being on all sides one conglomerate of pigeon holes; further, there are screens of double-sided pigeon-holes dividing the shop from the offices, and all are stuffed to repletion with books, mostly of small size, and tracts or pamphlets in prodigious numbers. A crowd of boys and lads are pressing to the counter, behind which clerks, with pen in hand or ear, and shopmen, now climbing ladders, now ducking and diving into dark corners, are busy in supplying their clamorous demands. From a trap-door in the floor, the gaslight glimmers pale from the cellar below, whence now and then a head emerges, and descends again with an unpacked pile. Amid the jingle of cash, the shuffling of feet, and the lumping of books on the counter, rise the imperative voices of the collectors, in tones none of the gentlest, and in terms not the most intelligible to the ear of the uninitiated.

"Come, it's my turn," bawls one: "am I to wait here all day? Pots of Manna, six; and Phials of Wrath, thirteen as twelve. Look alive, will you?"

While the shopman is rummaging for the Pots and Phials, another voice ejaculates:—

"Coming Struggles, twenty-six as twenty-four; two Devices of Satan, and one little Tommy Tubbs."

"Do you keep the Pious Pieman?" roars a lanky "lither lad," half doubled up beneath his corpulent bag.

"No," says the shopman—"over the way for the Pious Pieman."

"Well, give us a dozen Blaspheming Blacksmiths—thirteen you know. Anything off the Blacksmith?"

Shopman shakes his head.

"Nine Broken Pitchers and Jacob's Well!" screams a shrill youth; "and What's a Church, and Wheat or Chaff?"

"Ten Garments of Faith, and fifty Bands of Hope," cries another.

"Come," adds a third, "give us Old Brown and the New Jerusalem, and I'll be off."

"Do you keep the Two Thieves?" asks a fourth.

"Yes; how many?"

"Two Two Thieves and Thoughts in Prison."

The traffic here, as you perceive, is of a peculiar kind, being mostly in publications of a low price and of a religious character. The moment a customer gets what he wants, he is off elsewhere for serials and volumes of a different description. The demand of

the present day being chiefly for cheap or low-priced literature of one kind or another, we find the greatest crowds where that is dispensed in the greatest quantity. In places where volumes and the dear magazines form the whole, or nearly the whole, of the materials of traffic, there is time, even on Magazine-day, to conduct the business with more deliberation and decorum. But time must not be lost; and the dinner-hour comes and goes at this particular crisis with but an apology for dinner, or not even that, to the majority of the actors in the busy scene.

As the afternoon wanes, the collectors gradually disappear; and that for an obvious reason, as their burdens have to be sorted, packed, and sent off before six o'clock. As other people's collectors desert the publisher's shop, his own begin to return, having fulfilled their commissions; and now there is an hour and a half, or two hours, in which the work of packing has to be completed. The packing of books is an art, not an intuition. If it is not well done, the books suffer in their transit to the bookseller, and may be refused by the customer; and if it is not done quickly on Magazine-day, it may as well not be done at all. Practice, however, renders the packers adroit; and it is amusing as well as surprising to note how rapidly a heap of books, of all sizes and all shapes, of damp magazines and flimsy sheets, is transformed into a neat brown paper-parcel, corded and directed, and ready for carriage. This all-important work employs all hands, and consumes the last laboring hours of the day. As time draws on, symptoms begin to appear of the conclusion of the labor. Head-clerks and shopmen button on their coats, and march off to a late dinner; chops, steaks, and cups of coffee walk in to the solace of those who are left behind to see to the termination of the day's business; and carts and wagons begin to defile into the Row from the Western entrance, to carry off the parcels to the carriers' depôts. According to a very necessary regulation, well understood, the carts and vehicles performing this service enter the Row from the western or Ludgate Hill end, and draw up with horses' heads towards Cheapside. As a compensation for any trouble this rule may occasion, the carters have a small monthly gratuity allowed them. The carriers send for the goods at their own expense, receiving only the usual booking-fee for each parcel. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, the carting-process rarely goes off without a bout at wrangling and squabbling among

the drivers. Now and then, an unsalaried carter, hired for the single job, and ignorant of the etiquette which requires that all vehicles shall depart at the Cheapside end of the Row, will obstinately persist in crushing his way in the contrary direction—and though he is generally defeated in the attempt, he does not submit to fate without the usual demonstrations characteristic of his class. When the carts have all been filled and driven off, the Row assumes a sudden tranquillity, in remarkable contrast with the bustle and turmoil of the past day. By the time its shops are finally closed for the night, some million or so of copies of the latest productions of the press have taken to themselves wings of steam, and are all flying from London, as a common centre, to all parts of the realm; and before to-morrow night, the greater portion of them will be affording to the reading-public their monthly literary treat.

The above glance at the operations of the publishing-trade, furnishes us with a reason sufficiently obvious why publishers should congregate—in so doing, they do but practice what is mutually convenient and profit-

able. It shows us, moreover, that the convenience at present derived from association, is capable of very considerable enhancement. What, to us, appears to be wanting, is the establishment of a publishers' hall of commerce, in which, of everything published, not only in London but in all parts of the country, copies should be deposited for sale at the wholesale prices to all the members. The establishment need not be large, nor its management expensive; and the expense should be defrayed by a rate chargeable to each member, and deducted from the sums handed over to him in payment for his deposits. If the publishing trade goes on increasing for the next thirty years in the same proportion as during the last thirty years, Paternoster Row, with its present limits, cannot long continue to form its principal store-house. As other nuclei arise in other places, the necessity for some common area for the despatch of business will become more imperative and indisputable; and something equivalent to what we here suggest will arise, as most improvements in commercial systems have arisen, out of the urgent requirements of the hour.

From Dickens' Household Words.

ALEXANDER THE FIRST.

I HAVE recently met with a strictly Russian account of the death of the Emperor Alexander. It was written evidently by one of his attendants, and disseminated through Germany, for the purpose of contradicting the opinion then generally entertained that he had been poisoned. The German publication in which it occurs is very guarded in the expression of its sentiments on this still mysterious subject, and I think there are some circumstances, even in this quasi-official document, which are not quite clearly reconcilable with the theory it intends to support. The immediate interest of this question has now passed away, but the diary (which is the form this writing sometimes assumes) is so full of the names of places about which our curiosity is now daily excited; and the contrast between the past and the present condition of the lands in which Alexander

made his last expedition, and ended his days, is so strange; that I have thought a translation of the whole description of his journey and death would not be without its value at time when our eyes are so anxiously turned to the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff.

EINIGES UBER DIE LETZTEN LEBENSTAGE DES KAISER'S ALEXANDER.

General Diebitsch has remarked, that when the Emperor was leaving St. Petersburg, he looked at the quays, which he generally admired so much, with a dark and sorrowful expression, and even turned away from them to look at the citadel; that he then sunk deep in thought, and even when, at last, he broke the silence, made no observation on the magnificence of the view before him.

Some days before he commenced his journey to the Crimea the Emperor was working in his cabinet, in the finest possible weather. Suddenly such a cloud enveloped the sun that he could not see to write. He rang for candles. Aricimoff entered and received the order; but as the darkness suddenly cleared off, he came again but without bringing the lights.

"You don't bring in the candles," said the emperor, giving way to some dark foreboding, to which he had been subject for some time. "Is it because people would say, if you burnt candles by daylight, that a corpse was in the room? I thought of this myself."

When the emperor came to Taganrog, on his return from the Crimea, where everything had given him satisfaction, he went to his room, and said to Aricimoff: "Do you remember your refusing to bring in the candles, and what I said on the occasion? Who knows but very likely the saying may come true?"

At dinner one day, at Bakshiserai, the emperor, who hated physic, and never spoke of it, especially at table, took it into his head to ask Wylie, his physician, if he had any strong antidote against fever.

"Yes, sire," said Wylie.

"Good; let it be brought in."

The medicine-chest was brought, and the emperor, who was in perfect health, took a pinch or two of the specific, though it had a strong, disagreeable smell.

Whenever he stopped at a town, it was his custom to go straight to the principal church to say his prayers. When the empress arrived at Taganrog, the emperor led her, as if under the impulse of a presentiment, into the Greek monastery instead of into the High Church. And this monastery is the same in which his body was laid in state, on the twenty-third of December. On his arrival he expressed his anxiety to visit the Crimea at once. This anxiety, however, seemed to decrease as the time of his departure drew near. The expedition, indeed, was nearly put off till the next spring; but Woronzoff's arrival altered this idea. Once he ordered Diebitsch to draw out a plan of the journey, and bring it to him. Diebitsch soon prepared one, as he was ordered, but the emperor said, "This is too long a route—make a shorter one." Next day Diebitsch brought one which he thought would please.

"Twenty days!" said the emperor; "you have altered nothing—shorten it! shorten it!" And at last, with difficulty, he consent-

ed to a route reduced to a little more than a fortnight.

All the time the emperor's illness lasted, the dogs in Taganrog, as many people remarked, howled in a strange and frightful manner. Some had established themselves under the windows of the imperial cabinet, and made more hideous noises than the rest. Prince Wolkowsky told me he had had a hundred and fifty of them killed in three days.

[After these preparatory statements, which are all of very sinister augury, we get to the emperor's visit to the Crimea.]

On the first of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the emperor began his journey, and was gay and talkative for the first few days.

He was evidently happy and contented with everything. On the sixth he left Simpheropol on horseback, and rode five-and-thirty versts to Yoursouff, on the south coast. The carriages were ordered to wait for him two days in Baidar. The *maitre d'hôtel* was sent off with the carriages, and this, in Dr. Wylie's opinion, was one of the chief causes of the emperor's illness, because, during his absence, the food was of an inferior quality, or, at least, ill-prepared. On his arrival at Yoursouff, on the sixth, he dined late; on the following day, he went to Alupka, belonging to Prince Woronzoff; he visited the garden of Nikita on his way, and walked a great deal; then he went to Orienda, which he had bought of Bezborodka; and, from that place, went alone to Princess Galitzin. Diebitsch has told me that the Ohol colony of the Princess was, at that very time, afflicted with fever. He spent the night in a Tartar hut. He dined very late on his arrival at Alupka, and had eaten fruit on the journey. He rose early, and walked some time before leaving Alupka, and then rode at least forty versts. During this ride he was in bad humor, and very much discontented with his horse. It was necessary to mount a very steep hill to get to Marderino's estate in the interior, and without tasting food he came to Baidar. He was in a profuse perspiration and greatly tired; then, at last, he got into the carriage to go to Sebastopol. At the post-house, two versts from Balaclava, he again got on horseback, and rode out with Diebitsch to review a Greek battalion, commanded by Ravalliotti; with him he breakfasted, and ate a large quantity of rich fish. He resumed his carriage at the post-house, and at the last station rode alone to visit a Greek monastery dedicated to St. George, wearing neither great

coat nor cloak, though the sun was set and there was a cold wind blowing. He stayed perhaps two hours in the monastery, and then rode back to the carriage, and reached Sebastopol between eight and nine o'clock. He betook himself immediately by torchlight to the church, and getting into the carriage, again drove to his quarters, near which he reviewed (also by torchlight) the marines. He ordered dinner on his arrival, but ate nothing. He then busied himself about the arrangements for the following day.

On that—namely the ninth—he saw a ship launched, and then visited the Military Hospital, about three versts from the town. On his return he received the authorities till half-past two, and then walked down to the seaside. He embarked in a boat, and visited a line-of-battle ship, and then crossed the harbor to see the Marine Hospital. After this he inspected the barracks, which were exposed to a cold damp wind, and then went, about four versts farther, to inspect the Alexander battery, where he ordered some practice with red-hot balls. At a late hour, the emperor dined with all his generals, and labored longer than usual with Diebitsch.

On the tenth, he sent over his carriages to the other side, and himself crossing in a boat and inspecting the Constantine battery and the citadel, rejoined them where they had been ordered to wait.

In the citadel an officer, poorly clothed, and without his sword, threw himself at the emperor's feet, saying he was in arrest by sentence of a court-martial, and applied for pardon. The man's uninviting appearance and manner made a very unpleasant impression on the emperor, who was probably already seized with illness, and he got no sleep all night. Shortly after this incident, he got into an open carriage, and proceeded to Bakshiserai, with which he was not nearly so much pleased on this visit as he had been on the last. He did not show the same liveliness as he had done hitherto, but seemed thoughtful and depressed. He slept in the carriage, and ate by himself.

On the eleventh, he rode to Youfoul Kale (Schefet Kale), a Jewish town, where he visited several synagogues; and before he reached Bakshiserai, he visited a Greek monastery. As he ascended the steps, he felt himself so weak, that he was forced to rest, and then he returned to Youfoul Kale, where he took refreshments with some of the principal Mahomedans. In the evening, he visited several of the mosques, and attended a religious solemnity at the house of one of the inhabit-

ants. In the same night he sent for Wylie, and consulted him about the health of the empress, regretting very much he had not been with her when she received news of the death of the King of Bavaria. On this occasion, also, he confessed he had for some time suffered from diarrhoea, and otherwise felt indisposed; but indeed, "In spite of it all, I don't want you or your medicines. I know how to cure myself." Wylie answered he was wrong to trust so much to tea and rum and water-gruel, for rhubarb was far better.

"Leave me alone," said the emperor; "I have told you often I will take none of your drugs." From that time till they arrived in Marienpol, Wylie, who daily inquired how the emperor was, received only the same reply: "I am quite well, don't talk to me of physic." From Bakshiserai, the emperor went in his open carriage to Kozloff, and exposed himself to the frightful exhalations near that place. In Kozloff he visited the churches, the mosques, the synagogues, the barracks, and the quarantine establishments. He allowed the captain of a Turkish merchantman which had not performed quarantine to come on shore, and spoke with him for some time. He was even angry with Wylie, who remonstrated with him on his imprudence.

It was only on his arrival at Marienpole, on the sixteenth, that for the first time he called in his physician, and consulted him on the serious state of his health. Wylie found him in a state of strong fever, with blue nails; the cold affected him greatly. Some days afterwards the fever left him, but till his arrival in Taganrog he ate almost nothing, and felt constantly unwell.

On the seventeenth, the emperor reached Taganrog. Prince Volkousky asked him how he felt. "I have caught a fever," he said, "in the Crimea, in spite of its boasted climate. I am now more than ever persuaded that we were wise to fix on Taganrog as the residence of the empress." He added, that since he left Bakshiserai he had had a fever; he had asked there for something to drink, and Federoff had given him a cup of acid barberry syrup. "I drank it off," he said, "and immediately felt acute pains in my limbs. I became more feverish when I visited the hospital at Perekop."

Volkousky observed in reply, he did not take care enough of himself, and should not run the risks he did with impunity when he was twenty years younger.

He felt much worse on the following day, and was forced to desist from transacting busi-

ness with Volkousky. At three o'clock he dined with the empress.

The chamberlain told the prince that the emperor perspired in an extraordinary manner; and Wylie being summoned, accompanied Volkousky into the room. They found him sitting on a sofa, with his feet covered with flannel, and very feverish. The physician induced him to take some pills, but afterwards it was with difficulty he could be dissuaded from renewing his labors. At seven in the evening he felt better, and thanked Wylie for his attentions. He then sent for the empress, who remained with him till ten o'clock. The emperor had a quiet night, and at seven in the morning took a mixture, which did him good. The night of the twentieth was restless; he had had an attack of the fever, and had been prevented from attending mass. The emperor seemed shocked at the number of papers placed before him; but Volkousky recommended him to attend first to the restoration of his health, before he busied himself with despatches. The empress was again sent for, and stayed with him till ten.

On the twenty-first he felt worse, and allowed a report of his condition to be sent to the Empress-mother and the Grand Duke Constantine.

The night of the twenty-second was tolerable easy, but in the morning he felt very ill. At eleven he had an alarming fainting fit, and all day a burning skin, with strong perspiration in the evening. He never spoke unless when he wanted anything, and appeared almost always in a comatose state.

On the twenty-third he felt somewhat better, and the empress remained with him till dinner-time; but on standing up, he fainted again.

On the twenty-fourth he enjoyed some orange lemonade very much, and seemed considerably relieved.

On the twenty-fifth his skin was burning, and all day he did not speak a word. As the lemonade made him sick, they gave him cherry syrup.

On the twenty-sixth he was so much stronger, that he sat up and shaved himself; but at twelve had another access of fever. The physician recommended leeches, but he would not hear of them; and in case of irritating him by the attempt, they were not allowed to again. On the recurrence of a fainting fit, at eight o'clock, Wylie told Volkousky that his life was in great danger. The latter went at once to the empress, and told her no time was to be lost if she wished

the emperor to perform his last Christian duties. The unhappy empress found herself strong enough to go without delay to the emperor, to speak to him on the subject.

"Am I indeed so ill?" he asked.

"My dearest friend," answered the empress, "you have refused every means suggested by the doctors; let us now make an experiment with this."

"With all my heart," said the emperor, and called in the physician.

"I am then so ill?" he said.

"Yes, sire," replied Wylie, with tears. "You would not follow my prescriptions, and now I must tell you—not as your physician, but as an honorable and Christian man—there is not a moment to lose."

The emperor pressed his hands, which he held a long time in his, and sank into deep thought. Wylie was now asked if the confession might be delayed till the morning, and to this he agreed. At eleven o'clock the emperor besought his wife to go and take some rest.

Between four and five of the morning of the twenty-seventh, the emperor was much worse, and the empress was summoned. The confessor came.

"I must now be left alone," said Alexander. And when he had finished his confession, the empress returned and joined in the communion. She then, throwing herself on her knees along with the confessor, besought him to let leeches be applied. He promised his consent, and turning to the empress, said: "Never did I find myself more perfectly at peace, and for this I am eternally indebted to you." Thirty leeches were applied, but took more than two hours to bite, and drew little blood.

The night of the twenty-eighth was very restless, and the emperor greatly exhausted. He took a spoonful of lemonade, and in spite of all applications was ill the whole day. On the twenty-ninth a blister was applied to his back. At ten o'clock he came to himself again, spoke a little, and recognized everybody. He wished to drink, and said to Volkousky, "Edrean, nisire." On which the other replied, "Tino? Nonackambe." But Volkousky saw that he had no strength to take the gargle, and he was now in the greatest danger.

On the thirteenth he seemed tolerably strong, but the fever increased, and the danger grew more threatening all day. Every time he opened his eyes, he looked to the empress, took her hands, kissed them, and pressed them to his heart. Volkousky ap-

proached to kiss his hand, but he did not seem pleased, as he never liked kissing of hands. He lost consciousness at twenty minutes to twelve and never recovered it.

On the first of December he breathed his last, at ten minutes to eleven in the morning. The empress closed his eyes.

The priest to whom he confessed is called Alexis, and is arch-priest of the high church at Taganrog. The Archbishop of Ecaterinoslaff read the prayers when the emperor was laid out. The corpse of the emperor lay nine days in his cabinet, while it was embalmed. During this time the empress resided in the town. The body was, however,

not so well embalmed as could be wished. It was necessary to dip it constantly in ice, and to moisten the face with an acid by which his features became dark and unrecognizable. In the head some wrong-placed membranes were found, at the exact spot which he used to touch when he was in pain. The emperor had suffered greatly in his last moments; he breathed fast, and with difficulty. He died in his cabinet, on a divan. The persons in the next room heard his struggles. During his illness, he often lay in the little room at the front of his cabinet. A moment was seized, while the empress was out of the chamber, to administer the last sacraments.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FIRST CONCERT IN TAHITI.*

PROBABLY no artist in the world ever saw so strange a public assembled, as that which surrounded me here on the 6th of October, 1854. In the hall which, for the occasion, was transformed into a concert-room, the natives formerly worshipped their idols; here, the queen had the false gods burnt; here, a French court-martial sentenced the rebel islanders who could not reconcile themselves to a protectorate they had not sought; and here, in spotless London attire, stood I as the herald of the West, and tried with my fiddle to give some of those notions of modern European civilization to the children of nature, from which Providence until now had kindly preserved them. To the right, surrounded by tropical plants, sat the French governor and his lady, and a crowd of officers

in glittering regimentals; to the left, a box was constructed of palm-mats, decorated with gaudy chintz, for the barefooted queen and her court; the rest of the hall was filled with the strange figures of the natives, whose ears were as yet unaccustomed to any other music than the warbling of the birds.

I stepped forth, bowed to the audience, and opened the concert; but it took some time before I could make it understood that at a concert the public have nothing to do but to listen. The natives did not seem at all aware of this fact; they chattered so loud, that I had frequently to break off and begin over again.

I played *Othello*, by Ernst, but probably a thrilling cornet-a-piston, accompanied by drums, would have afforded more pleasure to the brown islanders than my fiddling; for with the exception of some friendly European hands, not a finger was moved by my performance. The piece was finished without having been interrupted by any sign of applause—never in my life had I felt so little appreciated as here. The queen, leading a young boy by the hand, now appeared with her ladies-in-waiting, fantastically clad, but all of them barefooted, and very curious about the things they were to witness.

* This relation is given by the musician himself in a letter to one of his friends. Mieska Hauser is a Hungarian violinist, apparently fond of adventures; for after finding his way to California, where he was very successful in his calling, in September last he set out for Australia. In crossing the Pacific, however, he paid a visit to the natives of Tahiti; and in this island, whose first step in civilization was made about thirty years ago, he tried his luck with a fashionable concert. Our readers, we have no doubt, will be well pleased to hear the result as communicated by himself.

The first musical celebrity of Tahiti, Mr. Camieux, chief of the French military band, a broad-chested giant, now came forward, and played a piece on the flute. He told me later that it was the cavatina from *Ernani*; and I might perhaps have recognized it, had not the stout flute-player, in spite of his physical exertions, failed to produce at least one-half of his notes. The artist in stepping forward, respectfully kissed the hand of the lady of the governor—an act of French loyalty which, though an insult to Queen Pomare and her court, was more pardonable than his interminable performance. He would not stop, in spite of all the signs I could make. I saw, to my great dismay, the yawning queen rise from her seat; the children of nature, whose ears were now so severely taxed, began to leave the hall, and all my illusions of Tahitian knighthood, reputation, and immortality vanished. Pomare, in fact, without having heard me, left the hall, expelled, I felt sure, by the dreadful flute. After I had calmed my excited mind as well as I could, I again commenced. I gathered all my strength, and played sentimental love-tunes and eccentric variations, but all in vain!—no sign of pleasure, no clapping of hands, no encoring: the brown islanders remained as unmoved as ever.

Failure and disgrace staring me in the face, I adopted a bold resolution. "Save me humbug!" thought I; and with real wrath I tore three strings from my fiddle, and on the G chord alone I played the *Carnival*. My trick took; a whisper of surprise was heard; the natives became attentive; they approached me, and with every new passage, principally where I imitated the flute, they began to cheer in a way which would have been impossible to any civilized audience. Encouraged by the enthusiasm, I began to extemporize; and the quainter my variations grew, the louder became the cheers of my barefooted admirers, who did not leave the hall until, wearied with the exertion, my arm could no longer manage the fiddle-stick.

All Tahiti was in a tremendous excitement after my concert. Everybody spoke of the foreign fiddler who had come across the seas, and could whistle on the fiddle like a bird. Flowers and fruits are sent to my hotel; and when I play in my room, a crowd of admirers gather under my windows; everybody greets me when I go out—I am the lion of Tahiti.

A few days after, I was invited by the governor to a dinner-party. All the consuls and foreign agents were present, for it was

the birthday of the governor. Even a deputation of natives, who had come to congratulate the French general, were, to my greatest amusement, invited to the feast. They were clad in the European way, even to the stiff shirt-collars and kid gloves, but they retained the nakedness of their feet. European civilization reached only to their ankles. It was amusing to see how those gentlemen endeavored to imitate the manners of their hosts, and how they managed the knives, forks, and napkins. Every new dish put them into new difficulties; and a capital plum-pudding, the delight of the white guests, astonished the internals of one of the brown islanders to such a degree, that he had to leave the table. And how should French cookery be acceptable to those natives, who, only forty years ago, used to eat their enemies? Not half a century has elapsed since that epoch, and now a European violinist fiddles the *Carnival* to them! The march of civilization is indeed rapid.

But it is not only Euterpe who has been introduced to Tahiti, Thalia has accompanied her sister. The French officers, after dinner, performed Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, to the amusement of the governor, though not to mine. I got so tired, that I left the party and went into the garden, to admire the gorgeousness of vegetation. The French, who have introduced all kinds of European refinement, have transformed this garden into a fairy grove. All the plants and flowers attain here to an extraordinary size and perfection. The roses especially surpass in hue and fragrance everything I ever saw; nature appears clad in her gaudiest garb. Parrots glitter in the rays of the sun; the humming-bird is buzzing round the flowers of the aloe; deep-colored butterflies, of the largest size, flutter around the roses; but swarms of gnats and gigantic bats, and sometimes a snake, remind us that the peculiar charms of the tropics are accompanied by peculiar nuisances.

The garden was opened to the natives, whom I found assembled, some in European attire, others in hardly any attire, and all amusing themselves with gymnastic games and animated dancing.

Their dances are very peculiar. The girls, with flowing hair, richly decorated with wreaths of flowers, but otherwise not much encumbered with dress, whirl round with the utmost rapidity, until they sink exhausted on the sand, where they remain motionless, unless the entreaties of some dancer induces the fair one to start anew. In this case up she

darts, and with graceful leaps whirls round until she falls again. But wo to the male dancer who falls! All the girls gather round, pour water on him, pelt him with cocoa-peels, laugh at him, and at last make a terrible noise on cow-horns; but, compelled by custom, he must submit with a good grace to all these insults.

I was peculiarly interested by a female snake-charmer, who had a boa-constrictor twisted round her body, which seemed to understand every word of its mistress. The girl ordered it to pluck a rose, and the reptile plucked it, and handed it to her in the most caressing manner!

The queen was likewise invited, but she did not come. Pomare avoids, as far as possible, all contact with the French, and particularly with the lady of the governor; it was on account of her, and not of the flute-player, that she left my concert so soon: so I was informed by the missionary who is her chaplain.

The evening began already to spread its dark shadows over the mountains and flowery valleys of Tahiti, when I left the palace of the governor; the deep-blue sky of the tropics was studded with stars; a fragrant breeze gently moved the gloomy cypresses and stately palms, whose crowns of leaves waved gently in the air; the petals of the flowers, which had drooped towards the earth in the heat of the sun, rose once more refreshed by the evening dew; glow-worms glittered with trembling light in the dark-green orange thickets; and the silvery light of the moon illumined the magic scene, the beauty of which could not be conceived even by the most powerful imagination. Plunged in thought, I pursued a path towards the heights, through blooming cactuses and aloes, and under gigantic palm-trees, when suddenly, on the slope of a palm-grove, I observed a large building, from which came the sound of the organ and singing. This was the Roman Catholic church, the first in Tahiti, formerly an idol-temple. Thirty-five large columns, stems of the breadfruit-tree, support the building, the nave of which was decorated with flower-wreaths. On the master-altar I saw a picture of the Madonna; a priest read the mass; natives knelt on the steps of the altar; boys and girls, clad in white garments, sang to the sound of the melancholy organ. Soon after, the priest, an old man, began to preach in the Tahitian language; a native followed him, and spoke enthusiastically of the blessings of faith.

The next day my ardent wish was fulfill-

ed. The governor sent me word that Queen Pomare had expressed a desire to hear me, and I had immediately to put myself in readiness. At three o'clock, P.M., just when the heat of the sun was most oppressive, I went forth, accompanied by the chaplain of the queen, through the streets of Tahiti. A half-naked islander carried my violin-box, whilst the missionary instructed me in the court-ceremonial of the queen. We reached the shore, embarked in a canoe, and were rowed to the isle Papitee, the residence of her majesty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming picture than this green island: on one shore, studded with houses and gardens; on the other, bordered by a steep coral-reef, on which the waves of the Pacific break in majestic succession.

We reached the house of the queen by a path leading through a palm-grove, the outskirts of which are occupied by the huts of the natives. The royal residence resembles a European house, with large windows and a balcony; a gilt crown on the top designates it as the dwelling of the brown queen. A guardsman, with musket and heavy sword, in handsome regimentals, but barefooted, was pacing to and fro before the door with military gravity. We gave him a piece of money, and he immediately became very serviceable, and opened the gate for us. The missionary proceeded direct to the queen, to announce my arrival, while I had to stop in the waiting-room on the ground-floor, where there was no other furniture than a long table, on which lay asleep a stout man in very primitive costume. Awakened by the noise I involuntarily made, he yawned, put on a green dress coat, and girded himself with a rusty sword, seemingly much astonished at the intrusion of a foreigner. From his diplomatic look, I could not doubt that the chamberlain, or perhaps one of the ministers of her majesty, stood before me. I bowed accordingly, but when he was about to enter into conversation with me, the missionary summoned me to the queen. I followed him, first through a long passage, decorated with arms and trophies; then through an apartment in which the ladies-in-waiting were dressing without heeding us. I had here to tune my violin, and, armed with fiddle and bow, I was introduced into the next room, to the presence of the queen.

Pomare sat on palm-mats, in an apartment adorned with chintz, but scantily furnished. A badly painted picture hung on the wall behind her; two ladies-in-waiting squatted at her side, and fanned her with ostrich-fea-

thers. Pomare, about thirty-six years old, is rather tall; her frame noble and well shaped; and her deportment not without majesty. Her features, full of expression, show traces of great beauty, though her thick lips and yellowish-brown complexion detract from the effect. Her rich dark hair was confined on the top of the head by a large comb, and her brow was adorned with a simple gold circle. Her muslin robe of light blue color, wide on the shoulders, and drawn close round her waist, reached scarcely beyond her knees; her arms and feet were bare, adorned with corals and shells; and her great-toe was dyed of a red hue, and encircled with gold rings.

Not to infringe upon Tahitian etiquette, I bowed as low as possible, and then began the concert with a few simple melodies; but Pomare did not listen, carrying on a loud conversation with her ladies. I was much disappointed, and thought soon I had better go; but to try my luck, I struck up variations on *Yankee Doodle*. She seemed to know it—nodded—and was soon so charmed, that she sent for her two children, who became, indeed, a most satisfactory audience. The prince-royal, a little fellow, began to clap his hands; and the princess, about thirteen years old, danced to the music, much to the delight of the

queen, at whose order the doors were thrown open, and all the court assembled around me.

The royal consort, a gigantic islander, appeared barefooted, like all the rest of the courtiers, and began to touch my hands, my bow, my fiddle, so that I could scarce continue to play. I was at length so much squeezed by the crowd, that I began to have serious apprehensions for the safety of my instrument; but Pomare soon dismissed her court, and remained alone with me. She wished to examine my violin, touched the strings, and then returned the instrument. I now played a Tahitian melody, which seemed to please her much. She asked whether I came from France; and when I told her I was not a Frenchman, she shook my hand, and whispered: "I do not like those fellows." Of course she has reason enough not to like them, since they have deprived her of her power, and reduced her to mere nominal royalty. She now untied a small gold cross from her necklace of corals, and handed it to me, with the words: "Take this as a keepsake from Pomare." I bowed once more to her majesty; and, accompanied by the missionary, left the royal residence and the island Papitee. I shall never forget my visit to Tahiti. To-morrow, I sail for Australia.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

THE ZOUAVES.

"WHAT are the Zouaves?" is a question frequently asked when the name of the three brave regiments occurs in the accounts from the Crimea. An answer to this inquiry appears in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the shape of a history of these remarkable warriors. We present our readers with some extracts translated from it, which we think will prove interesting.

In the month of August, 1830, General Chausel took the command of the French army in Africa, the mission with which he was charged not being very easy of fulfilment, nor even very clearly defined. He found himself at the head of a reduced army, without precise instructions; surrounded by intrigues and various difficulties; having before him an unknown country,

scarcely described by a few forgotten travellers, with a population savage and warlike, but accustomed to receive its laws from Algiers, and now plunged into anarchy by the fall of the Dey. All the Turks had been expelled, and this completed his embarrassment; for they who, for ages, had been suspected and obeyed by the Arabs, would have been ready and willing to submit themselves to their conquerors. This expulsion of the Turks has been severely condemned: its ultimate results, however, have been most fortunate; for the government of the Arabs being conducted directly by Europeans, has promoted a degree of order, civilization, and progress, which could never have been hoped for from the Mussulman domination. At the close of 1830, however, the inconve-

niences alone of the measure were felt; and General Chausel, in order to remedy them in part, and also to increase the number of his effective troops, organized corps of native infantry and cavalry. By a royal order, dated the 21st March, 1831, two battalions were formed, which received the name of Zouaves—in Arabic, Zouaoua. The Zouaoua are a tribe, or rather a confederation of the Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the most remote gorges of the Jurjura; a race of proud, intrepid, industrious men, whose submission to the Turks was never more than nominal, but who were very well known in Algiers. Thither they frequently repaired, in order to exchange their oil and the products of their coarse industry, for the commodities which were not to be had in their poor mountains. As they had the reputation of being excellent warriors, and as their military services had been occasionally hired by the princes of Barbary, their name was bestowed on the new militia. A mixed multitude it was, however, receiving into its ranks, without distinction of origin, all the natives, mountaineers and men of the plains, town workmen and country laborers, Kabyles, Arabs, and Coulouglis. Chiefs, however, were necessary—these were chosen from amongst the French officers—and in order to leaven the mass of natives with the European element, a number of volunteers, chiefly from the lowest rank of the Parisian populace, were enrolled.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since its formation, when the new corps received its baptism of fire on the mountain of Mouzaia; and from that time, during the whole African campaign, the Zouaves distinguished themselves by their courage and fidelity.

This corps was remarkable both for the virtues and vices of irregular troops; and when, in 1841, Marshal Bugeaud took the command of the troops in Algeria, he very soon appreciated their peculiar fitness for the service in which they were engaged.

See them at the bivouac; some men come out of the ranks, and run to the nearest spring to fill their canteens, before the water has been made muddy by the trampling of the horses and mules. Presently, their little tents—formed by ripping their baggage-sacks, fastening them together with packthread, and propping them up with sticks—are ready; fires are lighted, as if by magic; and cooking begins. The evening soup is quickly made, consisting, as it does, of onions, lard, and bread; or, if these ingredients be wanting, some liquid coffee is filled with pounded biscuit, and transformed

into a sort of paste, which might not, perhaps, please a fastidious palate, but which is both tonic and nourishing. The meat is kept slowly stewing during the night, in order to furnish the morning repast; but sometimes the sportsmen of the division may enrich the larder with a hare, a tortoise, or some fish, not to speak of an occasional hen, kid, or lamb, brought in with a certain degree of mystery, and most probably not procured after a very orthodox fashion. Supper is eaten, the last pipe smoked, and while one party sleep, the remainder change their place in silence, lest their position should be known by the enemy. Follow the officer on duty in his rounds, and despite of the obscurity, he will show you, on the declivity of the hill, a Zouave lying flat on his face and hands beneath the shadow of the summit, his eye on the watch, and his finger on the trigger of his gun. A fire is kindled in the middle of a path which crosses a wood, and which a party of soldiers occupied during the day, but they are no longer there. However, the marauding enemy who may happen to approach the camp in order to attempt a robbery or a surprise, carefully avoids this fire, round which he thinks the French are encamped. He throws himself into the wood, and there falls beneath the bayonets of the ambushed Zouaves, who strike noiselessly, in order not to spoil the trap, by signifying their presence to the comrades of their victim.

One night—it was a singular instance—their vigilance was at fault, and the troops of the Emir, gliding into the midst of their encampment, opened on them a murderous fire. The attack was so sudden, that for a moment the soldiers hesitated to rise, until their officers set them the example. Marshal Bugeaud was the first to arrive: two men instantly fell dead beneath his vigorous arm. Speedily the attack was repulsed by the Zouaves, and the enemy routed. When the fighting was over, and order re-established, the marshal observed, by the light of the bivouac-fires, that the soldiers smiled as they looked at him. He put his hand to his head, and found that his head-dress was identical with that of Beranger's Roi d'Yvetot—viz., a white cotton night-cap! He immediately called for his helmet, and a thousand voices shouted: "The marshal's helmet! the marshal's helmet!" This became a sort of byword in the army; and the next day, when the trumpets were sounding the march, the Zouaves sang in chorus, by way of an accompaniment:

Hast thou seen the helmet,
The helmet, the helmet ?
Hast thou seen the brave helmet
Of Father Bugeaud ?

From that time the trumpet-march was known as "the helmet;" and the hero of the anecdote himself used to laugh good-humoredly, and say: "Sound the *helmet*."

It happened one day that the marshal, after one of the first razzias, or forays, executed by his orders, examined with considerable satisfaction a fine flock of sheep, which had been brought in for the commissariat. He went into his tent, and lay down to sleep, but was suddenly aroused by certain significant bleatings. He hastens out, he sees his Zouaves and his muttons all mingled together, and ready to vanish, despite the efforts of the guards. Full of fury, the marshal in his shirt, and sword in hand, rushes into the thickest of the fray. The Zouaves disappear in double-quick time, *and so do the sheep too*. Subsequent researches made in their bivouac are attended with no satisfactory result: no one was absent at the roll-call; no one had seen such a thing as a sheep. Marshal Bugeaud had nothing for it but to laugh.

Another day, the Zouaves formed the rear-guard; the column they belonged to brought into the Tell an immense population, who had been captured, after having for a long time followed the fortunes of Abd-el-Kader. The advanced-guard had set out at four o'clock in the morning; and although they were on a plain, at seven o'clock the last families had not yet left the bivouac. They had to journey eleven leagues before they came to water. On that day, the Zouaves were more like charitable women than mercenary soldiers, sharing their biscuit with the poor people whom fatigue and heat overcame; and when the goat-skins were emptied, holding down a sheep or a goat in order to bring its teats near the parched lips of some poor deserted child.

At nightfall, when they encamped, their sacks contained neither fowls nor tortoises, but they brought back women, children, and old men whose lives they had saved. Such men are as good as they are brave; but they require, in those who rule them, a mixture of firmness and kindness, a strict but not severe discipline, in order to repress their evil instincts, and develop their generous feelings.

The Zouaves did good service in Algeria, when, in 1845, a general insurrection broke

out. In the month of April of the following year, after six months of perpetual marching and fighting, the first battalion of Zouaves entered Blidah, covered with glorious rags. It happened that the Grand-duke Constantine, son of the Emperor Nicholas, had just landed at Algiers, and testified a desire to see these troops, whose renown had reached even St. Petersburg. That night the Zouaves received their new uniform; and at nine o'clock the next morning they were at Boufarik, awaiting the young prince.

When he, descending from his carriage, beheld them drawn up in battle array in a green meadow, flanked by two squadrons of spahis, he could not conceal his surprise; for he learned that this band, of an aspect so original, and yet so compact and so thoroughly well drilled, had returned only the evening before, had marched six leagues that morning, and during the last six months had known no other bed than the earth, and no other roof than the sky. The Grand-duke Constantine, we fancy, brought away with him, from that review, impressions which subsequent events in the Crimea have by no means tended to efface.

In the month of March, 1854, the Zouaves, filled with enthusiasm, quitted Algeria to join the army of the East. They were about to face that enemy who had so hotly disputed with Frenchmen the fields of Eylau and Moskva; they were about to fight side by side with that English infantry whose immovable solidity Frenchmen had so often experienced to their cost. Well have the brave bands of Africa fulfilled the expectations formed of their prowess.

What Frenchman can read without joy and pride the accounts given of them in the English correspondence, whether they are described as "climbing like cats up the heights of the Alma," or "bounding like panthers through the thickets of Inkermann!"

With what shouts were they hailed by the Queen's Guards when that heroic brigade, exhausted by its magnificent defence, saw appearing through the fog "the well-known garment of the Algerine troops!" Scarcely were they seen, before they were in the very middle of the Russian column. May we not hope that the banner of the Zouaves, which floated the first on the breach of Constantine, of Zaatcha, and of Laghouat, will ere long wave in triumph over the walls of Sebastopol?

From Bentley's Miscellany.

PROSINGS ABOUT THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.

III.—LEIGH HUNT.

TEMPORA *mutantur*; few men (hardly even the constant subscribers to the inconstant though invaluable *Times*) can have felt this more vividly than Mr. Leigh Hunt, *without*, meanwhile, a like sense of the sequel, *nos et mutantur in illis*. His subjective experiences of change have kept no sort of pace with his objective,—his *ab intrâ* development of life and character with his *ab extra* position in relation to the age. He continues in his writings very much the same, in all elementary and essential qualities, that he was when bullied, badgered, baited, without ruth, nearly a half century ago; but he is now treated with politeness; and more, respect; and more still, cordiality; in many quarters where his mere name used to be the signal for crying Havoc! and letting slip against Cockneydom, and its *facile princeps*, the dogs of war—from the big bay-hounds whose bite some Cockneys found mortal, to the little dogs and all, of Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart breed, which barked at him; and including in the hostile corps every degree of deep-mouthed and of yelping utterance, whether

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym,
Bob-tail tyke, or trundle tail—

as Poor Tom catalogues them; and with Poor Tom we may now add, "Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled—see, see, see!" We are improving in the courtesy of polemics; are learning to make allowances, to give credit for sincerity in our opponents, and to act out more and more, as we get farther and farther from the golden age, the golden rule, of doing as we would be done by, and tolerating all we can, lest we become intolerable altogether. To this state of things Mr. Leigh Hunt's own example and precepts have largely and sensibly contributed. Differ we never so much from his creed, this at least we are fain to own. And pleasant it is to mark the change in the world's tone

towards him and treatment of him; to turn from his imprisonment by Georgius Rex to his pension grant by Victoria Regina.

A rare thing it is, and a beautiful, to see in hoary eld a virgin-heart kept unspotted from the world—the world's pollutions, defilements, and sins. Rare too it is, and refreshing, to see a veteran, a "battered senior," with a boyish heart, unwithered by the world,—the world's scorching summer blasts and wintry chills. Rare and refreshing it is to meet with an actual impersonation of that familiar appellation, an OLD BOY. Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his writings, is very near the mark. Like *Friscobaldo*, in the play, age hath not command of his blood—for all Time's sickle hath gone over to him, he is Leigh Hunt still; his resolve being, that his "heart shall never have a wrinkle in it while he can cry Hem! with a clear voice."* As it has been said of one of old time, "on se le figure ayant toujours gardé quelque chose de jeune, de riant,—un de ces visages qui sont tout étonnés d'avoir des cheveux blancs." Alluding in one of his essays to (strangely assorted couple!) Jean Jacques and Mr. Wordsworth, our essayist says of himself:

* HIPPOLITO. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all Time's sickle hath gone over you, you are Orlando still.

ORLANDO. Why, my Lord, are not the fields mown and cut down again, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again! Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green!

HRP. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow, Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

ORL. I eat snakes, my Lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it so long as I can cry Hem! with a clear voice. . . .

HRP. You are the happier man, sir.

Of this old boy Haslitt says, "Old honest Decker's Signior Orlando Friscobaldo I shall never forget! I became only of late acquainted with" him; "but the bargain between us is, I trust, for life. We sometimes regret that we had not sooner met with characters like these, that seem to raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being." &c.

"I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the philosopher of Geneva, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydalmount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by."* We may apply to him some lines of that same bard of Rydalmount—

I moved among mankind
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught.†

Nevertheless they wholly misread the man, if ever they can have read him at all, who regard him as a creature of levity all compact—as if, like another of Wordsworth's characters, "as if to bask in sunshine were his only task." He is very gay, very vivacious, very jaunty, and, sometimes, more than a little flippancy and coxcombical; but he is not one of your frothy frivolists, who have always an infinite deal of nothing to say, and are always saying it. If he never turns from lively to severe, at least he solidifies and relieves (basso rilievo) his gay with grave. His characteristic has not inaccurately been defined, "earnestness at ease." He says serious things as weighty as are said by the eminently serious and the overpoweringly grave, but in a more airy manner, in words that glide more trippingly off the tongue. Byron seems to have been at first struck with this serious side of Mr. Hunt's character, and remarks (1813): "He reminds me of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive aspect;" adding, "he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that empty 'name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it."‡ Haydon, about the same time, or a little earlier, journalizes his appreciation of Hunt's "honesty of principle and unfailing love of truth," as not less attractive and distinguishing than his pre-eminence in "wit and fun, quotation and impromptu."§ Shelley's poetical portraiture

* "The World of Books."

† Wordsworth: "Prelude." Book xi.

‡ Moore's *Life of Byron*.

§ Haydon, together with Wilkie, was anxious to become acquainted with the theatrical critic of the *News*, and thus records his impression after the longed-for interview had been brought about: "I thought him with his black bushy hair, black eyes, pale face, and 'nose of taste,' as fine a specimen of a London editor as could be imagined; assuming

of his friend represents him grave as well as gay:

You will see Hunt; one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb;
Who is, what others seem.—
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brains for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say "I am poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever said in book,
Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness.*

He calls himself, indeed, a son of mirth and melancholy—"for my father's Christian name," says he, "was Isaac [*Hebr.* "laughter"], and my mother's was Mary ("bitterness")—and as I do not remember to have ever seen my mother smile, except in sorrowful tenderness, so my father's shouts of laughter are now ringing in my ears."† He is neither his father's child, nor his mother's, exclusively.

Had he been either exclusively, he could hardly have surmounted so happily the flood of opposition which once set in against him. He was by repute the prince of the Cockneys, and, as such, exposed to a war of extermination. With this unenvied principality and power his name and fame are widely, if not eternally, associated. "Leigh Hunt," writes M. Philarète Chasles, "hardiment libéral et chef de l'*Examiner*, s'exposait bravement à tous les coups. C'était lui qui passait pour chef de ce groupe bien impuissant et bien faible des poètes libéraux, réunis par une épithète railleuse sous le nom de l'*Ecole des badauds* (*Cockney-School*); pauvres gens, en effet, qui vivaient à Londres, ne pouvant guère admirer la nature dans les châteaux qu'ils n'avaient pas."‡ Let the galled jade wince; Mr. Hunt's withers are

yet moderate, sarcastic yet genial, with a smattering of everything and mastery of nothing; affecting the dictator, the poet the politician, the critic, and the sceptic, whichever would, at the moment, give him the air, to inferior minds, of being a very superior man."

In 1813 occurs the following entry in Haydon's diary: "Spent the evening with Leigh Hunt, at West-end—walked out and in furiously after dinner, which did me great good. Leigh Hunt's society is always delightful: I do not know a purer, a more virtuous character, or a more witty, funny, and enlivening man.—We talked of his approaching imprisonment."—TAYLOR'S *Life of Haydon*.

* Shelley's "Poems written in 1820." (Letter to Maria Gisborne.)

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt (1850).

‡ *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Angleterre au XIX siècle.*

unwring by a definition of this sort. There is a fair modicum of truth in what has been said of him, that his chief title to the Cockney *nom de guerra* (and *guerra* it then was, with a vengeance) lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast. He could smell freshness in the Hampstead fields; he could discern a fair prospect from Highgate Hill; he could hear, not mere discords harsh and grating, but Whittingtonian music in the sound of Bow bells. He stood up (though no native) for the city in whose suburbs his tent was pitched, and retorted scorn for scorn on those who derided it—feeling something of the indignation, we may suppose, of another sort of prince who once put the irate query,

Τίς γὰρ τοιαύτ' ἀνὺκ ἀν' ὀργίζουτ' ἐπὶ
Κλυών, ἀ νυν σὺ τῆνδ' ἀτιμῶεις πολὺν;*

As for a Cockney school of poetry, if there be one, that he contends, in his Autobiography, is simply "the most illustrious in England;" for, he continues, "to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable Cockneys, 'born within the sound of Bow bell,' Milton was so too; and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the City." But so frightened were the booksellers by the charge of Cockneyism, that he found it anything but a *vox et præterea nihil*. "It is inconceivable," he owns, "to what extent I suffered, in mind, body, and estate, because the tide of affairs was against me.†" He ignores, however, something of the charge, when he limits its gravamen to a mere local accident. It was not the living near, or a certain attachment to, London and its environs, that his assailants fixed upon: there was a real or imputed affectation, conceit, vulgar dandyism of thought and phrase, supposed to be peculiar to him and his parasites, against which the term Cockneyism was directed. A spice of this mannerism, more or less pungent, flavors all Mr. Leigh Hunt's prose and verse, from the first day until now. His foes have nauseated it with a demonstrative degree of loathing, and his friends have owned it, whether with a smile or a sigh. He refers, himself, apologetically to the bumptiousness (not that he uses the word, though) of his early critiques in the *Examiner*, which he and his brother John set up in 1808. "When I consider," says he, "all

the nonsense and extravagance of these assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, . . . I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no 'ostentation of candor' that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me."* Byron writes of him half a dozen years later, "He is perhaps a little opinionative, as all men who are the centres of circles, wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together—must be."† Haydon describes himself as listening with curiosity to Sir Oracle's "republican independence, though hating his effeminacy and Cockney peculiarities," and talks of his "jaunty style" of reviewing works of art, "without knowing anything of its technicalities," true to his character as endowed "with a smattering of everything and mastery of nothing."‡ But there are vanities and egotisms, as M. Sainte Beuve says, "qu'on excuse et qui trouvent grâce par leur air beinveillant et naturel,"§ and of such are Leigh Hunt's, unless we mistake outright himself and the mass of his readers.

Those readers are many, as they ought to be. Perhaps not so many as they ought to be. Else, why have Leigh Hunt's literary undertakings more than once signally failed? Is it from his deficiency in habits of business and worldly tact?—a deficiency partly exemplified by his avowed innocence of arithmetic; for he says of himself, writing in 1850, and referring to a period about fifty years earlier, when he was a yellow-legged blue-coat boy, "A boy might arrive at the age of fifteen in the grammar-school,|| and not know his multiplication-table; which was the case with myself. Nor do I know it to this day!" He adds: "The fault was not my fault at the time; but I ought to have repaired it when I went out in the world; and great is the mischief which it has done me."¶ Instances of his unarithmetical ways and means might perhaps be culled from his writings, and provoke hard-headed Cocks and Cockerlings to crow with inarithmetical laughter (*ἀνριθμονυγελαομα*): one we remember, where he says that Mary Tudor "sent two hundred and eighty-four people to the stake during a short reign of five years

* Autobiography, vol. ii.

† Moore's Life of Byron.

‡ Taylor's Life, &c., of Haydon.

§ Causeries du Lundi.

|| As distinct from the writing-school (at Christ Hospital).

¶ Autobiography, vol. i.

* Sophocles. *Oedip. Tyr.* 347, 348.

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, vol. iii.

and four months; which, upon an average," he computes, "is upwards of four a week!"* Possibly a slip of the pen;† but we have a shrewd suspicion, not to say a malicious one, that the pen was quite as likely to slip, and rather more so, when working out the Marian statistics by the agency of horrid divisors and dividends, in which Mr. Hunt is not at all at home, than when inserting the result in a fair copy of composition, in which he thoroughly is so. But whatever the cause of his failure in magazine directorship, the effect is patent. Admirably adapted as his specific talent would seem, for managing a periodical, he has been unsuccessful where the Chambers' Brothers, and Charles Dickens, and others, have signally flourished and are flourishing. Numerous are the periodicals in which he has borne a part, and in none without his native grace, pleasantry, and cleverness. Not to speak of those prosperous issues, the *News* and the *Examiner*, there have been the *Indicator* (and most truly was he told, "The Indicative is your Potential mood"), the *Companion* and the *Seer*, the *Reflector* (of which he was editor, aided by the contributions of the Aikin family, of Charles Lamb and [all of them blue-coat boys] Barnes, Dyer, *Aristophanes* Mitchel, and *Euripides* Scholefield,—but which stopped at the fourth number for want of funds), the *Liberal* (nearly half of which was in Hunt's autograph—his chief associates in this, another bad speculation, being Byron and Hazlitt), the *London Journal* (a most agreeable mélange, which ought to be circulating still, to the recreation of thousands and the profit of one, and which even the editor's hard-hitting foe, Christopher North, welcomed with no stinted praise, and pro-

nounced it an essential to his breakfast-table), the *Monthly Repository*, and finally *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, which opened so promisingly with papers by himself, and Carlyle, and Savage Landor, and R. Horne, but closed with the pace and the catastrophe of a galloping decline. As a weekly sheet devoted specially to *belles lettres*, cheap but not nasty, it left a gap which has not yet been filled up.

In these varied periodicals, what an array of lively, gleesome, witty, humorous, fanciful suggestive "articles" has Leigh Hunt produced, to "pleasure" the light-hearted and laughter-loving, the sick and the solitary! Pleasanter pastime, in its proper sense, it were hard to find, of a light literary sort, than such chatty discourses as those he has indited, formally or occasionally, always knowing how to begin and where to stop, on topics just amusing enough to challenge general perusal: witness his gossip about Getting up on Cold Mornings, and the luxurious sophisms of an ingenious liar in bed; about a Day by the Fire, with its babble of snug in-door enjoyments—the poker's provocation of a blaze, a sudden empyreal enthusiasm, which glorifies the breakfast-table, and makes

The conscious wight, rejoicing in the heat,
Rub the blithe knees, and toast th' alternate feet—

the crisp sound of the rolls, the charm of the uncut newspaper,—and then again evening's twilight on the same spot, and in the same seat, an easy-chair, when the window is becoming imperceptibly darker, and the fire assumes a more glooming presence, and the contemplatist is absorbed in his fancies,—the only time this, perhaps, at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing,—every trick and aspect of the fire observed with the smallest effort, so that nothing escapes the eye and the imagination, whether a coal falling in, or a fleeting fume, or a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning, or whatever the dissolving views presented within the grate—shifting forms, perchance, of hills, and vales, and gulfs, of fiery Alps and black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings,—or walled towns, and figures of unknown animals—"till at last, the ragged coals, tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed;"—or about Sleep, which he thinks most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with

* Female Sovereigns of England. (Reprinted in *Men, Women, and Books*, vol. i.)

† Let us hope it was a slip of the pen, and not an evidence of Mr. Hunt's unbiblical as well as unarithmetical turn of mind,—the ascribing to Shelley a cherished intimacy with the Gospel of St. James. Shelley, he tells us (and we rejoice), took a "great, though peculiar, and often admiring interest" in the Bible—especially the book of Job. For his Christianity, it is added (and we are puzzled), he went to the "gospel of St. James."—*Autobiography*, vol. ii.

'Tis an awkward trick some pens have of stumbling on sacred ground. Mr. Dickens, we remember, makes a schoolmaster set as an imposition (it is somewhere in *Dombey and Son*) "the First Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians." What would that pedagogue's pupils, and their parents, have thought of him, had he set the *Second*? in what recondite stores of *apocrypha* and *antilegomena* would they have sought for the hid treasure?

one idea ; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept ; lightest, in the playful child ; proudest, in the bride adored ; and the prose and poetry, the ridiculous and solemn aspects of which, he sketches in his happiest style ; or about Shaking Hands, about Sticks, about the Shops of London, about the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving, about Beds and Bedrooms, about the Inside of an Omnibus, and, in fine, as the last title suggests, *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*—the *aliis* being to the *omnibus* almost in the proportion of the Scotch bittock, that's "over," to the Scotch mile.

Give him nothing to have and to hold (forth about) but "A Pinch of Snuff,"* and he will titillate your optic nerve as you read, as pungently as his subject could your olfactory. He will allow that snuff-taking is an odd-cus-tom ; that if we came suddenly upon it in a foreign country, it might make us split our sides with laughter—to see, *par exemple*, a grave gentleman take a little casket out of his pocket, put a finger and thumb in, and then, with the most serious air possible, as if he was doing one of the most important actions of his life, proceed to thrust, and keep thrusting it, at his nose—thereupon shaking his head, or his waistcoat, or his nose itself, or all three, in the style of a man who has done his duty, and satisfied the most serious claims of his well-being. But if snuff-taking has its ludicrous side, its philosophy is also treated of. The snuff-box is declared to have a pacifying magic, of which the handful of dust with which the Latin poet settles his wars of the bees was a type and figure :

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulvis exigui jactu compressa quiescent—*

These movements of high minds, these mortal foes,
Give but a pinch of dust, and you compose.

Then the classes of snuff-takers are discriminated : the epigrammatic, who came to the point as fast as possible, and to whom the pungency is everything, and who use a sharp and severe snuff—a sort of essence of pins' points ; the urbane, who value the style as much as the sensation, and offer the box around them as much out of dignity as benevolence ; the irritable, again, and the bashful, and the economical, and the gesticulatory. One thing puzzles the essayist,—how lovers, and ladies, ever came to take snuff—and anon he dashes you off a fancy sketch of two lovers in Queen Anne's time, each with snuff-box

in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. "He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words 'Charming creature,' when a sneeze overtakes him !

Cha—Cha—Cha—Charming creature !

What a situation ! A sneeze ! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list ? The lady, on her side, is under the like malapropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all loving and bashful speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent :—

Oh, Richard ! Sho—Sho—Sho—Should you think ill of me for this ?"

What though Catullus make Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers—

*Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbationem—*

he did not make the *lovers* sneeze, as Louis Quatorze fashion did. Then are cited snuff-taking mortals extraordinary : Gibbon, heralding a bon mot by tapping his box ; Johnson, diving into his waistcoat pocket ; Napoleon, making the most of his last pinch, in his flight from Moscow ; the whole seasoned with excerpts from the poets, native and foreign,—not omitting some lines of the poet's own, apt and characteristic, in which occurs the sternutative (almost sternutatory) parenthesis.

—*Shoo—shoo—Oh ! 'tis most del-ishi
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi
(Hang it ! I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.*

Or give him a pair of Washerwomen,* tub-tumbling viragos, with brawny arms and brawling voices ; and how ingeniously, and genially withal, will he dwell on all the hot, disagreeable, dabbling, smoking, splashing, kitcheny, cold-dining, anti-company-receiving (his are all these epithets, simple and compound) associations, to which they give rise—tracing them throughout their day's work, from that dreadfully early knock at the door, which comes like a lump of lead, and instantly wakes the maid, whose business it is to get up, though she pretends not to hear it, till

* The Seer.

* The Round Table.

knock after knock compels her to descend, and meet the grumbling pair, whom anon she soothes with the promise of a "nice hock of ham" for breakfast, and "everything comfortable,"—and who, after warming themselves at the copper, taking a mutual pinch of snuff, and getting things ready for the wash, take a snack at the promised hock—"and then commences the history of all the last week of the whole neighborhood round, which continues amidst the dipping of splashing fists, the rumbling of suds, and the creaking of wringings out, till an hour or two are elapsed; and then for another snack and a pinch of snuff, till the resumption of another hour's labor or so brings round the time for first breakfast;"—when, having had "nothing to signify" since five, they sit down at half-past six in the washhouse, to take their own meal before the servants meet at the general one—and, having just labored enough to make the tea and bread and butter welcome, sit down, fatigued and happy, with their red elbows, and white corrugated fingers, to a tub turned upside down, and a dish of good Christian souchong, fit for a body to drink." How like the author, so kindly as well as quizzical, is his averment that a washerwoman's cup of tea may vie with the first drawn cork at a bon vivant's table, and the complacent opening of her snuff-box with that of the most triumphant politician over a scheme of partition; and again the moral, or didactic suggestion, or "improvement of the subject," characteristically tagged to its latter end, and exemplifying the essayist's resolve to educe a soul of goodness from a thing so evil as Washing Day, and his habit of "making things pleasant," looking at their bright side, and optimizing their pessimisms—when he argues that the visitors whom *dies illa* excludes, and the leg of mutton which it hinders from roasting, are only so much enjoyment kept back and contracted, in order to be made keener the rest of the week,—and that beauty itself is indebted to it, and draws from that steaming outhouse and splashing tub the well-fitting robe that adorns its figure, and the snowy cap that sets off its curls and complexion:—in short, as he concludes, "when ever we hear a washerwoman at her foaming work, or see her plodding towards us with her jolly warm face, her mob cap, her black stockings, clattering pattens, and tub at arm's length resting on her hip-joint, we look upon her as a living lesson to us to make the most both of time and comfort, and as a sort of allegorical union of pain and pleasure, a little too much, perhaps, in the style of

Rubens." Few could, few would, thus allegorize the plump prosiness, and thus idealize the matter-of-fact vulgarity, of *mesdames les blanchisseuses anglaises*—few indeed blow such gay and sparkling soap-bubbles from the suds of a washing-tub!

Or let him have for his theme, Hats ancient and modern;* and forthwith he will begin a chit-chat on the *désagréments* of a new "tile"—the uneasy sensation about the head it produces, after its emerging, sleek as a lap-dog, from blue box and silver paper—so unlike the old hat, that well-tried and well-worn friend, which must now make way for this fop of a stranger, and which you might do what you liked with, and which dust affected not, nor rain, nor a gale of wind, nor a fall, nor a squeeze; whereas the new arrival is sensitive on all these points, and can be carried with safety into no place but a church, where there is plenty of room, and whither accordingly the essayist carries it at once,—describing with perhaps some excess of levity, but an awkward amount of truth, the "preparatory ejaculation whispered into it by the genteel worshipper, before he turns round and makes a bow to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the Miss Thompsons. There is a formula for this occasion; and doubtless it is often used, to say nothing of extempore effusions:—but there are wicked imaginations, who suspect that instead of devouter whisperings, the communter with his lining sometimes ejaculates no more than Swallow, St. James's street; or, Augarde and Spain, Hatters, No. 51, Oxford street, London; after which he draws up his head with infinite gravity and preparation, and makes the gentle recognition aforesaid." A new hat in a crowd is discussed; and a new hat in a boating expedition; and a new hat inside a mail-coach (when mail-coaches were on the road—ah distant when! ah for the change 'twixt now and then!); and so in the diminutive headpiece of Christ Hospital, likened to the quaint cap of *Catherine* the Shrew, as the Shrewtamer describes it:

—moulded on a porringer;
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
A custard coffin, a bauble:—

and anon we are deep in the head-gear of the Chinese, a hatted race, both narrow-brimmed and broad; of the Greeks, not so bare-headed a people as "the general" suppose; of the Romans, Phrygian-capped and

* Indicator. No. XXII.

toga-hooded ; of the turbaned Easterns ; and of the velvet cap of Italy, and the hat and feathers of Spain, and the cocked-hat, and clerical beaver, &c.,—a *résumé* duly enlivened by gossip ethnological, æsthetical, historical, and anecdotal.

Or, let his text be "Pantomimes."* Off he goes, and tells you at once, whatever your age or estate, that not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits, not to like motion, not to like love, not to like a jest upon dulness and formality, or to smoke one's uncle, or to see a thump in the face, or a holiday, or the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas ; that it is not to sympathize with your children, or to remember that you have been a child yourself, and that you will grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, though not, perhaps, so wise and active. The text allows fair margin for discoursing on the Italian growth of Pantomimes, and their English transformation. They are commended as the satirist of folly as it flies. Harlequin is admiringly scrutinized—demi-masked, party-colored, nimble-toed, lithe, agile, with his omnipotent lath-sword, emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness ; Colombine, the "little dove" that is to be protected, ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love ; Pantaloon, a hobbling old rascal, void of any handsome infirmity ; and the Clown, round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, through which dumplings vanish, and sausages innumerable, and macaroni by the mile, and rum by the gallon. Pantomime is shown to be a representation of motion—motion forever, and motion all at once—of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Whether the essayist's nerves and spirits can endure a Pantomime now, we know not ; but while nerves and spirits hold together he will probably be prompt to endorse the sentiment with which this essay concludes—that there is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so.

The late Justice Talfourd held that Mr. Leigh Hunt has never been approached in theatrical criticism, at once just and picturesque in the art of applying his graphic powers to a detail of the performance, and making it interesting by the delicacy of his touch ; "encrystal the cobweb intricacies of

a plot with the sparkling dew of his own fancy—bid the light plume wave in the fluttering grace of his style—or 'catch ere she fell the Cynthia of the minute,' and fix the airy charm in lasting words."† It was in 1805 that he joined his brother John, to undertake the dramatic critiques in the *News*, then just set up. "We saw," he says, "that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. We announced it, and nobody believed us ; we stuck to it, and the town believed everything we said."‡ The legitimate drama was not as yet exiled to Hoxton and the Edgeware-road, nor, when spoken of, was it in tones of apology. The theatre was beloved and frequented by King and Commons at night, and discussed by them at noon. That is fifty years since. And at that time a critic who would criticize it for them with a candid spirit, a tolerably searching eye, a zestful sympathy, and a light pen, must win attention. The critic of the *News* won more. He was in every play-goer's mouth, every morning. And every night, there he was at his post, every night he

— was at "the play,"

And saw uprise the stage's strange floor-day,
And music tuning as in tune's despite ;
And Childhood saw, that glad-faced squeezeth tight

One's hand, while the rapt curtain soars away,—
And beauty and age, and all that piled array—
Thousands of souls drawn to one wise delight. †

Now-a-days it is only very old play-goers who can tell you aught of these dramatic by-gones, or even remember to have met with the lucubrations, jaunty, gay, sincere, which deal with Kemble's unbending seriousness—his success in the prouder passions, and inability to express that of love—his excellence wherever an air of self-importance or abstraction was required—his perfect mastery of bye-play—the admirable art which supplied the natural weakness of his voice by an energy and significance of utterance—his pronunciation crotchets—his genius as a whole more compulsive of respect than attractive of delight ;—his sister's resemblance to him in all his good qualities, but not any of his bad ones, and deserving undoubtedly the palm both of genius and judgment ;—Pope, without face, expression, or delivery ; his unmeaning rage consisting in a mere staring eye and a thundering voice ;—Ray-

* TALFOURD'S *Thoughts upon the late William Haslitt*. 1836.

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.

‡ Sonnets : "To the Author of 'Ion.'"

* The Companion.

mond, always natural and always admirable in the gradations and changes of passion ;—H. Johnston, always upon stilts, heralding every trifling speech with cold pauses of intended meaning ;—Bannis, unapproachable in the heartiness of jovial honesty and the sincerity of ludicrous distress ;—Lewis, all heart, all fire, polite from a natural wish to please,—exuberant in frankness and vivacity, inimitable in affecting the lounging fop, his laborious carelessness of action, important indifference of voice, and natural vacuity of look ;—Munden, extravagant and grimacing, as confined in action as vagrant in features, but a special master in the relaxed gesture and variable fatuity of intoxication ;—Fawcett, gaining his effects by eccentricity, by a hastiness of gesture, a strange harsh rapidity of speech, and a general confidence of manners ;—Simmons, unassuming, correct, and delicate ;—Liston, irresistibly humorous, but adding to his *rôle* nothing of stage affectation, nor diminishing from it aught of nature—exquisite in portraying the voluptuous self-repose of conceited folly, and in the rawness of country simplicity,—indeed, for the range of his characters,

— own'd without dispute
Thro' all the realms of nonsense absolute—

Emery's tragi-comic intensity ; Johnstone's radiant Irish jollity ; Dowton's supremacy in the testiness of age ; Mathews, great in officious valets and humorous old men ; Mrs. Mattocks, with "a head to conceive and a hand to execute any mischief ;" Mrs. Jordan, unrivalled in acting childhood, its bursts of temper and its fitful happiness—combining with cordial frankness a power of raillery managed with inimitable delicacy—her laughter the happiest and most natural on the stage, intermingling itself with her words, as fresh ideas afford her fresh merriment, and sparkling forth, at little intervals, as recollection revives it, like flame from half-smothered embers—yet unable to catch the elegant delicacy of the lady, from her perpetual representation of the other sex, and of the romping, unsettled, and uneducated part of her own ; Miss Duncan, original and alone in her representation of the fashionable lady, with an imposing air of perpetual flourish ; Mrs. H. Siddons, of entirely feminine genius, delightful for her sweetness and her feeling, but for nothing so delightful as for the chastity of her demeanor ; Elliston, who alone has approached Garrick in universality of imitation ; Cooke, the Machiavel of the modern

stage, master of every species of hypocrisy ; and Charles Kemble, excelling in the tender lover, in the spirited gentleman of tragedy, and in a very happy mixture of the occasional debauchee and the gentleman of feeling.

Mr. Hunt's critical biographies of Wycherley, Farquhar, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, are done with great pains and genial talent ; seldom, if ever, has he appeared to more advantage in so far as the quality of ingenuity and nicety of appreciation goes. But we pass them over ; siding as we do with the Macaulays and Thackerays in their antipathy to the group, rather than with the Lambes, Haslitts, and Hunts in their sympathy ; and saying ditto to Sir Bulwer Lytton's *censura litteraria* : "They are worse than merely licentious,—they are positively villainous—pregnant with the most redemptionless scoundrelism,—their honor debauches the whole moral system ; they are like the Sardinian herb—they make you laugh, it is true ; but *they poison you in the act.*"

Happily, Mr. Hunt has applied his critical gifts to more wholesome uses. He has written admirably of many who both deserve and command admiration—not with mere vague panegyric or second-hand rapture, but with intelligence, with discrimination, with an answer for those who would know the reason why. He can not only relish a beautiful poem—as an accomplished brother-erotic, Mr. Foster, if we mistake not, has said—but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations : the mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him : his sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste by a lifelong intercourse with poets—and he has not only read much, but read well. His greatest drawback as a teacher is, in the judgment of the same well-disciplined judge, "the absence of that conception of literature as the product of national thought, which though often carried to excess, is the distinguishing characteristic of modern continental criticism"—of that new class of thinkers, to wit, who, when judging of a work of art, endeavor to throw themselves back into the era in which it was produced, and to look at it as its contemporaries did—to understand that era in its language, beliefs, and prejudices. Now in practice, whatever he may be in theory, Leigh Hunt, it is here contended, belongs "to the eigh-

teenth century school of critics. He judges works of art absolutely; the effect they produce on him is taken as the test of their excellence. A method which, though proper enough for each man seeking merely his own pleasure among books, is, we believe, singularly unfit for literary criticism." The literary *pièce d'occasion* which suggests these strictures is Dante's Divine Comedy.—Mr. Hunt's account of which furnishes ample evidence of the charge of personal predilections, and of trying old catholic creeds by the right (made wrong) of new private judgment. "His own Muse loves to wander amidst the Graces and Charities of life, and shrinks from any outburst of violence and energy. The vehement Dante startles and annoys him. His aim has ever been to inculcate gentleness and tolerance. The stern and fanatical Dante makes him shudder." "Dante the theologian is quite left out of sight; indeed, the whole poem is never looked upon as a product of the middle ages. . . . He was the creature of his age: the intense expression of its dominant elements. If asked whether such fanaticism, such vehemence be laudable now, no one can hesitate as to the answer. But the question for the literary critic is whether they were laudable then."* This notice of Mr. Hunt's tendencies as a critic comes in partial confirmation of what Hazlitt once said, that the style of poetry which a man set down deliberately to write, was the style he would praise, and that only.

In other respects there is a marked and largely re-marked catholicity of taste in Leigh Hunt's literary verdicts. Where, indeed, he has personal dislikes, or particular antipathies, he freely expresses them, but they little affect his general estimate of the writers concerned. Thus, he has his fling at Young, as a preferment-hunter, who was prosperous enough to indulge in the "luxury of woe," and to groan because his toast was not thrice buttered; at old Isaak Walton, whose angling hobby he can never speak of with patience, and whom he regards as an overweening old man, whom to reverence were a jest—"you might as well make a god of an otter;" at Franklin, as vulgarized throughout a long life by something of the pettiness and materiality of his first occupation, that always stuck to him, his only Justice arithmetic, and stubbornness his nearest approach to Fortitude; at Colman, as having no faith in sentiment, mouthing and over-

doing it, as a man does when he is telling a lie; at Addison even, as wanting greatness of every kind, whose "virtue, even in its humblest moment, was but a species of good breeding, equally useful to him, he thought, in and out of the presence; a mixture of prudence, egotism, and submission;"—but for once that he charges or hints a fault, and avows or hesitates dislike, how numerous (or say innumerable) his eulogies, his handsome compliments, his tributes of loving admiration, his *eurekas* over a latent beauty, some literary violet, by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye. Indeed, to such violets he may be thought by some to add fresh perfume,—to paint his lilies, and regild his fine gold,—for he has been taxed before now with a habit of finding in his favorite authors more than they contain, and of placing to their credit things that they know not. He has a charming knack of calling attention to the *benè notanda* in a poet's verses, by a few harmoniously pitched prose intervals of his own, in (to apply a bit of Wordsworth)

———some happy tone
Of meditation, stepping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

His later works, "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," &c. (when are we to have the promised third of the series, "Action and Passion?"), show his critical aptness, delicacy, and enthusiasm to fine effect; and what a "nosegay" exhales from that "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," whose *melle fragrantia* very redolent thymo and all the *floribus variis* concerned in the concoction of *Hyblaum nectar*—what honeyed sweets he discourses anent, of divine Alpheus, and Proserpine, and the Sirens, and Acis and Galatea, and the pastorals of Theocritus, and Tasso, and Guarini, and the "Shepherd's Kalendar" of Spenser, and the Masques of rare old Ben, down to the piping of Allan Ramsay's Doric reed amid the Pentlands, nigh to that bonny Bonaly whose learned, letters-loving laird hath so lately fallen on sleep.

If the reader is bored, and fairly worn out by the oppression of our "too-muchness," let him (notwithstanding that the full soul loathes the honeycomb) seek what shall revive him, by a dip (the deeper the better: into this said Jar of Honey; its thymy flavor, its Hyblæan odor, shall anon recruit him; and he shall be himself again in a trice.

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvi.

From Dickens' Household Words.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme,—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for *my* uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean? said he. D'ye think I sha'n't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow, (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity-girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business, only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches

expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last, stopping them,

"Enough boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and, for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett; "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener, came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy; what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery: private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it, I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John: "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really

we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone:

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent, last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven you're not!" said Mary; "but an iceberg floats—think of that John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then!" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade?" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in-doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the footpath!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you come out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with

the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured.

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure they must endure?"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am you see: brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves I believe, as doctors can do for them: they're all in the dark together—the only difference is, that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too sceptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day—and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well! Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oil-

man's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us, must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why, this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good-bye both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and in three days after that he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and, the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath, to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter.

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being,—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the

sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—which, as yet, he has only talked about.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I shall only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I AM an old physician: an old fool, one of my bachelor friends called me on an important and interesting occasion; but every man, the proverb says, is either the one or the other at forty, and I wish the uncomplimentary remark to be kept a profound secret between myself and the public. I was just five-and-twenty when I made a solemn determination to live and die a bachelor: moved thereto by the pretty Mary Somers having refused me and married my friend and schoolfellow, John Tolmer.

I never saw her afterwards: she died in a few years. John came to me in the lonely sorrow of his bereavement, seeking for comfort and sympathy; in the renewal of our early friendship I shook his hand—I listened to his words of grief for Mary—I wept—and we were brothers as before.

After some time I went abroad, and travelled through many lands, picking up a few out-of-the-way secrets in medicine, which have been useful at times to my patients, and especially to my darling——But I must not anticipate.

Years passed on; I grew tired of leading a wandering life, and returning to my native country, Ireland, I took up my abode in Dublin. I began to practice as a physician, but somehow I did not get on particularly well,—at least with the ladies. I could not, for the life of me, listen with a grave, sympathizing face to the history of "a nervous headache," "a nervous finger-ache," "a nervous general affection." Oh, those nerves! How I hated the very name! I suppose one reason why I did not succeed well in my profession was that I had the means of living in affluence without it. One of those kind old Three-per-cent.-Consols aunts, so frequently to be met with in novels, and so seldom in real life, and whom I had never seen, died shortly after my return from abroad.

A few days before her death, she had had a most opportune quarrel with her waiting-maid, on the score of the pet parrot having bitten the pet cat, and the latter having retaliated by clawing out her antagonist's eye, without Susan being present, as in duty

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"Oh, Doctor, it was not exactly scolding, in the common acceptation of the word. I was merely trying to prevent the dear from giving way to excessive grief at parting."

"How," I said, "I don't understand; are not you to accompany her home?"

"Oh, yes, but *you*, Doctor. The only reason she would assign for her excessive grief (she has done little else but cry since Saturday) was that 'Doctor Torrens was so very kind she could not bear to think of leaving him.'"

Forty-eight and seventeen! it was a fearful disparity! And yet, old fool that I was, I felt something within my bosom give a sudden bound—something that had not stirred there since that gloomy day when I bid farewell to Mary.

"If I thought, Mrs. Willis," I said; "if I *could* have thought that the dear child would marry me, I'm sure I'd have asked her long ago."

Mrs. Willis blushed, and was going, I believe, to say something angry, when Annie herself came in. The soft gray eyes were indeed red with weeping, but ere that interview was over they smiled again. Mrs. Willis discreetly took herself off, and if Annie's aunt did not know exactly what I said and what she answered, I do not think any one else has a claim to do so. Indeed, all that I can recollect distinctly is, that the blushing, trembling little thing said a good deal about papa, and sent me away the happiest man breathing.

"Papa," John Tolmer, my own real old friend, did not say "No." As soon as he found that his darling and mine was really so silly as to love for himself and his old-world stories, him who had loved her mother, he gave his consent; and I think, nay, I am sure, that my Annie does not repent the day that made her the old Doctor's bride.

A GREAT MAN'S HOPE OF THE WORLD. The following passage occurs in an article upon "the Past and the present Morality of British Statesmen," in the North British Review:

"We recently ventured, at the close of some long conversations with a retired philosopher and statesman, who for many years was the first minister of a great kingdom, to ask him the following question: You have lived through some of the most interesting and troublesome times of modern history; you have studied men contemplatively, as well as acted with them and governed them; you have long had the fate of your own country, and a portion of that of Europe, in your own hands. What feeling is strongest in your mind as you look back and look forward—hope or despondency for your country and for the world—contempt and disgust, or affection and esteem for your fellow-men? His

reply was, as nearly as we can recall it, this: 'I do not feel that my experience of men has either disposed me to think worse of them, or indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failure which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, and of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. On the contrary, I see a glimpse of daylight; I see elements of rescue; I see, even now, faint dawns of a better day. The march of providence is so slow, and our desires so impatient—the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble—the life of humanity is so long, and the life of individual men so brief, that what we see is often only the ebb of the advancing wave, and thus discouragement is our inevitable lot. It is only history that teaches us to hope.'"

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1855.

From the North British Review.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S LIFE OF NEWTON.*

Nothing is more difficult than to settle who is the most illustrious, the most to be admired, in any walk of human greatness. Those who would brain us—if they could but imagine us to have any brains—for hinting that it may be a question whether Shakespeare be the first of poets, would perhaps have been *Homerites* a century ago. In these disputes there is more than matter of opinion, or of taste, or of period: there is also matter of quantity, question of how much, without any possibility of bringing the thing to trial by scale. This element of difficulty is well illustrated by an exception. Among inquirers into what our ignorance calls the *laws of nature*, an undisputed preëminence is given to ISAAC NEWTON, as well by the popular voice, as by the deliberate suffrage of his peers. The right to this supremacy is almost demonstrable. It would be difficult to award the palm to the swiftest, except by set trial, with one starting-place and one goal: nor could we easily determine the strongest among the strong, if the weights they lifted were of

miscellaneous material and bulk. But if we saw one of the swiftest among the runners keep ahead of nearly all his comrades, with one of the heaviest of the weights upon his shoulders, we should certainly place him above all his rivals, whether in activity alone, or in strength alone. Though Achilles were the swifter, and Hercules the stronger, a good second to both would be placed above either. This is a statement of Newton's case. We cannot say whether or no he be the first of mathematicians, though we should listen with a feeling of possibility of conviction to those who maintain the affirmative. We cannot pronounce him superior to all men in the sagacity which guides the observer of—we mean rather deducer from—natural phenomena, though we should be curious to see what name any six competent jurors would unanimously return before his. But we know that, in the union of the two powers, the world has never seen a man comparable to him, unless it be one in whose case remoteness of circumstances creates great difficulty of comparison.

Far be it from us to say that if Newton had been Cænopolis, a Sicilian Greek, he would have surpassed Archimedes; or that if Archi-

* *Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K. H., &c., &c. Two volumes 8vo. Constable & Co. Edinburgh, 1855.

medes had been Professor Firstrede, of Trinity College, Cambridge, he would have been below Newton. The Syracusan is, among the ancients, the counterpart of the Englishman among the moderns. Archimedes is perhaps the first among the geometers: and he stands alone in ancient physics. He gave a *new geometry*—the name was afterwards applied to the infinitesimal calculus—out of which he or a successor would soon have evolved an infinitesimal calculus, if algebra had been known in the West. He founded the sciences of statics and hydrostatics, and we cannot learn that any hint of application of geometry to physics had previously been given. No Cavalieri, no Fermat, no Wallis, went before him in geometry: there was not even a chance of a contemporary Leibnitz. We cannot decide between Archimedes and Newton: the two form a class by themselves into which no third name can be admitted; and the characteristic of that class is the union, in most unusual quantity, of two kinds of power not only distinct, but so distinct that either has often been supposed to be injurious to the favorable development of the other.

The scientific fame of Newton, the power which he established over his contemporaries, and his own general high character, gave birth to the desirable myth that his goodness was paralleled only by his intellect. That unvarying dignity of mind is the necessary concomitant of great power of thought, is a pleasant creed, but hardly attainable except by those whose love for their faith is insured by their capacity for believing what they like. The hero is *all* hero, even to those who would be loath to pay the compliment of perfect imitation. Pericles, no doubt, thought very little of Hector dragged in the dust behind the chariot: and Atticus we can easily suppose to have found some three-quarter excuse for Romulus when he buried his sword in his brother's body by way of enforcing a retort. The dubious actions of Newton, certainly less striking than those of the heroes of antiquity, have found the various gradations of suppressors, extenuators, defenders, and admirers. But we live, not merely in sceptical days, which doubt of Troy and will none of Romulus, but in discriminating days, which insist on the distinction between intellect and morals. Our generation, with no lack of idols of its own, has rudely invaded the temples in which science worships its founders: and we have before us a biographer who feels that he must abandon the demigod, and admit the impugnors of the man to argument without one cry of blasphemy. To do him justice,

he is more under the influence of his time, than under its fear: but very great is the difference between the writer of the present volumes and that of the shorter life in the *Family Library* in 1831; though, if there be any truth in metaphysics, they are the same person.

The two deans of optical science, in Britain and in France, Sir David Brewster and M. Biot, are both biographers of Newton, and take rather different sides on disputed points. Sir D. Brewster was the first writer on optics in whose works we took an interest: but we do not mean printed works. We, plural as we are, remember well the afternoon, we should say the half-holiday, when the kaleidoscope which our *ludi-magister*—most aptly named for that turn—had just received from London was confided to our care. We remember the committee of conservation, and the regulation that each boy should, at the first round, have the uninterrupted enjoyment of the treasure for three minutes: and we remember, further, that we never could have believed it took so very short a time to boil an egg. A fig for Jupiter and his satellites, and their inhabitants too, if any! What should we have thought of Galileo, when placed by the side of the inventor of this wonder of wonders, who had not only made his own telescope, but his own starry firmament? The inventor of the kaleidoscope must have passed the term allotted to man, before he put his hand to the actual concoction of these long-meditated volumes; in which we find the only life of Newton written on a scale commensurate with Newton's fame. But though he has passed the term, he has not incurred the penalty: his strength is labor without sorrow. We trust therefore that the still later age, the full fourscore, will find him in the enjoyment of the additional fame which he has so well earned. And since his own scientific sensibilities are keen, as evidenced by many a protest against what he conceives to be general neglect on the part of ruling powers, we hope they will make him fully feel that he has linked his own name to that of his first object of human reverence for as long as our century shall retain a place in literary history. This will be conceded by all, how much soever they may differ from the author in opinions or conclusions: and though we shall proceed to attack several of Sir D. Brewster's positions, and though we have no hesitation in affirming that he is still too much of a biographer, and too little of an historian, we admire his earnest enthusiasm, and fell as strongly as any one of his assentients the ser-

vice he has rendered to our literature. When a century or two shall have passed, we predict it will be said of our day that the time was not come when both sides of the social character of Newton could be trusted to his follower in experimental science. Though biography be no longer an act of worship, it is not yet a solemn and impartial judgment: we are in the intermediate stage, in which advocacy is the aim, and in which the biographer, when a thought more candid than usual, avows that he is to *do his best* for his client. We accept the book as we find it: we expect an *ex parte* statement, and we have it. The minor offence is sometimes admitted, with what we should call the art of an able counsel, if we did not know that the system of the advocate in court is but the imitation of all that is really telling in the natural practices of the partisan defender. But Sir D. Brewster stands clear of the imputation of art by the mixture of all which art would avoid. A judicious barrister, when he has to admit some human nature in his client, puts an additional trump upon the trick by making some allowance for the other side; and nothing puts the other side in so perilous a predicament. It is not so with Sir D. Brewster. When sins against Newton are to be punished, we hear Juvenal; when Newton is to be reprimanded, we hear a nice and delicate Horace, who can

In reverend bishops note some small defects;
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.

We have more reasons than one for desiring that it should have been so, and not otherwise. Sir D. Brewster is the first biographer who has had unrestricted access to the Portsmouth papers: he has been allowed to have this collection in his own possession. Had the first life written upon knowledge of these papers taken that view of Newton's social conduct which stern justice to others requires, a condonation of all the previous offences of biographers would have followed. There was not full information: the fault lay with those who suppressed the truth; and so forth. And every great man who has left no hoard of papers would have had a seal of approval placed upon all his biographies: for, you see, Newton was exposed by the publication of the Portsmouth papers, that is easily understood; but A B left no papers, therefore no such exposure can take place, &c., &c. We, who hold that there is and long has been, ample means of proving the injustice with

which Newton and his contemporaries once and again treated all who did not bow to the idol, should have been loath to see the garrison which our opponents have placed in the contested forts march out with the honors of war, under a convention made on distant ground, and on a newly-discovered basis of treaty. Again, there is a convenient continuity in the first disclosure of these documents coming from an advocate: the discussion which they excite will be better understood when the defender of Newton is the first to have recourse to Newton's own papers.

Of Newton's birth, of his father's death and the subsequent marriage of his mother, we need say nothing. He was not born with a title, though he was the son of the lord of a very little manor, a yeoman's plot of land with a baronial name. But the knighthood clings strongly to his memory. Sir David (and on looking back, we see that the Doctor did just the same) seldom neglects it. When the schoolboy received a kick from a school-fellow, it was "Sir Isaac" who fought him in the churchyard, and it was "Sir Isaac" who rubbed his antagonist's nose against the wall in sign of victory. Should we survive *Sir David*, we shall *Brewster* him: we hold that those who are gone, when of a certain note, are entitled to the compliment of the simplest nomenclature. The childhood and boyhood of Newton were distinguished only by great skill in mechanical contrivance. No tradition, no remaining record, imputes any very early progress either in mathematics or general learning, beyond what is seen in thousands of clever boys in any one year of the world. That he was taken from farming occupations, and sent back to school, because he loved study, is told us in general terms; but what study we are not told. We have always been of opinion that the diversion of Newton's flow of reason into its proper channel was the work of the University and its discipline. He was placed at Trinity College as a subsizar in his nineteenth year. We have no proof, but rather the contrary, that he had then opened Euclid. That he was caught solving a problem under a hedge is recorded: perhaps a knotty question of wheelwork. He bought a Euclid at Cambridge, and threw it aside as a trifling book, because the conclusions were so evident: he betook himself to Descartes, and afterwards lamented that he had not given proper attention to Euclid. All this is written, and Sir David is bound to give it; but what Newton has written belies it. We put faith in the *Principia*, which is

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The scientific fame of Newton, the power which he established over his contemporaries, and his own general high character, gave birth to the desirable myth that his goodness was paralleled only by his intellect. That unvarying dignity of mind is the necessary concomitant of great power of thought, is a pleasant creed, but hardly attainable except by those whose love for their faith is insured by their capacity for believing what they like. The hero is *all* hero, even to those who would he loath to pay the compliment of perfect imitation. Pericles, no doubt, thought very little of Hector dragged in the dust behind the chariot: and Atticus we can easily suppose to have found some three-quarter excuse for Romulus when he buried his sword in his brother's body by way of enforcing a retort. The dubious actions of Newton, certainly less striking than those of the heroes of antiquity, have found the various gradations of suppressors, extenuators, defenders, and admirers. But we live, not merely in sceptical days, which doubt of Troy and will none of Romulus, but in discriminating days, which insist on the distinction between intellect and morals. Our generation, with no lack of idols of its own, has rudely invaded the temples in which science worships its founders: and we have before us a biographer who feels that he must abandon the demigod, and admit the impugnors of the man to argument without one cry of blasphemy. To do him justice,

he is more under the influence of his time, than under its fear: but very great is the difference between the writer of the present volumes and that of the shorter life in the *Family Library* in 1831; though, if there be any truth in metaphysics, they are the same person.

The two deans of optical science, in Britain and in France, Sir David Brewster and M. Biot, are both biographers of Newton, and take rather different sides on disputed points. Sir D. Brewster was the first writer on optics in whose works we took an interest: but we do not mean printed works. We, plural as we are, remember well the afternoon, we should say the half-holiday, when the kaleidoscope which our *ludi-magister*—most aptly named for that turn—had just received from London was confided to our care. We remember the committee of conservation, and the regulation that each boy should, at the first round, have the uninterrupted enjoyment of the treasure for three minutes: and we remember, further, that we never could have believed it took so very short a time to boil an egg. A fig for Jupiter and his satellites, and their inhabitants too, if any! What should we have thought of Galileo, when placed by the side of the inventor of this wonder of wonders, who had not only made his own telescope, but his own starry firmament? The inventor of the kaleidoscope must have passed the term allotted to man, before he put his hand to the actual concoction of these long-meditated volumes; in which we find the only life of Newton written on a scale commensurate with Newton's fame. But though he has passed the term, he has not incurred the penalty: his strength is labor without sorrow. We trust therefore that the still later age, the full fourscore, will find him in the enjoyment of the additional fame which he has so well earned. And since his own scientific sensibilities are keen, as evidenced by many a protest against what he conceives to be general neglect on the part of ruling powers, we hope they will make him fully feel that he has linked his own name to that of his first object of human reverence for as long as our century shall retain a place in literary history. This will be conceded by all, how much soever they may differ from the author in opinions or conclusions: and though we shall proceed to attack several of Sir D. Brewster's positions, and though we have no hesitation in affirming that he is still too much of a biographer, and too little of an historian, we admire his earnest enthusiasm, and fell as strongly as any one of his assentients the ser-

vice he has rendered to our literature. When a century or two shall have passed, we predict it will be said of our day that the time was not come when both sides of the social character of Newton could be trusted to his follower in experimental science. Though biography be no longer an act of worship, it is not yet a solemn and impartial judgment: we are in the intermediate stage, in which advocacy is the aim, and in which the biographer, when a thought more candid than usual, avows that he is to *do his best* for his client. We accept the book as we find it: we expect an *ex parte* statement, and we have it. The minor offence is sometimes admitted, with what we should call the art of an able counsel, if we did not know that the system of the advocate in court is but the imitation of all that is really telling in the natural practices of the partisan defender. But Sir D. Brewster stands clear of the imputation of art by the mixture of all which art would avoid. A judicious barrister, when he has to admit some human nature in his client, puts an additional trump upon the trick by making some allowance for the other side; and nothing puts the other side in so perilous a predicament. It is not so with Sir D. Brewster. When sins against Newton are to be punished, we hear Juvenal; when Newton is to be reprimanded, we hear a nice and delicate Horace, who can

In reverend bishops note some small defects;
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king.

We have more reasons than one for desiring that it should have been so, and not otherwise. Sir D. Brewster is the first biographer who has had unrestricted access to the Portsmouth papers: he has been allowed to have this collection in his own possession. Had the first life written upon knowledge of these papers taken that view of Newton's social conduct which stern justice to others requires, a condonation of all the previous offences of biographers would have followed. There was not full information: the fault lay with those who suppressed the truth; and so forth. And every great man who has left no hoard of papers would have had a seal of approval placed upon all his biographies: for, you see, Newton was exposed by the publication of the Portsmouth papers, that is easily understood; but A B left no papers, therefore no such exposure can take place, &c., &c. We, who hold that there is and long has been, ample means of proving the injustice with

which Newton and his contemporaries once and again treated all who did not bow to the idol, should have been loath to see the garri-son which our opponents have placed in the contested forts march out with the honors of war, under a convention made on distant ground, and on a newly-discovered basis of treaty. Again, there is a convenient continuity in the first disclosure of these documents coming from an advocate: the discussion which they excite will be better understood when the defender of Newton is the first to have recourse to Newton's own papers.

Of Newton's birth, of his father's death and the subsequent marriage of his mother, we need say nothing. He was not born with a title, though he was the son of the lord of a very little manor, a yeoman's plot of land with a baronial name. But the knighthood clings strongly to his memory. Sir David (and on looking back, we see that the Doctor did just the same) seldom neglects it. When the schoolboy received a kick from a school-fellow, it was "Sir Isaac" who fought him in the churchyard, and it was "Sir Isaac" who rubbed his antagonist's nose against the wall in sign of victory. Should we survive Sir David, we shall *Brewster* him: we hold that those who are gone, when of a certain note, are entitled to the compliment of the simplest nomenclature. The childhood and boyhood of Newton were distinguished only by great skill in mechanical contrivance. No tradition, no remaining record, imputes any very early progress either in mathematics or general learning, beyond what is seen in thousands of clever boys in any one year of the world. That he was taken from farming occupations, and sent back to school, because he loved study, is told us in general terms; but what study we are not told. We have always been of opinion that the diversion of Newton's flow of reason into its proper channel was the work of the University and its discipline. He was placed at Trinity College as a subsizar in his nineteenth year. We have no proof, but rather the contrary, that he had then opened Euclid. That he was caught solving a problem under a hedge is recorded: perhaps a knotty question of wheelwork. He bought a Euclid at Cambridge, and threw it aside as a trifling book, because the conclusions were so evident: he betook himself to Descartes, and afterwards lamented that he had not given proper attention to Euclid. All this is written, and Sir David is bound to give it; but what Newton has written belies it. We put faith in the *Principia*, which is

the work of an inordinate Euclidian, constantly attempting to clothe in the forms of ancient geometry methods of proceeding which would more easily have been presented by help of algebra. Shall we ever be told that Bacon complained of the baldness of his own style, and wished he had obtained command over metaphor? Shall we learn that Cobbett lamented his constant flow of Gallicism and west-end slang, and regretted that his English had not been more Saxon? If we do, we shall have three very good stories instead of one. We may presume, as not unlikely, that Newton, untrained in any science, threw away his Euclid at first, as very evident: no one need be Newton to feel the obvious premise, or to draw the unwise conclusion. But it would belong to his tutor to make him know better: and Newton was made, as we shall see, to know better accordingly. Our reader must not imagine that deep philosophy and high discovery were discernible in the young subsizar. He was, as to what had come out, a clever and somewhat self-willed lad, rather late at school, with his heart in the keeping of a young lady who lived in the house where he had boarded, and *vice versa*, more than commonly ingenious in the construction of models, with a good notion of a comet as a thing which might be imitated, to the terror of a rustic neighborhood, by a lantern in a kite's tail, and with a tidy and more than boyish notion of an experiment, as proved by his making an anemometer of himself by trial of jumping with and against the wind. In that tremendous storm in which many believed that Oliver Cromwell's reputed patron came to carry him away, and in which he certainly died, the immortal author of the theory of gravitation was measuring he little knew what, by jumping to and fro. We do not desire to see boys take investiture of greatness from their earliest playtime: we like to watch the veneration of a biographer growing with its cause, and the attraction varying with some inverse power of the distance. And further, we are rather pleased to find that Newton was what mammas call a *great boy* before he was a great man.

Of all the books which Newton read before he went to Cambridge only one is mentioned—Sanderson's *Logic*: this he studied so thoroughly that when he came to college lectures he was found to know it better than his tutor. The work is, for its size, unusually rich in the scholastic distinctions and the *parva logicalia*; very good for thought to those who can sound the depths. Newton's Cambridge successors are apt to defend their

neglect of logic by citing his supposed example, and that of other great men: but it now appears that Newton was not only conversant with *Barbara, Celarent, &c.*, but even with *Fecana, Cajeti, Dafenes, Hebare, Gadaco, &c.* We have often remarked that Newton, as in the terminal scholium of the *Principia*, had more acquaintance with the mode of thought of the schoolmen than any ordinary account of his early reading would suffice to explain. We strongly suspect that he made further incursions into the old philosophy, and brought away the idea of fluxions, which had been written on, though not in mathematical form, nor under that name. Suisset's tract on intension and remission is fluxional, though not mathematical: in the very first paragraph he says that the word *intension* is used *uno modo pro alteratione mediante qua qualitas acquiritur: et sic loquendo intensio est motus*. For *qualitas* read *quantitas*, and we are as near to Newton's idea as we can well be.

In less than four years from the time concerning which we have presumed to ridicule the joint attempt of Conduitt and the biographers to create a dawn for which there is no evidence, the sun rose indeed. Shortly after Newton took his B. A. degree, in 1665, he was engaged on his discovery of fluxions: but there is neither record nor tradition of his having taken his degree with any unusual distinction. Conduitt's information on this period must be absurdly wrong in its dates. We are to believe that the young investigator who conceived fluxions in May, 1665, was, at some time in 1664, found wanting in geometry by Barrow, and thereby led not only to study Euclid more attentively, but to "form a more favorable estimate of the ancient geometry when he came to the interesting propositions on the equality of parallelograms. . . ." And this when he was deep in Descartes' geometry of co-ordinates. We entertain no doubt that the unwise contempt for demonstration of evident things, so often cited as a proof of great genius, and its correction by Barrow, all took place in the first few months of his residence at Cambridge. His copy of Descartes, yet existing, is marked in various places, *Error, error, non est Geom.* No such phrase as *non est Geometria* would have been used, except by one who had not only read Euclid, but had contracted some of that bias in favor of Greek geometry, which is afterwards so manifest in the *Principia*. Pemberton, who speaks from communication with Newton, and is a better authority than Conduitt, tells us that Newton regretted that he had not paid *more* attention

to Euclid. And Doctor Sangrado, when the patient died, regretted that he had not prescribed more bleeding and warm water. The *Principia* bears already abundant marks of inordinate attachment to the ancient geometry; in one sense, it has *died* in consequence. If Newton had followed his own path of invention, and written it *in fluxions*, the young student of modern analysis could have read it to this day, and would have read it with interest: as it is, he reads but a section or two, and this only in England. Before 1669, the year of his appointment to the Lucasian chair, all Newton's discoveries had germed in his mind. The details are notorious, and Sir D. Brewster is able to add a remarkable early paper on fluxions to those already before the world.

We here come upon the well-known letter to Mr. Aston, a young man about to travel, which, as Sir David says, "throws a strong light on the character and opinions of its author." It does indeed, and we greatly regret that the mode in which that character has been represented as the perfection of high-mindedness compels us to examine this early exhibition of it, in connection with one of a later date. Newton is advising his young friend how to act if he should be insulted. Does he recommend him, as a Christian man, to entertain no thought of revenge, and to fear his own conscience more than the contempt of others? Or, as a rational man, does he dissuade him from the folly of submitting the decision of his difference to the logic of sword or pistol? Or, supposing him satisfied by well-known sophisms that the duel is noble and necessary, does he advise his friend to remember that dishonor is dishonor everywhere? He writes as follows:—

"If you be affronted, it is better, in a foraine country, to pass it by in silence, and with a jest, though with some dishonour, than to endeavour revenge; for, in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all."

This letter has often been printed, in proof of Newton's sagacity and wisdom. If Pepys or Boswell had written the preceding advice, they would not have been let off very easily. Again, when, many years after, Newton wrote, as member for the University in the Parliament which dethroned King James, to Dr. Covell, the Vice-Chancellor, he requests a reasonable decorum in proclaiming William

and Mary, "because," says he, "I hold it to be their interest to set the best face upon things, after the example of the London divines." And again, "Those at Cambridge ought not to judge and censure their superiors, but to obey and honor them, according to the law and the doctrine of passive obedience." What had Newton and passive obedience just been doing with King James? These instances, apart from science, show us the character of Newton out of science: he had not within himself the source from whence to inculcate high and true motives of action upon others; the fear of man was before his eyes. But his mind has been represented as little short of godlike: and we are forced upon proof of the contrary. Had it been otherwise, had his defects been duly admitted, it would have been pleasant to turn to his uncompromising philosophic writings, and to the manner in which, when occupied with the distinction between scientific truth and falsehood, no meaner distinction ever arose in his mind. This would have been, but for his worshippers, our chief concern with him. The time will come when his social weaknesses are only quoted in proof of the completeness with which a high feeling may rule the principal occupation of life, which has a much slighter power over the subordinate ones. Strange as it may seem, there have been lawyers who have been honest in their practice, and otherwise out of it: there have been physicians who have shown humanity and kindness, such as no fee could ever buy, at the bedside of the patient and nowhere else.

Sir David Brewster gives Newton's career in optics at great length; it is his own subject, and he makes us feel how completely he is at home. He gives a cursory glance at the science even down to our own time; and he does the same with astronomy. The biographer would rather have had more of the time of Newton, and particularly more extracts from the Portsmouth papers. But we must think of our neighbors as well as of ourselves: and the general reader will be glad to know that so much of the work is especially intended for him. We have not space to write an abstract: but the book is very readable. In the turmoil of discussion which arose out of his optical announcements, Newton made the resolution, which he never willingly broke, of continuing his researches only for his own private satisfaction. I see, said he, that a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it. It seems that he expected all his

discoveries to be received without opposition.

About 1670, or later, Newton drew up a scheme for management of the Royal Society, which Sir D. Brewster found among the papers. Certain members, some in each department, should be paid, and should have fixed duties in the examination of books, papers, experiments, &c. In this paper our biographer, whose views on this subject are very large and of old standing, sees the recommendation of an Institute, which indeed, on a small scale, the plan seems to advocate. Sir David would have all the societies congregated at Kensington Gore, under liberal patronage, and images to himself that "each member of the now insulated Societies would listen to the memoirs and discussions of the assembled Academy,* and science and literature would thus receive a new impulse from the number and variety of their worshippers!" If all *Fellows* were *savans*, and if all *savans* studied all sciences, this might be practicable. There is one body in London which cultivates a large range of subjects, the Royal Society itself: and all the world knows that the meetings of this society, abounding in Fellows of such universality of knowledge as in our time is practicable, are less interesting and worse attended than those of any of the societies for special objects. And reason good: the astronomer or the geologist goes down to his own place for he knows what; but the astronomer is shy of a society of which it is as likely that any one evening may give him a treat of physiology as of astronomy, and the geologist, who wants a stone when he asks for bread, turns very sleepy under a dose of hyperdeterminants or definite integrals.

Newton's reputation rests on a tripod, the feet of which are fluxions, optics, gravitation. Each one of these words must be used in a very large sense: thus by fluxions we mean all mathematics as bearing upon a system of which the fluxional calculus is at the completion. Of the three supports of this tripod one only has received any damage, though left quite strong enough, in conjunction with the

rest, to support the fabric through all time. In optics only, the subject on which Newton showed his first impatience of opposition, his opinion, even his system, has been set aside in our own day. The hypothesis of an undulating ether, as the immediate agent in the production of light, has superseded that of particles emanating from the luminous body: and though the undulationists, now a large majority, have long maintained their theory with a higher order of certainty than they were entitled to, yet it seems that time is drifting their conclusion to a stable anchorage. There is something like coincidence in the almost simultaneous appearance of the first elaborate biography of Newton, who well-nigh strangled the undulatory theory in its cradle, and of that of Young, who first played a part of power in its resuscitation. As yet, Young is fully known but to a few: his early education was not, like that of Newton, conducted under a system which corrects the false impressions of green age. Had he been trained in a University, he would have been, as they say of the globe, rectified for the latitude of the place: but speculation on what he might have become may be deferred until what he did become is of more popular notoriety. Dean Peacock's *Life* is one of the best of scientific biographies, and the three volumes of Young's collected writings are treasures to all who know what intellectual wealth is.

We come to the *PRINCIPIA*, and we confess that we heartily wish it were but just and right to persuade ourselves that the author of this work could do no wrong. One of the greatest wonders about it is the manner in which it was thrown off in eighteen months. Certainly the matter had fermented in Newton's mind many years before: but it was not the irresistible call of his own genius which drew him to the work in December 1684; it was Halley and the influence of the Royal Society brought to bear by Halley. Sir D. Brewster very properly contends that to Halley, not to the Society, the *Principia* is due. Who found out, casually, that Newton had had some great success in the question which had occupied many of the first minds, the connection of the planetary motions with mechanical second causes? Who went to Cambridge to learn the truth of the report, obtained specimens from Newton with a promise to go on, got himself appointed by the Royal Society to "keep Mr. Newton in mind of his promise," did keep Mr. Newton in mind, and doubtless let him have no peace unless he continually reported progress?

* The members of the French Institute receive a part of their emoluments at the Board, and the quorum of each day on which any one is absent, is forfeited. This insures good attendance, and we have, on pay-day, seen men of profound science, during the memoirs and discussions of the assembled Academy, practicing the first rule of arithmetic, called numeration, upon rouleaux of five-frank pieces. To this it must be added that the Institute has much patronage, and constant attendance is necessary to keep up influence and connection.

Who, when Newton, disgusted with the unfair claim of Hooke, proposed to leave out the third book (that is, all the application of the previous books to the *actual solar system*), soothed him with skilful kindness, and made what Sir D. Brewster calls his "excellent temper" recover its serenity? Who paid the expense of printing, when the Royal Society found it could not afford to fulfil its engagement? To all those questions the answer is—Halley, who shines round the work, as Newton shines in it. When Newton proposed to leave out the third book, he felt that *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* was no longer the true title, but rather *De Motu Corporum Libri Duo*: but, feeling this, he intended to preserve the wrong title, because, as he says to Halley, "Twill help the sale of the book, which I ought not to diminish now 'tis yours." The greatest of all works of discovery, with a catch-penny title! We can hardly excuse this, even though the penny were angled for by a feeling of gratitude. We never liked the "*Ene, lege, fruere*," which figures in the titlepage of Copernicus: this was the work of an injudicious friend; but Newton was only saved from worse by his incomparable adviser.

We are come to the time when the morbid dislike of opposition which would, but for Halley, first have prevented the *Principia* from being written, and next have deprived it of its essential conclusions, is no longer regarded as the modesty of true greatness, and served up for us to admire, as we shall answer the contrary at our peril. It is passed without comment; we are now in slack water, and the turn of tide will be here in due season. The sooner the better: for the indulgence due to the mother failings of a great public benefactor cannot be cheerfully and cordially given so long as our gratitude is required to show itself in misnomers and make-believes. Candid acknowledgment would convert censure into regret: sufficient acknowledgment would turn the reader into an extenuator: the *Principia* would neutralize greater faults than Newton's; but it will not convert them into merits. The quarrel is not with Newton for his weaknesses, but with the biographer for his misconception of his own office. How indeed would it be possible to think for a moment with harshness of a great man of all time, and a good man of an evil time, on account of errors which we never could have known but for the benefits to ourselves in the achievement of which they were committed?

If faults had exhibited themselves in matters affecting society at large, by offences, as it were, against the Crown, the fountain of justice would also have been that of mercy, and the evidence to character and services would have secured a nominal sentence. But the suits we have to deal with are in civil process. The memory of more than one illustrious contemporary brings an action for damages, and palliation of the defendant is injustice to the plaintiff.

Though not much relying on Conduitt's memoranda of mathematical conversations, we trust that which follows, and it will much please young mathematicians to read of Newton in one of their own scrapes. When Halley visited him in 1684,—

... "he at once indicated the object of his visit by asking Newton what would be the curve described by the planets on the supposition that gravity diminished as the square of the distance. Newton immediately answered, an *Ellipse*. Struck with joy and amazement Halley asked him how he knew it? Why, replied he, I have calculated it; and being asked for the calculation, he could not find it, but promised to send it to him. After Halley left Cambridge, Newton endeavored to reproduce the calculation, but did not succeed in obtaining the same result. Upon examining carefully his diagram and calculation, he found that in describing an ellipse coarsely with his own hand, he had drawn the two axes of the curve instead of two conjugate diameters somewhat inclined to one another. When this mistake was corrected, he obtained the result which he had announced to Halley."

This anecdote carries truth on the face of it, for Conduitt was neither mathematician enough to have conceived it, nor to have misconceived it into anything so natural and probable as what he has given. Little things illustrate great ones. Newton, whose sagacity in pure mathematics has an air of divination, who has left statements of result without demonstration, so far advanced that to this day we cannot imagine how they were obtained, except by attributing to him developments of the doctrine of fluxions far, far, beyond what he published, or any one of his time—this Newton was liable, both in his own closet and in his printed page, to those little *incuriæ* which the man of pen and ink must sometimes commit, and which the man who can push through a mental process may indeed commit, but is almost sure to detect when he empties his head upon paper. Now join what precedes to Newton's own assertion that he had no peculiar sagacity, but that all he had done was due to patience and per-

severance; an assertion at any common interpretation of which we may well smile, but which, all things put together, may justify us in such an irreverent simile as the supposition that he hunted rather by scent than by sight.

We now come to the second volume, and to those points on which we more especially differ from Sir D. Brewster. Our plan must be to take one or two prominent cases, and to discuss them with the biographer. We do not express disapprobation at the facility with which he credits the opponents of Newton with bad motives: we are glad of it, and thank him for it. There is a pledge of earnest sincerity in the mildness with which the barbed arrow is fired at Leibnitz or at Flamsteed; and if the partisan be too much led away by his feelings to be a judicious counsel, it is not we, to whom trouble is saved, who ought to blame him for it. We take the following as an instance, chiefly because we can be brief upon it.

Newton and others, acting for Prince George, entered into an agreement with Flamsteed: articles of agreement were signed, out of the execution of which quarrels arose. We must know, as Sir David justly observes, what these articles were before we can judge. No signed copy appears: Mr. Baily found none among Flamsteed's papers, Sir David found none among Newton's. But draught articles occur in *both* repositories: and, wonderful to relate, the unsigned draughts actually differ; Flamsteed's draughts bind him less, Newton's draughts bind Flamsteed more. The case is a very common one: the manner in which Sir David treats it is not quite so common. Speaking of Flamsteed, he informs us that "of these he has left no copy, because he had wilfully violated them:" speaking of the draughts in Newton's possession, he says, "I regret to say that they are essentially different from those published by Mr. Baily;" by which he means that Newton's unsigned papers are of course copies of the signed agreement, and Flamsteed's of course no such thing; the false draughts being purposely retained by Flamsteed, in preference to the final articles purposely destroyed. We need not tell our readers that a man is not to be pronounced dishonest because his draught proposals do not agree with his signed covenants, still less because they do not agree with the other parties' draught proposals. Newton and Flamsteed were both honest men, with very marked faults of different kinds: we may be sure neither of them privately de-

stroyed a document for the suppression of evidence. When Sir D. Brewster not merely *opines* but *narrates*, that Flamsteed left no copy because he had wilfully violated them, he is our very good friend, and lightens our task very much.

When Newton allowed himself to perpetrate, not the suppression of a document, for a third edition does not suppress the first and second, but a revocation so made as to do all that could be done towards suppression, Sir David Brewster is his defender, and in this instance, we really believe, one of the last of his defenders. He thinks the step was "perhaps unwise," but proceeds to say that Newton was "not only entitled but constrained" to cancel the passage.

When Leibnitz applied to Newton for information on the nature of the discoveries with rumors of which the English world was ringing, Newton communicated some of his algebraic discoveries, but studiously concealed a descriptive mention of fluxions under the celebrated anagrams, or sentences with their letters transposed into alphabetical order. Leibnitz (1677) replied, almost immediately, with a full and fair disclosure of his own differential calculus, and in so doing became the first publisher of that method, and under the symbols which are now in universal use. He adds that he thinks Newton's concealed method must resemble his own; thus holding out an invitation to Newton to say yes or no. Not one word of answer from Newton. Accordingly, when Leibnitz printed his discovery in the *Leipsic Acts* for 1684, he did not affirm that Newton was in possession of a method similar to his own. What ought he to have done, we ask of our readers, under these circumstances? Ought he to have given Newton's assertions about his method, as assertions, leaving it to a suspicious temper to surmise that the reader was desired not to believe without proof? Ought he, as a matter of compliment, to have promulgated what Newton was doing everything in his power to conceal? Seven years had passed, and Newton had made no sign: was Leibnitz bound, either in fairness or in courtesy, to take on himself to affirm that he had a method similar to his own? Not in fairness; for if a man studiously conceal and continue to conceal his discovery, those to whom he may have stated that he had a discovery are not bound to be his trumpeters until such time as he shall please to reveal himself. Not in courtesy; a man who sends only anagrams, and when he receives from his correspondent a full and open

account of that correspondent's discoveries, and an invitation to state whether his own resemble them, returns no answer, cannot complain of want of courtesy if his correspondent keep silence about him thenceforward. What Leibnitz did, was merely to state that no one would successfully treat such problems as he had treated, except by his own calculus, or one similar to it. Sir D. Brewster calls his silence with respect to Newton the first fault in the controversy: we see no fault at all; and if we did, we should call it the second. The paper had no historical allusions; Cavalieri, Fermat, and Hudde, each of whom had shown the world something approaching to *calculus*, are not named in it: and either of these had more claim to mention than Newton at that time. But, two years afterwards, in 1686, Leibnitz published a paper in the same *Leipsc Acta*, a paper which Newton did not cite when, long after, he was writing against Leibnitz, a paper which the Newtonians are very shy of citing, and of which, apparently, Sir David knows nothing. In this paper he explains the foundation of the *integral calculus*, the matter of which was much more likely to recall Newton to mind than his former paper on the differential calculus: for his application to Newton, in the first instance, was to know what he had done on series, and especially with reference to their use in *quadratures*, which we now call *integration*. Here he gives an historical summary; and speaking of those who had performed quadratures by series, he proceeds thus:—"A geometer of the most profound genius, Isaac Newton, has not only arrived at this point independently of others, but has solved the question by a certain universal method: and if he would publish, which I understand he is now preparing to do, beyond doubt he would open new paths, to the great increase, as well as condensation of science." A passing word on Leibnitz. We shall not stop to investigate the various new forms in which Sir D. Brewster tries to make him out tricking and paltry. We have gone through all the stages which a reader of English works can go through. We were taught, even in boyhood, that the Royal Society had made it clear that Leibnitz stole his method from Newton. By our own unassisted research into original documents we have arrived at the conclusion that he was honest, candid, unsuspecting and benevolent. His life was passed in law, diplomacy, and public business; his leisure was occupied mostly by psychology, and in a less degree

by mathematics. Into this last science he made some incursions, produced one of the greatest of its inventions, almost simultaneously with one of its greatest names, and made himself what Sir D. Brewster calls the "great rival" of Newton, in Newton's most remarkable mathematical achievement.

Newton, in the first edition of the *Principia*, gave a fair and candid account of the matter. But, many years after, when this important passage was quoted against those (and we now know that Newton was *always* one of them) who endeavored to prove Leibnitz a plagiarist, he tried to explain away the force of his own admissions. This he did twice; once in a private paper which Sir D. Brewster has published—and, strange to say, in vindication of the suppression of the passage which took place in the third edition—and once in those observations on Leibnitz's last letter which he circulated among friends until Leibnitz died, and then sent at once to press. We give the Scholium from the *Principia*, and the two explanations.

Scholium from the Principia (first edition).
"In letters which passed between me and that most skilful geometer G. G. Leibnitz ten years ago, when I signified that I had a method of determining maxima and minima, of drawing tangents to curves, and the like, which would apply equally to irrational as to rational quantities, and concealed it under transposed letters which would form the following sentence—*Data æquatione quocunque fluentes quantitates involvente, fluxiones invenire, et vice versa*—that eminent man wrote back that he also had fallen upon a method of the same kind, and communicated his method, which hardly differed from mine in anything except language and symbols. The foundation of both is contained in the preceding Lemma."

Newton's explanation, left in manuscript.

"After seven years, viz., in October, 1684, he published the elements of this method as his own, without referring to the correspondence which he formerly had with the English about these matters. He mentioned, indeed, a *methodus similis*, but whose that method was, and what he knew of it, he did not say, as he should have done. And thus his silence put me upon a necessity of writing the Scholium upon the second Lemma of the second Book of Principles, lest it should be thought that I borrowed that Lemma from Mr. Leibnitz."

Newton's explanation circulated in writing, and printed in Raphson's Fluxions (1716, date of title 1715) after Leibnitz's death.

P. 115. He pretends that in my book of Principles, p. 253, 254, I allowed him the invention

of the *Calculus Differentialis* independently of my own; and that to attribute this invention to myself, is contrary to my knowledge. But in the paragraph there referred unto, I do not find one word to this purpose. On the contrary, I there represent that I sent notice of my method to Mr. Leibnitz before he sent notice of his method to me: and left him to make it appear that he had found his method before the date of my letter; that is, eight months at least before the date of his own. And by referring to the letters which passed between Mr. Leibnitz and me ten years before, I left the reader to consult these letters, and interpret the paragraph thereby.

The first explanation is from a manuscript supplement to that printed answer to Leibnitz of which the second explanation is part. We think better of Newton in 1687 than to believe either, though we do not doubt that Newton in 1716 saw his former self through the clouds of 1712. Though the morbid suspicion of others which was his worst fault of temperament, the fault alluded to by Locke, did act to some extent throughout his whole life, yet we do not believe that it was in 1687 what it afterwards became when he had sat on the throne of science for many years, the object of every form of admiration, and every form of flattery. Could we believe his first explanation, could we think that in 1687 his hidden anagrams, answered by Leibnitz's candid revelations, produced no effect except a diseased feeling that perhaps Leibnitz would rob him, instead of a generous confidence that Leibnitz would not suspect him, we should turn from him with pity. We must now change our position, and defend him from his biographer. Sir D. Brewster does not quote the second explanation: he only cites the page, and quotes a few words occurring further on, which are much less to the purpose, and which he says "fortunately" give us Newton's opinion. Now we say that the second explanation, as quoted by us, fortunately saves Newton from his own imputation upon himself. The two explanations cannot stand together: according to the first, Newton was guarding himself from a charge of plagiarism; according to the second, he was putting upon Leibnitz the *onus* of averting a similar charge from himself. Both motives might have been simultaneous; but both could not be so much the chief motives as to be separately worthy of standing alone. But the most precious inference in Newton's favor is that the second explanation* is demon-

* In reference to both explanations, the following is remarkable. Just after Leibnitz made his publication of 1684, a young Scotchman, Craig, then of Cambridge, took it up, and published a short tract

strably not the true one, and the disorder of mind which perverted the best-known facts may as easily, and more easily, have perverted the memory of impressions. Those letters which Newton referred to that the reader might consult them, for interpretation of his printed paragraph, had never been published, had never been announced, were not then likely to be published, and in fact never were published till 1699, thirteen years afterwards. Moreover, the letters were not written by Leibnitz and Newton to one another, but by both to Oldenburg: how could the readers of the *Principia* have known what to go to; or how could they have gone to the letters, if they had known? The truth we suspect to be as follows:—In 1712, when those letters were first republished, the second edition of the *Principia* was in preparation, and the battle of fluxions was raging: we believe that in 1716, all that Newton said of himself in reference to the first edition of the *Principia*, must be referred to the Newton of the second edition. On any other supposition, except morbid confusion of ideas, Newton must be charged with worse than we ever believed of him. What well-read and practised investigator, with his mind in its moral state, and all his books before him, ever mistakes the date of first publication of any of his own works by thirteen years, in a deliberate answer to an acute opponent? Again, Newton is quite wrong as to the *eight months* which he gives Leibnitz to execute his alleged fraud in. His own *Commercium Epistolicum* would have taught him better. Though his second letter to Oldenburg (the one in question) was

upon the quadrature of curves, in which he uses, with high praise, the differential calculus of Leibnitz. He had been in communication with Newton, had asked for help in this very subject of quadrature, and had received the Binomial theorem, then unprinted. But not one word did Newton drop to the effect that he also had a method like that of Leibnitz, and that he and Leibnitz had communicated seven or eight years before. Craig says, long after, in 1718, that Newton examined the manuscript: it is clear, however, that his memory is at fault here, and that it was the second edition (1698) which Newton examined. Are we to believe that Newton was brooding over the matter of the two explanations, at a time when he allowed his young friend to proclaim Leibnitz as the author of the new calculus, with that negation of himself which was implied in acknowledgment of assistance on another point? We rather suspect that, at the time, when the geometrical form which is so prominent in the *Principia*, then on the anvil, was in his mind, he greatly undervalued his own fluxions. And we think they never would have been heard of if the mighty force which the calculus had developed by 1693 had not shown him how much there was to contend for.

dated October 24, 1676, and Leibnitz's answer June 21, 1677, yet Collins informs Newton that the copy intended for Leibnitz was in his hands on March 5, 1677, but that in a week it would be despatched to Hanover by a private hand.

We are of opinion that the *moral intellect* of Newton—not his *moral intention*, but his power of judging—underwent a gradual deterioration from the time when he settled in London. We see the faint traces of it in his manner of repudiation of the *infinitesimal* view of fluxions, in 1704. A man of sound judgment as to what is right does not abandon a view which he has held in common with a great rival, and this just at a time when the world is beginning to ask which came first in their common discovery, without a clear admission of the abandonment: he does not imply that *some* have held that view, and declare against the opinion of those *some*, without a distinct statement that he himself had been one of them: still less does he quietly and secretly alter what he had previously published, or allowed to be published, so as to turn the old view into the new one, and to leave the reader to understand that he had never changed his opinion. The Newton of the mythologists would have felt to his fingers' ends that such a proceeding had a tendency to give false impressions as to the case, and to throw suspicion on his own motives. This is a small matter, but it is a commencement of worse. We come to the *Commercium Epistolicum*, the name given to the collection of letters, accompanied by notes and a decision of the question, on the part of the Committee of the Royal Society. To this well-known part of the history Sir D. Brewster has a very important addition to make; and he makes it fairly, though we confess we wish he had given us what they call chapter and verse. "It is due to historical truth to state that Newton supplied all the materials for the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and that though Keill was its editor, and the Committee of the Royal Society the authors of the Report, Newton was virtually responsible for its contents."

Before we proceed further, we must address a respectful word to Lord Portsmouth, the descendant of Newton's niece, the representative of his blood, and the possessor of these valuable papers, to whose liberality and judgment the permission to publish their contents is due, after long concealment from fear of hurting Newton's reputation, and long abeyance from family circumstances. We submit to him that either too much is done,

or not enough. Great harm arose out of the rumors which circulated during the period in which the papers were concealed: both the opponents and the defenders of Newton's conduct were, without any fault of their own, put in a wrong position as to interpretation of facts and appreciation of probabilities. Much more harm will be done if the regretful admissions of so warm a partisan as Sir D. Brewster be allowed to stand instead of these rumors. The papers cannot possibly contain anything from which any such injury would arise as unquestionably will arise from the above substitution, which, to all the indefiniteness of mere rumor, adds all the authority of a judicial decision. For when Sir D. Brewster declares against Newton, it is as if a counsel threw up his brief: we mean nothing disrespectful, for we remember when we ourselves would have held it, on such retainers as the *Principia*, the fluxions, and the optics. Why should not these papers be published? It must come to this at last. We have little doubt that the Government would defray the expense, which would be considerable: and the Admiralty publication of the Flamsteed papers would be a precedent of a peculiarly appropriate character. Those who were scandalized at the idea of the nation paying for the printing of an attack upon Newton would take it as reparation: while those who entirely approved of the proceeding would as heartily approve of the new measure. It is impossible that the matter should rest here. Sir D. Brewster himself will probably desire, for his own sake, for that of Newton, and for that of truth, that these documents should undergo public scrutiny. And we have no delicacy in saying that they ought to come under the eyes of persons familiar with the higher parts of mathematics, which Sir D. Brewster neither is, nor pretends to be.

The Committee of the Royal Society was always considered in England as *judicial*, not as expressly defensive of Newton. A few years ago, Professor De Morgan, a decided opposer of Newton and the Committee in the fluxional dispute—and one whose views Sir D. Brewster states himself to have confirmed on several points—rescued the objects of his censure from the inferences which this notion would lead to, and showed that the Royal Society intended its Committee for purposes of advocacy, and that the members of the Committee had no other idea of their own function. Sir D. Brewster says that Newton himself asserted this also: he does not say where, and this is only one of several

obiter dicta which ought to have been supported by reference; we remember no such statement. It is now of course perfectly settled that the Committee was *not* judicial; and we find Newton to have been the real source of the materials of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and answerable for all the running notes which accompany the published correspondence. We might easily proceed to justify our assertion that his moral intellect was undergoing deterioration: but for want of space we shall pass on to 1716, and shall make one extract from his letter to Conti, in which, in his own name, he makes the assertion that Leibnitz had stolen from him. He says that he had explained his "method" to Leibnitz, "partly in plain words and partly in cyphers," and that Leibnitz "disguised it by a new notation pretending that it was his own." His statement contains two untruths, which we impute to the forgetfulness of irritation. He did *not* describe part of his *method* in plain words: all that he described in plain words was the species of problems which he could solve. When Glendower said, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," no one ever supposed that he "partly described" the "method" of doing it. Secondly, he did not describe the rest in *cypher*: he put the letters of his sentences into alphabetical order, and gave what was called an *anagram*. There are many good decyphers in the country, and the task is one for a mathematician: Wallis in past times, and Mr. Babbage now, may be cited as instances. But no one will undertake to say what the sentence is which we have decomposed into the following string of letters: 6a 2c 5d 19e 2f 3h 5ij 3kl 6n 5o 8r 9s 9t 3u 2vw 3y; 98 letters in all, six of which are a's, two are c's, &c.

Yet a few years more, and the deterioration is more decided. In 1722, Newton himself wrote a preface and an *Ad Lectorem* to the reprint of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and caused to be prefixed a Latin version of the account of that work which he had inserted anonymously in the Philosophical Transactions for 1715. His authorship of this paper, constantly denied, and for very cogent reasons, by his partisans, but proved from evidence internal and external, is now admitted by Sir D. Brewster. Much is to be got from those documents, but we shall only add that a few years ago Mr. De Morgan discovered that some alterations, one in particular of great importance, had been made in this reprint, *without notice*. Of this Sir D. Brewster says not one word. He calls the reprint a *new edition*, which it was not: so

completely does it profess to be only a reprint, that the old titlepage, and the *old date*, are reprinted after the new title and the avowedly new matter at the beginning. We now believe that Newton was privy to the alterations, and especially to the most important of all: we believe it independently of what may possibly arise from further scrutiny; and we suppose from Sir D. Brewster's silence that he has no means of contradicting this natural inference. The famous letter of Newton to Collins, on which the Committee (very absurdly) made the whole point of turn, was asserted to have been sent to Leibnitz, but no date of transmission was given with the letter, though the *report* of the Committee affirmed a rough date of which nothing was said in their *evidence*. A date of transmission was smuggled into the reprint. Where does this date first appear? Who first gave it? Newton himself in the Philosophical Transactions, anonymously, and without stating any authority.

Lastly, in the third edition of the *Principia*, Newton struck out the scholium in which he had recognized the rights of Leibnitz. It has been supposed that Pemberton, who assisted him, was the real agent in this "perhaps unwise" step: but it appears distinctly that Newton alone is responsible. He struck out this scholium; did he state openly why, and let his reader know what had been done? He supplied it by another scholium, beginning and ending in words similar to the old one, but describing, not the correspondence with Leibnitz, but the celebrated letter to Collins. If the old scholium had been misunderstood, as Newton affirms it was, nothing would have been more easy than to annex an explanation: if the suppression were done in the way of punishment, it should have been done openly. Newton, in the second edition of the *Principia*, had revenged himself on Flamsteed by omitting Flamsteed's name in every place in which he could possibly do without it: the omission of his candid and proper acknowledgment of what had passed between himself and Leibnitz was but a repetition of the same conduct under more aggravated circumstances. Of this letter to Collins, asserted to have been sent to Leibnitz, and falsely, as proved in our own day both from what *was* sent to Leibnitz, now in the Library at Hanover, and from the draught which has turned up in the archives of the Royal Society, we shall only say that it proved that Newton was more indebted to Huddle than Leibnitz would have been to him if he had seen the letter. But the relations of

Hudde to the two inventors of the differential calculus would be matter for a paper apart.

To discuss every subject would require volumes; and we shall therefore now pass on to Sir D. Brewster's treatment of the curious question of the relation which existed between Newton's half niece, Catherine Barton, and his friend and patron, Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax. Sir D. Brewster declares that for a century and a half no stain has been cast on the memory of Mrs. C. Barton, and then proceeds to quote Voltaire's insinuation as scarcely deserving notice; so that by "no stain" we are to understand no stain which *he* thinks worthy of notice. Now the fact is that, though respect for Newton has kept the matter quiet, there has always been a general impression that it was a doubtful question, a thing to be discussed, whether or no Mrs. C. Barton was the mistress of Lord Halifax. Mr. De Morgan took up this subject in the *Notes and Queries* (No. 210), and, perfectly satisfied that she was either a wife or a mistress, came to a balanced conclusion that, as he says, "the supposition of a private marriage, generally understood among the friends of the parties, seems to me to make all the circumstances take an air of likelihood which no other hypothesis will give them: and this is all my conclusion." Sir D. Brewster, whose mind admits no such balance, makes this the "inference" of a private marriage. The grounds of the alternative are that she was publicly declared, by the writer of the *Life of Halifax*, to have lived, when very young, and she herself distinguished by beauty and wit, in the house of Lord Halifax as "superintendent of his domestic affairs:" and this not in attack, but defensively, with a declaration that she was a virtuous woman, though "those that were given to censure passed a judgment upon her which she no ways merited." Further, Lord Halifax held in trust an annuity for her of £200 a year, bought in Newton's name: besides which, he left her £5000, with Bushy Park and a manor for life: while neither she nor any one of her friends contradicted the admission made in the *Life of Halifax*, which came out at the time when the legacies and the annuity would have turned public attention upon Miss Barton. This is a subject unconnected with mathematics; and we dwell upon it more than its intrinsic importance deserves, because it will enable us to show to every reader the kind of reasoning which can be pressed into the service of biography, when biography herself has been tempted into the service of partisanship. We may judge from the argu-

ments which Sir David is driven to employ, that he would have followed the example of other biographers in slurring this subject, if Mr. De Morgan's closing words had not reminded him that the day for such a suppression was past:—"such points, relating to such men as Newton, will not remain in abeyance forever, let biographers be as timid as they will." And we may also judge from these arguments why it is that the subject has been allowed to remain in abeyance.

And first, as to the annuity. Halifax holds in trust an annuity for Miss Barton, and directs his executor to give her all aid in the transfer: this annuity was bought in Newton's name. Sir D. Brewster declares that "an annuity purchased in Sir Isaac Newton's name can mean nothing else than an annuity purchased by Sir Isaac Newton." This is an assertion of desperation—it *could* have meant, not thereby saying that it *did* mean, a settlement by Halifax on Miss Barton, done in Newton's name with or without Newton's knowledge; and done in Newton's name purposely that people might think it *was* made by Newton, or at least, not by Halifax. This may appear impossible to Sir D. Brewster, in 1855, and yet it may have been done in 1706. We may fairly infer that Halifax did not draw his will with the intention of giving color to those reports against which his biographer protests, or with the intention of exciting such reports; if the annuity were bought *by Newton*, what more easy than to have said so? In spite of Sir D. Brewster, who is neither lawyer nor actuary, we affirm positively that the description of an annuity upon the life of A B, as bought in the name of C D, does not imply that C D paid for it, and that so far as it implies anything on the point, which is little enough, it is the very contrary. Again, Conduitt does not mention this annuity in his list of the benefactions which Newton, who was very generous to his family, bestowed on his poorer relation. For this Sir B. Brewster has to find a reason: Conduitt was the husband of Catherine Barton, knew of the assertions in Halifax's biography, had read Halifax's will, and must have been cognisant of the fact that the existence of a scandal had been asserted in print. And he finds a curious reason.

"But the annuity was not a benefaction like those contained in Conduitt's list. It was virtually a debt due to his favorite niece whom he had educated, and who had for twenty years kept his house; and if she had not received it from Sir

Isaac, his conduct would have been very unjust, as, owing to his not having made a will, she got only the eighth part of his personal estate, along with his four nephews and (three other) nieces."

Let us first take Sir D. Brewster's statement, as here given, erroneous as it is. When a single man educates a favorite niece, thereby distinguishing her from his other nieces, and gives her shelter and maintenance until she marries (for we must here take Sir D. Brewster's assertion that she did *not* leave him to live with Lord Halifax), all the world knows that the least that favorite niece can do is to keep house for him, and that the idea of her services in looking after the dinner, which he pays for and gives her share of, running him into debt, actual or *virtual* (O the *virtue* of this word!) is an absurdity. No doubt a man ought to provide for such a niece after his death: but if he should leave her, as Newton did to Miss Barton, the eighth part of £32,000, producing an income of more than £200 a year, he treats her very handsomely: but especially if a friend of his should have left her a large fortune, and his introduction should have married her to a member of Parliament. Now to Sir D. Brewster's statement. Just before our quotation begins, he informs us that by the act of transference it appears that this trust was created in 1706, so that he seems to say that Miss Barton, aged six years, began to keep Newton's rooms in Trinity College, when he was writing the *Principia*: for he says she "had" kept his house for twenty*

* Conduitt tells us that his wife lived with her uncle nearly twenty years, before and after her marriage: it is believed that the Conduitts resided with Newton from the very marriage. Newton lived in London *thirty* years; therefore, ten or more of those years his niece did not live with him. The annuity was bought in 1706 and Halifax died in 1715. Miss Barton, being sixteen years old when Newton came to London, must have finished her school education shortly afterwards. Either Newton did not invite his favorite niece, whom he had educated, to live with him for ten years afterwards, or there is a gap which tallies most remarkable with the hypothesis of her residence under the roof of Halifax. But, as a presumption against the first supposition, there is extant a short letter from Newton to his niece, written in 1700, which by the contents seems written to an inmate of his house, absent for change of air.

Newton has been charged with avarice; of which there is really no proof, unless his dying worth more than £30,000 be one. But Conduitt was in easy circumstances, and his wife also: their daughter was said to have had £60,000. Supposing, as is probable, that they bore their fair share of the joint expenses, Newton might have saved nearly all his income for the last ten years of his life.

years. He does not mean this: but here and elsewhere he heaps circumstances together without sufficient attention to consistency. We very much doubt if Newton *could* have afforded the price of that annuity in 1796. He came to London with but very little in 1606; by 1706 he had enjoyed £600 a year for four years, and £1500 a year for six years. An annuity of £200 on a life of twenty-six, money making five per cent., now cost above £3000: if we say, which is straining the point to the utmost, that Miss Barton's annuity cost £2000, we confess we think it not very likely that Newton could have bought it, or that he would have held it just to his other relatives to have bought so large an annuity. But we are quite sure that Conduitt, under all the circumstances, would never have held this annuity as payment of a debt due to his wife; *he* would not have made the twenty years end with 1706, to speak of nothing else.

Next, we come to the way in which Sir D. Brewster treats the assertions of Halifax's biographer. Those assertions are not in attack, but in defence; the witness is a friendly one, and the publication was made at the very time when Halifax's will had just drawn public attention to the legacies.

"I am likewise to account for another Omission in the Course of this History, which is that of the Death of the Lord *Halifax's* Lady; upon whose Decease his Lordship took a Resolution of living single thence forward, and cast his Eye upon the Widow of one Colonel *Barton*, and Niece to the famous Sir *Isaac Newton*, to be superintendent of his domestick Affairs. But as this Lady was young, beautiful, and gay, so those that were given to censure, pass'd a Judgment upon her which she no Ways merited, since she was a Woman of strict Honor and Virtue; and tho' she might be agreeable to his Lordship in every Particular, that noble Peer's Complaisance to her, proceeded wholly from the great Esteem he had for her Wit and most exquisite Understanding, as will appear from what relates to her in his Will at the Close of these Memoirs."

Now Sir D. Brewster is so far biassed by the necessities of his case, as to affirm that it is *not* here stated that Miss Barton (that she had been married is a mistake) lived under Halifax's roof. "His biographer makes no such statement. . . . How could any person contradict the *cast of an eye*—the only act ascribed to Halifax by his biographer?" The writer of "*Newton*" in the *Biographia Britannica*—as strong a partisan as Sir David—could not get so far as this ingenious solution: for he makes

Halifax's continuance in his widowed state "the less to be regretted" on account of this "cast of an eye." We are to infer, according to Sir David, that this friendly biographer, wishing to defend Miss Barton from censure she no ways deserved, and alluding to rumors which had no source except a "plan or a wish" of Lord Halifax, omitted to state the plan was all Montague's eye; and forgot to assert the very material circumstance that she did *not* accede to the plan, that she did not live in the house of her earnest admirer. We make no doubt, on the other hand, that the apologist means to say that she did live there, and made her a widow to give some color of respectability to it. Her noble admirer left his large legacy "as a token," he writes, "of the sincere love, affection, and esteem, I have long had for her person, and as a small recompense for the pleasure and happiness I have had in her conversation." Sir D. Brewster appends a note to prove that *love and affection* "had not, in Halifax's day, the same meaning which they have now." Does he really think that they mean nothing *now* except conjugal love and its imitations? Does not a man still love his friends, and might not Pope write to H. Cromwell now, as then, of his affection and esteem? If we come to *old meanings*, we might remember that *conversation* did not always mean *colloquy*. If Miss Barton did live with Halifax under one roof, and if Halifax did buy the annuity, these words are to be interpreted accordingly. And they must be looked at jointly with the other things. There is a fallacy which has no name in books of logic, but is of most frequent occurrence. It is that because neither A, nor B, nor C, will separately give moral conviction of D, that therefore they do not give it when taken together.

We have seen that Sir D. Brewster can omit, as in the case of the secret alterations in the reprint above mentioned: we shall now see that he can omit when he distinctly declares he has not omitted. We are far from charging him with any unfair intention: we know the effect of bias, and nothing disgusts us more than the readiness with which suppressions and misrepresentations are set down to deliberate intention of foul play. Sir D. Brewster informs us that he has given in an appendix "all the passages" in which Swift mentions Miss Barton or Halifax. He has not given all. When he wrote this (vol. ii. p. 278), he intended to give all; but when he came to the appendix, he altered his mind, omitted two, and forgot

his previous announcement. It was not oversight, because Mr. De Morgan had particularly mentioned these curious passages, in which Swift quotes to Stella some of Miss Barton's conversation, which has the freedom of a married woman (we mean of that day; our matrons are more particular). Either the Professor, who declines to repeat the stories, is over fastidious, or is unskilful in rendering the license of the seventeenth century into the decorums of the nineteenth: we think we can convey an idea of the good joke over which Catherine Barton, aged 31, and Jonathan Swift, aged 43, enjoyed a hearty laugh. A man had died, leaving small legacies to those who should bear him to the grave, who were to be an equal number of males and females: provided always that each bearer, male or female, should take a declaration that he or she had always been a strict votary of Diana. The joke was, that there lay the poor man, unburied, and likely to remain so; and this was the joke which Miss Barton introduced, in a tête-à-tête with Swift; at least so says Swift himself. Mr. De Morgan thinks that "Swift's tone with respect to the stories, combined with his obvious respect for Mrs. Barton, may make any one lean to the supposition that he believed himself to be talking to a married woman." Certainly it can hardly be credited that the maiden niece of Newton (then living in Newton's house, according to Sir D. Brewster) would bring up such a joke for the entertainment of a bachelor friend: and Swift's great and obvious respect for Catherine Barton will justify us in thinking that he never would have invented such a story as coming from her.

We do not intend to decide the question whether the lady was the platonic friend, the mistress, or the secretly married wife, of Lord Halifax: in consequence of the reserve of biographers, it has never been fully put forward until our own day. Further research may settle it: what we have to with is our biographer's mode of dealing with his case. Sir D. Brewster certainly handles the phenomena of mind and conduct as if they were phenomena of matter: he requires that any conclusion shall be as a theory, which is to explain how all the circumstances arose. No such thing is possible in grappling with circumstantial evidence as to the dealings of human beings with one another. Never a day passes without the prisoner's counsel triumphantly bringing to notice a circumstance which is perfectly inexplicable on the supposition of his client's guilt. So says the judge

too, and so feel the jury: and both parties are in a difficulty. If it were a question about an explanatory theory, as of light, an obstinate dark band or colored fringe might put the undulations out of the question, till further showing. But the court asks the jury, not for their *theory*, but for their *verdict*: that verdict is guilty, and the prisoner generally confirms it, at least in capital cases, and explains the difficulty. The matter we have been discussing has two counts: the first opens the question whether, under the circumstances, the conclusion that Miss Barton lived with Halifax can be avoided; the second, on the supposition that it cannot be avoided, opens the question whether she lived with him as a mistress or as a secretly married wife. Sir D. Brewster works hard against the supposition of the marriage, and, by an *ignoratio elenchi*, believes himself to be forwarding his own alternative; but we strongly suspect that his reasons against the marriage, be their force what it may, will not avail against the other alternative of our second count.

We will now take the vexed question of Newton's religious opinions, a vexed question no more, for the papers so long, and, in the first instance, so unworthily suppressed, are now before the world. Sir D. Brewster, in his former *Life*, followed his predecessors in stoutly maintaining *orthodoxy*, by which, in this article, we mean a belief of at least as much as the churches of England and Scotland hold in common. But many circumstances seemed to point the other way. There was a strong and universal impression that Horsley had recommended the concealment of some of the Portsmouth papers, as heterodox: and here and there was to be found, in every generation, a person who had been allowed to see them, and who called them dubious, at least. Newton was the friend of the heretics Locke and Clarke, and sent abroad, for publication, writings on the critical correction of texts on which Trinitarians relied, without a word against the conclusion which might be drawn respecting himself. Nay, he spoke of the Trinity in a manner which Sir D. Brewster admits would make any one suspect his orthodoxy. Whiston, always indiscreet, but always honest, declared from his own conversation with Newton, that Newton was an Arian; Haynes, Newton's subordinate at the Mint, declared to Baron, a Unitarian minister, that Newton was what we now call a Unitarian. He himself, in the *Principia*, allowed a definition of the word *God* which would have permit-

ted him to maintain the Deity of the second and third persons of the Trinity. He said that every spiritual being having dominion is God: *Dominatio entis spiritualis Deum constituit*. And he enforces his definition by so many exemplifications that it is beyond question he means that, if the Almighty were to grant some power, for only five minutes, to a disembodied spirit, that spirit would be, for that time, a God.

In the papers now produced for the first time, we have certain *paradoxical questions* (the word *paradox* then meant an unusual opinion) concerning Athanasius and his followers, in which many historical opinions of a suspicious character are maintained; but no matters of doctrine are touched upon. In *A short Scheme of the True Religion*, the purpose is rather to describe religion as opposed to irreligion, and all who are conversant with opinion know that a Trinitarian and a Unitarian use the same phrases against atheism and idolatry. Hence, some language which in controversy would be heterodox, may be counted orthodox. But in another manuscript, *On our Religion to God, to Christ, and the Church*, there is an articulate account of Newton's creed, in formal and dogmatical terms. This we shall give entire: and it is to be remembered that Newton destroyed many papers before his death, which adds to those he left behind him additional meaning and force.

"Art. 1. There is one God the Father, ever living, omnipresent, omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

"Art. 2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

"Art. 3. The Father hath life in himself, and hath given the Son to have life in himself.

"Art. 4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

"Art. 5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other beings are movable from place to place.

"Art. 6. All the worship (whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving), which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of his Father.

"Art. 7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

"Art. 8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank him for, or desire that he would do for us, we ask of him immediately in the name of Christ.

"Art. 9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright he will intercede.

"Art. 10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

"Art. 11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

"Art. 12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God who was slain, and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests."

In a paper called *Irenicum, or Ecclesiastical Polity tending to Peace*, are many remarks on church-government, but on doctrine only as follows. After insisting, in one place, that those who introduce any article of communion not imposed from the beginning are teaching another gospel, he gives, in another place, the *fundamentals*, by which he means, the terms of communion imposed from the beginning.

"The fundamentals, or first principles of religion are the articles of communion taught from the beginning of the Gospel in catechizing men in order to baptism and admission into communion; namely, that the catechumen is to repent and forsake covetousness, ambition, and all inordinate desires of the things of this world, the flesh, and false gods called the devil, and to be baptized in the name of one God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and of the Holy Ghost.—See Heb. v. 12, 13, 14, and vi. 1, 2, 3."

In some queries on the word *ὁμοούσιος*, Newton asks, among many questions of a similar tendency, whether *unius substantiæ* ought not to be *consubstantialis*—whether *hypothesis* did not signify *substance*—whether Athanasius, &c., did not acknowledge three substances—whether the worship of the Holy Ghost was not "set on foot" after the Council of Sardica—whether Athanasius, &c., were not Papists. We prefer giving the reader Newton's opinions in full to arguing on them ourselves. It would be

difficult, we think, to bring him so near to orthodoxy as Arianism. Though his exposition of his own opinions goes far beyond the simple terms of communion, there is not a direct word on the divinity of Christ, on his pre-existence, on the miraculous conception, on the resurrection, on the personality of the Holy Ghost, or on the authority of Scripture. Those who think that some of these points (as we think of the fourth and sixth) must be implied, will perhaps bring in the rest: but those who look at the emphatic *first article* of the twelve, unmodified and unqualified by the rest, though enforced by the eighth and ninth, will, we think, give up the point, and will class Newton, as Haynes did, with the Humanitarians, and not as Whiston did, with the Arians. Sir D. Brewster leaves it to be implied that he does not any longer dispute the heterodoxy of Newton's creed; that is, its departure from the creed most commonly believed by Christians. Of this we have no doubt, that in his theological opinions, Newton was as uncompromising and as honest as in his philosophical ones. And he was no dabbler in the subject, having in truth much reading, both as a scholar and a theologian.

We cannot easily credit the story of Newton in love at sixty years of age. In Conduitt's handwriting is a letter entitled "Copy of a letter to Lady Norris by —," docketed, in another hand, "A letter from Sir I. N. to —." The letter is amusing. After informing the lady that her grief for her late husband is a proof she has no objection to live with a husband, he advises her, among other things, that a widow's dress is not acceptable in company, and that it will always remind her of her loss: and that "the proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband;" the question being whether she "should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish once more among the ladies." Sir D. Brewster seems rather staggered by this letter: but there is no authority for it coming from Newton, and surely we may rather suspect that his friend, Lady Norris, sent him, or perhaps Miss Barton, a copy of a letter from some coxcomb* of a suitor. Newton was always a man of feeling, right or wrong, and though perhaps he would have been awkward at the expression of it, he never would have addressed a

* The original letter, written shortly after 1703, is copied in the handwriting of Conduitt, who did not become a member of Newton's family till 1717. Say that Lady Norris sent it to Mrs. Conduitt, to amuse her, and that Conduitt copied it.

woman for whom he experienced a revival of what he once felt for Miss Storey, in such terms as the young bucks in the *Spectator* address rich widows. The letter reminds us much more of Addison's play, and of the puppy who was drummed away from the widow by the ghost, than of Newton.

To us it has always been matter of regret that Newton accepted office under the Crown. Sir D. Brewster thinks otherwise. "At the age of fifty, the high-priest of science found himself the inmate of a college, and, but for the generous patronage of a friend, he would have died within its walls." And where should a high-priest of science have lived and died? At the Mint? Very few sacrifices were made to science after Newton came to London. One year of his Cambridge life was worth more to his philosophical reputation and utility than all his long official career. If, after having piloted the country safely through the very difficult, and as some thought, impossible, operation on the coinage, he had returned to the University with a handsome pension, and his mind free to make up again to the "litigious lady," he would, to use his own words, have taken "another pull at the moon," and we suspect Clairaut would have had to begin at the point from which Laplace afterwards began. Newton was removed, the high-priest of science was translated to the temple of Mammon, at the time when the differential calculus was, in the hands of Leibnitz and the Bernoullis, beginning to rise into higher stories. Had Newton remained at his post, coining nothing but ideas, the mathematical sciences might have gained a century of advance.

We now approach the end of our task, and, in spite of our battle with the biographer, we cannot express the pleasure with which we have read his work. It is very much superior, new information apart, to the smaller Life which he published long ago. Homer's heroes are very dry automatons so long as they are only godlike men: but when they get into a quarrel with one another, out come the points on which we like and dislike. Newton always right, and all who would say otherwise excathedrally reprov'd is a case for ostracism; we are tired of hearing Aristides always called the just. But Newton of whom wrong may be admitted, Newton who must be defended like other men, and who cannot always be defended, is a man in whom to feel interest even when we are obliged to dissent from his eulogist. As we have said before, it is the defence which provokes the attack. Newton, with the weak points exposed and

unprotected, is not and cannot be an object of assault: our blow is on the shield which the biographers attempt to hold before him. A great predecessor was guilty of delinquencies before which the worst error of Newton is virtue itself: he sold justice for bribes, so committing wilful perjury—for who may dare to deny that the oath of the false judge rose before his mind when he fingered the price of his conscience—that the perjury itself is forgotten in the enormity of the mode of committing it. But how often is this remembered when we think of Bacon? The bruised reed is not broken, because even biographers admit that it is a bruised reed: let them hold it up for a sturdy oak, and the plain truth shall be spoken whenever the name is mentioned. And so, in its degree, must it be with the author of the *Principia*.

All Newton's faults were those of a temperament which observers of the human mind know to be incapable of alteration, though strong self-control may suppress its effects. The jealous, the suspicious nature, is a part of the man's essence, when it exists at all: it is no local sore, but a plague in the blood. Think of this morbid feeling as the constant attendant of the whole life, and then say, putting all Newton's known exhibitions of it at their very worst, how much they will amount to, as scattered through twenty years of controversy with his equals, and thirty years of kingly power over those who delighted to call themselves his inferiors. Newton's period of living fame is longer than that of Wellington: it is easy to talk of sixty years, but think of the time between 1795 and 1855, and we form a better image of the duration. In all this life, we know of some cases in which the worse nature conquered the better: in how many cases did victory, that victory which itself conceals the battle, declare for the right side? Scott claims this allowance even for Napoleon; how much more may it be asked for Newton? But it can only be asked by a biographer who has done for the opponents of his hero what he desires that his readers should do for the hero himself. When once the necessary admissions are made, so soon as it can be done on a basis which compromises no truth, and affords no example, we look on the errors of great men as straws preserved in the pure amber of their services to mankind. If we could but know the real history of a flaw in a diamond, we might be made aware that it was a necessary result of the combination of circumstances which determined that the product should be a diamond, and not a bit of

rotten wood. Let a flaw be a flaw, because it is a flaw: Newton is not the less Newton; and without the smallest rebellion against

Locke's maxim—Whatever is, is,—*nobis gratulamur tale tantumque extitisse humani generis decus.*

From the Quarterly Review.

ADVERTISING.*

It is our purpose to draw out, as a thread might be drawn from some woven fabric, a continuous line of advertisements from the newspaper press of this country since its establishment to the present time, and, by so doing, to show how distinctly, from its dye, the pattern of the age through which it ran is represented. If we follow up to its source, any public institution, fashion, or amusement, which has flourished during a long period of time, we can gain some idea of our national progress and development, but it strikes us that in no manner can we so well obtain at a rapid glance a view of the salient points of generations that have passed, as by consulting those small voices that have cried from age to age from the pages of the press, declaring the wants, the losses, the amusements, and the money-making eagerness of the people.

As we read in the old musty files of papers those naïve announcements, the very hum of bygone generations seems to rise to the ear. The chapman exhibits his quaint wares, the mountebank capers again upon his stage, we have the living portrait of the highwayman flying from justice, we see the old china auctions thronged with ladies of quality with their attendant negro boys, or those "by inch of candlelight" forming many a Schalken-like picture of light and shade; or later still we have Hogarthian sketches of the young bloods swelled of old along the Pall-Mall. We trace the moving panorama of men and manners up to our own less demonstrative,

but more earnest times; and all these cabinet pictures are the very daguerreotypes cast by the age which they exhibit, not done for effect, but faithful reflections of those insignificant items of life and things, too small, it would seem, for the generalizing eye of the historian, however necessary to clothe and fill in the dry bones of his history.

The "English Mercurie" of 1588, which professes to have been published during those momentous days when the Spanish Armada was hovering and waiting to pounce upon our southern shores, contains among its items of news, three or four book advertisements, and these would undoubtedly have been the first put forth in England were that newspaper genuine. Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, has however proved that the several numbers of this journal to be found in our national library are gross forgeries, and indeed the most inexperienced eye in such matters can easily see that neither their type, paper, spelling, nor composition, are much more than one, instead of upwards of two centuries and a half old. Newspapers in the strict sense of the word—that is, publications of news appearing at stated intervals and regularly paged on—did not make their appearance until the latter end of the reign of James I. The "Weekly Newes," published in London in 1622, was the first publication which answered to this description: it contained however only a few scraps of foreign intelligence, and was quite destitute of advertisements. The terrible contest of the succeeding reign was the hotbed which forced the press of this country into sudden life and extraordinary vigor. Those who have wandered in the vaults of the British Museum, and contemplated the vast collection of political pamphlets and the countless Mercuries which sprang full armed, on either side of

* 1. *Scottish Newspaper Directory and Guide to Advertisers. A complete Manual of the Newspaper Press.* Second Edition. Edinburgh and London.

2. *The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. Knight Hunt. 2 vols. London.

cular case at least, that the exigencies of the time required such precautions, as the only rising that took place this year occurred six months afterwards in the county of Chester. The furniture of the nag, it must be confessed, seems remarkably adapted for service, and might, from its color, have belonged to a veritable Ironside trooper. Another reason, perhaps, of the great value of horses at this period was the establishment of public conveyances, by which means travellers as well as letters were conveyed from one part of the kingdom to the other. Prior to the year 1636 there was no such a thing as a postal service for the use of the people in this country. The court had, it is true, an establishment for the forwarding of despatches, but its efficacy may be judged of from a letter written by one Bryan Tuke, "master of the postes" in Henry VIII.'s time, to Cromwell, who had evidently been sharply reproving him for remissness in forwarding the King's papers:—

"The Kinges Grace hath no mor ordinary postes, ne of many days bathe had, but betweene London and Calais . . . For, sir, ye knowe well that, except the hackney-horses betweene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other partes; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placardes be sent for suche cause (to order the immediate forwarding of some state packet) the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

This was in the year 1533. Elizabeth, however, established horse-posts on all the great routes for the transmission of the letters of the court, and this in 1633 was developed into a public post, which went night and day at the rate of seven miles an hour in summer, and five miles in winter,—not such bad travelling for those days. Still there was no means of forwarding passengers until the time of Cromwell, when we find stage-coaches established on all the great roads throughout the kingdom. We do not know that we have ever seen quoted so early a notice of public stage conveyances. We have evidently not given our ancestors so much credit as they deserved. The following advertisement shows the time taken and the fares of a considerable number of these journeys:—

FROM the 26 day of April 1658 there will continue to go Stage Coaches from the George Inn, without Aldersgate, London, unto the

several Cities and Towns, for the Rates and at the times, hereafter mentioned and declared.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

To *Salisbury* in two days for *xxs.* To *Blandford* and *Dorchester* in two days and a half for *xxxs.* To *Burpus* in three days for *xxxs.* To *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter* in four days for *xls.*

To *Stamford* in two days for *xxs.* To *Newark* in two days and a half for *xxvs.* To *Bawtrey* in three days for *xxxs.* To *Doncaster* and *Ferribride* for *xxxs.* To *York* in four days for *xls.*

Mondays and Wednesdays to *Ockinton* and *Plimouth* for *ls.*

Every Monday to *Helperby* and *Northallerton* for *xlvs.* To *Darneton* and *Ferryhil* for *ls.* To *Durham* for *lvs.* To *Newcastle* for *liil.*

Once every fortnight to *Edinburgh* for *ivl.* a peece—*Mondays.*

Every Friday to *Wakefield* in four days, *xls.*

All persons who desire to travel unto the Cities, Towns, and Roads herein hereafter mentioned and expressed, namely—to *Covenry*, *Litchfield*, *Stone*, *Namptwich*, *Chester*, *Warrington*, *Wigan*, *Chorley*, *Preston*, *Gastang*, *Lancaster* and *Kendal*; and also to *Stamford*, *Grantham*, *Newark*, *Tuxford*, *Bawtrey*, *Doncaster*, *Ferriebridge*, *York*, *Helperly*, *Northallerton*, *Darneton*, *Ferryhill*, *Durham*, and *Newcastle*, *Wakefield*, *Leeds*, and *Halifax*; and also to *Salisbury*, *Blandford*, *Dorchester*, *Burpus*, *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter*, *Ockinton*, *Plimouth*, and *Cornwal*; let them repair to the George Inn at *Holborn Bridge*, *London*, and thence they shall be in good Coaches with good Horses, upon every *Monday*, *Wednesday* and *Fridays*, at and for reasonable Rates.—*Mercurius Politicus*, April 1, 1658.

Other announcements about the same time prove that the Great Western road was equally provided, as well as the Dover route to the Continent. It is not a little singular, however, that regularly appointed coaches, starting at stated intervals, should have preceded what might be considered the simpler arrangement of the horse service. That the development of the postal system into a means of forwarding single travellers did not take place until some time afterwards, would appear from the following:—

The Postmasters on Chester Road, petitioning, have received Order, and do accordingly publish the following advertisement:—

ALL Gentlemen, Merchants, and others, who have occasion to travel between *London* and *Westchester*, *Manchester* and *Warrington*, or any other Town upon that Road, for the accommodation of Trade, dispatch of business, and ease of Purse, upon every *Monday*, *Wednesday*, and *Friday Morning*, betwixt Six and ten of the Clock, at the House of Mr. *Christopher Charteris*, at the sign of the *Hart's-Horn*, in *West-Smithfield*, and *Post-Master* there, and at the *Post-Master* of *Chester*, at the *Post-Master* of *Manchester*, and at

the Post-Master of *Warrington*, may have a good and able single Horse, or more, furnished at Threepence the Mile, without the charge of a Guide; and so likewise at the House of Mr. *Thomas Challenor*, Post-Master at *Stone* in *Staffordshire*, upon every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturdays Morning, to go for *London*. And so likewise at all the several Post-Masters upon the Road, who will have all such set days so many Horses with Furniture in readiness to furnish the Riders without any stay to carry them to or from any the places aforesaid, in Four days, as well to *London* as from thence, and to places nearer in less time, according as their occasions shall require, they ingaging at the first Stage where they take Horse, for the safe delivery of the same to the next immediate Stage, and not to ride that Horse any further without consent of the Post-Master by whom he rides, and so from Stage to Stage to their Journeys end. *All those who intend to ride this way are desired to give a little notice beforehand, if conveniently they can, to the several Post-masters where they first take horse, whereby they may be furnished with so many Horses as the Riders shall require with expedition.* This undertaking began the 28 of June 1658 at all the Places abovesaid, and so continues by the several Post-Masters.

The intimation that these horses might be had without the "charge of a guide" gives us an insight into the bad condition of the roads up to that period. We can scarcely imagine, in these days, the necessity for a guide to direct us along the great highways of England, and can with difficulty realize to ourselves the fact that as late as the middle of the seventeenth century the interior of the country was little better than a wilderness, as we may indeed gather from Pepys' journey from London to Bristol and back, in which the item "guides" formed no inconsiderable portion of his expenses.

In turning over the musty little quarto newspapers which mirror with such vividness the characteristic lineaments of the Commonwealth period, not yet left behind us, we chanced upon an advertisement which tells perhaps more than any other of the dangerous complexion of those times. It is an advertisement for some runaway young "saw-bones," whose love of desperate adventure appears to have led him to prefer the tossing of a pike to pounding with the pestle:—

George Weale, a Cornish youth, about 18 or 19 years of age, serving as an Apprentice at *Kington* with one Mr. *Weale*, an Apothecary, and his Uncle, about the time of the rising of the Counties *Kent* and *Surrey*, went secretly from his said Uncle, and is conceived to have engaged in the same, and to be either dead, or slain in some of those fights, having never since been heard of, either by his said Uncle, or any of his Friends.

If any person can give notice of the certainty of the death of the said *George Weale*, let him repair to the said Mr. *Graunt* his House in Drum-alley in Drury Lane, *London*; he shall have twenty shillings for his pains.—*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 8, 1659.

Here at least we have probably preserved the name of one of the fameless men who were "slain in some of those fights," a phrase which in these days opens to us a chapter in romance.

With the exception of book advertisements and quack medicines, we have not up to this date met with a single instance of a tradesman turning the newspaper to account in making known his goods to the public. The very first announcement of this nature, independently of its being in itself a curiosity, possesses a very strong interest, from the fact that it marks the introduction of an article of food which perhaps more than all others has served to wean the nation from one of its besetting sins of old—drunkenness. Common report, Mr. Disraeli informs us, attributes the introduction of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," to Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who are said to have brought over a small quantity from Holland in 1666. The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" does not think this statement satisfactory, and tells us that he has heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot being in the possession of a collector. We never knew before of these teetotal habits of the Protector, but we can so far back the story as to find chronologically correct bohea to put into his pot: for though it is true that the date of the following advertisement is three weeks after the death of his Highness, it refers to the article as a known and, by physicians, an approved drink, and therefore must have been some time previously on sale:—

THAT Excellent and by all Physitians approved China Drink called by the *Chineans* *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tuy* alias *Tte*, is sold at the *Sulcaness Head Cophee-House*, in *Sweetings Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, *London*.—*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30, 1658.

This is undoubtedly the earliest authentic announcement yet made known of the public sale in England of this now famous beverage. The mention of a "cophee-house" proves that the sister stimulant was even then making way in the country.* It took,

* This *cophee-house* in *Sweeting's Rents* is not alluded to by Mr. *Cunningham* in his *Handbook* of *London*. He mentions the first as established in 1667 in *St. Michael's Alley*, *Cornhill*, and the second

cular case at least, that the exigencies of the time required such precautions, as the only rising that took place this year occurred six months afterwards in the county of Chester. The furniture of the nag, it must be confessed, seems remarkably adapted for service, and might, from its color, have belonged to a veritable Ironside trooper. Another reason, perhaps, of the great value of horses at this period was the establishment of public conveyances, by which means travellers as well as letters were conveyed from one part of the kingdom to the other. Prior to the year 1636 there was no such a thing as a postal service for the use of the people in this country. The court had, it is true, an establishment for the forwarding of despatches, but its efficacy may be judged of from a letter written by one Bryan Tuke, "master of the postes" in Henry VIII.'s time, to Cromwell, who had evidently been sharply reproving him for remissness in forwarding the King's papers:—

"The Kinges Grace hath no mor ordinary postes, ne of many days hathe had, but betweene London and Calais . . . For, sir, ye knowe well that, except the hackney-horses betweene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other partes; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placardes be sent for suche cause (to order the immediate forwarding of some state packet) the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

This was in the year 1593. Elizabeth, however, established horse-posts on all the great routes for the transmission of the letters of the court, and this in 1633 was developed into a public post, which went night and day at the rate of seven miles an hour in summer, and five miles in winter,—not such bad travelling for those days. Still there was no means of forwarding passengers until the time of Cromwell, when we find stage-coaches established on all the great roads throughout the kingdom. We do not know that we have ever seen quoted so early a notice of public stage conveyances. We have evidently not given our ancestors so much credit as they deserved. The following advertisement shows the time taken and the fares of a considerable number of these journeys:—

FROM the 26 day of April 1658 there will continue to go Stage Coaches from the George Inn, without Aldersgate, London, unto the

several Cities and Towns, for the Rates and at the times, hereafter mentioned and declared.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

To *Salisbury* in two days for *xxs.* To *Blandford* and *Dorchester* in two days and a half for *xxxs.* To *Burput* in three days for *xxxs.* To *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter* in four days for *xls.*

To *Stamford* in two days for *xxs.* To *Newark* in two days and a half for *xxvs.* To *Bawtrey* in three days for *xxxs.* To *Doncaster* and *Ferribride* for *xxxs.* To *York* in four days for *xls.*

Mondays and Wednesdays to *Ockinton* and *Plimouth* for *ls.*

Every Monday to *Helperby* and *Northallerton* for *xlvs.* To *Darneton* and *Ferryhill* for *ls.* To *Durham* for *lvs.* To *Newcastle* for *liii.*

Once every fortnight to *Edinburgh* for *ivl.* a peece—*Mondays.*

Every Friday to *Wakefield* in four days, *xls.*

All persons who desire to travel unto the Cities, Towns, and Roads herein hereafter mentioned and expressed, namely—to *Coventry*, *Litchfield*, *Stone*, *Namptwich*, *Chester*, *Warrington*, *Wiggam*, *Chorley*, *Preston*, *Gastang*, *Lancaster* and *Kendal*; and also to *Stamford*, *Grantham*, *Newark*, *Tuxford*, *Bawtrey*, *Doncaster*, *Ferriebridge*, *York*, *Helperby*, *Northallerton*, *Darneton*, *Ferryhill*, *Durham*, and *Newcastle*, *Wakefield*, *Leeds*, and *Halifax*; and also to *Salisbury*, *Blandford*, *Dorchester*, *Burput*, *Exmaster*, *Hunnington*, and *Exeter*, *Ockinton*, *Plimouth*, and *Cornwal*; let them repair to the *George Inn* at *Holborn Bridge*, *London*, and thence they shall be in good Coaches with good Horses, upon every *Monday*, *Wednesday* and *Fridays*, at and for reasonable Rates.—*Mercurius Politicus*, April 1, 1658.

Other announcements about the same time prove that the Great Western road was equally provided, as well as the Dover route to the Continent. It is not a little singular, however, that regularly appointed coaches, starting at stated intervals, should have preceded what might be considered the simpler arrangement of the horse service. That the development of the postal system into a means of forwarding single travellers did not take place until some time afterwards, would appear from the following:—

The Postmasters on Chester Road, petitioning, have received Order, and do accordingly publish the following advertisement:—

ALL Gentlemen, Merchants, and others, who have occasion to travel between *London* and *Westchester*, *Manchester* and *Warrington*, or any other Town upon that Road, for the accommodation of Trade, dispatch of business, and ease of Purse, upon every *Monday*, *Wednesday*, and *Friday Morning*, betwixt Six and ten of the Clock, at the House of Mr. *Christopher Charteris*, at the sign of the *Hart's-Horn*, in *West-Smithfield*, and *Post-Master* there, and at the *Post-Master* of *Chester*, at the *Post-Master* of *Manchester*, and at

the Post-Master of Warrington, may have a good and able single Horse, or more, furnished at Threepence the Mile, without the charge of a Guide; and so likewise at the House of Mr. Thomas Challenor, Post-Master at Stone in Staffordshire, upon every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturdays Morning, to go for London. And so likewise at all the several Post-Masters upon the Road, who will have all such set days so many Horses with Furniture in readiness to furnish the Riders without any stay to carry them to or from any the places aforesaid, in Four days, as well to London as from thence, and to places nearer in less time, according as their occasions shall require, they ingaging at the first Stage where they take Horse, for the safe delivery of the same to the next immediate Stage, and not to ride that Horse any further without consent of the Post-Master by whom he rides, and so from Stage to Stage to their Journeys end. *All those who intend to ride this way are desired to give a little notice beforehand, if conveniently they can, to the several Post-masters where they first take horse, whereby they may be furnished with so many Horses as the Riders shall require with expedition.* This undertaking began the 28 of June 1658 at all the Places abovesaid, and so continues by the several Post-Masters.

The intimation that these horses might be had without the "charge of a guide" gives us an insight into the bad condition of the roads up to that period. We can scarcely imagine, in these days, the necessity for a guide to direct us along the great highways of England, and can with difficulty realize to ourselves the fact that as late as the middle of the seventeenth century the interior of the country was little better than a wilderness, as we may indeed gather from Pepys' journey from London to Bristol and back, in which the item "guides" formed no inconsiderable portion of his expenses.

In turning over the musty little quarto newspapers which mirror with such vividness the characteristic lineaments of the Commonwealth period, not yet left behind us, we chanced upon an advertisement which tells perhaps more than any other of the dangerous complexion of those times. It is an advertisement for some runaway young "saw-bones," whose love of desperate adventure appears to have led him to prefer the tossing of a pike to pounding with the pestle:—

George Weale, a Cornish youth, about 18 or 19 years of age, serving as an Apprentice at Kingston with one Mr. Weale, an Apothecary, and his Uncle, about the time of the rising of the Counties Kent and Surrey, went secretly from his said Uncle, and is conceived to have engaged in the same, and to be either dead, or slain in some of those fights, having never since been heard of, either by his said Uncle, or any of his Friends.

If any person can give notice of the certainty of the death of the said *George Weale*, let him repair to the said Mr. *Graunt* his House in Drum-alley in Drury Lane, London; he shall have twenty shillings for his pains.—*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 8, 1659.

Here at least we have probably preserved the name of one of the fameless men who were "slain in some of those fights," a phrase which in these days opens to us a chapter in romance.

With the exception of book advertisements and quack medicines, we have not up to this date met with a single instance of a tradesman turning the newspaper to account in making known his goods to the public. The very first announcement of this nature, independently of its being in itself a curiosity, possesses a very strong interest, from the fact that it marks the introduction of an article of food which perhaps more than all others has served to wean the nation from one of its besetting sins of old—drunkenness. Common report, Mr. Disraeli informs us, attributes the introduction of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," to Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who are said to have brought over a small quantity from Holland in 1666. The author of the "Curiosities of Literature" does not think this statement satisfactory, and tells us that he has heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot being in the possession of a collector. We never knew before of these teetotal habits of the Protector, but we can so far back the story as to find chronologically correct bohea to put into his pot: for though it is true that the date of the following advertisement is three weeks after the death of his Highness, it refers to the article as a known and, by physicians, an approved drink, and therefore must have been some time previously on sale:—

THAT Excellent and by all Physitians approved China Drink called by the *Chineans* *Tcha*, by other Nations *Tay* alias *Té*, is sold at the *Sultaneess Head Cophee-House*, in *Sweetings Rents*, by the Royal Exchange, London.—*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30, 1658.

This is undoubtedly the earliest authentic announcement yet made known of the public sale in England of this now famous beverage. The mention of a "cophee-house" proves that the sister stimulant was even then making way in the country.* It took,

* This *cophee-house* in Sweeting's Rents is not alluded to by Mr. Cunningham in his Handbook of London. He mentions the first as established in 1667 in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, and the second

however, a couple of centuries to convert them, in the extended sense of the term, into national drinks; but, like many other good things, it came too early. Tea may have sufficed for fanatics, Anabaptists, Quakers, Independents, and self-denying sectaries of all kinds; and for all we know its early introduction, had the Commonwealth lasted, might have accelerated the temperance movement a century at least; but the wheel of fortune was about to turn once more—mighty ale had to be broached, and many deep healths to be drunk by those who had “come to their own again;” and tea, for full half a century, was washed away by brown October and the French wines that came in with the Merry Monarch.

We have now brought the reader upon the very borders of the period when Charles, with his hungry followers, landed in triumph at Dover. The advertisements which appeared during the time that Monk was temporizing and sounding his way to the Restoration form a capital barometer of the state of feeling among political men at that critical juncture. We see no more of the old Fifth-Monarchy spirit abroad. Ministers of the steeple-houses evidently see the storm coming, and cease their long-winded warnings to a backsliding generation. Every one is either panting to take advantage of the first sunshine of royal favor, or to deprecate its wrath, the coming shadow of which is clearly seen. Meetings are advertised of those persons who have purchased sequestered estates, in order that they may address the King to secure them in possession; parliamentary aldermen repudiate by the same means charges in the papers that their names are to be found in the list of those persons who “sat upon the tryal of the late King;” the works of “late” bishops begin again to air themselves in the Episcopal wind that is clearly setting in; and “The Tears, Sighs, Complaints, and Prayers of the Church of England” appear in the advertising columns in place of the sonorous titles of sturdy old Baxter’s works. It is clear there is a great commotion at hand; the leaves are rustling, and the dust is moving. In the very midst of it, however, we find one name still faithful to the “old cause,” as the Puritans call it; on the 8th of March, 1660, that is, while the sway of Charles’s sceptre had already cast its shadow from Breda, we find

(no date mentioned) as set up at the Rainbow in Fleet Street. We think we must make way for this new discovery between the two.

the following advertisement in the “*Mercurius Politicus* :”—

THE ready and easie way to establish a free Commonwealth, and the excellence thereof compared with the inconveniences and dangers of readmitting Kingship in this Nation. The Author, J. M. Wherein, by reason of the Printers haste, the Errata not coming in time, it is desired that the following faults may be amended. Page 9, line 32, for the *Areopagus* read *of Areopagus*. P. 10, l. 3, for full Senate, true Senate; l. 4, for fits, is the whole Aristocracy; l. 7, for Provincial States, States of every City. P. 17, l. 29, for *cite, cite*; l. 30, for *left, fell*. Sold by *Licensed Chapman*, at the Crown, in Pope’s-head Alley.

The calmness of the blind bard, in thus issuing corrections to his hastily-printed pamphlet on behalf of a falling cause, excites our admiration, and gives us an exalted idea of his moral courage. In two months, as might have been expected, he was a proscribed fugitive, sheltering his honored head from the pursuit of Charles’s myrmidons in some secret hiding-place in Westminster, whilst his works, by order of the House, were being burned by the common hangman.

The lawyers were not slow in perceiving the way the wind was blowing, and set their sail accordingly—if we may take the action of one Mr. Nicholas Bacon, as shown in the following advertisement, as any index of the feelings of his fellows :—

WHEREAS one Capt. *Gouge*, a witness examined against the late Kings Majesty, in those Records stiled himself of the Honorable Society of *Grays* Inne. These are to give notice that the said *Gouge* being long sought for, was providentially discovered in a disguise, seized in that Society, and now in custody, being apprehended by the help of some spectators that knew him, viewing of a Banner with His Majesties arms, set up just at the same time of His Majesties landing, on an high Tower in the same Society, by *Nicholas Bacon*, Esq., a Member thereof, as a memorial of so great a deliverance, and testimony of his constant loyalty to his Majesty, and that the said *Gouge* upon examination confessed, That he was never admitted not so much as a Clerk of that Society.—*Mercurius Politicus*, June 7, 1660.

Whilst all London was throwing up caps for the restored monarch, and England seemed so glad that he himself wondered how he could have been persuaded to stop away so long, let us catch the lost luggage of a poor Cavalier, who had just followed his royal master from his long banishment, and turn out its contents for our reader, in order to show that even ruined old courtiers carried more impedimenta than the famous “shirt,

towel, and piece of soap" of our renowned Napier. The "Mercurius Publicus" is now our mine, in which we sink a shaft, and come up with this fossil advertisement, which bears date July 5th, 1660:—

A Leathern Portmantle Lost at *Sittingburn* or *Rochester*, when his Majesty came thither, wherein was a Suit of Camolet Holland, with two little laces in a seam, eight pair of white Gloves, and a pair of Does leather; about twenty yards of skie-coloured Ribbon twelpenny broad, and a whole piece of black Ribbon tenpenny broad, a cloath lead-coloured cloak, with store of linnen; a pair of shooes, slippers, a Montero, and other things; all which belong to a Gentleman (a near servant to His Majesty) who hath been too long Imprisoned and Sequestered to be now robbed when all men hope to enjoy their own. If any can give notice, they may leave word with *Mr Samuel Merne*. His Majesties Book-binder, at his house in Little Britain, and they shall be thankfully rewarded.

The King had not been "in" a month ere his habits appear through the public papers. The "Mercurius Politicus" is now turned courtier, and has changed its name to the "Mercurius Publicus." Its columns indeed are entirely under the direction of the King, and, instead of slashing articles against malignants, degenerates into a virulent oppressor of the Puritans and a vehicle for inquiries after his Majesty's favorite dogs that have been stolen. In the number for June 28th, 1660, for instance, we find the following advertisement:—

A Smooth Black DOG, less than a Greyhound, with white under his breast, belonging to the Kings Majesty was taken from Whitehall, the eighteenth day of this instant June, or thereabouts. If any one can give notice to *John Ellis*, one of his Majesties servants, or to his Majesties Back-Stairs, shall be well rewarded for their labor.

It is evident that "the smooth black dog" was a very great favorite, for the next publication of the journal contains another advertisement with respect to him, printed in larger Italic type, the diction of which, from its pleasant raillery, looks as though it had come from the King's own hand:—

We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest, and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was bet'er known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing His Majesty? must he not keep a Dog?

This Dogs place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

Pepys, about this time, describes the King with a train of spaniels and other dogs at his heels, lounging along and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and on occasions still later he was often seen talking to Nelly, as she leaned from her garden wall that abutted upon the Pall-Mall, whilst his canine favorites grouped around him. On these occasions perhaps the representatives of those gentlemen to be seen in Regent-street, with two bundles of animated wool beneath their arms, were on the look-out, as we find his Majesty continually advertising his lost dogs. Later we find him inquiring after "a little brindled grey-hound bitch, having her two hinder feet white;" for a "white-haired spaniel, smooth-coated, with large red or yellowish spots," and for a "black mastiff dog, with cropped ears and cut tail." And when royalty had done, his Highness Prince Rupert, or Buckingham, or "my Lord Albemarle," resorted to the "London Gazette," to make known their canine losses. We think the change in the temper of the age is more clearly marked by these dog advertisements than by anything else. The Puritans did not like sporting animals of any kind, and we much question whether a dog would have followed a fifth-monarchy-man. Hence the total absence of all advertisements bearing upon the "fancy." Now that the King had returned, the old English love of field-sports spread with fourfold vigor. We chance upon the traces too of a courtly amusement which had been handed down from the middle ages, and was then only lingering amongst us—hawking. Here is an inquiry after a lost lanner:—

Richard Finney, Esquire, of Alaxton, in Leicestershire, about a fortnight since lost a LANNER from that place; she hath neither Bells nor Varvels; she is a white Hawk, and her long feathers and sarcel are both in the blood. If any one give tidings thereof to Mr. Lambert, at the golden Key in Fleet-street, they shall have forty shillings for their pains.—Mercurius Publicus, September 6, 1660.

As London was the only place in which a newspaper was published during the reign of Charles, and indeed for nearly fifty years afterwards, the hue and cry after lost animals always came to town as a matter of course. It sounds strange to read these advertisements of a sport the very terms of which are now unintelligible to us. What ages

seem have to have passed since these birds, in all their glory of scarlet hoods, were carried upon some "faire lady's" wrist, or poised themselves, with fluttering wing, as the falconer uncovered them to view their quarry. We have skipped a few years, in order to afford one or two more examples of these picturesque advertisements, so different from anything to be seen at the present day:—

LOST on the 30 of October, 1665, an Inter-mix'd Barbary Tercel Gentle, engraven in Varvels, Richard Windwood, of Ditton Park, in the County of Bucks, Esq. For more particular marks—if the Varvels be taken off—the 4th feather in one of the wings Imped, and the third pounce of the right foot broke. If any one inform Sir William Roberts, Knight and Baronet (near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the County of Middlesex), or Mr. William Phillips, at the King's Head in Paternoster Row, of the Hawk, he shall be sufficiently rewarded.—*The Intelligencer*, Nov. 6, 1665.

The next paper contains an inquiry for a goshawk belonging to Lord William Petre, and two years later a royal bird is inquired after in the "London Gazette," as follows:—

A Sore ger Falcon of his Majesty, lost the 13 of August, who had one Varvel of his Keeper, Roger Higs, of Westminster, Gent. Whosoever hath taken her up and give notice Sir Allan Apsley, Master of His Majesties Hawks at St. James's, shall be rewarded for his pains. Back-Stairs in Whitehall.

This Sir Allan Apsley is the brother of Mrs. Hutchinson, who has given us such a vivid picture, in the memoir of her husband, of the Commonwealth time. The "London Gazette," from which we quote, is the only paper still in existence that had its root in those days. It first appeared in Oxford, upon the Court taking up its abode in that city during the time of the Great Plague, and was therefore called the "Oxford Gazette." On the return of Charles to London it followed in his train, and became the "London Gazette," or court and official paper, and the latter character it has retained to the present hour. The gazettes of the seventeenth century were widely different from those of our day. They contain foreign news, as well as state papers, royal proclamations, &c., and, stranger still, miscellaneous advertisements are mixed up with those upon the business of the Court. The quack doctors, with an eye, we suppose, to the "quality," were the first to avail themselves of its pages to make known their nostrums. It will astonish our readers to find

what an ancestry some of the quack medicines of the present day have had. "Nervous powders," specifics for gout, rheumatism, &c., seized upon the columns of the newspapers almost as early as they were published. Here is a specimen which might still serve as a model for such announcements:—

Gentlemen, you are desired to take notice, That Mr. *Theophilus Buckworth* doth at his house on *Mile-end Green* make and expose to sale, for the publick good, those so famous *Lozenges* or *Pectorals* approved for the cure of Consumptions, Coughs, Catarrhs, Asthmas, Hoarseness, Strongness of Breath, Colds in general, Diseases incident to the Lungs, and a sovereign Antidote against the Plague, and all other contagious Diseases, and obstructions of the Stomach: And for more convenience of the people, constantly leaveth them sealed up with his coat of arms on the papers, with Mr. *Rich. Lowndes* (as formerly), at the sign of the White Lion, near the little north door of *Pauls Church*; Mr. *Henry Seile*, over against *S. Dunstan's Church* in Fleet Street; Mr. *William Milward*, at *Westminster Hall Gate*; Mr. *John Place*, at *Furnivals Inn Gate* in Holborn; and Mr. *Robert Horn*, at the Turk's head near the entrance of the Royal Exchange, Booksellers, and no others.

This is published to prevent the designs of divers Pretenders, who counterfeit the said Lozenges, to the disparagement of the said Gentleman, and great abuse of the people.
—*Mercurius Politicus*, Nov. 16, 1660.

The next is equally characteristic:—

MOST Excellent and Approved *Dentifrices* to scour and cleanse the Teeth, making them white as Ivory, preserves from the Toothach; so that, being constantly used, the parties using it are never troubled with the Toothach: It fastens the Teeth, sweetens the Breath, and preserves the Gums and Mouth from Cankers and Impostumes. Made by *Robert Turner*, Gentleman; and the right are onely to be had at *Thomas Rookes*, Stationer, at the Holy Lamb at the east end of *St. Pauls Church*, near the school, in sealed papers, at 12d. the paper.

The reader is desired to beware of counterfeits.
(*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 20, 1660.)

Other advertisements about this time profess to cure all diseases by means of an "antimonial cup." Sir Kenelm Digby, the same learned knight who feasted his wife upon capons fattened upon serpents, in order to make her fair, advertises a book in which he professes to show a method of curing wounds by a powder of sympathy; and here is a notification of a remedy which shows still more clearly the superstitious character of the age:—

SMALL BAGGS to hang about Children's necks, which are excellent both for the prevention and cure of the Rickets, and to ease children in breeding of Teeth, are prepared by Mr. Edmund Buckworth, and constantly to be had at Mr. Philip Clark's, Keeper of the Library in the Fleet, and nowhere else, at 5 shillings a bagge.—*The Intelligencer*, Oct. 16, 1664.

It was left, however, to the reign of Anne for the mountebank to descend from his stage in the fair and the market-place, in order to erect it in the public newspapers. But we have yet to mention one, who might appear to some to be the greatest quack of all, and who about this time resorted to an advertisement in the newspapers to call his patients to his doors;—the royal charlatan, who touched for the evil, makes known that he is at home for the season to his people through the medium of the "Public Intelligencer" of 1664:—

WHITEHALL, May 14, 1664. His Sacred Majesty, having declared it to be his Royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the Month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to Town in the Interim and lose their labour.

No doubt there was much political significance in this pretended efficacy of the royal touch in scrofulous affections; at the same time, there is reason to believe that patients did sometimes speedily recover after undergoing the regal contact. Dr. Tyler Smith, who has written a very clever little book on the subject, boldly states his belief that the emotion felt by these poor stricken people who came within the influence of "that divinity which doth hedge a king," acted upon them as a powerful mental tonic; in a vast number of cases, however, we might impute the tonic to the gold coin which the king always bestowed upon his patient. Be that as it may, the practice flourished down to the time of Anne, at whose death it stopped; the sovereigns of the line of Brunswick never pretending to possess this medicinal virtue, coming as they did to the throne by only a parliamentary title. The reaction from the straightlaced times of the Commonwealth, which set in immediately upon the Restoration, seems to have arrived at its height about the year 1664, and the advertisements at that period reflect very truly the love of pleasure and excitement which seized hold of the people, as if they were bent on making up for the time that

had been lost during the Puritanic rule. They are mostly taken up, in fact, with inquiries after "lost lace-work;" announcements of lotteries in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, of jewels, tapestry, and lockets of "Mr. Cooper's work," of which the following is a fair specimen:—

LOST on the 27th of July, about Boswell Yard or Drury Lane, a Ladyes Picture, set in gold, and three Keys, with divers other little things in a perfumed pocket. Whosoever shall give notice of or bring the said picture to Mr. Charles Coakine, Goldsmith, near Staples Inne, Holborn, shall have 4 times the value of the gold for his payns.—*The News*, August 4, 1664.

The love of the people also for the strange and marvellous is shown by announcements of rare sights: for instance, we are told that—

AT the Mitre, near the west end of St. Paul's, is to be seen a rare Collection of Curiosities, much resorted to and admired by persons of great learning and quality; among which a choyce Egyptian Mummy, with hieroglyphicks; the Ant-Beare of Brasil; a Remora; a Torpedo; the Huge Thigh-bone of a Giant; a Moon Fish; a Tropic Bird, &c.—*The News* of June 2, 1664.

A rather scanty collection of articles, it is true, but eked out monstrously by the "huge thigh-bone of a giant;" which, in all probability, belonged to some huge quadruped. The ignorance of those times with respect to natural history must have been something astonishing, as about the same date we find the following print of what were evidently considered very curious animals advertised in the "London Gazette:"—

A True Representation of the Rhonoserous and Elephant, lately brought from the East Indies to London, drawn after the life, and curiously engraven in Mezzotinto, printed upon a large sheet of paper. Sold by PIERCE TEMPEST, at the Eagle and Child in the Strand, over against Somerset House, Water Gate.—*The London Gazette*, Jan. 22, 1664.

In the succeeding year all advertisements of this kind stop; amusements, from some great disturbing cause, have ceased to attract; there is no more gambling under the name of lotteries at Whitehall; no more curiosities are exhibited to a pleasure-loving crew; no more books of amorous songs are published; no more lockets or perfumed bags are dropped;—all is stagnation and silence, if we may judge as much from the sudden cessation of advertisements with reference to them in the public papers;

Death now comes upon the stage and rudely shuts the box of Autolycus, crops the street with grass, and marks a red cross on every other door. It is the year of the Great Plague. Those who could, fled early from the pest-stricken city; those who remained until the malady had gained irresistible sway were not allowed to depart for fear of carrying the contagion into the provinces, the Lord Mayor denying to such a clean bill of health, in consequence of which they were driven back by the rustics as soon as discovered. A singular instance, also, of the vigilance of the authorities, in confining, as they imagined, the mischief within the limits of the metropolis, is afforded by the succeeding advertisement:—

NICHOLAS HURST, an Upholsterer, over against the Rose Tavern, in Russell-street, Covent-Garden, whose Maid Servant dyed lately of the Sickness, fled on Monday last out of his house, taking with him several Goods and Household Stuff, and was afterwards followed by one Doctor Cary and Richard Bayle, with his wife and family, who lodged in the same house; but Bayle having his usual dwelling-house in Way-bridge, in Surrey. Whereof we are commanded to give this Public Notice, that diligent search may be made for them, and the houses in which any of their persons or goods shall be found may be shut up by the next Justice of the Peace, or other his Majesty's Officers of Justice, and notice immediately given to some of his Majesty's Privy Council, or to one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—*London Gazette*, May 10, 1666.

Antidotes and remedies for the plague are also commonly advertised, just as the visitation of the cholera in 1854 filled the columns of the "Times" full of all sorts of specifics. Thus, for example, the "Intelligencer" of August the 28th, 1665, announces "an excellent electuary against the plague, to be drunk at the Green Dragon, Cheap-side, at sixpence a pint." The great and only cure, however, for this fearful visitation, which carried off a hundred thousand persons in London alone, was at hand—the purgation of fire. The conflagration, which burst out on the 2d of September, and destroyed thirteen thousand houses, gave the final blow to its declining attacks. Singularly enough, but faint traces of this overwhelming calamity, as it was considered at the time, can be gathered from the current advertisements. Although the entire population of the city was rendered houseless, and had to encamp in the surrounding fields, where they extemporized shops and streets, not one hint of such a circumstance can be found in the

public announcements of the period. No circumstance could afford a greater proof of the little use made by the trading community of this means of publicity in the time of Charles II. If a fire only a hundredth part so destructive were to occur in these days, the columns of the press would immediately be full of the new addresses of the burnt-out shopkeepers; and those who were not even damaged by it would take care to "improve the occasion" to their own advantage. We look in vain through the pages of the "London Gazette" of this and the following year for one such announcement: not even a tavern-keeper tells us the number of his booth in Goodman's-fields, although quack medicine flourished away in its columns as usual. In 1667 we see a notification, now and then, of some change in the site of a government office, or of the intention to build by contract some public structure, such as the following notice relative to the erection of the old Royal Exchange:—

ALL Artificers of the several Trades that must be used in Rebuilding the Royal Exchange may take notice, that the Committee appointed for Management of that Work do sit at the end of the long gallery in Gresham Colledge every Monday in the forenoon, there and then to treat with such as are fit to undertake the same.

The remainder of the reign of Charles is unmarked by the appearance of any characteristic advertisements, which give a clue to the peculiar complexion of the time. If we go back two or three years, however, we shall find one which bears upon the introduction of those monstrous flowing wigs which continued in fashion to the middle of the succeeding century:—

WHEREAS *George Grey*, a Barber and Perriwigge-maker, over against the *Greyhound Tavern* in *Black Fryers, London*, stands obliged to serve some particular Persons of eminent Condition and Quality in his way of Employment: It is therefore Notified at his desire, that any one having long flaxen hayr to sell may repayr to him the said *George Grey*, and they shall have 10s the ounce, and for any other long fine hayr after the Rate of 5s. or 7s. the ounce.—*The Newes*, February 4, 1663.

Pepys describes, with amusing minuteness, how Chapman the periwig-maker cut off his hair to make up one of these portentous head-dresses for him, much to the trouble of his servants, Jane and Bessy, and on the Lord's day, November 8th, 1663, he relates, with infinite naïveté, his entrance into church with what must evidently have been the per-

ruquier's latest fashion. "To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such thing." Ten shillings the ounce for long flaxen hair shows the demand for this peculiar color by "persons of eminent condition and quality." We have shown, from the advertisements of the time of Charles II., what was indeed well known, that the age was characterized by frivolous amusements, and by a love of dress and vicious excitement, in the midst of which pestilence stalked like a moking fiend, and the great conflagration lit up the general masquerade with its lurid and angry glare. Together with the emaculate tone of manners, a disposition to personal violence and a contempt of law stained the latter part of this and the succeeding reign. The audacious seizure of the crown jewels by Blood; the attack upon the Duke of Ormond by the same desperado, that nobleman actually having been dragged from his coach in St. James's Street in the evening, and carried, bound upon the saddle-bow of Blood's horse, as far as Hyde Park Corner, before he could be rescued; the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose in the Haymarket by the King's guard; and the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey on Primrose Hill, are familiar instances of the prevalence of this lawless spirit.

We catch a glimpse of one of these street outrages in the following announcement of an assault upon glorious John:—

WHEREAS John Dryden, Esqr., was on Monday, the 18th instant, at night, barbarously assaulted and wounded, in Rose Street in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown; if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive Fifty Pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr Blanchard, Goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose, but if he be a principal or an accessory in the said fact, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same.—*The London Gazette*, Dec. 22, 1679.

And here is another of a still more tragic character:—

WHEREAS a Gentleman was, on the eighteenth at night, mortally wounded near Lincoln's Inn, in Chancery Lane, in view as is supposed of the coachman that set him down: these are to give notice that the said coachman shall come in and declare his knowledge of the matter; if any other person shall discover the said coachman to John Haws, at his chamber in

Lincoln's Inn, he shall have 5 guineas reward.—*London Gazette*, March 29th, 1688.

To this period also may be ascribed the rise of that romantic felon, the highwayman. The hue and cry after these genteel robbers is frequently raised during the reign of James II. In one case we have notice of a gentleman having been stopped, robbed, and then bound, by mounted men at Islington, who rode away with his horse; another time these daring gentry appeared at Knightsbridge; and a third advertisement, of a later date it is true, offers a reward for three mounted Macheaths, who were charged with stopping and robbing three young ladies in South Street, near Audley Chapel, as they were returning home from visiting. The following is still more singular, as showing the high social position of some of these gentlemen who took to the "road" for special purposes:—

WHEREAS Mr. Herbert Jones, Attorney-at-Law in the town of Monmouth, well known by being several years together Under-Sheriff of the County, hath of late divers times robbed the Mail coming from that town to London, and taken out divers letters and write, and is now fled from justice, and supposed to have sheltered himself in some of the new-raised troops. These are to give notice, that whosoever shall secure the said Herbert Jones, so as to be committed in order to answer these said crimes, may give notice thereof to Sir Thomas Fowles, goldsmith, Temple-bar, London, or to Mr. Michael Bohune, mercer, in Monmouth, and shall have a guinea's reward.

The drinking tendencies of these Jacobite times are chiefly shown by the numberless inquiries after lost or stolen silver tankards, and by the sales of claret and canary which constantly took place. The hammer was not apparently used at that time, as we commonly find announcements of sales by "inch of candle," a term which mightily puzzled us until we saw the explanation of it in our constant book of reference, the Diary of Pepys:

"After dinner we met and sold the Weymouth, Success and Fellowship hulks, where pleasant to see how backward men are at first to bid; and yet, when the candle is going out, how they bawl, and dispute afterwards who bid the most. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid the last man and to carry it; and inquiring the reason he told me that, just as the flame goes out, the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last." (Sept. 3rd, 1662.)

The taste for auctions, which became such

a rage in the time of Anne, had its beginning about this period. Books and pictures are constantly advertised to be disposed of in this manner. The love of excitement born in the gaming time of the Restoration might be traced in these sales, and in the lotteries, or "adventures" as they were sometimes termed, which extended to every conceivable article capable of being sold. The rising taste of the town was, however, checked for the time by the Revolution, which was doubtless hastened on by such announcements as the following, which appeared in the "*Gazette*" of March 8, 1688:—

CATHOLIC LOYALTY, upon the Subject of Government and Obedience, delivered in a SERMON before the King and Queen, in His Majesties Chapel at Whitehall, on the 13 of June, 1687, by the Revnd. Father Edward Scarisbroke, priest of the Society of Jesus. Published by his Majesty's Command. Sold by Raydal Taylor, near Stationers Hall, London.

Up to this time advertisements only appeared in threes and fours, and rarely, if ever, exceeded a dozen, in any newspaper of the day. They were generally stuck in the middle of the diminutive journal, but sometimes formed a tail-piece to it. They were confined in their character, and gave no evidence of belonging to a great commercial community. Now and then, it is true, sums of money were advertised as seeking investment; more constantly a truss for a "broken belly," or an "excellent dentifrice," appeared; or some city mansion of the nobility is advertised to let, showing the progress westward even then, as witness the following:—

THE EARL OF BERKELEY'S HOUSE, with Garden and Stables, in St. John's Lane, not far from Smith Field, is to be Let or Sold for Building. Enquire of Mr. John Prestworth, a corn chandler, near the said house, and you may know further.—*London Gazette*, August 17, 1685.

Here is an instance of the singular manner in which fire-insurances were conducted in that day:—

THERE having happened a fire on the 24th of the last month by which several houses of the friendly society were burned to the value of 965 pounds, these are to give notice to all persons of the said society that they are desired to pay at the office Faulcon Court in Fleet Street their several proportions of their said loss, which comes to five shillings and one penny for every hundred pounds insured, before the 12th of August next.—*London Gazette*, July 6th, 1685.

Sometimes it is a "flea bitten grey mare"

stolen out of "Mary-le-bone Park," or a lost lottery ticket, or a dog, that is inquired after, but they contained no hint that England possessed a commercial marine, or that she was destined to become a nation of shopkeepers. As yet too there was no sign given of that wonderful art of ingenious puffing which now exists, and which might lead a casual observer to imagine that the nation consisted of only two classes—cheats and dupes.

From the settlement of 1688 the true value of the advertisement appears to have dawned upon the public. The country evidently began to breathe freely, and with Dutch William and Protestant ascendancy the peculiar character of the nation burst forth with extraordinary vigor. Enterprise of all kinds was called forth, and cast its image upon the advertising columns of the public journals, now greatly increased both in size and in numbers, no less than twenty-six having been set up within four years after the Revolution. It is observable, too, that from this political convulsion dates a certain rough humor, which, however latent, was not before expressed in the public papers, especially on matters political. Let us further elucidate our meaning by quoting the following from the "*New Observer*" of July 17, 1689, setting forth a popular and practical method of parading the Whig triumph:—

ORANGE CARDS, representing the late King's reign and expedition of the Prince of Orange: viz. the Earl of Essex Murther, Dr. Otes Whipping, Defacing the Monument, My Lord Jeferies in the West hanging of Protestants, Magdalen College, Trial of the Bishops, Castle Maine at Rome, The Popish Midwife, A Jesuit Preaching against our Bible, Consecrated Smock, My Lord Chancellor at the Bed's feet, Birth of the Prince of Wales, The Ordinare Mass-house pulling down and burning by Captain Tom and his Mobile, Mortar pieces in the Tower, The Prince of Orange Landing, The Jesuits Scampering, Father Peter's Transactions, The Fight at Reading, The Army going over to the Prince of Orange, Tyrconnel in Ireland, My Lord Chancellor in the Tower. With many other remarkable passages of the Times. To which is added the effigies of our Gracious K. William and Q. Mary, curiously illustrated and engraven in lively figures, done by the performers of the first Popish Plot Cards. Sold by Donnan Newman, the publisher and printer of the *New Observer*.

The editor of the "*New Observer*" was Bishop Burnet, and these political playing-cards were sold by his publisher; perhaps the great Protestant bishop knew something of their "performers." In the year 1692 an experiment was made which clearly shows

how just an estimate was getting abroad of the value of publicity in matters of business. A newspaper was set up, called "The City Mercury," published gratis for the Promotion of Trade," which lasted for two years, and contained nothing but advertisements. The proprietor undertook to distribute a thousand copies per week to the then chief places of resort,—coffee-houses, taverns, and book-shops. Even in these days of the "Times" double supplement such an experiment has often been made and failed; our wonder, therefore, is not that the "City Mercury" went to that limbo which is stored with such countless abortive journals, but that the interest felt in advertisements should, at that early period, have kept it alive so long.

If the foregoing scheme proves that an attempt was then made to subdivide the duties of a newspaper—that of keeping its readers informed of the news of the day, and of forming a means of publicity for the wants and losses of individuals—the advertisement we are about to quote clearly shows that at the same time there was a plan in existence for combining the printed newspaper with the more ancient written newsletter. It is well known that long after the institution of public journals, the old profession of the newsletter-writer continued to flourish. We can easily account for this fact when we remember that during the heat of a great rebellion it was much more safe to write than to print the intelligence of the day. Many of these newsletters were written by strong partisans, and contained information which it was neither desirable nor safe that their opponents should see. They were passed on from hand to hand in secret, and often endorsed by each successive reader. We are told that the Cavaliers, when taken prisoners, have been known to eat their newsletters; and some of Prince Rupert's which had been intercepted, are still in existence, and bear dark red stains which testify to the desperate manner in which they were defended. It is pretty certain, however, that, as a profession, newsletter-writing began to decline after the Revolution, although we find the editor of the "Evening Post," as late as the year 1709, reminding its readers that "there must be three or four pounds a year paid for written news." At the same time the public journals, it is clear, had not performed that part of their office which was really more acceptable to the country reader than any other—the retailing the political and social chitchat of the day. We have only to look into the public papers to convince ourselves how woefully they fell short

in a department which must have been the staple of the newswriter. This want still being felt, John Salusbury devises a scheme to combine the old and the new plan after the following manner, as announced in the "Flying Post" of 1694:—

IF any Gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with the Account of Public Affairs, he may have it for twopence of J. Salusbury at the Rising-Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper, half of which being blank, he may thereon write his own private business or the material news of the day.

It does not say much for the energy with which the journals of that day were conducted that the purchasers are invited to write therein "the material news of the day;" that, we should have thought, was the editor's business to have supplied; but it was perhaps a contrivance by which the Jacobites might circulate information, by means of the post, without compromising the printer. We have seen many such papers, half-print half-manuscript, in the British Museum, which had passed through the post, the manuscript portion of which the Home Secretaries of our time would have thought sufficiently treasonable to justify them in having broken their seals.

As advertisements, from their earliest introduction, were used to make known the amusements of the day and the means of killing time at the disposal of persons of quality, it seems strange that it was not employed sooner than it was to draw a company to the theatres. We have looked in vain for the announcement of any theatrical entertainment before the year 1701, when the advertisement of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre makes its appearance in the columns of the "English Post." The lead of this little house was, however, speedily followed by the larger ones, and only a few years later we have regular lists of the performances at all the theatres in the daily papers. The first journal of this description was the "Daily Courant," published in 1709. In this year also appeared the celebrated "Tatler," to be speedily followed by the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," the social and literary journals of that Augustine age. The first edition of the "Tatler," in the British Museum, contains advertisements like an ordinary paper, and they evidently reflect, more than those of its contemporaries, the flying fashions of the day, and the follies of the "quality." In them we notice the rage that existed for lotteries, or "sales," as they were called.

Every conceivable thing was put up to raffle. We see advertisements headed "A Sixpenny Sale of Lace," "A Hundred Pounds for Half-a crown," "A Penny Adventure for a Great Pie," "A Quarter's Rent," "A Freehold Estate," "Threepenny Sales of Houses," "A fashionable Coach;" gloves, looking-glasses, chocolate, Hungary water, Indian goods, lacquered ware, fans, &c., were notified to be disposed of in this manner, and the fair mob was called together to draw their tickets by the same means. This fever, which produced ten years later the celebrated South Sea Bubble, was of slow growth. It had its root in the Restoration, its flower in the reign of Anne, and its fruit and dénouement in the reign of George I. Before passing on from the pages of the "Tatler," we must stop for a moment to notice one or two of those playful advertisements which Sir Richard Steele delighted in, and which, under the guise of fun, perhaps really afforded him excellent matter for his Journal. Here is an irresistible invitation to his fair readers:—

A NY Ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance which they are willing privately to make public, may send 'em by the penny post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., enclosed to Mr. John Morpheu, near Stationers' Hall.—*Tatler*, May 8, 1709.

An excellent lion's-mouth this wherein to drop scandal. A still more amusing instance of the fun that pervaded Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., is to be found in the series of advertisements in which he ought to have convinced John Partridge, the Astrologer, that he really had departed this life: an assertion which the latter persisted in denying with the most ludicrous earnestness. Of these we give one from the "Tatler" of August 24th, 1710:—

WHEREAS an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28 of March 1710, these are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to the present day. Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

The pleasant malice of the above is patent enough, but we confess we are puzzled to know whether the following is genuine or not. We copied it from among a number of others, from which it was undistinguishable by any peculiarity of type:—

The Charitable Advice Office where all persons may have the opinion of dignified Clergymen, learned Council, graduate Physicians, and

experienced Surgeons, to any question in Divinity, Morality, Law, Physic, or Surgery, with proper Prescriptions within twelve hours after they have delivered in a state of their case. Those who can't write may have their cases stated at the office. * * The fees are only 1s. at delivery, or sending your case, and 1s. more on re-delivering that and the opinion upon it, being what is thought sufficient to defray the necessary expenses of servants and office-rent.—*Tatler*, December 16, 1710.

To pass, however, from the keen weapons of the brain to those of the flesh, it is interesting to fix with some tolerable accuracy the change which took place in the early part of the eighteenth century in what might be called the amusements of the fancy. The "noble art of defence," as it was termed, up to the time of the first George, seems to have consisted in the broad-sword exercise. Pepys describes in his Diary several bloody encounters of this kind which he himself witnessed; and the following advertisement, a half century later, shows that the skilled weapon had not at that time been set aside for the more brutal fist:—

A *Tryal of Skill* to be performed at His Majesty's Bear Garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, on Thursday next, being the 9th instant, betwixt these following masters:—Edmund Button, master of the noble science of defence, who hath lately cut down Mr. Hargit and the Champion of the West, and 4 besides, and James Harris, an Herefordshire man, master of the noble science of defence, who has fought 98 prizes and never was worsted, to exercise the usual weapons, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon precisely.—*Postman*, July 4, 1701.

The savage character of the time may be judged from this public boast of Mr. Edmund Button that he had cut down six men with a murderous weapon. We question, however, if the age which could tolerate such ruffianism was not exceeded by the change, which substituted the fist for the sword, and witnessed women entering the ring in the place of men. Some of the earliest notices of boxing-matches upon record, singularly enough, took place between combatants of the fair sex. In a public journal of 1722, for instance, we find the following gage of battle thrown down, and accepted:—

CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate

Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour: she may expect a good thumping!

The half-crowns in the hands was an ingenious device to prevent scratching! A still more characteristic specimen of one of these challenges to a fisticuff between two women is to be found in the "Daily Post" of July 7th, 1728:—

AT Mr. Stokes' Amphitheatre in Islington Road, this present Monday, being the 7 of October, will be a complete Boxing Match by the two following Championesses:—Whereas I, Ann Field, of Stoke Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs. Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of her best skill in Boxing for 10 pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.

I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the City of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing-woman of Billingsgate 29 minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the 10 pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with will be more difficult for her to digest than any she ever gave her asses.—

Note. A man, known by the name of Rugged and Tuff, challenges the best man of Stoke Newington to fight him for one guinea to what sum they please to venture. N.B. Attendance will be given at one, and the encounter to begin at four precisely. There will be the diversion of Cudgel-playing as usual.

Other advertisements about this time relate to cock-matches, sometimes "to last the week," to bull-baiting, and, more cruel still, to dressing up mad bulls with fire-works, in order to worry them with dogs. The brutal tone of manners, which set in afresh with the Hanoverian succession, might be alone gathered from the so-called sporting advertisements of the day, and we now see that Hogarth, in his famous picture, had no need to, and probably did not, draw upon his imagination for the combination of horrid cruelties therein depicted.

The very same spirit pervaded the gallantry of the day, and we print two advertisements, one of the time of Anne, and the other of the age we are now illustrating, in order to contrast their spirit. We give the more polished one precedence:—

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A GENTLEMAN who, the twentieth instant, had the honour to conduct a lady out of a boat at Whitehall-stairs, desires to know where he may wait on her to disclose a matter of concern. A letter directed to Mr. Samuel Reeves, to be left with Mr. May, at the Golden Head, the upper end of New Southampton Street, Covent Garden.—*Tutler*, March 21, 1709.

A certain courtly style and air of good breeding pervades this advertisement, of which Sir Richard Steele himself need not have been ashamed; but what a falling off is here!—

WHEREAS a young lady was, at Covent Garden playhouse last Tuesday night, and received a blow with a square piece of wood on her breast: if the lady be single, and meet me on Sunday, at two o'clock, on the Mall in St. James's Park, or send a line directed for A. B., to Mr. Jones's, at the Sun Tavern in St. Paul's Church-yard, where and when I shall wait on her, to inform her of something very much to her advantage on honourable terms, her compliance will be a lasting pleasure to her most obedient servant.—*General Advertiser*, Feb. 8, 1748.

It would seem as though the beau had been forced to resort to a missile to make an impression, and then felt the necessity of stating that his intentions were "honorable," in order to secure the interview with his innamorata. Imagine too the open unblushing manner in which the assignation is attempted! We are far from saying that such matters are not managed now through the medium of advertisements, for we shall presently show they are, but in how much more carefully concealed a manner. The perfect contempt of public opinion, or rather the public acquiescence in such infringements of the moral law, which it exhibits, proves the general state of morality more than the infringements themselves, which obtain more or less at all times. Two of the causes which led to this low tone of manners with respect to women were doubtless the detestable profligacy of the courts of the two first Georges, and the very defective condition of the existing marriage law. William and Mary, and Anne, had, by their decorous, not to say frigid lives, redeemed the Crown, and, in some measure, the aristocracy, from the vices of the Restoration. Crown, court, and quality, however, fell into a still worse slough on the accession of the Hanoverian king, who soiled afresh the rising tone of public life by his scandalous connexion with the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington; whilst his son and successor was absolutely abetted in his vicious courses by his own queen, who promoted his

commerce with his two mistresses, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth. The degrading influence of the royal manners was well seconded by the condition of the law. Keith's chapel in May-fair, and that at the Fleet, were the Gretnagreens of the age, where children could get married at any time of the day or night for a couple of crowns. It was said at the time that at the former chapel, six thousand persons were annually married in this off-hand way; the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings was wedded to the Duke of Hamilton, at twelve o'clock at night, with a ring off the bed-curtain, at this very "marriage-shop." The fruits of such unions may be imagined. The easy way in which the marriage bond was worn and broken through is clearly indicated by the advertisements which absolutely crowd the public journals from the accession of the House of Brunswick up to the time of the third George, of husbands warning the public not to trust their runaway wives.

We have referred, in an early part of this paper, to the taste for blackamoors, which set in in the reign of Charles II., and went on increasing until the middle of the next century, at which time there must have been a very considerable population of negro servants in the metropolis. At first the picturesque natives of the East were pressed into the service of the nobility and gentry, and color does not appear to have been a *sine quâ non*. Thus we have in the "London Gazette" of 1688 the following hue and cry advertisement:—

RUN away from his master, Captain St. Lo, the 21st instant, Obdelah Ealias Abraham, a Moor, swarthy complexion, short frizzled hair, a gold ring in his ear, in a black coat and blew breeches. He took with him a blew Turkish watch-gown, a Turkish suit of clothing that he used to wear about town, and several other things. Whoever brings him to Mr. Lozel's house in Green Street, shall have one guinea for his charges.

The next advertisement we find also relates to what we must consider an East Indian. The notion of property in these boys seems to have been complete; their masters put their names upon their collars, as they did upon their setters or spaniels:—

A BLACK boy, an Indian, about thirteen years old, run away the 8th instant from Putney, with a collar about his neck with this inscription: "the Lady Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Whoever brings him to Sir Edward Bromfield's at Putney shall have a guinea reward.—*The London Gazette*, 1694.

The traffic in African blacks, which commenced towards the end of the seventeenth century, seems to have displaced these eastern servitors towards the end of the century, for henceforth the word negro, blackamoor, or black boy, is invariably used. No doubt the fashion for these negroes, and other colored attendants, was derived from the Venetian Republic, the intercourse of whose merchants with Africa and India naturally led to their introduction. Titian and other great painters of his school continually introduced them in their pictures, and our own great bard has forever associated the Moor with the City in the Sea. In England the negro boys appear to have been considered as much articles of sale as they would have been in the slave-market at Constantinople. In the "Tatler" of 1709 we find one offered to the public in the following terms:—

A BLACK boy, twelve years of age, fit to wait on a gentleman, to be disposed of at Denis's Coffee-house in Finch Lane, near the Royal Exchange.

Again, in the "Daily Journal" of September 28th, 1728, we light upon another:—

TO be sold, a negro boy, aged eleven years. Enquire of the Virginia Coffee-house in Threedneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange.

These were the overflowings of that infamous traffic in negroes, commenced by Sir John Hawkins in the year 1680, which tore from their homes, and transferred to Jamaica alone, no less than 910,000 Africans between that time and the year 1786, when the slave-trade was abolished.

We have brought the reader up to the date of the final battle which extinguished the hopes of the Stuarts and settled the line of Brunswick firmly on the throne. The year 1745 witnessed the commencement of the General Advertiser, the title of which indicates the purpose to which it was dedicated. This paper was the first successful attempt to depend for support upon the advertisements it contained, thereby creating a new era in the newspaper press. From the very outset its columns were filled with them, between fifty and sixty, regularly classified and separated by rules, appearing in each publication; in fact, the advertising page put on for the first time a modern look. The departure of ships is constantly notified, and the engravings of these old high-pooed vessels sail in even line down the column. Trading

matters have at last got the upper hand. You see "a pair of leather bags," "a scarlet laced-coat," "a sword," still inquired after; and theatres make a show, for this was the dawning of the age of Foote, Macklin, Garrick, and most of the other great players of the last century; but, comparatively speaking, the gaieties and follies of the town ceased gradually from this time to proclaim themselves through the medium of advertisements. The great earthquake at Lisbon so frightened the people, that masquerades were prohibited by law, and the puppet-shows, the rope-dancing, the china-auctions, and public breakfasts henceforth grow scarcer and scarcer as the Ladies Betty and Sally, who inaugurated them, withdrew by degrees, withered, faded, and patched, from the scene.

The only signs of the political tendencies of the time to be gathered from the sources we are pursuing, are the party dinners, announcements of which are now and then to be met with as follows:—

TO THE JOYOUS.—The Bloods are desired to meet together at the House known by the name of the Sir Hugh Middleton, near Saddler's Wells, Islington, which Mr. Skeggs has procured for that day for the better entertainment of those Gentlemen who agreed to meet at his own house. Dinner will be on the Table punctually at two o'clock.—*General Advertiser*, Jan. 13, 1748.

Or the following still more characteristic example from the same paper of April 12:—

HALF-MOON TAVERN, CHEAPSIDE.—Saturday next, the 16 of April, being the anniversary of the Glorious Battle of Colloden, the Stars will assemble in the Moon at six in the evening. Therefore the Choice Spirits are desired to make their appearance and fill up the joy.—**ENDYMION.**

Within five-and-twenty years from this date most of the existing morning journals were established, and their advertising columns put on a guise closely resembling that which they now present; we need not therefore pursue our deep trenching into the old subsoil in order to turn up long-buried evidences of manners and fashions, for they have ceased to appear, either fossil or historical; we therefore boldly leap the gulf that intervenes between these old days and the present.

The early part of the present century saw the commencement of that liberal and systematic plan of advertising which marks the complete era in the art. Princely ideas by degrees took possession of the trading mind

as to the value of this new agent in extending their business transactions. Packwood, some thirty years ago, led the way by impressing his razor-strop indelibly on the mind of every bearded member of the empire. Like other great potentates he boasted a laureat in his pay, and every one remembers the reply made to the individuals curious to know who drew up his advertisements: "La, Sir, we keeps a poet!"

By universal consent, however, the world has accorded to the late George Robins the palm in this style of commercial puffing. His advertisements were really artistically written. Like Martin, he had the power of investing every landscape and building he touched with an importance and majesty not attainable by meaner hands. He did perhaps go beyond the yielding line of even poetical license, when he described one portion of a paradise he was about to submit to public competition as adorned, among other charms, with a "hanging wood," which the astonished purchaser found out meant nothing more than an old gallows. But then he redeemed slight manœuvres of this kind by touches which really displayed a genius for puffing. On one occasion he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting, that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove too bright and good "for human nature's daily food." "But there are two drawbacks to the property," sighed out this Hafiz of the Mart, "the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the night-ingales!" Certainly the force of exquisite puffing could no further go, and when he died the poetry of advertising departed. Others, such as Charles Wright of Champagne celebrity, have attempted to strike the strings, and Moses does, we believe, veritably keep a poet; but none of them have been able to rival George the Great, and we yawn as we read sonnets which end in the invariable "mart," or acrostics which refer to Hyam and Co.'s superior vests. Twenty years ago some of the daily newspapers admitted illustrated advertisements into their columns; now it would be fatal to any of them to do so. Nevertheless, they are by far the most effective of their class, as they call in the aid of another sense to express their meaning. All but the minors of the present generation must remember George Cruikshank's exquisite woodcut of the astonished cat viewing herself in the polished Hessian, which made the fortune of Warren. But in those days tradesmen only tried their wings for the flight. It was left to the present time to prove what unlimited confidence in the power of the ad-

vertisement will effect, and a short list of the sums *annually* spent in this item by some of the most adventurous dealers will perhaps startle our readers.

"Professor" Holloway, Pills, etc.	£30,000
Moses and Son	10,000
Rowland and Co. (Macassar oil, etc.)	10,000
Dr. De Jongh (cod-liver oil)	10,000
Heal and Sons (bedsteads and bedding)	6,000
Nicholls (tailor)	4,500

It does seem indeed incredible that one house should expend upon the mere advertising of quack pills and ointment a sum equal to the entire revenue of many a German principality. Can it possibly pay? asks the astonished reader. Let the increasing avenue of assistants, to be seen "from morn to dewy eve" wrapping up pills in the "professor's" establishment within the shadow of Temple Bar, supply the answer.* Vastly as the press of this country has expanded of late years, it has proved insufficient to contain within its limits the rapid current of puffing which has set in. Advertisements now overflow into our omnibusses, our cabs, our railway carriages, and our steamboats. Madame Tussaud pays 90*l.* monthly to the Atlas Omnibus Company alone for the privilege of posting her bills in their vehicles. They are inked upon the pavement, painted in large letters under the arches of the bridges and on every dead wall. Lloyd's weekly newspaper is stamped on the "full Guelph cheek" of the plebeian penny; the emissaries of Moses shower perfect libraries through the windows of the carriages which ply from the railway stations; and, as a crowning fact, Thackeray, in his *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, tells us that Warren's blacking is painted up over an obliterated inscription to Psammetichus on Pompey's Pillar!

Having shown the reader the slow growth of the advertising column; having climbed, like "Jack in the Bean-stalk," from its humble root in the days of the Commonwealth up its still increasing stem in the succeeding hundred years, we now come upon its worthy flower in the shape of the sixteen-paged "Times" of the present day. Spread open its broad leaves, and behold the greatest marvel of the age—the microcosm in type. Who can recognize in its ample surface, which reflects like some camera obscura the wants,

* A furniture broker made his fortune by an advertisement headed "Advice to Persons about to Marry." Our witty friend Punch followed up this prelude with the single word *Don't*, as the substitute for the lists of four-posted beds.

the wishes, the hopes, and the fears of this great city, the news-book of the Cromwellian times with its leash of advertisements? Herein we see how fierce is the struggle of two millions and a half of people for dear existence. Every advertisement writhes and fights with its neighbor, and every phase of society, brilliant, broken, or dim, is reflected in this battle-field of life. Let us tell off the rank and file of this army of announcements. On the 24th of May, 1855, the "Times," in its usual sixteen-paged paper, contained the incredible number of 2575 advertisements. Amazing as this total appears, we only arrive at its full significance by analyzing the vast array. Then, indeed, we feel what an important power is the great British public. Of old the antechambers of the noble were thronged with poets, artists, publishers, tradesmen, and dependants of all kinds, seeking for the droppings of their favor: but what lordly antechamber ever presented such a crew of place-hunters, servitors, literary and scientific men, schemers, and shopkeepers as daily offer their services to the humblest individual who can spare a penny for an hour's persual of the "Times"? Let us take this paper of the 24th of May and examine the crowd of persons and things which cry aloud through its pages, each attempting to make its voice heard above the other. Here we see a noble fleet of ships, 129 in number, chartered for the regions of gold, for America, for India, for Africa—for every port, in fact, where cupidity, duty, or affection holds out an attraction for the British race. Another column wearies the eye with its interminable line of "Wants." Here in long and anxious row we see the modern "mop" or statute-fair for hiring; 429 servants of all grades, from the genteel lady's-maid or the "thorough cook," who will only condescend to accept service where two footmen are kept, to the humble scullery-maid, on that day passed their claims before us for inspection. Another column is noisy with auctioneers; 136 of whom notify their intention of poisoning their impatient hammers when we have favored them with our company. Here we see a crowd of booksellers offering, hot from the press, 195 new volumes, many of which, we are assured by the appended critique, "should find a place in every gentleman's library." There are 378 houses, shops, and establishments presented to us to select from; and 144 lodging-house keepers, "ladies having houses larger than they require," and medical men who own "Retreats," press forward with genteel offers of board and lodging.

Education pursues her claims by the hands of no less than 144 preceptors, male and female; whilst the hair, the skin, the feet, the teeth, and the inward man are offered the kind attention of 36 professors who possess infallible remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The remainder is made up of the miscellaneous cries of tradesmen, whose voices rise from every portion of the page like the shouting of chapmen from a fair. In the midst of all this struggle for gold, place, and position, which goes on every day in this wonderful publication, outcries from the very depths of the heart, passionate tears, bursts of indignation, and heart-rending appeals, startle one as they issue from the second column of its front page. Here the father sees his prodigal son afar off and falls upon his neck; the heart-broken mother implores her runaway child to return; or the abandoned wife searches through the world for her mate. It is strange how, when the eye is saturated with the thirst after mammon exhibited by the rest of the broad sheet, the heart becomes touched by these plaintive but searching utterances, a few of which we reproduce:—

THE one-winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.—*Times* of 1850.

Or here is another which moves still more :

B. J. C. how more than cruel not to write. Take pity on such patient silence.—*Times*, 1850.

The most ghastly advertisement which perhaps ever appeared in a public journal we copy from this paper of the year 1845. It is either a threat to inter a wrong body in the "family vault" or an address to a dead man :

TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's Morning Advertiser, headed "A body found drowned at Deptford." After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family-vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.

Sometimes we see the flashing eyes of in-

dignation gleaming through the very words. The following is evidently written to an old lover with all the burning passion of a woman deceived :—

IT is enough; one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me forever! Cold heart and mean spirit, you have lost what millions—empires—could not have bought, but which a single word truthfully and nobly spoken might have made your own to all eternity. Yet are you forgiven: depart in peace: I rest in my Redeemer.—*Times*, Sept. 1st, 1852.

Sometimes it is more confiding love "wafting a sigh from Indus to the pole," or, finger on lip, speaking secretly, and as he thinks securely, through the medium of cipher advertisements to the loved one. Sweet delusion! There are wicked philosophers abroad who unstring the bow of harder toil by picking your inmost thoughts! Lovers beware! intriguers tremble! Many a wicked passage of illicit love, many a joy fearfully snatched, which passed through the second column of the first page of the "*Times*" as a string of disjointed letters, unintelligible as the correspondents thought to all the world but themselves, have we seen fairly copied out in plain if not always good English in the commonplace-books of these cunning men at cryptographs. Here, for instance, we give an episode from the life of "Flo," which appeared in the "*Times*" of 1853-54, as a proof :—

FLO.—Thou voice of my heart! Berlin, Thursday. I leave next Monday, and shall press you to my heart on Saturday. God bless you!—*Nov.* 29, 1853.

FLO.—The last is wrong. I repeat it. Thou voice of my heart. I am so lonely, I miss you more than ever. I look at your picture, every picture, every night. I send you an Indian shawl to wear round you while asleep after dinner. It will keep you from harm, and you must fancy my arms are around you. God bless you! how I do love you!—*Dec.* 23, 1853.

FLO.—My own love, I am happy again; it is like awaking from a bad dream. You are, my life, to know that there is a chance of seeing you, to hear from you, to do things to enough. [There is some error here.] I shall try to see you soon. Write to me as often as you can. God bless you, the voice of my heart!—*Jan.* 2, 1854.

FLO.—Thou voice of my heart! How I do love you! How are you? Shall you be laid up this spring? I can see you walking with your darling. What would I give to be with you! Thanks for your last letter. I fear nothing but

separation from you. You are my world, my life, my hope. Thou more than life, farewell! God bless you!—*Jan. 6, 1854.*

FLO.—I fear, dearest, our cipher is discovered: write at once to your friend, "Indian Shawl" (P. O.), Buckingham, Bucks.—*Jan. 7, 1854.*

The advertisement of January 7th is written in a great fright, and refers to the discovery and exposure of the cipher in the "Times" newspaper; for whenever the aforesaid philosophers perceive that a secret correspondence has arrived at a critical point they charitably insert a marplot advertisement in the same cipher. The "Flo" intrigue was carried on in figures, the key to which is as follows:—

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
y.	u.	o.	i.	e.	a.	d.	k.	h.	f.
s.	t.	n.	m.	r.	l.	d.	g.	w.	p.
x.							c.	b.	v.

The reader will perhaps remember another mad-looking advertisement which appeared in the year 1853, headed "Cenerentola." The first, dated Feb. 2d, we interpret thus:—

CENERENTOLA, I wish to try if you can read this, and am most anxious to hear the end, when you return, and how long you remain here. Do write a few lines, darling, please: I have been very far from happy since you went away.

One of the parties cannot frame an adequate explanation of some delicate matter clearly, as we find on the 11th the following:—

CENERENTOLA, until my heart is sick have I tried to frame an explanation for you, but cannot. Silence is safest, if the true cause is not suspected; if it is, all stories will be sifted to the bottom. Do you remember our cousin's first proposition? think of it.

The following, which appeared on the 19th of the same month, is written in plain language, and is evidently a specimen of the marplot advertisement before alluded to:—

CENERENTOLA, what nonsense! Your cousin's proposition is absurd. I have given an explanation—the true one—which has perfectly satisfied both parties—a thing which silence never could have effected. So no more such absurdity.

The secret of this cipher consisted in representing each letter by the twenty-second

onward continually. One more specimen of these singular advertisements and we have done. On Feb. 20, 1852, there appeared in the "Times" the following mysterious line:—

TIG tjohw it tig jfhirvola og tig pagvw.—
F. D. N.

The general reader, doubtless, looked upon this jumble of letters with some such a puzzled air as the mastiff gives the tortoise in a very popular French bronze; but not being able to make anything out of it, passed on to the more intelligible contents of the paper. A friend of ours, however, was curious and intelligent enough to extract the plain English out of it, though not without much trouble, as thus:—If we take the first word of the sentence, Tig, and place under its second letter i the one which alphabetically precedes it, and treat the next letters in a similar manner, we shall have the following combination:

Tig
hf.
e

Reading the first letters obliquely we have the article "The;" if we treat the second word in the same manner, the following will be the result:—

T j o h w
i. n. g. v.
m. f. u.
e. t.
s.

which, read in the same slanting way, produces the word "Times," and the whole sentence, thus ingeniously worked out, gives up its latent and extraordinary meaning thus—

"THE Times is the Jefferies of the press."

What could have induced any one to take so much trouble thus to plant a hidden insult into the leading journal, we cannot divine. "East," "He Blew," "Willie and Fanny," "Dominoes," and "my darling A," need not feel uncomfortable, although we know their secrets. We have said quite enough to prove to these individuals that such ciphers as they use are picked immediately by any cryptographic Hobbs; indeed all systems of writing which depend upon transmutations of the letters of the alphabet, or the substitution of figures for letters, such as we generally find in the "Times," are mere

puzzles for children, and not worthy of the more cunning and finished in the art.

It is not to be expected, with all the caution exhibited by the morning papers to prevent the insertion of swindling advertisements, that rogues do not now and then manage to take advantage of their great circulation for the sake of forwarding their own nefarious schemes. Sir Robert Carden has just done good service by running to earth the Mr. Fynn, who for years has lived abroad in splendor at the expense of the poor governesses he managed to victimize through the advertising columns of the "Times." One's heart sickens at the stream of poor young ladies his promises have dragged across the continent, and the consequences which may have resulted from their thus putting their reputation as well as their money into his power. Such scandalous traps as these are, of course, rare; but the papers are full of minor pitfalls, into which the unwary are continually falling, sometimes with their eyes wide open. Of the latter class are the matrimonial advertisements; here is a specimen of one of the most artful of its kind we ever remember to have seen:—

TO GIRLS OF FORTUNE—MATRIMONY. A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome, and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is his only hope of extrication. This advertisement is inserted by one of his friends. Ingratitude was never one of his faults, and he will study for the remainder of his life to prove his estimation of the confidence placed in him. Address, post paid, L. L. H. L., 47, King Street, Soho.—N. B. The witticisms of cockney scribblers deprecated.

The air of candor and the taking portrait of the handsome bachelor, whose very poverty is converted into a charm, is cleverly assumed. An announcement of a much less flattering kind, but probably of a more genuine and honorable nature, was published in "Blackwood" some time ago, which we append, as, like Landseer's dog pictures, the two form a capital pair illustrative of high and low life.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT. I hereby give notice to all unmarried women, that I, John Hobnail, am at this writing five and forty, a widower, and in want of a wife. As I wish no one to be mistaken, I have a good cottage, with a couple of acres of land, for which I pay 2*l.* a year. I have five children, four of them old enough to be in employment; three sides of bacon, and some pigs ready for market.

I should like to have a woman fit to take care of her house when I am out. I want no second family. She may be between 40 and 50 if she likes. A good sterling woman would be preferred, who would take care of the pigs.

The following is also matter of fact, but it looks suspicious:

MATRIMONY TO MILLINERS AND DRESS-MAKERS. A young man about to emigrate to SOUTH AUSTRALIA, would be happy to form an alliance with a young woman in the above line, possessing 60*l.* or 100*l.* property. Any one so disposed, by applying by letter (post-paid) to T. Hall, 175, Upper Thames Street, till Saturday next, appointing an interview, may depend on prompt attention and strict secrecy.—*Times*, 1845.

The matrimonial bait is so obviously a good one, that of late years we see advertisements of institutions, at which regular lists of candidates for the marriage state, both male and female, are kept, together with portraits, and a ledger in which pecuniary and mental qualifications are neatly posted. Such springes are only suited, however, for the grossest folly; but there is another class of advertisements which empties the pockets of the industrious and aspiring in a very workman-like manner: we allude to such as the following:

GENTLEMEN having a respectable circle of acquaintance may hear of means of **INCREASING** their **INCOME** without the slightest pecuniary risk, or of having (by any chance) their feelings wounded. Apply for particulars, by letter, stating their position, &c., to W. R., 37, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

Gentlemen whose feelings are so delicate that they must not be injured on any consideration, who nevertheless have a desire for lucre, we recommend not to apply to such persons, unless they wish to receive for their pains some such a scheme as was forwarded to a person who had answered an advertisement (enclosing, as directed, 30 postage stamps) in *Lloyd's Weekly Journal*, headed "How to make 2*l.* per week by the outlay of 10*s.*:"—

"First purchase 1 cwt. of large-sized potatoes, which may be obtained for the sum of 4*s.*, then purchase a large basket, which will cost say another 4*s.*, then buy 2*s.* worth of flannel blanketing, and this will comprise your stock in trade, of which the total cost is 10*s.* A large-sized potato weighs about half a pound, consequently there are 224 potatoes in a cwt.

"Take half the above quantity of potatoes each

evening to a baker's, and have them baked; when properly cooked put them in your basket, well wrapped up in the flannel to keep them hot, and sally forth and offer them for sale at one penny each. Numbers will be glad to purchase them at that price, and you will for certain be able to sell half a cwt. every evening. From the calculation made below you will see by that means you will be able to earn 2*l.* per week. The best plan is to frequent the most crowded thoroughfares, and make good use of your lungs; thus letting people know what you have for sale. You could also call in at each public-house on your way, and solicit the patronage of the customers, many of whom would be certain to buy of you. Should you have too much pride to transact the business yourself (though no one need be ashamed of pursuing an honest calling,) you could hire a boy for a few shillings a-week, who could do the work for you, and you could still make a handsome profit weekly.

"The following calculation proves that 2*l.* per week can be made by selling baked potatoes:—

1 cwt., containing 224 potatoes, sold in	
two evenings, at 1 <i>d.</i> each	£0 18 8
Deduct cost	0 4 0
	£0 14 8
	3
Six evenings' sale	2 4 0
Pay baker at the rate of 8 <i>d.</i> per evening	
for baking potatoes	0 4 0
Nett profit per week	£2 0 0

One more specimen of these baits for gudgeons, and we have done. We frequently see appeals to the benevolent for the loans of small sums: some of these are doubtless written by innocent persons in distress, who confide in the good side of human nature, and we have been given to understand that in many cases this blind confidence has not been misplaced; for there are many Samaritans who read the papers now-a-days, and feel a romantic pleasure in answering such appeals: at the same time we are afraid that the great majority of them are gross deceptions. The veritable whine of "the poor broken down tradesman," who makes a habit of visiting our quiet streets and appealing in a very solemn voice to "my brethren" for the loan of a small trifle, whilst he anxiously scans the windows for a halfpence, is observable, for instance, in the following cool appeal:—

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Young Tradesman has, from a series of misfortunes, been reduced to the painful necessity of asking for a trifling SUM to enable him to raise 10*l.* to save himself from inevitable ruin and poverty; or if any gentleman would lend the above it would be faith-

fully repaid. Satisfactory references as to the genuineness of this case. Direct to A.Z., Mr. Rigby's, Post-Office, Mile-end Road.

The receipt of conscience-money is constantly acknowledged in advertisements by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, and the sums which in this manner find their way into the Exchequer are by no means inconsiderable. It is honorable to human nature, amid all the roguery we have exposed, to find that now and then some conscience is touched by a very small matter, and that great trouble and no little expense is often gone to in order that others may not suffer through the inadvertency or carelessness of the advertiser. The following is a delicate example:—

TO HACKNEY-COACHMEN.—About the month of March last a gentleman from the country took a coach from Finsbury Square, and accidentally broke the Glass of one of its windows. Being unwell at the time, the circumstance was forgotten when he quitted the coach, and it would now be a great relief to his mind to be put in a situation to pay the coachman for it. Should this meet the eye of the person who drove the coach, and he will make application to A. B., at Walker's Hotel, Dean Street, Soho, any morning during the next week, before eleven o'clock, proper attention will be paid to it.—*Times*, 1842.

The more curious advertisements which from time to time appear in the public journals, but particularly in the *Times*, do not admit of classification; and they are so numerous, moreover, that if we were to comment upon one tithe of those that have appeared within this last six years we should far exceed the limits of this article. We make no apology, therefore, for stringing together the following very odd lot:—

DO YOU WANT A SERVANT? Necessity prompts the question. The advertiser OFFERS his SERVICES to any lady or gentleman, company, or others, in want of a truly faithful confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a practical knowledge of human nature, in various parts of the world, would be available. Could undertake any affair of small or great importance, where talent, inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in the best and worst societies without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant; begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged; no objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income, and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence,

box, or preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime, or do anything from the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel, but never to excel his master. Address A. B. C., 7, Little St. Andrew Street, Leicester Square.—*Times*, 1850.

THE MIGHTY ANGEL'S MIDNIGHT

Roar. 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.' This awful cry, as is demonstrated, will very shortly be heard, viz. : at the commencement of 'the great day (or year) of God's wrath,' or the last of the 2300 days (or years) in Daniel's prophecy. By the authors of 'Proofs of the Second Coming of Messiah at the Passover in 1848.' Price 6d. Fourth Edition.

This is a Muggletonian prophecy of the destruction of the world at a certain date. The prediction failed, however, and the prophet found it necessary to explain the reason:—

THE MIGHTY ANGEL'S MIDNIGHT

Roar. The authors, owing to their disappointment, most sedulously investigated its cause, and instantly announce its discovery. Daniel's vision, in chap. 8, was for 2300 years, to the end of which (see 5-12) the 'little horn' was to practise and prosper, after which comes the year of God's wrath, which was erroneously included in the 2300 years, and thus the midnight cry will be a year later than stated.—*Times*, 1851.

TO P. Q. HOW IS YOUR MOTHER? I shan't inquire further, and must decline entering upon the collateral branches of the family.—*Times*, 1842.

TO WIDOWERS and SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—Wanted, by a lady, a SITUATION to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, regular, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, xantippish, youthful, zealous, &c. Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's library, Edgeware-road.—*Times*.

THE TITLE OF AN ANCIENT BARON.

Mr. George Robins is empowered to SELL the TITLE and DIGNITY of a BARON. The origin of the family, its ancient descent, and illustrious ancestry, will be fully developed to those and such only as desire to possess this distinguished rank for the inconsiderable sum of 1000l. Covent-garden Market.—*Times*, 1841.

POSTAGE STAMPS. A young lady, being desirous of covering her dressing-room with cancelled POSTAGE STAMPS, has been so far encouraged in her wish by private friends as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000! these, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good natured persons who may have these

(otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal would assist in her whimsical project. Address to E. D., Mr. Butt's, glover, Leadenhall Street, or Mr. Marshall's, jeweller, Hackney.—*Times*, 1841.

TO THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.—

Wanted, for a Summer Theatre and Circuit, a Leading Lady, Singing Chambermaid, First Low Comedian, Heavy Man, Walking Gentleman, and one or two Gentlemen for utility. To open July 9th.

Address (enclosing Stamp for reply) to Mr. J. WINDSOR, Theatre Royal, Preston, Lancashire.—*Era*, July 1, 1855.

WANTED a Man and his Wife to look after a Horse and Dairy with a religious turn of mind without any incumbrance.

The variety is perhaps as astonishing as the number of advertisements in the *Times*. Like the trunk of an elephant, no matter seems too minute or too gigantic, too ludicrous or too sad, to be lifted into notoriety by the giant of Printing-house Square. The partition of a thin rule suffices to separate a call for the loan of millions from the sad weak cry of the destitute gentlewoman to be allowed to slave in a nursery "for the sake of a home." Vehement love sends its voice imploring through the world after a graceless boy, side by side with the announcement of the landing of a cargo of lively turtle, or the card of a bug-killer. The poor lady who advertises for boarders "merely for the sake of society," finds her "want" cheek-by-jowl with some Muggletonian announcement gratuitously calculated to break up society altogether, to the effect that the world will come to an end by the middle of the next month. Or the reader is informed that for twelve postage stamps he may learn "How to obtain a certain fortune," exactly opposite an offer of a bonus of 500l. to any one who will obtain for the advertiser "a Government situation." The *Times* reflects every want and appeals to every motive which affects our composite society. And why does it do this? Because of its ubiquity: go where we will, there, like the house-fly or the sparrow, we find it. The porter reads it in his beehive-chair, the master in his library; Green, we have no doubt, takes it with him to the clouds in his balloon, and the collier reads it in the depths of the mine; the workman at his bench, the lodger in his two-pair back, the gold-digger in his hole, and the soldier in the trench, pores over its broad pages. Hot from the press, or months old, still it is read. That it is, *par excellence*, the national paper, and reflects more than any

other the life of the people, may be gathered from its circulation. They show in the editors room a singular diagram, which indicates by an irregular line the circulation day by day and year by year. On this sheet the gusts of political feeling and the pressure of popular excitement are as minutely indicated as the force and direction of the wind are shown by the self-registering apparatus in Lloyd's Rooms. Thus we find that in the year 1845 it ran along a pretty nearly dead level of 23,000 copies daily. In 1846—for one day, the 28th of January, that on which the report of Sir Robert Peel's statement respecting the Corn Laws appeared—it rose in a towering peak to a height of 51,000, and then fell again to its old number. It began the year of 1848 with 29,000, and rose to 43,000 on the 29th February—the morrow of the French revolution. In 1852 its level at starting was 36,000, and it attained to the highest point it has yet touched on the 19th of November, the day of the Memoir of the Great Duke, when 69,000 copies were sold. In January, 1853, the level had risen to 40,000; and at the commencement of the present year it stood at 58,000, a circulation which has since increased to 60,000 copies daily! Notwithstanding all the disturbing causes which make the line of its circulation present the appearance of hill and dale, sometimes rising into Alp-like elevations, its ordinary level at the beginning of each year for some time past has constantly gone on advancing, inasmuch that within ten years its circulation has more than doubled by 7000 daily.

This vigorous growth is the true cause of that wonderful determination of advertisements to its pages, which have overflowed into a second paper, or Supplement, as it was formerly called. That this success has been fairly won, we have never ourselves doubted, but a fact has come to our knowledge which will pretty clearly prove that this great paper is conducted on principles which are superior to mere money considerations; or rather its operations are so large that it can afford to inflict upon itself pecuniary losses, such as would annihilate any other journal, in order to take a perfectly free course. In the year 1845, when the railway mania was at its height, the Times advertising sheet was over-run with projected lines, and many a guess was made, we remember, at the time as to their probable value, but high as the estimates generally were, they came far short of the truth. We give the cash and credit returns of advertisements of all kinds for nine weeks:—

Sept. 6	.	.	.	£2839	14	0
" 13	.	.	.	3783	12	0
" 20	.	.	.	3935	7	6
" 27	.	.	.	4692	7	0
Oct. 4	.	.	.	6318	14	0
" 11	.	.	.	6543	17	0
" 18	.	.	.	6687	4	0
" 25	.	.	.	6025	14	6
Nov. 1	.	.	.	3230	3	6

During the greater part of the time that the proprietors were reaping this splendid harvest from the infatuation of the people, the heaviest guns were daily brought to bear from the leading columns upon the bubbles which rose up so thickly in the advertising sheet. The effect of their fire may be measured by the falling off of nearly three thousand pounds in the returns for a single week. A journal which could afford to sacrifice such a revenue to its independence, certainly deserved some consideration from the Government; but, on the contrary, it appears to have been singled out for annoyance by the New Act which relates to newspapers. We see certain trees on our lawns whose upshooting branches are by ingenious gardeners trained downwards, and taught to hold themselves in a dependent condition by the imposition of weights upon their extremities. The State gardeners have lately applied the same treatment to the journal in question, by hanging an extra halfpenny stamp upon every copy of its issue—a proceeding which, in our opinion, is as unfair as it is injudicious; and this they will find in the future, when the crowd of mosquito-like cheap journals called forth by the measure, and supported by the very life-blood of the leading journal, begin to gather strength and to attack Whiggery with their democratic buzz.

We have dwelt chiefly upon the advertising sheet of the "Times," because it is the epitome of that in all the other journals. It must be mentioned, however, that some of the morning and weekly papers lay themselves out for class advertisements. Thus the "Morning Post" monopolizes all those which relate to fashion and high life; and the "Morning Advertiser," the paper of the Licensed Victuallers, aggregates to itself every announcement relating to their craft. "Bell's Life" is one mass of advertisements of various sports; the "Era" is great upon all theatricals; the "Athenæum" gathers to itself a large proportion of Book Advertisements. The "Illustrated News" among the weeklies, like the "Times" among the dailies, towers by the head above them all. A hebdomadal circulation of 170,000 draws a far more cosmo-

politan collection of announcements to its pages than any of its contemporaries can boast. We have said nothing of the advertisements in the provincial journals, but it is gratifying to find that they have more than kept pace with those which have appeared in the Metropolitan papers. Their enormous increase is best shown by the returns of the advertisement duty, from which it appears that in 1851, no less than 2,334,593 advertisements were published in the journals of Great Britain and Ireland—a number which has vastly augmented since the tax upon them has been repealed.

It is curious to see the estimate which the different journals place upon themselves as mediums of publicity, by comparing their charges for the same advertisement. Thus the contents of the "Quarterly Review," for January, 1855, precisely similar as far as length is concerned, to that which the reader will see upon turning to the cover of the present number—was charged for insertion as an advertisement by the different Papers as follows:—"Times," 4s.; "Illustrated News," 1l. 8s.; "Morning Chronicle," 5s. 6d.; "Morning Post," 6s.; "Daily News," 5s. 6d.; "Spectator," 7s. 6d.; "Morning Herald," 6s.; "Punch," 15s.; "Observer," 9s. 6d.; "English Churchman," 5s. 6d.; "Examiner,"

3s. 6d.; "John Bull," 5s. 6d.; "Athenæum," 10s. 6d. Now the "Times" did not "display" the advertisement as all the others did, it is true, and therefore squeezed it into half the space, but with this difference, its charge was absolutely the lowest in the list with the single exception of that of the "Examiner;" how this moderation on the part of the Leading Journal is to be accounted for we know not, but the apparent dearness of the "Illustrated News," meets a ready solution, and affords us an opportunity of showing how vastly the prime cost of an advertisement, during the present high price of paper especially, is augmented by a great increase of the circulation of the paper in which it appears, and what the Advertiser really gets for his money. If we take the Advertisement of our Contents, it will be found to measure about one inch in depth; it is obvious then that we must multiply this measure by 170,000, the number of separate copies in which it appeared. Now 170,000 inches yields a strip of printed paper the width of a newspaper column—*upwards of two miles and three quarters long!* Thus we have at a glance the real amount of publicity which is procurable in a great journal, and with so remarkable a statement it will be well to close our paper.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LATE MARSHAL DE SAINT ARNAUD.*

MARSHAL DE SAINT ARNAUD was pre-eminently a soldier of fortune. His personal courage and his military ardor remain incontestable. But deprived of his father in infancy, educated away from his mother (who entered into a new matrimonial alliance) at the Lycée Napoléon, and admitted when only seventeen into the Gardes-du-Corps du Roi, Leroy de Saint Arnaud—his detractors grant him only the first name as the one to which he is legitimately entitled—had, his brother acknowledges, a *jeunesse orangeuse*, and he was, according to the same authority,

in early life the hero of many a romantic adventure.

To have remained a long time among the Guards, the same authority tells us, would have only multiplied the dangers by which this ardent nature was surrounded, and M. de Forcade, his father-in-law, obtained for him a commission in a marching regiment. A writer in *Le Bulletin Français* says: "Chassé des gardes il ne fut point reçu dans l'armée." Our information upon this point is so certain that we could name a prefect—prefect, thanks to Marshal Saint Arnaud—who now shares with him his good fortune, because he had once also participated in the

* Lettres du Maréchal de Saint-Arnaud.

misfortunes that overtook the garde-du-corps Leroy. The marshal has a grateful heart, and he hastened to take his brother, who was obscurely inscribed on the list of advocates under the name also of Leroy, to make a councillor of state of him under the more glorious name of Saint Arnaud."*

There is a lapse at this epoch of the late marshal's life. The discreet editor of his correspondence hurries over it by telling us that "too quickly tired of the monotony of a garrison life, he started in 1822 to join the Greeks in their war of independence." When Marshal Saint Arnaud became minister, the journals of the opposition reminded him of certain histrionic attempts which, under the assumed name of Florival, he had made, according to some at the Gaite, according to others in the suburbs. The minister was placed too high to notice such calumnies, and his contemporary of the Interior was too much engaged in affairs of the state to consult the *Mémoire du Bureau des Théâtres*.

As to the Philhellenic furor, our young hero was soon cured of that. After a skirmish before the walls of Modon, which satisfied him as to what could be expected from the military virtues of the modern Greeks, and being taken prisoner by pirates near Navarino, he imbibed a still worse notion of their patriotism, so he returned to Salonica, "profondément guéri," writes his biographer, "de son enthousiasme."

At this period Leroy de Saint Arnaud also travelled in Italy, Belgium, and England. His means were so limited, that he is said to have had recourse to teaching in this country. If so, it is no reflection upon the man: Louis Philippe did the same. Certain it is that he mastered several languages, especially the English, and his proficiency in this respect was, even more than his military zeal, as attested by his own correspondence, when first thrown in contact with General Bugeaud at Blaye, one of the first causes of his success in life.

No pursuit in life can, however, stifle the original instincts of the man. The revolution of July, 1830, aroused all his military ardor, he returned to France, asked for a re-appointment, and received a commission in

the 64th Regiment, about to be employed against the Chouans of La Vendée. It is at this epoch in his career, and that of his marriage, which took place the same year at Brest, in 1831, that the correspondence discreetly commences. Seldom were the incidents of the civil war in the Vendées more graphically described. The activity and seal of the young lieutenant—Saint Arnaud was then in his thirty-third year—and the kind of service he was engaged in, will be best judged of by an extract from one of his letters, dated Parthenay, Oct. 21, 1832:

The bands of Chouans cross the country, so also do the movable columns. How is it that the movable columns perpetually meet one another, but never meet the Chouans? It is because the people detest us and love the rebels; every one serves them, no one helps us. We have only chance and good luck in our favor, and they do not smile upon us. For the last fortnight I have only done one thing: I found one of their *caches*. How is it possible to find people who live in the bowels of the earth? Imagine, in the midst of the country a great oak-tree, whose trunk, about eight feet high, is hollow down to the level of the soil. Imagine, then, a hole four feet long, and so narrow that a man thin as I am is obliged to reduce himself to the smallest possible compass, and then to slide feet foremost down a slope which leads to a cave six feet long, five feet wide, and three feet high. Planks placed crosswise, and supported by two strong beams, prevented the earth falling in from above. Six inches of straw, well crumpled by long use, constituted the bed. Five men could sleep there in a horizontal position, for even on one's knees the head had to be bent. Such is the place, my dear friend, into which I penetrated alone, my pistol in my mouth. Unfortunately they were not there. I only found a shoe, a clumsy wooden candlestick, a pipe, two broken glasses, a preserve pot, and some old rags, probably used for cleaning their guns. The wretches evidently played at cards, for I found several markers. Not finding the culprits, I left every thing in the same state, so that by leaving no indication of their place of refuge having been discovered I might have a chance of catching them. I accordingly returned in the evening, and placing my men in ambuscade, I passed the night in their hole. Oh! my friend, what a night of horrors! A poisonous smell, no fresh air, and myriads of flies devouring me; yet I would have passed ten nights had I been sure of catching them. I returned several other times by day and by night, but always without success. The peasants must have seen us roving about the place, and told them that their *cache* was discovered. I had, nevertheless, taken every precaution that prudence and cunning could devise.

The capture of the Duchess of Berry transferred Saint Arnaud from this most arduous service to the citadel of Blaye. It is

* *Le Bulletin Français*, No. V. p. 94.

Another biographer describes M. de Saint Arnaud as leaving the gardes-du-corps and the Company of Grammont to join the Legion of Corsica as a sub-lieutenant, and after that the Legion of the Bouches du Rhone.—*Les Hommes de la Guerre d'Orient: Le Maréchal de Saint-Arnaud*. Par Edmond Texier.

impossible not to respect the tone of his letters upon this occasion. Not at all well affected towards the unfortunate princess, of whom he wrote when he first saw her, "Qu'elle est pâle et qu'elle a mauvaise mine !" yet, when the secret which cast such ridicule over her heroism came out, Saint Arnaud does not indulge even in a sarcasm. It was at Blaye that the lieutenant became acquainted with Marshal Bugeaud, and the latter was so delighted at his translating his "Aperçu sur l'Art Militaire" into three different languages, that he attached him as aide-de-camp to his own person. It was in this character that Leroy de Saint Arnaud repaired to Sicily with the duchess. When, on their arrival at Palermo, they were joined by the Count Luchesi, he observes that the latter did not pay the slightest attention to the child which the nurse held out to him in her arms, and that both the count and the duchess were exceedingly embarrassed.

Parting, on his return, from Marshal Bugeaud at Toulouse, Saint Arnaud had an opportunity of spending a few months with his wife at Brest. On joining his regiment at Bordeaux, news came of the troubles of 1834. "I have just written," he says, "to General Bugeaud, who took a prominent part in the affair. He commanded at the Hotel de Ville; an officer of the National Guards was wounded at his side. That was my place. How I regret that ball. Ah, my friend, how I shall fight when the occasion presents itself !"

In March, 1836, Saint Arnaud lost his first wife, and he was so affected by the loss that he sought for a voluntary exile with the Foreign Legion in Africa. This regiment, of which Saint Arnaud gives an amusing description, was at that time commanded by Bedeau. No sooner in Africa than the aspirations for military distinction, so ardently entertained amidst all his difficulties, presented themselves at Blidah and at Constantine. These great affairs were followed, in 1839, by the campaign against the Kabyles, and that again in 1840, by the Holy War. A severe wound received at the redoubtable Col de Mouzaïa caused his return to his own country in 1840-41. But he was soon again at the seat of war, in the character of chef de bataillon in a regiment of Zouaves under Cavaignac. These were the troops that he always took most pride in. "What men, brother," he would write of them; "what soldiers, what officers, what esprit de corps ! What could one not do with such elements

of success ! The Zouaves are the imperial guard of Africa, the old guard."

It is not our object here to follow out the fortunes of this gallant soldier in the wars of Africa. Mascara and Oran were followed by Laghouat and Isly. Saint Arnaud traversed the country in every direction, and was familiarized with almost every corner. From the command of the district of Milianah he succeeded to that of Orleansville. Promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1842, he was appointed to the command of the 53d Regiment in 1844. In 1845, the colonel witnessed from the mountains of the East the flames lighted by Pelissier, which consumed six hundred victims in the caves of Al Kantarah. The same year Al Bu Maza surrendered himself a captive to the lucky colonel of the 53d.

Saint Arnaud adapted himself to the revolution of 1848 with all the pliability peculiar to a soldier of fortune. "We must let the torrent flow," he wrote; "to attempt to stop it would be a folly. The cataclysm will have an end, and then they will stop to reconstruct and repair with repentance. To pass life in committing follies and in regretting them is the history of the world !"

With the advent of Napoleon III. the scene, however, changed. Saint Arnaud, already general of division in Algeria, was called to a still higher command in Paris. The enemies of Saint Arnaud say, that whilst in Algeria, in 1833, General Rulhière did not break the sword of the then Captain Leroy Saint Arnaud, because he did not wish to dishonor him; and that when Napoleon wanted a bold, clever, unscrupulous man—one who was always more embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs than in his conscience—he knew where to find the instrument with which to strike the blow which he had long meditated.

The marshal's correspondence does not throw much light upon this eventful period of his career. Being at home, there was naturally no necessity for writing long letters, and his brother preserves his usual discreet silence. When nominated to the ministry, the marshal remarks: "The more serious events become, the more timid I get, not from fear, or from false modesty; I have confidence in myself, but it appears to me that I am not ripe for the ministry." On the 2d of December, 1851, he wrote, at four o'clock in the morning, to his mother:

Good dear mother, I write to you at a solemn moment. Two hours more and I shall give my

aid in a revolution which, I hope, will save the country.

This foolish, blind, factious Assembly will be dissolved, and an appeal to the people will decide the fate of a nation weary of being tossed to and fro by anxiety and care.

We shall have a stable government, and I feel confident that all will go well. The Republic remains, with a president named for ten years. I have not time to write you all the details. Paris will awake this morning with a revolution accomplished! A hundred arrests, more or less, the gate of the Assembly closed, and all will be over. To-day I shall not have time to write to you. No doubt my brothers will do so for me.

I await the command of the army of Paris to give my orders. Everything is ready and settled: the ministry changed. I continue in the new cabinet: it is on me that they depend for action and force.

Good-by, dear mother. I love you, and embrace you with all my heart.

The services of General de Saint Arnaud on the occasion of the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December were rewarded by a marshal's bâton, and subsequently by the command of the French expedition to the East. The marshal's feelings on starting, whatever may have been his antecedents, were creditable to him.

We must have successes (he says, writing as usual to his brother); reverses would be disastrous within as without; and yet, no one of good faith will be able to say, whatever party he may belong to, that we go in mere recklessness to seek a distant war from the love of war. We make war because it is indispensable to the honor and dignity of France, and because, above all things, it is inevitable. Let us be conquerors or conquered, who can contradict that? But I do not fear reverses; I only dread unavoidable delays. I have faith in God and in my star. Come what will, I shall have done my duty. I feel myself full of energy and of force.

There is much that is true, brother, in what you say, but it is the truth of sensible people. You do not place yourself sufficiently in the position of the masses, and you must reckon with them. The people give their money and their children without a murmur. They will support war for a year, or for two years; but they require bulletins, results, successes that indemnify. A Fabius Cunctator would fail here. The general should be wise and prudent, but he should also know how to profit by occasion, and act; that is what I shall do. The whole of the policy is, I am aware, not in the East. But it is there that the gigantic efforts of France and of England will weigh most heavily. To cast six hundred leagues from the country, France sixty thousand men, England thirty thousand, is an enormous effort. And compare: the army of Egypt had at first eighteen thousand, and afterwards thirty-one thousand. The army of the Morea twenty-five thousand. The army of Africa, in 1830, thirty thou-

sand. We have twice that number transported twice the distance, and we march towards the Danube. We cannot afford to lose such efforts in inaction.

The Crimea—you speak of the Crimea!—it is a jewel. I dream of it, and I hope that prudence will not forbid my taking it from the Russians. It would be a terrible blow to them. However, let us say nothing beforehand. We must first talk to the Turks, see the Russians a little nearer, know what they will do, and what they can do. Then will come the time for a wise and bold plan. To drag the war at length is to play the game of revolutions. Such, brother, are my ideas at present; we will see what they will be hereafter.

Whatever may have been Saint Arnaud's faults, he was French to the backbone. "Fr-r-r-çais," he would have said. When on board the *Agathe*, he accompanied the Duchess of Berry past Gibraltar to Sicily. "It is an atrociously strong place," he entered in his letters; "had it been French, I could not have torn my eyes from it." Of Malta he says, in 1854, "I have revisited this place with pleasure and regret. What a jewel lost to France!" The game of ambition is one of a most unsatisfactory nature. Every great nation wishes to be master of the world. Look at England wanting to plant her flag upon the icy pole of the North! Approaching Gallipoli, he writes: "I shall see my soldiers, my generals, the arrangements made, the installation of every one, a great and useful labor. After that, politics will have their turn at Constantinople. I shall be more cautious; but while I shall always preserve the basis of my system and the allure of my character, I shall go straight on my way." Nor was he less satisfied with the effect produced than with the anticipation. "I have taken here," he writes from Constantinople, under date of May 14, 1854, "the position that is due to the French generalissimo. My influence increases and extends itself. The Sultan, whom I have seen twice, shows me every favor and kind feeling; the ministers refuse nothing that I deem to be just and necessary." All his letters bear at this time some reference to his health, and to the attacks to which he was constantly subject, and which he describes as commencing in the arms and extending to the chest, causing atrocious sufferings. At this time he wrote that he was better, and added, in true soldier-like spirit, "An infusion of powder would complete the cure." The 17th of May he dined with the Sultan. "The Sultan," he says, "does not sit at the table. He appears before dinner in a salon, converses a little and then retires, leaving to a grand

Vizier to preside over a repast which lasts two hours and a half, and is as cold as the dishes that are served up."

By the 25th of the same month he had seen the Turkish army, and judged of the strength of Shumla with his own eyes. "The ball is about to open," he writes at that date. "I have been to Varna and to Shumla. I spent three days with Omer Pasha: there are in the Turkish army, disagreeable as it is to the sight, some good soldiers. They will fight like English and French when they are with us. There are seventy thousand men and two hundred guns in the intrenched camp of Shumla, which is magnificent."

"If the Russians attack Silistria vigorously, they will be masters of the place, perhaps, before a fortnight has elapsed. Will politics, with their by-play, and the difficulties of the transport, condemn us to leave the Anglo-French army in inaction? At a council of war, Varna was selected as a basis of operations."

Much has been written against this place, and we have even seen the good faith of Omer Pasha questioned for such a selection; but, strategically and politically, it was the best that the Allies could take. No doubt some topographical errors were committed in encamping the troops too near the water and in marshy spots; but malaria pounces upon the stranger in autumn if exposed to the night air anywhere in Turkey in Europe, or in Asia; and as to cholera, it would most probably have found out the army, with the accumulation of filth and offal that is inevitable where there is a great accumulation of men, wherever they had been. It was, according to Saint Arnaud himself, brought by the army from the south of France.

In another letter the marshal says: "I found Varna a defensible place, and Shumla very skilfully transformed into a formidable intrenched camp. I saw in Omer Pasha an incomplete man, but remarkable for the country of his adoption. I found an army where I only reckoned upon seeing a crowd. An army badly clothed, badly shod, and indifferently armed, but that manœuvres, obeys, fights, and lets itself be killed. I found Silistria defending itself, without hopes of a long resistance, and the Russians, strong in numbers, attacking badly, but sure of carrying it by sacrificing many, if they persevere. If I was only in a condition to give *battle*! But I shall not be so for a long time yet." And he adds afterwards: "My movements are organizing themselves, and my plan develops itself. Get near the Balkans, the

Turks, and the Russians, whilst at the same time I concentrate my forces, is all that I can do at present. Since I am at Gallipoli everything has changed—everything makes progress. I have had reviews; I have spoken to the chiefs and to the soldiers; every one is confident, and carries his head high. I wept with joy and with pride on passing through the ranks of thirty-eight thousand Frenchmen. I admired the soldiers whom I am charged to lead into victory—but not all. How many victims shall we have to weep for! That devouring activity which you know, brother, belongs to me, animates me, and prevents my being ill. One would say that I was never better. The attacks are less frequent: I am regaining strength and an air of youth. God will take pity on this fine army by having pity on its chief."

Again, in another letter, he writes: "I have had reviews, conversed with generals and with soldiers. I have been able to compare my men, so full of ardor and so martial in appearance, with the English, solid as walls, but who march like machines that only ask to be stopped. I have also had reviews of the English, and I have mingled at my table the red coats with the blue." Projecting an excursion to Varna, he adds: "If I can, I will steal a glance at Sebastopol. To do that the fleet must be out; I have no wish to be carried off by the Russians. I must arrange this with Admiral Hamelin. I die of anxiety to see Sebastopol, for my mind is full of the idea that there is something to be done there."

The contemplation of the time necessary to disembark men and equipments soon led the marshal to modify his views as to the facilities of a descent in the Crimea. "No sensible man," he says, in one of his letters, "would undertake such a thing in presence of the Russian masses." "For a descent in the Crimea," he says in another, "long preparations are necessary—a whole campaign, 100,000 men probably, and all the resources of the French and English fleets combined."

Once settled at Varna, the marshal began to find out that the Russians were not so easily got at as he had fancied in the heat of his imagination. "If I drive them from the right of the Danube, I shall only have thrown them back upon their reserves, and I shall be at a distance from the base of my operations. Then the fever will not permit me to remain on the Danube; I shall be obliged to quit it. When one seeks for the vulnerable point of the Russians, everywhere we find the quills of the porcupine." In the same letter, of the

9th of June, he says: "I wish to save Silistria. Political as well as military reasons have marked my place at Varna. As soon as I can establish a sufficient force between this place and Shumla, I will show it to the Russians." When the Russians withdrew to the left bank of the Danube, the marshal, who throughout shows all the impatience of a spoilt child, fretted like one who had lost a toy. "The Russians rob me," he says, "by their flight, of a good occasion of victory. I have been sorely grieved. At the moment when I was going to reap the fruit of all my troubles!" Not a word or a thought for the brave defenders of Silistria. "I cannot," he says, in another letter, "get over the blow which I received from the shameful retreat of the Russians. I had them: I should infallibly have beaten them, thrown them into the Danube." This after stating in his letter of the 20th of June that it would require 100,000 men to advance from Varna against the Russians, and not be in danger of an attack upon the right flank, or being cut off from communication with the sea! The marshal, however, duly felt and expressed, at the same time, the folly that would be committed in following up the Russians beyond the Danube, driving them back upon their reserves and magazines, and only getting further and further from the true basis of operations. At the same time, should the Russians and Austrians have come to hands—a thing they probably never intended—he was duly prepared to march to the succor of the latter.

On the 4th of July, Omer Pasha visited the camp at Varna, and St. Arnaud's opinion of him took a more favorable turn, apparently from the Seraskier's politeness to him. "We are the best friends in the world," he writes. "He has been perfect in deference, and often in argument." Upon this occasion there was a review; after which he says: "We went to see, at Devna, the division of the Duke of Cambridge, composed of the English guard and the Scotch. It was fine, but rather formal, *stiff*." (This last word is in English, which Saint Arnaud uses occasionally in his letters.) "It is all one; it is a fine army, and will fight well. But ours, brother, what ardor, *quel élan, quelle désinvolture militaire, fière et aisée!*"

The simplicity of the following is admirable: "The Austrian envoy, Colonel Count of Lowenthal, has passed two days with me at Varna." (This is under date July 13.) "The Austrians are disposed to enter into Little Wallachia, but not yet as belligerents.

They only wish to occupy the positions and places evacuated by the Russians in their retreat. They will only make use of their arms if the Russians should, by a return on the offensive, wish to retake their positions." A category the Austrians full well knew would never occur. Saint Arnaud may have been a good soldier, he was certainly no diplomatist. It was difficult, he was always ready to acknowledge, to make politics keep pace with glory. A sentence which in itself is rather vague, as it seems to imply that there is no glory save in bloodshed.

At this time disease began to manifest itself at Varna. "Sad life we led at Varna," wrote the marshal. "Bad climate, enormous accumulation of men, bad odors, bad influences, some cases of cholera—such is the situation. I have had several cases in the army at Gallipoli, at Constantinople, at sea, and here. I prescribe precautions, and the storm will pass over. It is Marseilles and Avignon that send us that."

On the 19th of July came the conference at which a descent upon the Crimea was resolved upon. "Yes, it will be, if you choose, an audacious enterprise; few will have been of a more vigorous or energetic character. To see the position in which we are placed, militarily and politically, and the means at our disposal, we shall be accused of rashness; let it be so. But is it possible to admit that before an enemy who withdraws himself, and dares you on, two fine armies, two fine fleets, shall remain inactive, and allow themselves to be destroyed by fever? No, let the great guns have their share also."

This first council, at which Lord Raglan, Marshal Saint Arnaud, Admirals Dundas, Hamelin, Lyons, and Bruat were alone present, was followed by an exploratory expedition, the result of which seems to have impressed the marshal with the idea that Fort Constantine was the key of Sebastopol, and that it was by that point a regular siege must be begun! This exploration was followed by another council on the 29th of July, at which Sir George Brown and Generals Canrobert and Martimprey were present, but not Prince Napoleon, and at which it was resolved to hasten the preparations for the expedition. It was not *always* the English who were at fault. Upon this occasion the absence of the French besieging train is admitted.

"When I underlined the loyalty of Lord Raglan," he says, in a letter of the same date, "it was not that I doubted it, but that I gave to it the emphasis of a double affirmative. Lord Raglan is loyalty itself; the more

one learns to know him, the more one appreciates him. We are upon the best understanding in all matters, and I look upon him as a friend."

The dread cholera came, however, to arrest progress. "I hold up my heart," the marshal wrote, "against such bad luck. I keep up the spirits of all, but my heart is broken." And again: "Will to act, means prepared, and God strikes us in our pride by sending us a plague more powerful than human resistance. I bow beneath it, but suffer much."

Another day he writes: "My greatest embarrassment, as he is also my worst enemy, is the cholera. I cannot destroy him with great guns." By the 9th of August he describes himself as living in a vast sepulchre. "I cannot," he says, "rouse the army save by a thunder-clap. One would say that I gain strength upon all these healths that give way before me!"

The anonymous author of the celebrated pamphlet on the conduct of the War in the East speaks of Prince Napoleon as addressing a council of war for three hours, on the 10th of August, against the expedition to the Crimea. We find in this correspondence a letter dated the 9th of August, intimating to the *Maréchal de Saint Arnaud*, at that time at *Therapia*, the proximate arrival of Prince Napoleon, seriously invalided, and requesting that the marshal's own room should be given up to him, and every attention paid to him.

On the occasion of the great fire at Varna, the marshal says the flames played round three powder magazines—that of the English, of the French, and the Turks—and that he was ten times on the point of ordering the retreat to be beaten—*signal du sauvre qui peut*. As the month advanced cholera diminished, and the marshal regained his spirits, so as to become by the 23d quite *bouncy*. The anticipation of a move from a mere hospital in tents to active service in the Crimea, indeed, almost turned his brain. "The most formidable fleet," he writes on that day, "that has been seen for many a day, if it has ever been seen, will sail for the Crimea, to pour forth in twenty-four hours, beneath the very beard of the Russians, sixty thousand men, and one hundred and thirty great guns. We shall surpass Agamemnon, but our siege will not be prolonged like that of Troy. We have in our army more than one Achilles, many an Ajax, and still greater numbers who can vie with Patroclus. All goes well; my orders are given, and, God aiding us, France will in October register one of the

most splendid and daring feats of arms recorded in her military history."

This "feat of arms" was the capture of Sebastopol.

I have weighed the reasons for and against the enterprise. At present, I can see none *against* it. I shall lose fewer men in taking Sebastopol than I have lost from cholera and fever. It is a great responsibility; I must understand that, and bear it, and place myself above it. If I succeed, I shall be a great man; if I do not succeed, I shall be what I must be: but that it will be taken is a consolation, at all events. My conscience tells me I am doing my duty. For the rest, what does it matter? Ah, my brother, how can I sleep now! I passed last night conducting ten sieges of Sebastopol, and issuing proclamations to my soldiers.

The marshal, it appears, wished to land at the Katcha. "The Russians," he says, in a letter of the 29th of August, "have established a strong camp on the Katcha, where I intended to disembark. The papers took care to give them the necessary information, and they naturally took advantage of it." This attack upon the papers is mere peevishness. They were not acquainted with the marshal's thoughts; and had they been so, sufficient time had not elapsed between the exploration of the coast and the choice of a place of descent and the publication of that selection for the benefit of the Russians.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the agonies with which the marshal was afflicted at this time, and from which he was seldom free, while struggling with desperate energy to reach the field of an honorable battle.

"In face of all that I suffer," he wrote to his wife on the 31st of August, "I still have faith in my star. We have not come from so far, we have not got over so many difficulties, to be wrecked now at the port. If I triumph, I shall not remain long to enjoy success. I shall have accomplished more than my task, and I will leave the rest to be done by others. My part will be finished here below. We will live for ourselves in retreat and repose. There are no means of doing otherwise, unless health is restored to me, which I doubt. The evil is deep-seated to be so tenacious."

The extraordinary impatience of his last days kept growing in intensity as the expedition progressed. "I abstain," he writes on the 2d of September, "from all reflections. Such as I should have to make would be too bitter. When shall I have drunk sufficiently of the cup of bitterness? There are moments when my whole

soul revolts and rebels. Prayer at such times only acts upon me like a tempest. Its impotence casts me back into doubt, and I suffer so much that my faith is shaken. I ask myself why are so many tortures, inflicted on soul and body alike, accumulated upon one poor being? If physical pain only left me all my strength, I would hope on; but my strength is exhausted in the struggle—it is too long. Everything has a term."

We are reminded of the strange and appalling question of the anonymous writer before alluded to: "What is at the bottom of this feverish, diseased, and badly-regulated nature, which is only supported morally and physically on fictions?" "It is time," he wrote to his brother under the same date, "that this should finish, for my strength is going, and the disease that wastes me assumes frightful proportions. Day and night atrocious crises come on more frequently and with greater violence than ever."

On the 11th he was a little better, recovered somewhat by the sea air. "My opinion is not changed," he wrote on that day from off Cape Tarkan. "I am still for landing at the Katcha. It would be time and distance saved. The English have not deemed it possible. I yielded, and we shall disembark at Old Fort." This is one of the few times that the marshal alludes to any one having any voice in the progress of the expedition beyond himself.

He wrote afterwards, on the 16th, from Old Fort: "The diversion which I made on the Katcha proved to every one that I was in the right, and that the landing ought to have been effected there. Ten thousand Russians would not have prevented fifty thousand French and English from landing. The Russians fled at the first shells that fell on their camp; and if the fourth division had had orders to that effect, it could have disembarked alone. I do not let the English feel too keenly that I was in the right. You see, brother, I have a military instinct which does not deceive me, and the English have not made war since 1815."

On the 17th, the small stock of patience laid in by a successful landing was already exhausted.

My dearly loved wife (he wrote), the English are not yet ready, and I lose precious time through their delay. I have lent them barges this morning, to assist in the landing of their horses, so that I hope we may march about eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. I shall sleep on the Bulganak, to be fresh on the 19th, that I may force a passage on that day. Then, if possible, I shall pursue the

Russians across the Katcha. I promise you I shall leave them no time for amusement. The weather is beautiful, and so far we are favored. If God will protect me for a few days, all will go well. I listened to mass this morning in my large tent, and prayed for you. I had four abbés to breakfast with me. There has been a great excitement in the army: Prince Napoleon was the mover in it. He says, emphatically, that I am a man, and that without me we should never have been in the Crimea. My health is a little improved to-day.... Nothing is altered in my plans. Prince Menschikoff permitting, I shall be on the 20th or 22d before Sebastopol. Possibly I may attack it on the south side, and so render useless all the immense preparations they have made on the north. All this depends, however, on what I see when we reach the Balbek.

By the next day, the 18th, he could stand it no longer. He writes to his wife:

I am about to inform Lord Raglan that I can and will wait no longer, that I shall issue the order to march to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and that nothing will interrupt me. I have received your little letter of the 14th. My poor friend, what anxieties you suffer, what cares and what tears! But you are right, for I have been very ill. Now, however, all that is past; I am in the Crimea, and I feel the symptoms of returning strength. Last night, however, I was restless, and perspired strongly. To-morrow this place will be desolate, and the cannon will speak. In four days I shall be before Sebastopol, after having thoroughly beaten the Russians.

We are not informed whether it was in consequence of the expiring marshal's anxiety to be in at the first battle delivered against the Russians, or that it came within the province of those categories which were inevitable after a descent made upon a hostile territory, but the Allies did move at last, and Saint Arnaud did live to chronicle the triumph of the Allies, familiarly as well as officially. His letter to his wife, of the 21st of September, is headed *Champ de Bataille d'Alma*. How feeble is our comparatively unostentatious Field of Alma?

Victory! victory! my Louisa, my dear-loved! Yesterday, on the 20th of September, I completely defeated the Russians; I took their formidable positions, defended by more than forty thousand men, who have now been beaten. Nothing could stand before the onset of the French, or the steadiness and solidity of the English. At eleven o'clock I attacked, at half-past four the Russians were in full flight, and if I had had cavalry I should have captured more than ten thousand of them. Unfortunately, I had none. The moral result is prodigious. The field of battle on which I am bivouacking, on the very spot which Prince Menschikoff occupied yesterday, is strewn with Russian corpses. I have twelve hundred men *hors de combat*, the English have fifteen hundred. The

enemy must have lost four or five thousand, at least. My ambulances are full of their wounded, whom I send to Constantinople with my own. They have left more than two thousand muskets and pouches on the field of battle. It was a magnificent day, and the victory of the Alma will rank honorably among its sisters of the Empire. The Zouaves are the first soldiers in the world. All victories are costly. Canrobert was wounded by a discharge from a howitzer, but not severely. He was struck in the breast and in the hand. General Thomas has a ball in the lower abdomen, and will return to France. Froyer was killed. Poor Charlotte! I will write to Madame de Soubeyran. I have three officers killed, and fifty-four wounded; and 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1,033 wounded. The English assaulted some very powerful redoubts, and suffered more than we did. Moreover, I lost fewer men because I was more rapid in my movements. My soldiers ran—theirs marched. To-day I remain here to collect my wounded, to bury my dead, and to renew my stores of ammunition. To-morrow, at seven in the morning, I march upon the Katcha. If I find the Russians, I beat them again, and rest next day on the Katcha. On the 24th I shall be at the Balbek.

My health (he adds in conclusion) keeps up. I remained twelve hours on horseback yesterday, and always upon Nador, who was magnificent, galloping in the midst of cannon-balls, morning as well as evening. I took the carriage of Prince Menschikoff with all his correspondence. All the disposable forces in the Crimea were before me yesterday. That will not prevent me taking Sebastopol.

In his letter to his brother he is more just to the English: "The Russians held their ground well yesterday; it was necessary to return three times to the charge to carry their positions: they are good soldiers. But the English and the French! What troops! What solidity with the one, what ardor, what impetuosity with the other! I never saw so beautiful a panorama as that battle.

"I could best judge of the movements of the enemy from the heights; from thence I saw the positions carried by my Zouaves, and the English army pressing forward in a line under the fire of the Russian artillery to carry their batteries. It was sublime."

We now arrive at the most interesting question in this part of the campaign. Why was not the victory on the Alma followed up? As usual, the marshal throws the whole blame on the dilatoriness of the English. Writing the next day, the 22d, to his wife, he says, "The weather is with us, but the English always detain me." And to his brother: "Dear good brother, the English are not yet ready, and I am detained here as at Balchick, as at Old Fort. It must be ac-

knowledge that they have more wounded than I have, and they are farther from the sea."

On the 24th the marshal wrote: "The Russians have committed an act of despair which proves to what a degree they are terrified. They have closed the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol by sinking three of their first-rates and two of their frigates. It is a beginning of Moscow. This embarrasses me a good deal, as it will probably oblige me to change my plans of attack and take me to the south, on this side of Balaklava."

"My health," he adds further on, "I dare not speak about it, dear wife. I keep myself up by a miracle. I suffer continually; I eat nothing, cannot sleep, digest badly. I have, in addition, a bad cold, a sore throat, which prevents me swallowing, and two boils on my chest which torture me. Such is my condition; impossible to have strength under such circumstances, and that is what fails me."

In a postscript, dated six o'clock in the evening, he adds: "I have just arrived at the bivouac. This valley of the Balbek is a paradise. There are cabbages and fruit for an army. The house of Prince Bibikoff has been ransacked; you shall have a little table which belonged to the princess—a souvenir of the war in the Crimea."

In a letter to his brother of the same date, he writes: "To-morrow I march on the road to Balaklava. I shall sleep on the Tchernaya, and the 26th I shall be to the south of Sebastopol, master of Balaklava, and shall have turned all the strong batteries and redoubts of the enemy to the north. It is a splendid manœuvre.

"We can see Sebastopol, and from the town they can see the fires of our bivouacs, which embrace a circuit of nearly three leagues."

But man proposes and God disposes. The same night—according to a letter from his nephew, the Marquis de Puységur, but the night of the 25th, according to the editor—the marshal was seized with an attack of cholera, which soon exhausted the little strength that remained to him. On the 26th he resigned his command, and addressed his farewell to the army. He was put on board the *Berthollet*, and rallied a little from the cholera; but his weakness was extreme, and he perished on his way to Therapia, after having, in the words of his imperial master, "obliged death to wait till he had conquered!"

It is almost needless to say anything con-

cerning the character of such a man. It is exposed in this well-sustained and remarkable correspondence in such a clear light that a child might read it. Military ambition was his great passion. Intelligent, active, and enterprising, he was a self-educated man, became a good linguist, and supplied the wants of a sound scientific training in his own profession by great quickness of parts and natural genius. He never boasts of his military acquirements, although he never ceases to vaunt his bellicose ardor and prowess in combat. Even at the last moment, when differing with Lord Raglan as to the best point for landing in the Crimea, he only defends his superior judgment by what he calls his *flaire militaire*—an expression which, being usually applied to the olfactory organs, may be translated as his military instinct.

Strong domestic feelings, and a remarkable attachment to his brother, are mingled in his earlier correspondence with the perpetual struggles of a restless ambition against the obscurity of an inferior rank; but the true genius of the man comes out in all its force when we follow him in that twenty years' life of enterprise and adventure in Africa—that great school of the modern French soldier—in which rank and honors gradually accrued to him as the reward of incessant activity and indomitable personal courage.

An African general in the simple sense of the word, reared in camps, and educated in the field, a stranger to politics, and indifferent to parties, he judged the revolution of 1848 as a soldier might be expected to judge it, and argued that it only wanted military action to bring back society into order. He lent himself conscientiously to the task, and it will remain rather with posterity than with us to say whether, in so doing, he outraged the laws of God and man, or saved a country from the worst consequences of anarchy. At all events, the conviction of a good purpose, and devotion to a cause which he adopted as the religion of his heart, shield him to a great extent from all personal responsibility. Had Louis XVI., Charles X., or Louis Philippe been willing to make the sacrifices that Napoleon III. did to the cause of order, and had they been seconded by generals as little scrupulous as Saint Arnaud, it is difficult to say from what trials and scenes of anarchy and bloodshed France would not have been preserved in the nineteenth century. To judge by the agony of his last days, Providence certainly did not seem to smile upon Saint Arnaud's antecedents in the so-called cause of order. It scarcely becomes us, however, to venture upon hasty conclusions in such weighty matters.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS THE EDITOR.

IF the late Samuel Phillips never formally avowed himself author of the "Essays from the Times," neither did he, when voted to that dignity by acclamation, dispute the vote, or disavow the honor. This of itself would suffice, in the judgment of many, to prove him the man. Else was he not, they might say, enjoying a fair estate under a false title? An argument of the kind was deemed conclusive in the case of Sir Walter Scott and the Waverly Novels. Some time before these were acknowledged, Mr. de Quincey, in his adaptation of that precious

German hoax, the novel yclept, "Walladmor," alluded by name to Sir Walter as the author of the Scotch series, remarking in a note that he would be sorry to have it supposed he was inattentive to the courtesies of literature—it being a point of good breeding to respect whatever disguise an author chooses to assume. "in any case where there is not some higher reason for declining to do so." "In this case," added the Opium-eater, "there is. It is now become essential to Sir Walter Scott's honor no longer to speak of the Scotch novels as 'unknown.' Sir Wal-

ter is not under any necessity of avowing himself the author : but no man who does not mean to insult him is now at liberty to doubt whether he is. For Sir W. S. cannot now be supposed ignorant that he has long and universally had the credit of being the author : and a man of honor would not, even by his silence, acquiesce in the public direction to himself of praise due to some other. Consequently it is not possible to make it a question whether Sir W. S. were the author, without at the same time making it a question whether he were a man of honor. This single consideration would have saved a world of literary gossip.* Any such dilemma in logic, any such "fix" in casuistry, may, indeed, by some logicians and casuists, be repudiated as invalid and unfair. By their leave, however, we will take it for granted that the author of "Caleb Stukely" and "Elinor Travis" also wrote the "Essays from the Times," with which the present prosings are concerned.

His manner of handling a subject was admirably suited to the conditions imposed by a daily journal, which requires in its contributors pith, pungency, and point. His contributions were found pithy, pungent, pointed enough, to deserve to be transferred into a more abiding, if less colossal, form of publication. He had a specific talent for the art of *résumé*—a knack at epitomizing a prolix volume—an adroit method of extracting the marrow from his subject, the cube root of his given quantity. This is what newspaper readers like. And he did it cleverly enough to be liked by duodecimo readers also. If his essays circulated in the daily journal by some sixty thousand copies, you may also read "seventh edition" on the title-page of their reprinted form. He remarks in one of his papers, that many who have been steady perusers of the "fourth estate" must be aware of a certain class of subjects which they have never understood themselves, nor found any one else who could understand, but which have haunted the daily press time out of mind like an unladen ghost ; of which class of subjects he mentioned as instances, the Rajah of Sattara, the Baron de Bode, the affairs of the River Plate, the Ameers of

Scinde—as headings from which most readers recoil with horror. It was his gift, if any man's, so to present a topic of this ever-recurring and ever-omitted kind, in a guise that should be intelligible to all and attractive to many. His articles had often the essential or quintessential value of abridgments, without the dryness ; they were matterful as a summary, without its skeleton stiffness ; they were replete with facts as the staple, but not devoid of fancy in the framework ; their brief compass in the first place, their lucid arrangement in the second, their lively emphasis in the third, induced numbers to inquire a little about questions of which hitherto they had been, and but for a Samuel Phillips might long continue to be (*λανθανει γαρ αυτους ταυτα θελοντας*), willingly ignorant.

Witness his rapid *résumé* of the Affghan-istan war—which to not a few readers, confused with a chance medley of chaotic details, was as the elimination of order from disorder, the separation of light from darkness. Or again, his memoirs of the House of Orleans, his so-called Drama of the French Revolution, and his tableau of the Revolution in Greece.

A manly independence of tone wins the respect of his readers. A keen eye for humbug, and a freely flowing pen to expose it, are capital appliances and means to boot. Satire is, perhaps, neither his forte nor his foible. But he can be satirical enough on occasion. Give him scope, and he will use it. M. Thiers is its lawful subject, when seen in the third act of the "Drama of the French Revolution," pacing up and down before a door, in the Mairie of the second arrondissement, like "Francisco at his post,"—a small gentleman in spectacles, musket on shoulder, on duty to keep out dogs, and to give free entrance to fraternal citizens : as the curtain slowly rises, you conclude the little gentleman to be an ordinary soldier ; but look again ; it is the Prime Minister of the first act, who took so much care of himself and so little of his master ; it is a man of genius, the historian of "The Consulate and the Empire ;" a man who has had the fate of nations oftener than once between the palms of his small hands ; and now we see him keeping guard, "leering at poodles out of his large eyes, and pointing his musket at their posteriors as though it were the chief of his accomplishments." Good old Joseph Cottle is its subject, when his *Reminiscences* of Coleridge are said to identify him with a class of good-natured friends, who are always say-

* "Walladmor," vol. ii. p. 209 (n). The story of this story is one of the curiosities of literature. It made a good deal more noise at the time (thirty years since) than that Young Pretender, "Moredun," is making now ; but is to-day almost as obscure and forgotten a thing as "Moredun" will be, thirty years hence. In hoaxes of this sort, a long start is great odds. And Germany had a very long start of France, "Walladmor" of "Moredun."

ing unkind things with a view to one's peace of mind and eventual improvement; who, at your hospitable board, the cloth removed, forthwith dilate on the sinfulness of men in general, and your own backslidings in particular: "If you remonstrate, the speaker avows that if his love were less, his reserve would be greater—if your interests, temporal and eternal, were not as lead upon his heart, he would eschew your wine and walnuts, and make you over to the fiend for ever." Carlyle's "Life of Sterling" is its subject, when every page of that biography is described as a knock on the head or a thrust in the eye, from which nobody can escape: "Like the congregation to whom Mawworm preaches his last sermon before retiring from the stage, we are 'all going to the devil,' and, like Mawworm himself, Mr. Thomas Carlyle derives infinite 'consolation' from that melancholy and startling fact." Mr. Colman, the American-traveller, is its subject, when he finds it quite impossible not to be amused with the idolatry of the English people towards the Royal Family, and is himself so exuberant an admirer of fine titles and high ranks, relating with such glee his intimacy with English dukes and earls, and his overpowering sense of obligation at getting the *entrée* into the private dwellings of our nobility, and recording with amazement their princely mode of living, and continually straining to impress upon his friends an adequate notion of his importance by minutely describing the more than affectionate attentions of the great. The didactic and polemical novel is its subject, when we are reminded how Mr. Samuel Warren exhibits his model aristocrat practicing on velvet every virtue under Heaven, and how Mr. Charles Kingsley delineates Adam before his fall in the shape of a pattern tailor* on his board: "romance is now your only teacher; Tractarianism condescends to accept her aid; Exeter Hall is not above it; statesmen with eloquence enough to thrill a Legislature are grateful for her pleasant offices, and theories as crude and bitter as apples in June are swallowed with relish made palatable and sweet by her magic touch." Chantrey is its subject, when seen as a furious democrat in

his early struggles, sneering at the reigning family, and roaring for Sir Francis Burdett,—his respect for existing institutions visibly increasing, however, with his gradual investments in the Three per Cents., so that, than Chantrey at the age of sixty, a more gentlemanly old Tory never existed. Lord Ellenborough's Simlah manifesto is its subject, when that celebrated proclamation is pronounced a document for which the inflated bulletins of Napoleon, the talkee-talkee of a North American Indian, and the song of Deborah, might each havestood as the model. The whole world is its subject in 1848, when the whole world was making railways, and when George Hudson was railway-king; when the delirium of the South Sea Bubble of the previous century was reproduced, with new accessories and appointments, regardless of expense; for, did not the bait that enticed the whole world to the saloons of Madame Law in 1720, take the whole world again to the saloons of Mrs. Hudson in 1848? "Generations had passed away, but the lure remained. In Law's time a vast deal of business was done in la rue Quincampoix—in which stood his bank—upon the hump of a poor deformed fellow, who let out his hunch as a writing desk at so much the day or hour. Morally speaking, who lives without a hump? Lords and ladies, fashioned like the rest of us, for a consideration let out theirs at Albert-gate." The satirist can be mordant as well as delicate in his satire, when his theme demands it.

And he can be frowningly, sternly severe. The railway reign of that same railway-king moves him to strains of a higher mood, as he contemplates the crowds of high and low, rich and poor, cringing at the feet of the potentate, who had suddenly emerged from obscurity to dazzle a whole kingdom with his amazing refulgence, and upon whose altar these wealth-worshippers flung their daily incense, and offered up the sacrifice of their mercenary souls; until the hour of reaction strikes, and the magnifico awakes from a dream of bliss to a day of reckoning, "to find himself hooted by throats already hoarse in singing his praise, and smitten by hands erewhile too much honored in receiving the base droppings of his disgraceful gains." The history of Sir William Hamilton, the minister at Naples, suggests to our moralist the reflection, how easy it is, in this degenerate world of ours, to be scientific, to be the member of every society in the land, and to have your portrait painted, with a title to nothing but the loathing of your fellows. Mr. Car-

* Touching the catastrophe of "Alton Locke," our essayist writes, in the same vein: "Perfect and most professional contrivance! The tailor's rival falls a victim to the 'sweating system.' The 'emporium of fashion' is Nemesis disguised in a paletot, and the united cause of betrayed affection and high prices is fully avenged."—*Autobiography of a Chartist.*

lyle is warned against ridiculing the efforts of this disjointed time to right itself; against making unmeaning grimaces at the contortions of disease, and gibing at the ailings of infirm humanity; and he is certified, in behalf of all who are doing their best to follow out their duty, that it is not enough for *him*—"and most assuredly it shall not be allowed him"—as a cynical spectator, aloof from the labor, and without sympathy with the laborers, to stand afar off, mouthing at the workers from the convenient sanctuary of his well-warmed study, helping no man with his advice, irritating all men by his scoffs, and hindering practical and serviceable labor—as the world goes—by the intrusion of violent and all but unintelligible gibberish. Severe things are said, too (if we may bound at once from Teufelsdröck and Weissnichtwo to Holland House), of Lord Holland's "Foreign Reminiscences" as containing not the feeblest attempt to warn, to counsel, or inform, and demanding but one condition, which may be found, unfortunately, in any country, under any circumstances, at any time,—to wit, a prurient fancy, eager to feast upon scandal, and an idle curiosity, willing to be gratified at any cost to its victims. Take, again, the portrait of Coleridge—humbly acknowledged for their teacher, master, counsellor, and guide, by the most learned and devout of the present generation, but for all that a man who "knew not what domestic virtue means, what social obligations lawfully impose," a slave who "gave himself up to a degrading passion, and sacrificed for it all that men are accustomed to hold most dear on earth;" who, while the means of enriching himself by honest labor were prodigally given him, yet "preferred to manly exertion the ignoble idleness of the pitied mendicant;" and who gave up without a thought engagements deliberately undertaken, nor knew the sanctity of a pledged word. But it was hardly doing justice to Mr. Carlyle, to represent him as offering to us Coleridge "on the brow of Highgate-hill, looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle," as a pattern "good" man, for our imitation; as the only "good" man Mr. Carlyle had to propose with that view, in an age of "cobwebs and worn-out symbolisms;"—or to affirm that Coleridge, coolly leaving Robert Southey to take care of his children, and retiring to his snug retreat at the Gillmans', "a refuge which he had not the chivalry and manly courage to decline," assumes, at this very

epoch of his life, in Carlyle's eye, the form of perfect human grandeur.

Of the biographical sketches, his notice of Jeremy Taylor is probably that in which Mr. Phillips is seen to most advantage by those who desiderate a revering and genial, rather than a searching and caustic, spirit. His lament at the golden-mouth bishop's "*brief-day of life*,"—dying "when he had but reached the fifty-fifth year of his age,"—will suggest a sigh-born thought at the remembrance of his own much shorter span. The review of Southey is an admirable piece of condensed writing, often tender and true, though sometimes more true than tender, never more tender than true. That of Keats contains some shrewd comments on his career and his companions—for and against the "Cockney" school—on that "small family of lyrical aspirants who employed the muse in writing sonnets to one another, and the green-grocer in preparing crowns of ivy for mutual coronations"—but also on the "cowardly" mode in which these "inveterate Londoners," who "converted Primrose Hill into Parnassus, and deliberately walked to the Vale of Health at Hampstead, not for health, but inspiration," were attacked—on adverse criticism bringing the whole scorn of falsehood to bear upon a few "well-meaning and high-hearted, although, in many respects, misguided men"—and on the imputation to harmless dreamers, in the Hampstead-fields, of crimes, in the existence of which the accusers themselves never believed. There is no particular presence of philosophical analysis or subtlety of insight, in the criticisms passed on these and other literary powers,—on Swift, on Clarendon, on John Sterling, on Charles Kingsley, on Wordsworth and Thomas Moore, on Dickens and Thackeray. They do not go very far, or very deep. But they commonly express with vivacity and decision the sentiments of some nine readers out of ten; and therefore to nine readers out of ten are most acceptable and satisfactory. If they never exhaust the subject, which certainly they never do, neither do they (with equal certainty be it said) the reader. And there is little affectation of critical finesse in æsthetics; there is rather a manifest aversion from anything like the transcendental, from whatever savors of the mystic. To such a degree, indeed, that it is more agreeable to hear our critic discuss Swift than Wordsworth, and the Reminiscences of Lord Holland than the stanzas of Tennyson. In such papers as those on our great lawyers, the

Cokes, the Mansfields, the Langdales, where there is little or no call for other critical qualities than those he eminently possessed, he is thoroughly at home, and effective throughout. And we must note with more than a *nota bene*, with an *optimè nota*, the essay devoted to Grote's History of Greece; which History has given occasion to numerous reviews, in our quarterly, monthly, and weekly journals, distinguished by refined scholarship, sagacity, and eloquence; but in hardly one of them, considering the scope and conditions of the article, do we find a keener appreciation of the great theme, a finer sympathy with its heroes and sages, a more genuine enthusiasm for the study of them, in life and death, speaking and doing things which the world will not willingly, will at its peril, let die. The character he draws of Pericles, as the noblest and best of demagogues, but still a demagogue not exempt from the necessities of his class, though posterity owes too much to his era to scrutinize too carefully his acts; that of Cleon, whom the war enabled, as a master of criminative eloquence, to keep up a sort of reign of terror both within and without the walls, over the wealthier class and over the allies, and whose portrait by Thucydides (impeached by Mr. Grote as maliciously unfaithful) is confirmed, so far as comedy can confirm history, by the caricature* in Aristophanes; and especially that of Nicias, whose superstition, though most gross, seems to have been, as Thucydides intimates, the diseased side of a religious nature—it being probable that the same man who sacrificed his army by refusing to march because there was an eclipse of the moon, would in a cruel and faithless generation have shown mercy and kept his oath; these estimates of character claim study from the reader, as they imply it in the writer.

The last-named essay is also superior in point of composition to many of the others. The style of the essayist is, in his general moods and tenses, business-like and animated. His eloquence, though not at all like Mr. Cobden's, is not unfrequently what may be called unadorned eloquence. In figures of speech he does not deal over largely, but

they come in sometimes, and answer their purpose. The rush of coroneted, starred, and ermined nobles, to fawn on a railway-king and profit by "scrip," in common with their own flunkies, excites to the remark, that it is a mournful lesson we learn when we see "a clodhopper filling his capacious pockets with fine dust, and by the very act reducing all men to his level, and below it; precisely as a bird-catcher, filling his fist with crumbs, calls down the sweetest singers of the grove almost from the skies to his feet." Falkland is described as striving for peace with the passionate enthusiasm of a child heart-broken by the quarrels of a discordant household. Mr. Carlyle is described as refraining from putting shoulder or even finger to the wheel, but preferring to make mouths at a machine temporarily imbedded in the mud, and swearing that it is dropping to pieces every time it bravely struggles to get out of the rut. Mr. Colman, the American, again, who is disgusted at the resolve of us lost Britishers in April, 1848, to have no revolution at all, is described as making mouths at Issachar for resting quietly under his burdens. The plethoric platitudes of many a modern biography elicit the complaint, that this or that man's memory has been suffocated by the very means taken to perpetuate it: the world has asked for an embalmed heart, and it receives a lumbering carcase. Why some scores of Lord Langdale's letters should have been printed by his biographer, Mr. Duffus Hardy, it is said to be just as easy to decide, as it is to discover the claims of the organ-boy who kills you with his discord, and then asks remuneration for his crime. Authors are told that they will, if sagacious, be as concise, and give posterity as little trouble as need be: "their jewels may be transmitted without the encumbrance of setting, and their needles will not be the less welcome without the accompaniment of a bottle of hay." A duodecimo, it is added, does not, we know, "realize" as much across the counter as two volumes quarto, but then it may possibly float down the river of time, while the bulkier voyagers are quietly sinking to the bottom. In another tone, the suspense with which the Anglo-Indian community, in that anxious winter of 1841-2, their fears preponderating over their hopes, expected tidings from Cabul, is compared to the feelings of those who watch from some lofty point of shore a well-known vessel making hasty preparations against a storm too lately seen, and wait almost breathless for the moment when some drifting fringe of cloud shall

* "And though we readily concede that a literal fidelity is not to be expected from caricature, yet a general fidelity is to be expected from it, and, in fact, is necessary to its success. If Aristophanes had represented Pericles as he represents Cleon, his satire would have failed. The portrait must be recognized, or nobody will laugh."—*Essays from the Times*, i. 305.

open once more to their view the spot where she may or may not be still. And to the retreating British army, now an army no more, toiling through the jaws of the Khoord Cabul Pass, Akbar Khan is said to have "appeared like the Greeks' dread marshal from the spirit-land at intervals upon the route." Of such manner of speech is our

essayist, speaking figuratively. And there might be added illustrations of a pomp of phrase, and a roll of sentences, befitting the high seat of the Jupiter Tonans of the press—the Thunderer with whose thunder Mr. Thackeray once made himself and the town merry, *à propos* of small beer.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WORKS OF NAPOLEON III.*

THE visit of the Emperor and Empress of France—now that it is over, and the fine writing of the newspapers on the subject has ceased—must still be regarded as a great historical fact. It takes its place among those pageant incidents which, looking back into history, seem commemorative of certain epochs, either as points of culmination in which the spirit of the era attained its greatest splendor, or as points of departure, from which human progress took a new direction. We are too near the historical pageant we have just seen performed to guess the character it will have in history; meantime, its chief effect has been to centre the eyes of all on him who played the principal part in it.

Louis Napoleon is, out of sight, the most conspicuous man at present alive—whether we regard his descent from that race which produced Napoleon I., his own remarkable career prior to his accession to power, or the wisdom and sagacity which has since characterized his administration, there is no one who so universally attracts European attention. And, even if there were no elements of romance in his career—were he simply a legitimate monarch, destined to the purple from his cradle—the formidable power which he wields, the peculiarity of his position, and the greatness of the present crisis, in which he must act the most important part, were sufficient to rivet on him the eyes of all those who pay the slightest attention to

those political questions which deal with the future destiny of the world. But when both these elements of interest are combined—when the most romantic of careers sees its hero in the possession of the whole power of France, and master of the position in the great struggle of nations, we cannot overestimate the interest and importance attachable to anything which can give an insight to his character and mode of thought, and afford us some clue in our speculations as to what is likely to be the future of one apparently so marked out from the rest of the species.

Now, a man's writings have always been regarded as one of the best indexes to his character: the reason is, that his writings are his thoughts. We propose, therefore, to make use of this index to character, in attempting to attain some insight into that of Napoleon III.

The volumes before us purport to contain his collected works. They were published in Paris in 1854, we believe under his personal superintendence—at all events, with his full consent and approval.

Independent of the interest attachable to them from the remarkable character of their author, the intrinsic merit of many articles in the collection is very considerable: so much so that, if it were not for their condensed style and unornamental diction, we are convinced they would have secured to Louis Napoleon no ordinary reputation as a writer; and now that his political position commands attention, this want of artistic interest will not prevent them from being

* "Les Œuvres de Napoleon III." Libraire d'Amyot Editeur, 8, Rue de la Paix. 2 vols. 1854.

extensively read: and we predict with confidence that the more they are known and studied, the more will the estimation of Louis Napoleon as a man of intellect be enhanced.

But the excessive condensation of his style renders the task we have undertaken peculiarly difficult; for it is impossible to give a just view of the contents of these volumes either by quotation or by giving a general idea of his method of reasoning on the multifarious topics he discusses. The one method would exhibit our author in his weakest aspect, as he is deficient in point and imagination as a writer; the other method could not be adequately carried out in fewer words than the author himself employs. Indeed, these volumes are rather like a review—and not a very lively one—than like an original work; and how are we to review a review?

In these circumstances, we think the best method we can pursue, in order to give a fair account of Louis Napoleon's writings, will be to go over the different articles *seriatim*, discussing fully those subjects which seem to us to be of importance, briefly indicating the leading idea in others, and giving only the names of such articles as seem to us of no general importance or interest. This plan implies a chariness in disquisitions of our own. We will in general leave Louis Napoleon to speak for himself; and, at once and at the outset, give up any pretensions to originality on our part, and all intention of showing off our own powers of political speculation.

The principal treatise in these volumes, and that on which Louis Napoleon seems ready to rest his literary fame, is "*L'Idée Napoléonienne*;" and we cannot better describe its purport than by saying that it is an attempt to solve the great historical problem of Napoleon Bonaparte. The theory propounded may generally be described as an attempt to prove that the whole career of this most remarkable of men, was the strict development of a preconceived plan, in which nothing was impulsive, but all flowed in logical sequence from certain fixed principles which he ever kept in view. We do not believe that this solution is correct, or that Napoleon I. was so purely an intellectual monster as it would make him: but it is, after all, nearly as good as any other with which the world has yet been favored.

In approaching his subject, Louis Napoleon first tries to establish an ideal of gov-

ernment. He adopts, as his text, the celebrated *pensée* of Pascal: "*Le genre humain est un homme qui ne meurt jamais, et qui se perfectionne toujours*," which he paraphrases somewhat thus: The human race does not die, but it is subject to all the maladies of the individual; and, although it perfects itself ceaselessly, it is not exempt from human passions—the cause, to the race as to the individual, alike of elevation and of degradation; and, as in man there are two natures and two instincts—the one inducing to perfection, the other to decay; so society contains in its bosom two contrary elements—the one the spring of immortality and progress, the other that of disease and disorganization.

Hence the origin of government, as a means of developing the higher elements, and of impeding the downward tendencies of society. But, as every nation has its idiosyncrasy, a model government suitable to all is impossible. On the contrary, the government of each nation, if a good one, must differ, in some respects, from that of all others; a diversity which must be co-extensive with difference in race, in climate, and in that previous history out of which has sprung those national habits and traditions which, to so great an extent, distinguish from each other the different nations of the earth. But, irrespective of the necessity of adapting government to national peculiarities, there is another difficulty inherent in its very notion; for, whereas nothing is necessary to develop the divine principle in society but liberty and labor, compulsion and restraint are the main instruments to be employed in checking the action of the causes of decline and fall. Thus the means of government are, to a certain extent, contradictory; for, if liberty be unrestrained, vice will develop itself fully as fast as the higher principles of civilization; and, on the other hand, if liberty be restrained, the legislator runs the risk of impeding the growth of social good, as well as of its opposite.

This statement of the case being premised—government being essentially relative, and always, at best, but a balance betwixt contradictory modes of action—the question relative to Napoleon Bonaparte is two-fold. First. Did he rightly apprehend the peculiar character of the French nation? and, second. Did he hit upon the best equipoise between the opposing forces by which government must act? The first question receives its answer in the general scope of the treatise; and, as we go on, we will find that,

in Louis Napoleon's opinion, his uncle instinctively adapted himself to the *esprit Française*. The second question necessitates an inquiry into the state of France when Bonaparte seized the supreme power. Now, in justice to Napoleon Bonaparte, it cannot be too distinctly kept in view that, on his advent to power, the disorganization of France was complete. The old system of things had been utterly ruined; every institution had in turn been destroyed, and all attempts at reconstruction had only resulted in a more wide-spread anarchy. It was the task of Napoleon I. to select, out of the mass of heterogeneous and discordant elements the principles of order and government. This task he accomplished under the guidance of a principle, as simple as judicious. He saw that, although the old order of things was utterly bereft of vitality, still its forms were the channels through which the French nation had been accustomed to receive the mandates and feel the influence of authority. On the other hand, the revolution had evoked new principles of action, and created new interests; in particular, it had utterly abolished all caste, and left a free course of talent irrespective of birth. Napoleon, therefore, retained the old forms, as the channels of authority, but poured into them the energy and ambition of the revolution. This policy was not his invention, though our author speaks of it as if it were. Julius Cæsar acted on the same principle, with this single and instructive difference, that he infused monarchical ideas into republican forms, whereas Napoleon infused republican ideas into forms derived from the monarchy. This difference arose from their positions being inverted relatively to each other. In both, the design was to amalgamate the old with the new. But to return to France: the old forms alone were not sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the new society: it was necessary to institute new ones. Napoleon did so; but, according to his nephew, the following was the somewhat elaborate reasoning which guided him in the task. Reverting to the parallel between the individual and society, it is to be observed that as man has permanent and temporary interests, so has society; and as, in the one case, reason is the guardian over the first class of interests, while the others are cared for by inclination and appetite—so, in society, it behooves that there be a permanent guardian of permanent interests, and a fluctuating and changeable guardian of temporary interests. Now, the one class of interests was fully provided for under the an-

cient regime, by the aristocracy and the king; but now the aristocracy being defunct, the kingly principle alone was obtainable, and only in the form of the imperial power of Napoleon. On the other hand, the temporary interests of the community, fluctuating from day to day, and which had no adequate protection under the old regime, were now to be committed to the guardianship of a body chosen from the people by some method of popular election.

But while Napoleon I. found it very easy and natural to attend to the permanent interests of society, it was impossible, our author says, fully to protect the temporary interests. Their rights were, in the meantime, to be deferred to a more convenient opportunity. Still, according to our author, liberty was the principle which was ultimately to triumph under Napoleon's policy. "Her name, no doubt, was not at the head of the laws of the empire, nor placarded in the streets, but every law of the empire prepared her reign tranquil and sure." But, meantime, it was necessary, first of all, to drive back the foreign enemy; and that being done, it still remained to repress the bitter hatred of parties; and where there was neither religion, patriotism, nor public faith, to create them. Above all was it necessary to give dignity and prestige to government, the very principle of which had been discredited. But to accomplish all this, force—even despotism—was necessary.

So argues Louis Napoleon as to the policy open to his uncle, and so, doubtless, would he justify his own government; nor are we prepared to dispute that in either case the justification is insufficient:—

"Il faut plaindre les peuples (says our author) qui veulent récolter avant d'avoir labouré le champ, semencé la terre et donné à la plante le temps de germer d'éclore et de mûrir, une erreur fatale est de croire qu'il suffise d'une déclaration de principes pour constituer un nouvel ordre de choses."

Napoleon was less tyrannical than the governments which preceded him. Like our friends the Americans, the French Republicans had been somewhat inconsistent. They could hardly speak without an ovation to liberty, fraternity, and equality; but they applied these terms only to those who coincided with them in opinion, and ostracised the rest of the nation. So true is it that despotism and republicanism differ only in this, that the former is the tyranny of one, the latter the tyranny of many; and as it is proverbial that

corporate bodies are less amenable to moral considerations than the individual members which compose them, the many-headed corporate tyrant may be expected to be more unscrupulous than the single Baseleus, who cannot escape criticism under cover of the number of his confederates in iniquity. Thus, in the case of France, although we have grave doubts of the solicitude of Napoleon I. for liberty, and have not much more confidence in the liberal tendencies of his nephew, they both ameliorated the tyranny which existed before they seized on the supreme power. Such an amelioration was indeed necessary to the policy of Napoleon I., since he avowedly tried to enlist in his service the abilities of all parties—"Je suis national," said he, "je me sers de tous ceux qui ont de la capacité et de la volonté de marcher avec moi." This quotation expresses the real essence of the Napoleonic system, whether under the uncle or the nephew; but it also involves its vice, for how can men of all shades of opinion enlist under a single banner, without an appalling sacrifice of political honor?

Louis Napoleon now proceeds to illustrate, by a detailed examination of his uncle's policy, the somewhat vague and general observations of which we have endeavored to give an idea. He classes his remarks under two heads—first, the administrative organization of the empire, and second, its political organization. The administrative organization, he says, like the greater part of the institutions of the Empire, had a temporary object to fulfil, and a distant end to attain. Centralization was the only means of reconstituting France; but its excess under the Empire ought not to be considered as an end, but as a means; the time was to come when France was to be decentralized, and local government developed. We think the remarks on this subject by our author worthy of attentive consideration. He glories in being the copyist of his uncle, so that the time may come when he will head a reaction against that excessive centralization which has been the bane of France. In Napoleon Bonaparte's time centralization was essential, to enable France to combat her enemies, and his surpassing genius enhancing its intensity, France became a system of political telegraph, the centre of which was Paris, because it was the residence of the Great King. Under Louis Napoleon no such necessity can be alleged. He is at peace with all Europe, except with that power against which all Europe is banded. His

subjects are submissive to his will, and by an unquestionable majority have adopted him as their Emperor.

Our author gives the details of what he designates as the Administrative Organizations. These are embraced under the general heads of "Ordre Judiciaire, Finance, Etablissement de Bienfaisance, Communes, Agriculture, Industrie, Commerce, Travaux Publics, Instruction, l'Armée." We do not purpose to follow him in these details, descriptive of the vanished government of the first Empire. A full account of the matter will be found in Alison, who, in the main, coincides with our author. But irrespective of the special information such a detailed account will afford, it is instructive as a specimen of perfect organization, and as such will repay the study of our statesmen. There was very little red-tapism under the first Napoleon; but, notwithstanding, things went on with the precision of clockwork; the reason was that personal energy was the motive power.

Bonaparte was no advocate of the *laissez aller* philosophy; he interfered in everything, and perhaps principally in those concerns which political economists think it of the last importance to leave to private enterprise and association; for instance, he interfered between the employers of labor and the workmen, but the manner of his interference was by means of courts of arbitrators representing both interests. He interfered with commercial credit, and contemplated organizing a system of assistance to the mercantile interest in seasons of monetary difficulty. But above all, Napoleon directly interfered to encourage industry by directing towards it the light of science, and with that lofty generalization which so strikingly distinguished him, he said—"Si l'on m' eût laissé le temps, bientôt il n'y aurait plus eu de métiers en France tous eussent été des arts."

Napoleon encouraged only scientific education, as that which could immediately be made useful to the State. But such training was undoubtedly recommended to him by another reason, namely, that it is more conducive to submission to authority than a more general teaching. Metaphysical and moral speculation inevitably leads to discussion as to the limits of authority and the obligation to obedience, while the romance and poetry of all countries extol the liberator and patriot, and expatiate on the charms of freedom. On the other hand, the lesson taught by the exact sciences, is that of implicit obedience to uncontrollable law, of speculation confined within impassable channels, and regulated by

preordained rules. Hence the moral effect of exclusive devotion to such studies, unconscious but inevitable, is to create a wish for the same order in human action which we see in nature, leading to an approval of, or if not, an acquiescence in, the subjection of mankind to laws equally as uncontrollable, by those they govern, as the laws of nature are by the elements. Allowing, however, for this most important and fundamental objection, the institutions for instruction under the Empire, so far as they went, were liberal and complete; and if ever we have a perfect National Education, we cannot do better than copy the machinery instituted for this purpose by Napoleon Bonaparte. We must refer to the work before us, or to Alison, for a detailed account of the system. One great principle gave it vitality—namely, that the offices of the State were the prizes open to the most distinguished scholars. This was a new idea for Europe, but the same system has existed in China from time immemorial, and perhaps we may gather this lesson from the *effete* state of the Celestial Empire, that the principle of free competition of talent, like every other exclusive principle in politics, has an inevitable tendency to lose all healthy influence, and that a compromise of principles—a coexistence even of contradictory principles, with a considerable admixture of no principle at all—in short, the anomalous system called a Constitutional Government, is, after all, most consistent with the welfare of communities.

It would be instructive, but hardly interesting, to enter into the details of the French army under its great military organizer. We may, however, state that Napoleon I. regarded the conscription as the palladium of national independence, and that he, like our Wellington, had only faith in regular troops, holding that no undisciplined force could long resist a modern army. If this be true—and the authorities whose names we have given are at least as much entitled to deference as Cobden and Bright, or any number of declaimers on the patriotism of our people—it is a serious question for us whether we are safe to be content with a standing army much short of three times the number of that which now stands on our muster-roll.

After discussing in detail the administrative organization of the Empire, Louis Napoleon proceeds to criticize its political organization. As introductory, he observes that the political ideas of France have always been as capricious as fashion. Under the Republic at first Brutus and Cato were her

models. As her fervor cooled down the Anglomania which had flourished under the Regency revived; that gave way to an adoration of the American Republic; and lastly, Napoleon I. brought his system into fashion, which was nothing else than a reproduction of the institutions of Imperial Rome. Our author successfully demonstrates that none of these but the last could harmonize with the *esprit Français*! The English constitution in particular is inapplicable, since, according to our author, and we must add, according to all foreign authors whose works we have read, its basis is the aristocracy—an element which he says does not exist in France. As to America, he denies its nationality, "L'homme n'a pas encore pris racine en Amérique."

But we must be equally as cursory in our observations as to the political organization, as we have been in respect to the administrative system. The matter of present importance to us is not the material organization of the empire, but its spirit, and the commentaries of our author upon it.

The following summary of the political organization by our author may serve instead of detail:

"Les principes sur les quels reposaient les lois imperiales sont.

"L'Egalité civile d'accord avec le principe démocratique.

"La hierarchie d'accord avec les principes d'ordre et de stabilité.

"Napoleon est le chef supreme de l'état. L'elu du peuple, le représentant de la nation."

"The imperial power alone is transmitted by right of inheritance. There is no other hereditary employment in France. All the others are made by election or acquired by merit."

Such also we may presume to be a summary of the principles of the government of Louis Napoleon; but it strikes us as somewhat inconsistent, that the Emperor should be "L'Elu du peuple," and yet that his title should be hereditary. But whatever might be his title—notwithstanding the high-sounding institutions of Senates and Corps Legislative, of whose organization Louis Napoleon here gives us an account—the Imperial government was a pure autocracy, like that of the Czar, or like that of Louis Napoleon himself: the government of a great country carried on by the same principles as a man carries on a manufactory or other private undertaking—one master and a number of instruments. In the case of the first Emperor,

this autocracy was rendered less obtrusive by his habit of frequently consulting his senate and counsel; though in reality his individual will always prevailed, his intellectual superiority being fully as imposing as his material power; still his condescension flattered official men into the idea that they had some share in the splendid government which they served.

The code Napoleon was the fruit of one of these conferences between the Emperor and his legislative council; and as the subjects therein embraced less concerned his personal ambition than questions of general policy, more effect was given to the views of the parties whom he consulted than was generally the case. Still, as the code is the noblest heritage which the empire has left, it is but just that the Emperor's share in it should be recognized. Now, besides suggesting the idea, and carrying it into effect, all authors concur in stating that Napoleon took an intelligent part in the discussion of every article, and astonished the practiced jurists by the justice of his conclusions, and the facility with which he comprehended all the complexities involved in the various rights and interests of society which this code was to regulate.

Louis Napoleon next proceeds to treat of the foreign policy of his uncle; and his views of it are of the utmost importance; not so much as being a true account of his uncle's intentions, as affording an indication of what he himself considers the proper foreign policy of France: which, with Louis Napoleon, is no matter of mere opinion, but a theory which we may rest assured he will try to put in practice. Luckily he adopts the leading maxim of his uncle,—"*Je n'avais pas le folie de vouloir tordre los evènements à mon système, mais au contraire je pliais mon système, sur la contexture des evènements.*" So that we have in his very theory a counteraction to that native obstinacy which might otherwise convulse Europe. Holding such a definition of the policy of Napoleon I., no wonder our author can describe its relations with foreign powers in no more precise terms than that Napoleon allied himself with all those nations which followed him in what he conceived the track of progress. Aware of this vagueness, he labors hard to prove that the wars of the Empire were essentially defensive, and that England was the only obstacle to the peace of the world. Her obstinacy, he says, ultimately forced Napoleon to adopt an aggressive policy in retaliation, and thereafter his views developed as his

sphere of action enlarged, until he aimed at nothing short of the regeneration of Europe. Perhaps the conquest of Europe would be nearer the truth. As regenerator of Europe, his nephew continues, he now had two ends to pursue; as sovereign of France all his energies were for her, but "*comme grand homme,*" his energies were for Europe. And thus in his conquests he consulted both the momentary interests of the war, and, at the same time, kept in view an ideal reconstruction of the European system. Such is Louis Napoleon's account of the matter; he, too, is sovereign of France, and also a great man, and has his own ideas of the regeneration of Europe.

Louis cleverly supports the theory of the provisional conquest of his uncle and his intentions for the regeneration of Europe, by remarking that this was the reason he put his brothers on the thrones of the conquered states, as a species of viceroys, who could be removed whenever it was time to carry into effect the new balance of power. Russia and England, however, could not be got to understand his benevolent intentions; and therefore Napoleon's life was spent in an attempt to compel them to acquiesce in the new order of things which he wished to introduce.

Assuming that Louis Napoleon adheres to the policy of his uncle, which, indeed, is no assumption, but a certainty, our present alliance with him to suppress one of these obstacles may be regarded by many as somewhat ominous. For our own part, as we think the danger to civilization is at present from Russia, not from France, we entertain no such misgivings. On the contrary, we believe the present alliance to be the only combination capable of presenting an impassable barrier to the Slavonic invasion. Whatever opinion we may entertain of Louis Napoleon as a man of principle, we have implicit confidence in his intellect; and as an alliance with us is clearly his interest, both individually and as representing France, his sagacity and resolution are guarantees of his loyalty.

But if it were not for these "material guarantees," the work before us might excite our misgivings. All the French wars, says Emperor Louis, have come from England. "*Elle n'a jamais voulu entendre aucune proposition de paix.*" England and France, he continues, in the late war mutually misunderstood each other; England considered Napoleon merely as a despot who oppressed his kingdom by exhausting all its resources

to satisfy his warlike ambition. She would not acknowledge him as the elect of the people, the representative of the material interests of France. Napoleon, on the other hand, and the French of his time in general, confounded the English nation with its aristocracy, which again was supposed to be the same as that aristocracy of France, of whose oppression so lively a recollection was entertained. The mutual mistake consisted in each party supposing the ruling power of the other to be anti-national, whereas Napoleon represented the national spirit of France; and the English aristocracy, our author says, was, like Briareus, "*Elle tient au peuple par cent mille racines*," and obtained from the people as many sacrifices as Napoleon obtained from the French. If we are to believe Louis Napoleon, this misunderstanding exists no longer. In the memorable words used by him at Guildhall on the 19th April, "England and France are united in all the great questions of politics and human progress which at present agitate the world, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Mediterranean—from the Black Sea to the Baltic. They have at heart one cause, and are determined on pushing it to one end. It is by no pitiful rivalries that the union of the two nations can be dissevered; and while they follow the dictates of common sense, they would be sure of the future."

Louis Napoleon next devotes a chapter to prove that his uncle did more good than harm to the countries he conquered; and that in many instances it would have been better to have left his territorial arrangements undisturbed. In Italy he formed a great kingdom, with an administration and army of native Italians. In that part of Germany which he conquered, there were two hundred and eighty four independent states, each with different laws; and undoubtedly the amalgamation he enforced, and the introduction of the code were advantages nearly balancing the loss of their independence. He also abolished the feudal institutions; but we do not join his nephew in considering that this was an unmixed reform. Cumbersome and oppressive as the feudal institutions in Germany undoubtedly were, they constituted the only guarantees of liberty; and the result of their abolition has been that the kingly power has been exalted, till, with hardly an exception, every state in Germany is under a despotism. Still it was something to establish the equality of all before the law; and it may be a question, whether the people, as distinguished from the old privileged classes, have not,

on the whole, been gainers by the change. Everywhere Napoleon insisted on religious toleration and the suppression of monastic abuses. But whatever opinion may, on the whole, be formed as to the merit of the changes introduced by Napoleon in the conquered states, the manner of their introduction exhibited his sagacity. He was an economist in despotism; it was only when dispatch was necessary that he altogether laid aside the drapery of *quasi* legal and constitutional forms. In general the changes he introduced into the conquered states had some decent show of national concurrence. They were laid before delegates of the nation, and promulgated ostensibly on their authority. This was even the case with Spain, the most barefaced of his usurpations.

Keeping in view our author's theory, that the end his uncle had in view was to establish an universal peace under a new balance of power, we are now favored with a statement of the principles on which this was to be brought about, and we are somewhat surprised to find that the Napoleonic idea was identical with the plan of the Peace Society. Europe is to be made a confederation somewhat like America; with uniform laws and machinery of administration, and with courts of judicature and appeal, to which the disputes between nations are to be referred. The supremacy or presidency of France in the confederation was, of course, necessary.

We believe that the notion that Napoleon I. had any such idea exists only in the imagination of Napoleon III.; but the important point to us is, that these ideas are entertained by the latter, and that he considers it his mission to carry out the plans of his uncle. But, to continue our analysis. After Europe had been arranged on the Napoleonic plan, our author says his uncle would have proceeded to the task of the internal amelioration of France. "*Il ent consolidé liberté*." This is, of course, pure speculation. We have not even Napoleon the First's word for it, though that would not have made the matter more certain. But, again, the nephew thinks, or says, his uncle had such an idea. So here we have the prospect which France has of liberty. It is to be after the consolidation of Europe on Napoleonic principles.

Bonaparte fell, according to Louis Napoleon, because he attempted to do in his lifetime the work of ages, and time took his revenge. The nations he successively conquered were never properly consolidated, and deserted him on the first reverse. This is

true; his scheme ultimately developed itself into the old project of universal conquest, which history proves can be effected, not by any one man, whether Alexander of Macedon or Napoleon of France, but only by the means adopted by the Romans—namely, that of successive conquests and colonization carried on by a national tradition. This career is now attempted by Russia on the old Roman principles, and already a result has been attained which proves the efficiency of the system.

We now come to the conclusion, which we will give nearly in the author's own words.

The period of the empire was a war to the death, England against France. The former has conquered; but, thanks to the creative genius of Napoleon, France, though vanquished, has lost less in material resources than England. Who, then, are the greater statesmen—those who have governed countries which have gained in spite of defeat, or those who have governed countries which have lost in spite of their victory? Again, the period of the empire was a war to the death against the old European system. That system triumphed; but in spite of the fall of Napoleon, his ideas have everywhere germinated, and have been adopted by many of the allied conquerors, while the people of the other states waste themselves in efforts to regain what Napoleon had established. The Napoleonic ideas have thus the character of ideas which rule the movement of societies, since they advance by their own force, though deprived of their author. These ideas are not ideas of war, but a social, industrial, and humanizing system; and if this system appears to some always surrounded with the smoke of battles, this was the fatality attending its inauguration, a period its author did not survive; but now the clouds are dissipated, and we see, through the glory of arms, a civil glory greater and more durable.

In reading the "*Idée Napoleon*" what has principally struck us is the evident originality of the author's views—not in the sense of being new, but in being evidently thought out by himself;—and, as we have also been impressed with the idea that he believes what he writes, we think the treatise explains much of his past political conduct, and suggests much which we may expect.

Considered as an essay on the character of Napoleon I., we look upon it as giving an exaggerated view of that which undoubtedly was his prominent peculiarity—we mean, the

preponderance of the intellectual over the impulsive nature. Napoleon I. was more than any other man, a mathematician by nature, a nearly passionless worker-out of a system. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to have acted on impulse, and even, though on rare occasions, passion and prejudice overruled his majestic intellect. But these instances are exceptional to the general character of his career; and even in many of them his more intimate associates were of opinion, that what apparently was impulsive was merely exquisite acting, employed in order to secure the more energetic execution of his will. But his nephew goes farther; the scope of this treatise being, as we stated at the outset, to prove that Napoleon's career was the logical development of a preconceived plan; and so rigidly is this the case, that the man Napoleon is lost in the "*Idée Napoleonienne*."

We think that by this exaggeration Louis Napoleon has taken the wrong way to enlist the sympathy of his readers in the character of his hero. No one now doubts or denies the pre-eminent abilities of that man of the people, who raised himself to the empire of France, kept Europe at bay, entered with victorious armies into every capital of the Continent, and left the impress of his mind on every department of human interest. But what was wanting to enlist the sympathy as well as the wonder of mankind was, a demonstration that Napoleon I. had a heart as well as a head; that there was in him somewhat of disinterestedness, benevolence, or chivalry; that he had faith, if not in God, at least in some being higher than himself. But there is no attempt at such a proof in the treatise we have been considering, and the want of it militates, not merely against the character of Napoleon I., but also against the artistic merits of the essay itself and the character of its author. The "*Idée Napoleonienne*," if as profound, is nearly as dull as mathematical treatise; and we are inclined to suspect that the author, who seems to think a man of pure intellect the model hero, is himself but partially endowed with human affections.

The treatise next in order is entitled "*Fragmens Histroiques*;" the object of which is, to institute a comparison between our revolution of 1688 and the French revolution of 1830. The comparison is, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter, and we are not disposed to cavil at the verdict; on the contrary, we cordially agree with him in con-

demning that least chivalrous of all revolutions, which inaugurated the reign of Louis Philippe. In that phase of French history we fail to discover one generous sentiment, one noble principle. We also willingly acquiesce in his animadversions against the monarchy of the bourgeoisie; and think it one of the many happy accidents of Louis Napoleon's career, that such an inglorious epoch should have preceded his advent to power.

Our author's views of the English revolution are the same as those entertained by our constitutional Whigs. He professes intense admiration for William III., speaking of him in a way, as nearly approaching to hero-worship as his cold and unimpassioned nature is capable of. We hope his admiration is sincere, because we know not a better kingly model than William of Orange. Unfortunately Louis Napoleon has another model in his uncle, whose unscrupulous ambition it is fully as likely he will follow as the conscientious moderation of the Protestant hero. Indeed, the two may be regarded as his good and evil genius, and according as the influence of the one or the other prevails, will his career—in which great events are so clearly involved—be regarded by history as one of the brightest or one of the most disastrous of epochs.

But if we might expect that a similarity of position, approaching nearly to absolute identity, should have any influence on Napoleon in selecting his model, the example of William of Orange, to use a legal phrase, runs on all-fours; and it would almost seem as if that period of history had been written precisely with a view to afford him a parallel case which he might study in all emergencies.

We are tempted to digress a little to point out the leading features of this remarkable coincidence. Take, in the first place, the English revolution of 1646 and the French revolution of 1789 as the starting points in the parallel; and if we make allowance for the difference in the ruling principle which lay at the bottom of these two convulsions, we may fairly say that, in the order of the successive phases in each, the latter was merely an intensified copy of the former. The revolutionary epoch in both terminates in a military dictator—Cromwell in the one case, Napoleon in the other,—and the two have this in common, that they infinitely excel the men of their times in reach of mind, in resolution, and firmness—in every quality which enters into the composition of a ruler. Na-

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poleon is Cromwell on a wider stage of action, and without religion. But the military despotisms of Cromwell and Napoleon were alike succeeded by a restoration—that worst of revolutions; and then after an interval, in both cases, of inglorious peace under inglorious sovereigns, we have revolutions resulting from similar causes in each, and issuing in the succession of men combining in their characters both a civil and military dictatorship. These dictators, William of Orange and Louis Napoleon, alike in their characters, both men of silence and phlegm, of inflexible determination and courage, find themselves champions of European right, marching at the head of an European combination, against the overgrown power and exorbitant ambition of one state, whose palpable object is to inaugurate a system of universal conquest.

Now, looking to the closeness of this parallel, it seems to us no unwarrantable induction to suppose that the coincidence will be continued in the future. We have the same causes in operation, the same position of parties, the same personal character; may we not expect like effects? For instance, that the war will be carried on dubiously, like that between William and Louis XIV., till a Marlborough appear; and that the times following will resemble the epoch from the reign of Queen Anne to the beginning of the French Revolution—only, in harmony with the difference in intensity observed in the prior stages, the progress of mankind will be in a vastly accelerated ratio.

But the vista of the future is not without its clouds. In the English crisis the motive power was religion, an element altogether excluded in the Republic or the Empire of France; and although the different phases in the development of events were on a greater scale in the later than in the earlier period, the same fundamental difference was continued. Napoleon was an irreligious Cromwell, and the reign of terror was an infidel copy of the Puritan rule—the change was not for good, but for evil. If, then, the parallel is not yet exhausted, and history has to complete its circle, it is not with unalloyed satisfaction that we guess at the character of the times reserved for our children.

But we have already gone too far in this speculation; let us return to the writings of Louis Napoleon, and note aphoristically some of his thoughts in the "Fragments Historiques," which serve to illustrate the character of the author.

"L'armée (says he) est une épée qui a la gloire pour poignée." Suggestive this of the

policy of Napoleon in the present war, and of the unlikelihood that he will agree to a dishonorable peace; for as he again says—"La lacheté ne profite jamais." There is profound reflection in the following remarks: "Il y a des gouvernements frappés de mort dès leur naissance et dont les mesures les plus nationales n'inspirent que la défiance et le mécontentement! Quelque puissance matérielle que possède en chef il ne peut disposer à son gré des destinées d'un grand peuple, il n'a de véritable force qu'en se faisant l'instrument des vœux de la majorité." We would, however, suggest, as a correction to this last remark, that really great men, like Cromwell, William of Orange, and Napoleon I., to some degree make their majority by bringing over the nation to their opinions. Still the maxim is literally true in this sense that the success of the statesman or legislator must run in the channel of public opinion.

Louis Napoleon, à propos of *Revolutions* in general, remarks, that when executed by a chief, they turn entirely to the benefit of the masses; for in order to succeed, the chief must follow the national tendency, and must continue faithful to the interest he has made to triumph; whilst, on the contrary, revolutions made by the masses often only profit the chief, for the people believe that their work is at an end on the very morning of their victory, and it is their nature to sink back into a state of quiescence after the conflict is over.

In concluding these "Fragments," our author thus sums up the lessons to be derived from the historical epoch he has been studying, and we may take his summary as a statement of his own political creed:—

"L'exemple des Stuarts prouve que l'appui étranger est toujours impuissant à sauver les gouvernements que la nation n'adopte pas.

"Et L'histoire d'Angleterre dit hautement aux rois.

"Marchez à la tête des idées de votre siècle ces idées vous suivent et vous soutiennent.

"Marchez à leur suite, elles vous entraînent.

"Marchez contre elles, elles vous renversent."

Passing over a letter to Lamartine demurring to that author's criticism on Napoleon I., we come to an article entitled, "*Reveries Politiques*." This is an attempt at a more poetical style than generally characterizes our author's writings, and so far it is a failure; a dry, bald style is the natural channel of his passionless nature, and so, it is only when he comes off his stilts that we find any observation worth quoting in the "*Reveries*."

The following, which we somewhat abridge, struck us as worthy of remark in the original:—

"The despots who govern by the sabre, and who have no law but their own caprice, do not necessarily degrade; they oppress, but they do not demoralize. But weak governments, who under the mask of liberty, march towards despotism—who can only corrupt what they would crush if they could—who are unjust towards the weak, and humble towards the strong; these governments lead to the very dissolution of society, for they lull asleep by promises, whilst the governments of the sabre awakened by martyrdoms.

"To secure national independence, it is necessary that government be strong, and to be strong it must have the confidence of the people; it is only under this condition that a numerous and well disciplined army can be maintained without exciting the reproach of tyranny."

We cannot, however, approve of the wisdom of the following remarks:—"Il faut que la masse qu'on ne peut jamais corrompre, et qui ne flatte ni dissimule soit la source constante d'où émanent tous les pouvoirs." That the masses cannot be corrupted is an assertion contradicted by all our electoral experience; and though it may be true that they do not dissemble, because that implies reflection, they make ridiculous men popular idols, and the intercourse betwixt them and their demagogues is but the interchange of flattery.

We only give the titles of some articles which follow, as they lack both interest and originality. "*Du Système Electoral L'Exil, Le Parti Conservateur,*" and "*De la Liberté Individuelle en Angleterre.*"

An article, "*De l'Organisation Militaire en France,*" has nothing worthy of remark, except the observation that in a well-organized state we ought not to know where commences the soldier or where finishes the citizen—a maxim which may be regarded as the opposite rule to the shibboleth of the peace party.

"*Aux Manes de l'Empereur*" we would pronounce nonsense, if we had not committed ourselves already to a high estimate of Louis Napoleon's intellectual powers. But if he were an ordinary author, and amenable to criticism, we would hint to him to repress any inclination in himself to poetical or rhetorical writing as sedulously as he represses republican inclinations in others.

There now follow a few sketchy articles, from which the only remark we can find worthy of extract is a saying of Napoleon I., which we do not recollect meeting with elsewhere:—

"Dans tout ce qu'on entreprend il faut donner les deux tiers à la raison et l'autre tiers au hasard. Augmentez la première fraction, vous serez pusillanime; augmentez la seconde, vous serez teméraire."

But an article entitled "Les Specualities," deserves more particular notice. Louis Napoleon remarks that it was the vice of the French constitution under Louis Philippe that the political opinion of a man was everything; his intrinsic value, his special acquirements went for nothing. The best organizer of an army, for instance, would owe his dismissal to the rejection of a sugar bill, and a statesman who had conceived a vast plan for the amelioration of agriculture or industry, would retire, because the chambers had rejected a project for recruiting the army. "Ce système non seulement illogique et absurde, mais il mine profondément la prospérité de la France. We fear we must admit we suffer under the same system. It is a necessary consequence of government by party, which again is the invariable concomitant of constitutionalism and liberty; so that we must console ourselves by putting the good we derive from our system of government, against the evil inherent in its principle.

An article, "Vieille Histoire toujours Nouvelle," opens with a story: One morning in summer, as the Emperor Napoleon, risen earlier than usual, was passing through the vast reception rooms in the Tuilleries, he was astonished to find an immense fire lighted in one of the fireplaces, and a child occupied in heaping on it large fagots of wood. The Emperor stopped and asked the child why he made so great a fire in the middle of summer in a hall occupied only on reception days? The child answered simply—"Monsieur, I make ashes for my father." In fact, the ashes were a perquisite, and in order to make them the fagots were burned. We quote this story, not so much for its moral as for its pictorial effect. We can evoke to our mind's eye the sombre figure of the Emperor pacing the silent halls of the kings of France, in the earliest dawn of a summer morning, raised from uneasy slumbers by thought, anxiety, and perhaps remorse. We can fix the date as that of the zenith of his power, and may imagine that in this solitary ramble mighty combinations passed through his mind, mingled with sad poetical reflections on the vanity of power and of the future which awaited him. Occupied with such meditations and in such a scene, he meets the child engaged in his incomprehensible em-

ployment. Did Napoleon believe in ghosts? If so, he might think, this was a child of the old race, occupying the palace of his ancestors when the living owners were asleep—some infant Bourbon, some child of Henry Quatre, trying to instil warmth into his frame, icy cold from lying the livelong day in the vaults; or for a moment the great usurper might fancy, that the dead dynasty held high revel all night in these halls, and that this stray ghost of the family had lingered after the rest. But the supernatural is unnecessary to the picturesque: enough that we have in juxtaposition the mightiest intellect which ever appeared on earth and a simple child: the terrible power of the Empire incarnate in its master, contrasted with the utter weakness of infancy.

A page or two of striking reflections upon "La Paix" now follows:—"On nous repète" (says our author) "que la paix est un bienfait et la guerre un fléau." We hope our author is sincere; but we have a lurking suspicion that such an idea is contrary to the instincts of a race which produced Napoleon I., than whom a truer warrior to the backbone never existed; and we have more than a suspicion, that Louis Napoleon acknowledges no other principles in politics save expediency, and that war may sometimes appear to him as useful as peace.

Passing over an unimportant page or two upon French aristocracy, we come to an article entitled "Des Gouvernements et de Leurs Sontiens," in which Louis Napoleon still further develops his theories on Government. His appreciations of the time before the Revolution are always peculiarly just:—

"L'ancien régime fut inébranlable tant que ses deux sontiens, le clergé et la noblesse, réunirent en eux tous les éléments vitaux de la nation. Le clergé donnait au pouvoir toutes les consciences; car alors conscience était synonyme d'opinion, et la noblesse ordre civil et militaire, lui donnait tous les bras. Mais aujourd'hui que la noblesse n'existe plus et que la foi politique est complètement indépendante de la foi religieuse, s'appuyer sur ces deux ordres serait bâtir sur le sable."

But what alternative remains?

"Dire que le gouvernement doit obéir à l'esprit des masses et favoriser les intérêts généraux, est une maxime vraie mais trop vague. Quelle est l'opinion de la masse. Quels sont les intérêts généraux? Chacun suivant son opinion, répondra différemment à ces questions."

We are also completely at a loss, and really do not see our way out of the dilemma.

Louis Napoleon's practical answer has been a military despotism—a remedy which, like death, cures all diseases, but which is fully as bad as the diseases themselves. His theoretical answer is sufficiently vague:—"Nous dirons donc qu'un gouvernement diot aujourd'hui, puiser sa force morale dans un principe, et sa force physique dans une organization." We are inclined to admit this generally; and, indeed, the only difficulty is to find out the principle. Louis Napoleon suggests one:—"Supposons par exemple, qu'un gouvernement accepte franchement le principe de la souveraineté du peuple, c'est-à-dire de l'élection, il aura pour lui tons les esprits." This is rather a startling proposition. One would think that, let a government accept universal suffrage as frankly as it may, this would not please many of the middle classes, and very few of the higher. Louis Napoleon, indeed, argues—"Quel est l'individu, la caste, le parti qui oserait attaquer le droit, produit legal, de la volonté de tout peuple;" so that, after all, the *accord des esprits* he requires is to be the offspring of fear; and, for our part, we are not disposed to dispute but that this "lien" might exist in a very high degree. But he might have said as well—"Qui oserait attaquer le droit, produit legal de la volonté de l'Empereur et de son armée." The alternative seems to be, between a bonnet-rouge reign of terror, or a reign à la bayonnette.

The next article of any consequence has for its title "L'Extinction de Pauperisme." The scheme is simple enough. There are, it seems, nine million hectares of uncultivated land in France, yielding, on an average, eight francs per hectare. Louis Napoleon proposes to seize these lands, and colonize them with paupers, paying the proprietors their eight francs of yearly rent. This scheme he develops in great detail, and, we may grant, makes out his case—namely, that the pauper colonization will extirpate pauperism, as all the paupers will become proprietors; but he does not inform us what is to become of the paupers of the next generation; or if there be still land enough for them, what of the generation after? for, assuredly, the existing generation will breed a population which, if there be not some such violent measure as this to prevent it, will throw off a goodly swarm of paupers: therefore, at the best, our author's scheme merely staves off the evil, allowing a state of things meantime to grow up, which will make the mischief eventually ten times greater.

Such schemes in England would excite indignation, if they were not regarded as absolutely chimerical; but France is such a peculiar country, that it is not at all improbable but that the Emperor will, some fine morning, issue a decree carrying this scheme into practical effect. He has always shown an inclination *s'appuyer* as he would call it, on the class of *ouvriers*, and such a scheme as this would make them his, body and soul; and as the French are little solicitous about the interests of their grandsons, the temporary prosperity which would result from such a bold measure, carried out as it would be by the most perfect organization, would secure him the popularity of all the rest of the nation, with the exception of the proprietors of the waste lands, who might think they had as good a title as the pauper owners to make the most of their property.

The subject which follows, entitled "L'Analyse de la Question des Sacres," is of so special a character, that it can interest very few of our readers. We have glanced over it, as in duty bound, and although we had little prior knowledge on the subject, there are intrinsic proofs that Louis Napoleon has mastered it in all its details—a result which implies no little inquiry and patience.

Our author was no free-trader when he wrote this article, since he is clear for protecting the beetroot growers. His principal reason is the expediency of letting well alone. He states fairly enough the stock arguments for free trade; but he remarks, that it is a dangerous thing to change established interests on theoretical anticipations of compensation, for human affairs are singular things, and occasionally refuse to follow the correctest theory.

We now pass over two articles—the one entitled "Projet de loi sur le Recrutement de l'Armée," and the other, "Considerations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse"—and come to an article entitled "Quelques mots sur Joseph Bonaparte," which we only allude to, as it contains a short narrative of Joseph's life, after the fall of his brother. The ex-King of Holland and of Spain, after that event, resided mostly in Philadelphia, in America, where he seems to have been held in the highest estimation, and had the questionable honor of being offered the throne of Mexico, which he refused. Subsequently he was visited by that traitor, or French patriot—the epithets are equivalent—Fayette, who certified him of the approaching fall of legitimate dynasty, and offered to bring about the

restoration of the Bonapartes, if he would place at his disposal two millions of francs. But Joseph had resided too long in the land of the almighty dollar, to part with his money; and, accordingly, the Revolution of 1830 took place, to the advantage of a more daring speculator.

Joseph thereupon writes a long letter to the Chamber of Deputies, in which, undoubtedly, he has the best of the logic. He argues that the legitimate dynasty being repudiated, there only remained the right of the people to elect their ruler; and he offered to back the Duc de Reichstadt against Louis Philippe in an appeal to popular election. In this letter he bitterly says of Louis Philippe, that in vain he abjured his house; for he had entered France with the rest of the family sword in hand, and it made no difference that his father had voted for the death of the King, his cousin, in order to put himself in his place.

Our readers will perhaps excuse us declining to enter into the discussion of the practicability of the canal of Nicaragua, which is the subject of the next and concluding article. We would rather employ the little space which remains in a few general observations on the works which we have passed under review.

In the first place, we are sorry to be compelled to admit that there is no tinge of Christianity to be found throughout the wide range of topics; nor is the moral coloring more distinguishable. The whole might be written by a man who believed in no religion whatever, who denied God and providence, and who recognized no moral sanction but expediency. It may be answered, that his topics do not necessarily involve the discussion of religious or moral questions; but if it be considered that these are mainly inquiries into the foundation and nature of government, questions most intimately bearing on the destiny of man, it is difficult to account for the absence of any recognition of Providence, or of the general principles of right and wrong, except on the theory that the author exaggerates the principle of expediency into a preponderating rule of action.

It is a consequence of the same utilitarian spirit that the schemes for the reformation of society he propounds are all of a material kind. He has no idea of ennobling human nature; his millennium is to be brought about by new territorial adjustments of the world, and a regimenting of its inhabitants;

so that at the best the Napoleonic idea, when carried out in its full development, is merely a new arrangement of existing interests, kept in order by an organization the highest type of which is a perfect police.

Such are the faults and short-comings of the works before us—let us now consider their excellencies. Clearness and precision are the characteristics of his style, indicating a mind to which anything approaching to obscurity is disagreeable, and which can only be satisfied with the clearest notions on all subjects. This tendency, allied to strong sagacity, has led him to maxims and conclusions of a definite and practical nature. Louis Napoleon is the most practical of living men. Even when he theorizes, he does not speculate, but keeps close to facts. He takes men and things precisely as they are; and regarding both as equally fixed quantities, his plans only go to alter relations. He seems never to suppose the possibility of new conditions. From the same mental constitution might perhaps be traced another peculiarity, largely observable both in his writings and his life. He arrives at his conclusions not by logical steps of reasoning, but as it were intuitively. They seem to him to fit the existing system of things—how or why is to him of little importance. They seem to him axioms, and he states them as such, while other men would arrive at them by inferences, or support them by proof and illustration.

His political creed, all things considered, is not, we think, a dangerous one. His opinions are new, but they are not revolutionary. A profound conviction of the necessity of adapting himself to the course of events, prevents him adopting any absolute notions. His mind instinctively coalesces with the tendencies in existence. He is anxious to keep in front of the movement, but he never attempts to go in a contrary direction. If, then, we may not expect in Louis Napoleon a regenerator, neither need we apprehend a disturber of the existing order of things. His political conduct since the *coup d'état* corroborates this conclusion. Nothing could be more just or moderate than his foreign policy; and his speeches, so pat to the prevailing ideas that every one hails them as the best expression of his own notions, prove that he is sailing quietly in the strong current of human events.

These considerations to a considerable extent allay those misgivings which we might otherwise entertain from Louis Napoleon's avowed idolatry of his uncle, and from his

own deficiency in strong moral principle. He will give due weight to altered circumstances in his attempt to apply the *idée Napoléonienne* to France or Europe; and as it is an arrangement of Providence that the

truly useful is, in the main, the just and right, we may hope that the strong intellect of Napoleon III. will lead him to results which good men would wish to see accomplished.

From the Edinburgh Review.

VILLEMAIN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE.*

No book has of late made a greater sensation in French society than M. Villemain's *Souvenirs*. Many reasons will account for this interest: the public were naturally curious for a work, which was to break a silence of several years; the men who during the last quarter of a century had taken a part in the politics of their country, were anxious to obtain information upon the period immediately preceding that of their own activity: whilst to those of an older date, the name of M. de Narbonne (the hero of M. Villemain's first volume) promised a memorial of their own times; lastly, the mass, included in the term "general readers," were instinctively assured of the satisfaction in store for it from this remarkable publication. But to make our readers fully aware of the various bearings of the volumes now before us, it will be as well to recall summarily to their memories the principal occurrences of M. Villemain's career.

Born in Paris at the end of 1791, the first recollections of Abel François Villemain did not, as was the case with too many of his older contemporaries, revert to the revolutionary saturnalia with such vivacity as to make him identify despotism with security, or offer up hymns to the subtle Cæsar whose victory over anarchy was the death-blow of freedom. When the boy whose fame was to be so precocious, began to receive the first impression of public events, the liberator had already grown into a tyrant, and the hero of the 18th Brumaire was far advanced upon that fearful path where each step, if indeed

it led to glory, cost the blood of the thousands who were to have been the rising generation of France. The amount of oppression against which M. Villemain was to rebel became manifest years later, and, after his intelligence had been from boyhood to early youth gradually hoarding up treasures of antipathy against the system which hoped in silence and darkness to stifle France, his twentieth year was destined to witness that monstrous and most wilfully incurred calamity—the Russian campaign of 1812.

From this early epoch of M. Villemain's life, dates also the first dawning of his fame. In 1811, M. de Fontanes, then Grand-Master of the University, named him professor of Rhetoric of the *Collège Charlemagne*, and the Parisian youth, so little disposed to respect, bowed—awestruck as may be said by his superiority—to the lessons of this boy of nineteen. The following year, the *Académie Française* proposed for its prize essay the panegyric of Montaigne, and the youthful Professor gave for a time his whole attention to what is to this day accounted one of the most eloquent compositions in the French language. He gained the prize, but, in our opinion, it is needless to add the fact, vastly vaunted by some biographers, namely, that the famous *Eloge de Montaigne* was written in a week. Two years after the panegyric of Montaigne, the Academy, by the proposal of an Essay on the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Criticism," furnished M. Villemain with a subject that really seemed made on purpose for him. The highest distinction was his for the second time, and he may be fairly said, in the early days of the Restoration, to have been the literary idol of the hour.

* *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*. By M. VILLEMAIN, Member de l'Institut. 2 vols. Paris: 1854 and 1855.

But, if his academic fame could go no further, there was another point on which both the adversaries and partisans of M. Villemain were less assured. To what party, or rather to what *nuance* (for slight variation of tints were counted then), to what *nuance* of party did he belong? A short time sufficed to show. In 1816 the prize of eloquence was again awarded to the writer of the *Essay on Montaigne*, for a *Panegyric on Montesquieu*; and it has been said of M. Villemain, that in youth he was as surely the perpetual laureate of the Academy as he has since become officially its perpetual secretary. The *Eloge de Montesquieu*, however, was more than a literary achievement, and from this time forward no doubt any longer existed of the political opinion to which M. Villemain belonged. The moderate liberals, the men at whose head stood Royer Collard, felt that a new champion was added to their ranks, and their influence rewarded him with the Professorship of Eloquence at the Sorbonne.

With this nomination began the real and active influence of M. Villemain upon the literature of France. To have a notion of what enthusiasm, grounded upon personal esteem and unlimited admiration, may arrive at, it will suffice to talk with any of the men who at the period of these celebrated lessons were just expanding into intellectual life. From all parts of the country, from towns and provinces, crowds flocked to listen. The young Professor was enabled, by a combination of qualities peculiar to himself, to wield almost unexampled authority over the public mind, and whilst the French youth hailed in him the courageous liberal who denounced as a crime every exclusion of foreign literature and of original genius, the most pedantic of the classical school could not choose but admire a correctness of diction, a loftiness of style, that at once proclaimed him a disciple of the greatest writers of the *siècle de Louis XIV.*

M. Villemain is the first literary critic of modern France,—her first *æsthetiker*, to use a German term,—and his earliest years, as we have shown, were devoted (especially between 1814 and 1825) to raising the art whereby the creations of genius are analyzed and explained to the student to the height of a philosophical science. From 1825, after the death of Louis XVIII., to the fall of the monarchy in 1830, another aspect is observable in M. Villemain's teaching, as in that of most of his colleagues of the Sorbonne. "France," says the eloquent Professor, in a chapter of his *Souvenirs*, "was already in possession of a vast number of Reforms, ob-

tained in the midst of those controversies, whether speculative or practical, which are the moral life of nations. In ten years of Representative Government (incomplete in the outset), she had recovered from the greatest disasters that the fatal necessities of the spirit of conquest ever entailed upon a country, and she had arrived at a very high degree of well-being and liberty combined. There was in France at this moment (1826-1829) considerable happiness with less security; much material prosperity and a singular agitation of the public mind."

This is the very state of all others which most favors the absorption by the political spirit of whatever the realm of Intellect contains. Poetry—eloquence,—whether of the schools or the bar,—art of all kinds, the stage, and society itself, become the conductors of opposition as surely as parliamentary debates. Allusions are seized hold of at every turn, and often even denounced or applauded, as the case may be, where they were wholly unintended. In the history of all nations such epochs have served to bring out tenfold the natural talent; to increase tenfold the merited influence of those teachers whose office it is to awaken in the attentive youth around them the deep and genuine sense of the sublime. At such periods there mingles with the study of the great achievements and great thoughts of the past, a sort of present life, which animates and inspires both master and disciple; and he who before was but the priest of a Hero-worship, conceives the hope of becoming a hero himself! *To be doing* is man's natural impulse, and by as much as he is the more active, by so much is he the healthier and the better. Reduce a noble intelligence to the mere duty of recording dead events, of commenting upon words without application to his own immediate sphere of existence, you interest the brain only, and draw forth the qualities which are after all but necessary to the composition of a clever and methodical archivist; but imbue the same spirit with the conviction that his words are actions, that of his lessons and ideas there shall be something born; place upon his shoulders the glorious load of active responsibility, which, whilst it excites his best energies, steadies him; and then, if he be honest, you shall see before you not a rhetorician but a patriot, "not an author," to use Pascal's fine expression, "but a man." Nowhere was the truth of this better exemplified than in the case of France in the latter years of the Restoration. Villemain, Cousin, Guizot,—to mention merely the chiefs of those famous

schools in which the students were the flower of the Parisian youth,—were carried to the pitch of elevation they attained by the proud consciousness of creative power; they felt that they imparted life, and could almost follow the ignition of each ardent soul at the spark barely emitted from their own. That they were over-impatient,—that they committed a great (perhaps for the honor and liberty of their country an irremediable) mistake,—this, we imagine, none of them now hesitates to admit; but therein can be found no argument against either the purity of their conviction or its depth. Had they been older men, they might have shown greater prudence, they could not have been more sincere.

It is to this and the preceding period of the Empire that M. Villemain's *Souvenirs* relate, although he has somewhat inaccurately described them as *contemporary* history. The revolutions he has witnessed, and the political experiments in which he has borne some part, belong altogether to the past; but one of the resources of French literature in its present state is, to satirize the present by a contrast with former liberties, or a parallel with other epochs of despotism. It is scarcely necessary, we presume, to prove to the followers of any political sect the unripeness of France for Republican institutions. The ultra-democrats of America stigmatize her as *unworthy* of them: so let it be: unworthy or not, even they recognize her *unfitness* for them. Remains, then, monarchy, constitutional or absolute monarchy, or what is known since Montesquieu by the name of a mixed principle of government: against the applicability of this, which the larger portion of genuine Liberals admit to be the most perfect form of Government of which man's imperfect nature is capable, we have the two abortive attempts of the Restoration and Louis Philippe's reign. "If," it is alleged very generally now, "if France were capable of supporting a Constitutional Government, the two Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 would not have succeeded so well." And then the word "tyrant" is applied to Charles X., and Louis Philippe is accused of corruption. But this is not a true view of the case. In the first place, the excuse of tyranny will not do; for if that alone were to be a cause for the fall of a government in France, if the suppression of freedom were inevitably to produce revolution, what reason would be found for the existence (suppose it even momentary) of the present state of things? The mere accusation of corruption will not stand any

better as regards Louis Philippe; for corruption as bad, nay worse, and to the full as well known and as much talked of (though not in print), exists at the present hour. Where, then, lies the cause of the fall of the one, and of the duration of the other? That is what we hope to explain, and what we think has been but too little considered on this side of the Channel.

"A man does not die of this or that malady," one of the cleverest physicians in Europe is in the habit of affirming; "he dies of his own weakness and inability to resist disease." And so with governments. None are perfect—none are without their detractors, their opponents, their violent haters even; but their force lies in their power of resistance; in the greater mass of interests they assimilate with their own; in the stronger energies they develop, and consequently enlist in their own defence; in the wider expansion they afford to whatever is fermenting in the national mind. Closely examined, the whole secret of constitutional government depends on the proper comprehension of the words *balances and checks*, on the sincere co-operation of all parties to turn this word into a reality. Over and over, England has been rescued by the deep and practical consciousness our political men and political parties have of this truth; but once only in France are its workings to be traced, and one man alone seems to have been aware of its importance. That man was Louis XVIII.

The great mistake we are habitually guilty of is that of judging other countries from our own point of view; of raising for their conduct in our own minds a standard of what we think right, and imputing to them our own likes and dislikes. We are apt to regard France, for instance, with Protestant eyes, and take into no account the natural influence of religion,—France being, whether we like it or not, Catholic, and *not* being, as we falsely suppose, by any means generally irreligious. We also do not sufficiently examine the essence and action of royalism in France, because we know of no equivalent for it among ourselves. These two points, nevertheless, should be borne in mind (not exaggerated, but received for what they are worth) by whoever would attain to a real understanding of the past, the present, or the future state of France.

As opposed to any accidental form of government—whether republic, military despotism, or empire,—the two different monarchies of the elder Bourbons and of the Orleans

branch make but one continued effort of constitutional royalty, from 1815 to 1830; but, considered in themselves and in detail as relative to the minute workings of the constitutional principle, there is not a wider space between Charles X. and his ambitious cousin, Louis Philippe, than between the former and his brother, Louis XVIII. Louis Philippe penetrated as little into the philosophy of constitutional government as did Charles X., and was even less ready to submit to its restrictions. He did not comprehend the sacrifices which the constitutional principle requires; and, instead of the immaculate good faith that is indispensable in a constitutional king, he was constantly attempting to outwit some one, or obtain something by cunning and curious means. "Ha! ha! M.—," exclaimed he one evening (laughing heartily at the joke) to one of his ministers, "I sent you a surprise to-day to the Chamber of Peers—you did not suspect your bill would be thrown out there!" It should be remarked that the bill in question was one on which the ministry had no foreknowledge of the king's opposition, and the latter, to avoid discussion, had simply thought it safer to make sure of a hostile majority ready to act at the last moment in the chamber of peers. That the necessity of real balances and checks, and not purely nominal ones, did not strike Louis Philippe, is proved by the disregard he evinced towards the upper House as a political agent. "M. Villemain," said he one day to the author of the *Souvenirs Contemporains*, "you are in the opposition?" "No, sire," was the reply; "but I discuss according to my conscience" (*je discute*). "If I had known, M. Villemain," continued the king, "I would not have made you a peer of France." At this the astonishment of one of the sincerest advocates of representative government in France was so unbounded that he could not avoid showing it. "In heaven's name, sire," retorted M. Villemain, "what, then, does your majesty imagine the chamber of peers to be?" "A court of justice," was the answer, "a supreme tribunal."

Louis XVIII., unlike his two successors, "had learnt" something in exile, and "had forgotten" much. During his residence in England he had really studied and understood the working of constitutional government, and when he mounted the throne, he gave France in all sincerity representative institutions, nor in any one single instance did he ever play false either to his ministers or the country. He had the one prime virtue that renders a man worthy to rule others: that of

putting aside his own private sympathies and antipathies, and retaining only those which belonged to his situation. He had, indeed, no great love of liberalism, yet really liberal institutions were the ornament of his reign, and a spirit of large and genuine liberalism pervaded all his acts. He had no extraordinary taste for the arts or enthusiasm for literature (his literary pursuits were bounded by his love for certain Latin authors), yet never did literature or modern French art arrive at a higher pitch of development than during his reign. He had no worship for honesty and uprightness because of their beauty and their truth, nor had he, more than Louis Philippe, any esteem or respect for human nature; but his sound, sharp intellect had simply impressed him with the *policy* of honesty, and he had (in that the exact reverse of the Duke of Orleans) gained the conviction that it is safer to expand and elevate the national spirit of a country you are called upon to govern, than to debase it. His constant aim was to develop to the utmost the internal energies of the nation, so directing them that the free and natural expansion of each made it a counterpoise to the possible encroachments of the others. The proof of this (if proof were needed) would lie in the fact that Louis XVIII.'s only enemies were the ultra-royalist and retrograde party, to whom he made the fewest imaginable concessions, but whom he tried to keep in good humor by satisfactions of vanity. *MONSIEUR*, Comte de Provence, Louis XVIII., was a *born king*, in the best and highest sense of the word, and one whose firm belief in the inseparability of the country's real interests from the real interests of the crown, would have spared France all her future troubles could it have descended with equal force to his successor. The precise contrary of the judgment passed by Tacitus upon Galba may be applied to this prince, for it was the possession of sovereign power which showed him so capable of wielding it.

We have permitted ourselves this digression in order to show the reader that perhaps once, and once only, since her terrible revolution of 1789, was France in the full possession of a truly constitutional government, and that she deeply appreciated its benefits. During the first ten years of the restoration, France was strong in herself, and any attack *then* would have found her capable of resistance. She has never been so since, and she has yielded in turn to every violence and every oppression. M. Villemain, whose interesting picture of France in 1825, has led

us into the foregoing remarks, is assuredly an impartial witness. History will probably always place his name foremost among the "men of July;" yet his testimony comes entirely to the support of what we have advanced, and what we believe no man of intelligence or really liberal judgment will be now found in France to deny.

M. Villemain's political career began with the Revolution of 1830. From the moment of the establishment of the Orleans dynasty, the academician, the professor of eloquence, the man of letters, all disappeared, making room for the active politician, the peer of France, the minister, whose parliamentary oratory alone recalled to his hearers the great critic, the inspired lecturer of 1825. Twice the Ministry of Public Instruction saw him at its head, and twice the University of France received him as Grand-Master. His first entrance into office was with Marshal Soult in 1839, his second, with M. Guizot in 1840. He remained Minister upwards of five years, and during that time a rare spirit of enlightened liberality was infused into whatever was connected with educational administration. Perhaps, even M. Villemain's inflexible liberalism (we find no other word to suit that courageous tolerance, that elevated impartiality, which threats and flattery were alike unable to daunt or to deceive) was embarrassing to some of his colleagues, and disagreeable to the king: it was generally thought he owed to their combined dislike the loss of a place his talents and renown so well qualified him to fill. But never did the parity of elevation in character and intellect evince itself more clearly than in the way in which M. Villemain met the offers of compensation made to him shortly after. When, in 1844, M. Villemain left the Ministry of Public Instruction, Marshal Soult proposed to the Chamber to award him a legislative pension of the amount of 15,000 francs. M. Villemain instantly protested publicly against this measure by a formal demand of the withdrawal of the law, and Marshal Soult himself, in consequence, announced the abandonment of the proposition, expressing his deep regret at M. Villemain's determination.

It would be superfluous to dwell on M. Villemain's remarkable talent for depicting character, or the marvellous aptitude with which he animates the figures of the past, and produces living to our sense the men of whom we have heard traditionally, and before whose revived reality we stand suddenly impressed, and inwardly exclaiming, "Yes;

so they must have been." We have said of M. de Narbonne that he was one of the principal subjects of M. Villemain's *Souvenirs*, and we have said this designedly. The real aim of M. Villemain's book (and thereupon depends its value, as well as its novelty) is to paint France as she was during the twenty years that elapsed between 1810 and 1830, to reconstruct the social edifice, and whilst exhibiting the apparent grandeur of its architecture, its marble columns and majestic porticoes, to direct attention to the worm which, all the while, is silently gnawing at the beams and rafters, and whose labor is that of inevitable destruction. In the biography of M. de Narbonne, we see the worm at work at home, whilst, to superficial eyes, the giant strides of the Conqueror abroad were, on the contrary, basing stability of dominion upon perpetual triumph. In the "Recollections of the Sorbonne in 1825," we are shown, in the very midst of the studies best loved, of the liberties most prized—the barely perceptible germ of what is later to expand into revolt. Once only (in the portion of the volume relating to *M. de Féletz et quelques Salons de son Temps*) we have a picture of France in her full summer noon of prosperity, when the clouds of the dawn have gone from the face of her political heaven, and not a breath of wind has yet arisen to herald the storm of the darker hours. Confident in her government and in herself,—healthy, industrious, hopeful and free,—we may there contemplate France as she has never been since, in one brief, happy moment of repose.

To depict the internal agitations of the First Empire, to which despotism affixed such a marble mask of outward calm, no one was better situated than M. Villemain; for no one was so constantly admitted into the privacy of those who were themselves most advanced in the secrets of their master's counsels. The youth already distinguished by M. de Fontanes was soon the inseparable companion of M. de Narbonne, the often involuntary and indirect confidant of the sovereign's perplexities or Titanic schemes. When Bonaparte desires M. de Narbonne to give him some notes upon the Papal question, fully explaining why he so earnestly advocates the immediate restoration to liberty of Pius VII. and the granting of all his claims, it is to M. Villemain that the Emperor's favorite aide-de-camp applies to furnish him with the various sources and documents on which he intends founding his arguments.

When, on the eve of the Russian campaign of 1812, M. de Narbonne is sent for one day suddenly to Saint Cloud to listen to the ever-repeated rhapsodies of the fated Hero, it is M. Villemain who, seated in a corner of the carriage reading Chateaubriand's *Itinéraire*, to while away time, receives the first recoil of the shock felt a moment before by his illustrious friend. After giving the order to drive *grand train* to Paris to the Duc de Bassano's, M. de Narbonne, pressing his hands upon his forehead and apparently recalling to his mind what had just passed, and forming, as it were, a more distinct idea of it to himself, murmurs: "What a man! great heavens! what ideas! what dreams! Where is the keeper of this genius? It is not to be believed! Either Bedlam or the Pantheon!" A few moments after, he turns towards his companion, and with an absent air, takes up the volume on which the latter had been engaged, and reading aloud the title, *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem passant par la Grèce*, "You are happy, young man, to be able to employ yourself thus," he adds, with a sigh, "*Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, forsooth! The road is a long one, if you will; but we have something else before us than that—another way to study, *ma foi!*—another sort of armed pilgrimage to undertake, in order to reach Moscow and the Cross of the great Ivan! It is not a question this time of burning on the highway the beard of some peaceful old Turk, taking horse-exercise for his pleasure; nor of shouting out, in the ruins of Sparta, three times, 'Leonidas!' who is naturally enough deaf to the appeal."

When repeating these words of M. de Narbonne, M. Villemain closes the page by saying: "The man I knew habitually so calm, of such a serene elevation of soul, seemed now, in thought, in tone, in the very movement of his lips, to be a prey to an irritation I had never observed in him before; there was a mixture of sadness and irony, a bitterness that, in him, bewildered me. I remained silent respectfully, before this patriotic grief, and half inclined to blush for the literary ecstasy into which I had allowed myself to fall a moment ago. I fancied I had suddenly gained an insight into the sad realities of existence, and I felt I had learned more in that short instant than many hours of book-reading could have afforded me."

Before proceeding further with the details of this most tragical period of Bonaparte's life, we will briefly recall the circumstances

which had placed M. de Narbonne in such close juxtaposition to him.

Destined by birth and favor to live in the intimacy of the Court of France, after having been the companion and Chevalier d'Honneur of Mesdames the daughters of Louis XV., Louis de Narbonne, when the Revolution of 1789 had broken out, accepted the post of most responsibility and most danger, that of Minister of War. He so distinguished himself in this capacity, that a year after (1793), when he had been forced to fly France, we find the following record of the opinion conceived of him by Mr. Pitt:—"Ah! M. de Narbonne," said the English Minister to him one day, "what did you not do for your wretched country! it is truly marvellous to see how in a few months you managed to remantle her fortresses, recruit her garrisons, and put in readiness an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men."

For eight or nine years M. de Narbonne remained in exile, principally in Switzerland, where he formed an intimacy with Louis Philippe d'Orleans. It was not till the second year of the Consulate, in 1802, that he returned to France, found himself in the midst of all his English friends, whom the peace of Amiens had attracted thither. His one chief intimate was Mr. Fox, for whom he had such a sincere affection, that after that statesman's death, he used to say he had always meant, in case of any accident occurring to himself, to appoint him to the guardianship of his youngest child. This friendship for Fox was the cause of M. de Narbonne's first active employment by Bonaparte. When, in 1806, the negotiation was set on foot by the cabinets of St. James's and of the Tuileries, in order to make an attempt to restore peace, Lord Lauderdale was commissioned to treat for the English Government, and M. de Narbonne was fixed upon by Napoleon as the person best calculated to meet him. Things advanced slowly, as we already know, and the Dictator, unmindful of the difficulties of the enterprise itself, and of the fresh obstacle opposed to it in the shape produced by Fox's death, conceived a suspicion of M. de Narbonne's sincerity, and ordered Fouché, then Minister of Police, to investigate narrowly the conduct of the plenipotentiary. Fouché's report was favorable in the extreme, and Bonaparte's notions of possible treachery were put to flight; but still the tide of M. de Narbonne's favor had not yet set in, and he remained for three years longer in comparative obscurity and complete inaction. Suddenly, in 1809,

the news was sent to him of his restoration to the rank he had occupied in the army, before the revolution; and with his title of General, he received his appointment as Governor of the town of Raab, and the order to take his immediate departure for Hungary. This was the real opening of his political and diplomatic career. He was sent into the Austrian States, in order to watch the movements of Bohemia and Hungary, and to take advantage of any discontent that should favor a detachment from the Austrian crown, and the creation of independent sovereignties under a French protectorate. The treaty of Vienna, however, for a time, put an end to these combinations, and M. de Narbonne was removed to the Government of Trieste. He had not been long there when the accession to the throne of Bavaria of Maximilian Joseph, put Napoleon in mind of the intimacy between M. de Narbonne and the new sovereign, and he named the former his envoy to the court of Munich. It was then that, in passing through Vienna on his road from Trieste into Bavaria, M. de Narbonne rendered to Napoleon the one service (it was then called so) which changed the whole current of his future life. In an audience to which he was bidden by the Emperor Francis II., M. de Narbonne first received the suggestions made by that monarch of a possible alliance with the Conqueror, and instantly wrote an account of the interview to Napoleon, sending the letter through Fouché, to whom he was under obligations. This letter preceded by six weeks the deliberation in council upon the Emperor's marriage, and was the first cause of the choice made of an Archduchess of Austria. The official demand of Maria Louisa's hand followed speedily, and the niece of Marie Antoinette was seated on the throne of France. Recalling M. de Narbonne from Munich, Bonaparte proposed at once to give him the highest situation in the Empress's household, by naming him Grand Maître; but, for a reason that has never been entirely fathomed, the Imperial bride over-ruled her lord's decision, and maintained in this post the Comte de Beauharnais. The Emperor, apparently annoyed at this *contretemps*, but in fact not sorry to be forced into giving his new favorite a position that brought him into nearer contact with himself, named as one of his aides-de-camp, Count Louis de Narbonne, now arrived at the aged of fifty-five.

From this moment forward, the ex-Chevalier d'Honneur of Mesdames de France was the perpetual companion or agent of Bonaparte, sometimes, luckily, his adviser, always

his confidant and most faithful friend. He it was who first received the vague communications of a plan so monstrously fantastic, that he held it for the mere nightmare of conquest. But as his imperial interlocutor recurred over and over to the same plan, and each time with more and more earnestness, he was at last forced into the sad conviction of the impossibility of warding off the greatest danger that had ever threatened France. No arguments were of any avail, no appeals would move the iron heart attracted, compelled by the magnet of its fate, and the invasion of the vast empire of the North was irrevocably decreed.

The more we study Bonaparte, as he appears to us in his conversations with M. de Narbonne, the more we are unavoidably—irresistibly—struck by the constant and undeniable evidences of morbid excitement, almost amounting to an aberration of intellect. It was not so much to follow up any fixed system of policy, as to arrive at the realization of a kind of dream, that Napoleon invaded Russia. Listen to all his rhapsodies about Alexander, to his theories upon the Tartaric race, to his wild Utopia of the future. "Will you never be convinced, Narbonne?" we hear him say one day; "you who are so well versed in history! Do you not see that I am doing what Marius did, eighteen hundred years ago, when, with his veterans, scorched by the African sun, he twice crushed the armies of the North in the neighborhood of Aix, and put off for three centuries the invasion of the Goths? The extermination of the Kymbri is the first necessity of empire, and in that same blood has imperialism always found fresh strength successively under Trajan, and Aurelian, and Theodosius!" (Vol. i. p. 161.). "The only difficulty of this expedition is a moral one," he used to repeat: "We must, whilst profiting by the energy of the revolutionary spirit, not set loose its passions; we must raise Poland, but not emancipate it, and assure the independence of western Europe, without exciting any republican fermentation—there is the whole problem." And then he would delight in turning round somewhat sharply on M. de Narbonne, and adding—"You were bitten by all those fine ideas once—don't forget it! You believed in the Constitution of 1791. . . . I don't blame you for it, the wisest may be mistaken; but you were all of you attempting an impossibility, and you brought about that earthquake in which was engulfed my poor uncle, Louis XVI.!"

This, be it remarked, was one of Napo-

leon's favorite absurdities to allude, after his marriage with the Archduchess of Austria, to the unfortunate Louis XVI. by the title of "*mon oncle*." But let us follow him a little further, in the course of arguments furnished by his unlimited ambition:—"I like the Poles well enough," he would observe; "but I have well thought that over: I will have a camp in Poland, not a *forum*. We can have a little bit of a Diet all the same (*un bout de Diète*), just to help the levies of men we shall require, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, but nothing more. I shall make war upon Alexander courteously, with two thousand *bouches à feu*, and five hundred thousand soldiers, but without any insurrection. . . . I shall take Moscow, and throw the Czar into Asia; but I shall not suffer a *club*, whether in Warsaw or Cracow—no matter where. . . . No! my dear Narbonne, I will only employ Poland as a disciplined force, wherefrom to recruit my battle-fields."

Against these notions, as inflexible as they were extravagant, no representations of M. de Narbonne were of any avail. He merely found himself accused of not comprehending the vastness of the Emperor's designs, and what in fact was due to his extreme penetration, was set down precisely to the reverse.

"I cannot understand you, Narbonne," was the perpetually recurring phrase. "You—generally so confident, and of courage so gay! . . . I know the Czar. I had influence over him once; and that sort of thing is never quite destroyed. His imagination must be powerfully struck—he will come round to me—perhaps even he may draw back before my armaments, and the European review I shall pass at Dresden, previous to sending my *ultimatum* to him by you. If not—let destiny have its way, and Russia be crushed by my hatred of England! . . . I am not afraid of the interminable deserts you talk of, and at the end of which are conquest and peace." "And then," adds the chronicler, "his eye would suddenly assume a glare that made his listener's blood run cold;" and M. de Narbonne has left the record of the following tirade, peculiarly interesting to the English reader.

"'After all, *mon cher*,' (and his aide-de-camp observes, "he spoke with the tone of a man under the influence of a dream,") 'this long, long road is the road to India. Alexander started from a greater distance than Moscow, to reach the Ganges. I have often thought of it, ever since St. Jean d'Acre. If I had not been forced

into abandoning that siege, I should have conquered half Asia, then, and taken Europe from the other side, in order to seize the thrones of France and Italy on my return home. Now, it is from the extremity of Europe that I must start, so as to come down from Asia, and get at England. . . . I have the map and the exact state of the populations to be encountered, in order to go from Teflis and Erivan to the English possessions in India. It is a less terrible campaign than that which we shall commence three months hence. Moscow is 3,000 kilomètres from Paris, and there will no doubt be some few battles on the road. But, however, we will suppose Moscow taken, Russia cast down, the Czar either reconciled to me or killed by some domestic conspiracy, and pray tell me, then, if for a grand army of Frenchmen, starting from Teflis, there be not an opening up to the Ganges, whose banks it will be sufficient to touch with a French sword, in order to throw down throughout India the entire edifice of the English mercantile grandeur? It will be the expedition of the nineteenth century—gigantic, I avow, but of quite possible execution. . . . You see, now, that everything commands me to go to Moscow, . . . and you will allow, I hope, that all is pretty wisely combined. All is provided for, barring always the hand of Providence, which, I conceive, will not fail us.'"

M. de Narbonne's sometimes unbroken silence amid the stunning clash of these formidable ideas, served as little as his more direct opposition to arrest Bonaparte in the prosecution of his schemes.

"'Do not allow yourself to be deceived,' he would continue, 'I am a true Roman emperor; I am of the best race of Cæsars—those who are founders. Chateaubriand, in I forget what number of the *Mercur*, has tacitly compared me to Tiberius. A good notion, indeed! Trajan, Diocletian, Aurelian, if you will; one of those men, born of themselves, and who overturned the world. Why, now, how is it that you who are so familiar with these things, how is it that you are not struck with the likeness of my government to that of Diocletian? See the close-woven web I continue to extend so far: then, too, the eye of the master, from which none can escape, and the civil authority that I have maintained omnipotent in the midst of a purely warlike empire. As to Trajan, I fancy it is no *flatterie d'opéra* to compare me to him!'"

It was from such conversations as these that M. de Narbonne, terrified, confused, doubting almost of his own reason, used to return with that "air of sadness and irony," and that "bitterness of tone," which so surprised and impressed his youthful listener. Perhaps the most curious effect produced by this part of M. Villemain's book, is the way in which it brings home to the reader the state

of feeling in France during the last four or five years of the Empire. It is to be remarked that France, under Napoleon, is rarely *at home*, if we may so express it. The great events of her national life occur in other countries; her history is to be followed abroad, and it is in Berlin, in Vienna, in Naples, or Madrid, that the narrators of this period track what they believe to be the genius of France. But there is another reality which has remained comparatively undescribed till now; another history which has had no historian yet:—the history of the populations that were left behind when the conqueror's legions went forth to their brilliant or bloody fate; of the women who wept, of the men who chafed, and of that France which was *not* the France of Austerlitz and Wagram, and which, worried and worn, grew to hate even her glory, and ended by casting off, with impatient disgust, the man whose greatness she had sacrificed herself to form. The gradual progress of this feeling of revolt, silent but stronger with each day, is admirably depicted by M. Villemain; and we see, touch, examine, as palpable realities, on the one hand, the change of public opinion from dull submission to ill-suppressed horror; and, on the other, the fearful darkness which, varied only by visions more fearful still, seems daily to have spread wider over the mind of the despot himself.

Not only M. de Narbonne, but all who surround, advise or implore him to abandon the Russian expedition. Caulaincourt, Daru, Lobau, Duroc,—all represent the strong improbability of success; and, were even success obtained, the frightful price at which it must necessarily be bought. "Sire," observes one day M. de Narbonne to Bonaparte, "we shall, of course, follow wherever your majesty chooses to lead; we shall go on, without a backward look. As to me, since 1792, I am prepared for no matter what; but I venture to conjure you, *in the name of those who remain silent*, not to peril the luck, the marvellous luck of France, by dragging it to the unexplored extremities of the North."

There is something appalling in the headlong way in which, both immediately before, and during the commencement of the campaign, Napoleon rushes on the destiny which lies in wait for him. Nowhere do we find more evident traces of this fatal obstinacy than in a journal kept by Duroc during the campaign, apparently for his own personal satisfaction; for he allowed it, while he lived, to be seen by none. In 1813, after the death

of the Grand-Maréchal du Palais, it came into the hands of one of his most intimate friends, by whom it was communicated to M. de Villemain. We read such passages as the following:—

"The Emperor will find no possibility for concluding a peace at Smolensk, nor at Moscow, any more than at Vitepsk; he will only be farther from France,—that is all. Peace will fly us, as armed resistance has vanished; no battle will be offered us, till the enemy sees that we are still more exhausted by fatigue, and that a good part of our cavalry is dismounted. If the Russians are beaten, they will rally a little further on; for we cannot pursue them; they will easily recruit themselves; for they are at home, whilst we——"

Some of these notes are barely legible, and indicate the hurry and excitement of a writer ill at ease, whilst with a few, sometimes unconnected, words, they paint the perturbation of the chief actor in the drama. For instance—

"4th August, 2 o'clock in the morning.—He took a bath; great agitation. We must get on—make up for lost time! We can't stay eternally in this wretched palace of the Duke of Wittenberg."

"5th August, 1 o'clock in the morning.—He dictated a report on the movements of the different corps of the army. The trial has been in vain! Burnt grains of green rye will not stop the epidemic! Dombrowski cannot take the fortress with 1,200 horse; where would be the use of taking Riga? The only possible thing now would be a stupendous victory; a taking of Moscow that should astound the world."

"The Emperor has slept two hours; he showed me the light of dawn at the horizon. 'We have still,' said he, 'fine weather for nearly three months. I wanted less for Austerlitz and Tilsit.'"

"7th August.—The Emperor has been very unwell again; he has taken opium. 'Duroc,' said he, 'we must go on or die. An Emperor dies standing, and in that case he, in fact, does *not* die. You fear the Prussians between Moscow and France. Remember Jena, and trust rather to their fear than to their hate. But for that we must get on, we must be doing.' The emperor is again unwell. This fever of suspense must end."

Suspense, indeed, most horrible, and which, after partial encounters, so strange that they seem like phantom fights, is to end in the catastrophe of Moscow!

Few things are more gloomy than an account left by M. de Narbonne of an evening spent in the smoking, smouldering city. In a vast saloon of the Kremlin, warmed by a colossal stove, and lighted up as for a *fête*, was Napoleon, surrounded by some of the chief dignitaries of his court. He walked rapidly

up and down the room, trying to provoke a conversation in which every one should join, but which, in fact, was transformed by the timidity or sad preoccupations of those around into perpetual soliloquy. The Emperor's talk was of the splendor requisite for a great empire, of the importance of Art, of the Drama in particular, and of the decree he had that day (15th October) signed for the organization of the Theatre Français.

"I ought to have consulted you, my dear Narbonne," exclaimed he, all at once, and as though resolved to draw some one into answering him: "you are, if I am not mistaken, a lover of the stage. By the by, though, I think you like comedy best; the manners of the *grand monde* Célimène, Mdlle. Contat; is it not so? For me, I prefer tragedy to all—tragedy elevated and sublime, such as Corneille wrote. . . . I wonder what possesses the poets of my reign? Chenier put me out of patience with his *Cambyses*. Why don't they represent Charlemagne, St. Louis, Philippe Auguste? I have no objection either to foreign subjects. Why don't they, for instance, take Peter the Great, that man of granite, who founded civilization in Russia and the Russian influence in Europe, and who, a century after his death, forces me to this terrible expedition." (Vol. i. p. 220.)

It is curious to mark how, at this return to the interest of the hour,—to which he is, as it were, fatally brought, in spite of all his attempts to escape,—the silence around the Imperial speaker is broken, and the nearest approach possible to discussion is attempted for the fiftieth time.

But whilst these scenes were passing in the midst of the Russian snows, what was the feeling at home, and how was France preparing to meet the Sovereign who returned to her unconquered, but not victorious, and who brought back only the miserable remains of what had been the grandest army of modern times? M. Villemain will tell us, for here he speaks from his own personal recollection: "For about a month past every one knew of the disaster, not in what concerned the horror of its details, but the immensity of the catastrophe. It was known too by that twenty-ninth Bulletin, issued in the *Moniteur*, of the 20th December, 1812, two days before the Emperor's return, and which was the funeral note heralding his approach. People had there read, and were, in consternation, forever recalling to memory, the account of the army's last losses; and these tardy avowals, frightful though not yet complete, appearing like the reaction of Truth, after a long period of silence and false-

hood, had struck men's minds with the stupor of alarm."

For the first time, perhaps, a sentiment of bitter indignation was openly allied to public affliction and private wail,—to the gloom of uncertainty and the perpetual news of death bringing desolation to countless families. Undisguised blame ventured to burst forth at sight of the unlucky words which concluded the bulletin and seemed to tender a sort of compensation for its lamentable contents,—"*The health of the Emperor was never better.*"

Such things require no comment, and the less attempt is made to describe their effect, the more exactly the imagination pictures them to itself.

M. Villemain's biography of M. de Narbonne is an impressive record of Bonaparte's disasters from the moment that fortune began to desert him in the Russian campaign. Scarcely had the Emperor returned to Paris from the first retreat to which his armies had been compelled, than the news brought him by M. de Narbonne from Germany, whither he had been despatched to "study the feelings of princes and people," revealed to him prospects the most threatening: the first month of the ominous year 1813 witnessed the demand of *three hundred and fifty thousand* fresh conscripts, and the vote of the Senate which, ratifying this enormous levy, offered these sons of France as "soldiers of peace." At the same time Napoleon was plunged into the less apparently dangerous, but in fact quite as embarrassing, question of the discussions with Rome. Here, again, all those best formed to advise were strenuously opposed to him. M. de Narbonne did not stand alone: M. de Fontanes, consulted by young Villemain, as to what documents he should employ for the Report he was charged to make, goes even further than the aide-de-camp, and declares Napoleon lost, if he does not immediately restore Pius VII. to the Papal See, and that without conditions, without a French garrison, and above all without any alteration of the Concordat of 1802.

All the best friends of Bonaparte, whatever might be their own religious convictions, recognized in his conduct to Pius VII. the same political fault, and were of M. de Narbonne's opinion, that one of his greatest errors was to fancy that in France there existed anything beyond a superficial trace of the doctrines of Voltaire. "Shall we gain our cause?" exclaimed M. de Narbonne on receiving the notes his *protégé* had prepared for him. "I hope it, and that passionately, for

the Emperor's own sake, and on account of the coming campaign. He already doubts,—that is something gained. I trust much to his strong sense, but will he have the time?"

That, indeed, was now the question. All Germany was up in arms against Napoleon, and Austria, so recently allied to him, was but neutral at best. Leaving St. Cloud on the 15th of April, 1813, he was, the 2d of May, on that field of Lutzen which had witnessed the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and where Victory was to give one of her farewell smiles to Bonaparte. Lutzen was followed by Bautzen, and still no discouragement was felt by the German troops. An armistice was concluded, and the French army took up its position at Dresden, in expectation of the opening of the Congress of Prague. Whilst matters are progressing thus in Germany, one of the severest blows that could be aimed at his overgrown power was struck by England in the Peninsula. Joseph had fled from Madrid, and France had lost the battle of Vittoria. On all sides are the preparations for attack, and the once invincible soldier begins to question the constancy of success.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of the Congress of Prague, where, on the 12th July, the Emperor had appointed MM. de Narbonne and de Caulaincourt as his plenipotentiaries. Peace was impossible now, even had the German powers desired it sincerely; for the nations had risen in a body against Napoleon, and his fall was all they would listen to from their chiefs.

By the middle of August all was over, and diplomacy had shown its utter inutility. The battle of Dresden is styled by French historians a victory, but it paves the way for Leipsic six weeks later. Upon this subject of the battle of Leipsic, however, M. Villemain has an anecdote too curious for us to deprive our readers of it. At the close of the first day's struggle (16th of October) the French troops had had a partial advantage, and had made many prisoners; amongst others an Austrian general, Mersfeldt, the negotiator of the Treaty of Campo Formio. Him, Napoleon bids to his presence, and at once charges to bear to the Emperor of Austria proposals of peace. One witness was present at this interview, whose name M. Villemain conceals, but whose testimony enables us to assist at one of the most striking spectacles of fallen greatness that we know of. "It is every one's interest to negotiate now," observed the Emperor, "for who can tell what to-morrow may bring? Our political

alliance is ended, but between your master and me another, an indissoluble alliance subsists; this alliance I invoke; for I cannot choose but rely upon the feelings of my *father-in-law*! It is to him that I turn at this moment, and that I appeal from all the present state of things. Go to him, and repeat all I said to Bubna." And then follows a list of Utopian plans, with assurances of love of peace, ending with a humiliating attempt at propitiation, the more sad that it affects a playful form: "I must complain," said Napoleon, gaily, "that Austria so insists on altogether muzzling the lion, and will not be content unless she has cut off his mane, and filed away his claws." Compare this humility with the mystical rhodomontades that were to explain the absolute necessity of the Russian campaign! And then came the details of all the sacrifices he offered to make: he would give up all idea of Poland, and restore Illyria; he was ready to abdicate the protectorate of the Rhenish Confederation, and make his troops retire from Spain and Holland, and the Hanse Towns, leaving all these states to their own laws, customs, and independence. He proposed detaching from his empire the kingdom of Italy, and if an armistice were granted, he offered immediately to evacuate Germany and retreat beyond the Rhine. There was little you could name that he was not prepared to do; few proofs of self-abasement that he would hesitate to give! Yet all in vain. The portion of this anecdote which perhaps strikes us most—for we have already learnt from Chateaubriand and others to what depths of discouragement misfortune could lead Napoleon—is the account given of the bearing of the Austrian officer, whilst listening to the pleadings of his imperial host. By no single word did he interrupt him; by no gesture confirm or deny; but silent and impassible, from first to last, he hailed the conclusion of Napoleon's instructions with a mute bow, and retired, leaving on the mind of the one witness present the fixed impression that the interpretation of his silence meant — "*Too late!*"

And so it was, as we all know; and, two days after (18th October), the defeat of Leipsic "rung," as has been so often said in France, "the funeral knell of the Empire."

M. Villemain's chapters on M. de Narbonne are full of interesting details, on which, did our space allow, we should be inclined to dwell at greater length; relating, as they do, to matter of a different order to that of which we have already treated. Whilst he shows

us Bonaparte excited by the spirit of conquest, so as to overstep the bounds of reason; we find him, where the passion of war is not concerned, just, even moderate, and inclined to judge impartially the defects of his own system of government. "Oh! the idiots!" he exclaims one day, when M. de Narbonne has proved to him the grossness of a mistake made by the writers of a private police report, "*Les imbeciles!*" Decidedly this kind of censorship, no matter how exercised, is good for nothing."

There was in Napoleon's own conduct and ideas a more frequent recognition of the benefits of a constitutional government than has been generally conceived; and, narrowly watched, one might say that he often had recourse to despotism from necessity more than from choice. He had not the contempt for public opinion that constitutes an essential part of genuine absolutism; on the contrary, he was moved by things which, if he had been autocratic in heart and soul, perpetually and *naturally* so, would not have caused him an instant's hesitation or desire. For instance, at the end of the fatal campaign of 1813, on his return to Paris in November, his chief difficulty was occasioned by the wish to obtain, not only men, but money, from the phantom of a parliament represented by the senate and corps législatif, without exciting in either too great a degree of animadversion. He was not, and could not be, in any fear of not obtaining either the money or the men; but he wanted them to be granted with a good will that he felt was forever gone; and he shrank, as a genuine despot does *not* do, from "that first legal expression of a nation's blame, which," as M. Villemain remarks, "however timid, however circumspect even, is yet so powerful against a government no longer certain of its luck."

Not the least curious characteristic of Bonaparte is this craving after popularity, contrasted with the want of it, to which, by his position, he is inevitably condemned. We have heard and known of governments in whom not only the system, but the instinct was despotic; but such governments love silence more than praise, and consider themselves less ably served by being spoken well of than by not being spoken of at all. Bonaparte was the reverse, and silence to him was death. "You do not yet understand the Emperor," observed, on one occasion, M. de Narbonne to M. Villemain; "all powerful and victorious as he is, the greatest anxiety he feels is on account of those who talk, and, after them, of those who think. It is not that he

dislikes them, though, perhaps, he does not exactly like them, *but he cannot do without them.* He wants to be renowned as the inspirer of science and art, and he is immensely impatient at the small alacrity evinced by great geniuses at coming forth when he calls upon them. . . . He counts much upon the *Ecole Normale*, and insists on the study of antiquity and of the age of Louis XIV., as well as on mathematics and, later, on transcendental geometry, which is, he says, the Abstract Sublime, as poetry and eloquence are the Palpable Sublime; but" (here is the eternal corrective) "he intends that all this should be in perfect accordance with the concentrated authority of the Empire, and, as he expresses it, 'that intellect elevated by his reign, should for ever turn round in his orbit.'"

Philosophically speaking, this, the least studied portion of the modern Alexander's nature, would probably be the one richest in curious information to whomsoever should undertake to explore it attentively; and we may advise our readers to consult on this point both M. Villemain's volumes of *Souvenirs*, if they would acquire a more exact notion of the moral organization of the extraordinary man who, according to what we believe to be the perfectly accurate judgment of this writer, was "above all anxious for the suffrages of the enlightened few, and desirous of conquering admiration as he conquered the throne."

The same character of historical penetration,—the power of decyphering, if we may so term it, the genius of Napoleon, and the talent of describing it when decyphered,—which renders M. Villemain's first volume of *Souvenirs* so interesting,—is still more remarkable in the second one, recently published. We are not surprised that in the two days following its appearance, 3000 copies of this extraordinary book should have been sold, nor do we the least marvel at the effect it made and still continues to make. It burst like a sort of intellectual thunderclap in the midst of the dull somnolence of the Press, if not of public opinion in Paris, and our witty neighbors woke up, rubbed their eyes and looked about them, astounded at a production recalling the best days of that quick vivacious spirit, as weighty as it is brilliant, as full of good sense as of irony, for which they were once so renowned. This second volume of the *Souvenirs Contemporains*, which contains the history of one single event alone,—the Revolution of the Hundred Days,—puts us in mind of the vogue of cer-

tain political pamphlets of Chateaubriand during the troubled times of the Restoration. There is the same fire, with equal bitterness and more genuine *esprit*. It must be observed, however, that this new book of M. Villemain's is not, properly speaking, of a polemical cast. It may even be termed an historical work, somewhat desultory in form, but upon the whole more curious, and more highly finished than anything that has yet fallen from his pen. The recollections of his youth still serve to color or to convey the opinions of his maturer years.

The writer pursues his view of the character of Napoleon in an ingenious interpretation of the events of the Hundred Days. We have been assured that M. Thiers, who has now almost reached the term of his great work, had all along declared that he would conduct it no farther than the abdication of Fontainebleau, and that on no account would he consent to depict the period of the Hundred Days,—“a period,” he is said to affirm, “out of all keeping with the rest, a chaos whence there is no escape, and where his hero is not to be found.” M. Villemain has, to a certain extent, supplied this deficiency; and his description of the debates that lead to the second abdication of Napoleon are curious and graphic.

He witnessed what he describes, and he combines the advantage of having seen the sights, heard the words, felt the impressions of the moment with singular liveliness, with that of being able, after a long lapse of time, to reproduce them with a wonderful mixture of deep reflection, sharp irony, or sadness rising into the highest eloquence of expression. Everything serves him in turn in this most interesting recital; and the variety of the forms in which he presents it, all and each, help to exhibit the fascination exercised by popularity upon the strange nature of Napoleon. We now see to what a pitch this went, and how Napoleon, who was not a sovereign by birth, who had not risen to empire through any pretended right of race, was, instead of disdainful, solicitous of popular favor, and of what sudden and singular transformations he was capable, when the hope, however vain, of re-seizing it was held out to him. At the same time, the historian, inexorable on this point, and all untouched by the imperial advances and concessions, shows us, from the very first pages of his book,—shows us by proofs as incontrovertible as they are new,—the irreconcilable divorce of Napoleon from France forty years ago; from France, rich, elegant, cultivated,

learned, and constitutional, nay, even from military France, inasmuch as springing from the traditions of 1789; from the France that had applauded the Consulate, admired and served the Empire, but in serving it had felt the yoke, and gradually grown to hate its pressure. We see, as it were, in the very opening scene, the apparition of the past rising up to accuse Bonaparte, and foretelling his second and irreparable fall at the identical hour when he has achieved an ephemeral success. To appreciate this fully, one must read in the original text the scene where as witnesses and soothsayers of evil we remark upon the crowded stage Lafayette and Madame de Staël, the poet Lemercier, the astronomer Arago, and the learned and honest Ramond, a determined *Constitutionnel*, whose indignation against absolutism is really admirable. This is at once the prologue, and the moral, of the book—its fatality. It is impossible, and you feel it to be so, that a conquest so dreaded, so resisted, so accursed by whatever, in a whole country, represents intelligence, science, or social dignity, can be other than condemned in its vital principle. The first scene of the book renders its termination unavoidable.

Nevertheless, through the whole, there is, as in all well-constructed dramas (and we take those of history to be among the finest models) there is, we say, that portion of contradictory effort, and that succession of varying chances which hold the reader in suspense, and prolong his interest in the piece. But in spite of this moral resistance, of this general protestation so accurately marked out in what we have designated as the prologue, the drama proceeds apace. Bonaparte is at the Tuileries, and France objected anew. We have no recollection that anywhere this rapid change has been so vividly brought before us, or so accounted for, as by M. Villemain. He is too much of a Frenchman, not to have had more than one opportunity of studying this fearful mobility of opinion in his countrymen, and this contagion of success which in fact decides the fate of everything in France. He has probably, since the *Cent Jours*, witnessed more than one repetition of a most strange scene related by him under that date; but he has done rightly to describe it again; for it is in truth the supreme model, the type *par excellence* of that inconceivable versatility, of those individual apostasies, overlooked or forgotten in certain privileged cases, and of those aggregate apostasies, the fruits of weakness and imitation, whereof our ingenious neighbors have afforded us so many

examples. France is, as we all know, and as she herself has boasted, the country where originality of character or eccentricity of conduct is the least tolerated; to do what others do, *faire comme tout le monde*, is the real law of the land, as Jean Jacques so truly said one hundred years ago; and hence we may date, at particular epochs, particular political epidemics—a fever of liberty, or a lethargy of servitude. Freedom has been too free, has run wild; the next move is to lie prostrate beneath the censor's rod. Reform banquets were the order of the day, and not a voice but shouted patriotic songs—quick! the change comes; and it is thought imprudent to speak aloud at the table of a friend!

In no moment in the history of France had this mobility of temperament such occasions for display as on the morrow of the 20th of March, 1815, and on no field as on that of the Hundred Days has French versatility and political *légereté* ever developed itself to such an extent. The capacity of servitude—we had well-nigh said of degradation—attained to almost fabulous dimensions, and yet was, in a few weeks almost, to change its object once again! Our historian gives us various specimens of this contagious disease; but nothing surpasses the example afforded by Benjamin Constant. We cannot decide whether this eminent political writer, for years member of the Chamber of Deputies of France, and certainly of French extraction, really deserved that his origin should be denied as it was in 1825, and his rights, as a citizen of the realm, taken from him; but in 1815 he assuredly furnished the requisite proofs of indigenous versatility, and of the inconsistency peculiar to the sons of Gaul. The whole anecdote is exquisitely told by M. Villemain, who had already, in the opening pages of his book, brought forward as his actors Benjamin Constant between Lafayette and Sismondi.

On the 19th of March Benjamin Constant had printed in the "Journal des Débats," and addressed to the whole world, an article in which he denounced with excessive, though not unjust, violence, the first half of the reign of Napoleon—his wars, his internal despotism, his false promises in the *Manifestos* of his invasion and his incurable tyranny. In that article, swearing against Bonaparte resistance unto death, he beforehand heaped contempt upon whosoever should prove weak in opposition, or should submit to so odious a yoke. "At all events," he exclaimed, "such will not be my conduct; I shall not go, a vile transfuge, dragging myself from one Power

to the other, and stammering out words perpetually profaned to ransom a despicable life!"

Five days afterwards, nevertheless, Benjamin Constant had had an audience with the Emperor at the Tuileries, had been won over by his fine speeches, his philosophic indifference to abuse, his apparently constitutional intentions, and had accepted from "Attila" (it was he who called him thus) the well-paid functions of a Counsellor of State, and shortly after, the charge of co-operation in the framing of a new Constitution, and in the inauguration of the Representative Government brought back by the Emperor from the island of Elba.

We cannot resist the temptation to translate the page in which M. Villemain brings before our eyes, at a private party, the new Counsellor of State of the Imperial Government, announcing to those around him that he is busy upon the famous "Additional Act" known under the name of the *Acte Additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire*!

"Often," says M. Villemain, "in the early days of April I had met in M. Suard's *salon* Messrs. Benjamin Constant and Sismondi, the two adversaries of Napoleon's landing from Elba, reconciled to his empire, one Counsellor of State, the other *Maître des Requêtes*, both somewhat embarrassed and ashamed, but keeping each other in countenance, and absolving each other, as best they might, by here and there a declaration of principle, or a few well-placed confidential communications about their own Liberalism. The master of the house lent a refuge to their embarrassment. Firmly independent in his own person, and incorrigible in his antipathy to the Empire, M. Suard had, for the variations of others, the indulgence that is prompted by age, and a long experience of vacillations on all sides. Without anger, without surprise, he received well the two new placemen of the 20th of March, and listened complacently to their talk, as they prated of the useful guarantees they had that morning caused to be adopted by the *Comité de Constitution*, or had insinuated into the Emperor's ear!

"One of them, we have said, was the soul, or rather the principal instrument of the *Comité* for the construction of the *Acte Additionnel*, the other was a writer in the former's train, abetting in the simplicity of his heart an impossible work. Often in the evening conversations at M. Suard's, M. Benjamin Constant would go into ecstasies upon the Emperor's resignation to Constitutionalism, and upon his ready disposition to admit all the scruples of Legality! He did not quite dare vouch for his conversion being one from the heart, but he could account for the change by the profound discussion which had taken place before his Majesty, and by a kind of logical necessity whence so elevated a mind could not escape! 'The Past,' would he say, 'is everybody's fault.

The Senate, the Ministers, the *Corps Législatif*, had quite spoilt us our Emperor. Every day now we are winning him back to the true principles.' And this he would say seriously, then all at once—used as he was to extricate himself from an embarrassment of conscience by a joke, and to banter himself in order to be sure of being beforehand with other people,—he would sometimes add:—'After all, I will not answer for these excellent constitutional symptoms holding against a great victory gained. But what would you have? We must be content with what we can get, and hope the best for what remains. The speculative recognition of principles is always an immense point obtained. One day we carry off the jury, another day ministerial responsibility, another the definitive freedom of the Press and the admission of proof against public functionaries;—this is a vast deal, whilst we are waiting for a general peace.' And then he would get up, and in his Counsellor of State's carriage whirl off to the *Cercle des Etrangers* to finish his evening."

Numerous other incidents, drawn from the life, serve to complete the picture given us by M. Villemain, of the interior of France at this epoch, which he so justly styles "a condensed parody of the Consulate and first Empire." But there are other subjects calling for our attention. Out of doors the scene enlarges, and swells to dimensions which ends by embracing the interests of all Europe and its future destinies. There remained upon this point to detail minutely the labors of the Congress of Vienna, the situation, whether secretly or avowedly hostile, of the several Powers; the preponderance of the ambition of this one; the fears and solitudes of that; the encroachments, either imminent or already begun, as in the case of Saxony and Poland; and, finally, the sudden blow that struck equally at one and all,—the descent of Napoleon into France. On the other hand, leaving the direct examination of the Congress of Vienna itself, the interior of every European State had to be considered, the disposition of its people, and the various impressions received by them on the announcement of the acts and projects planned by the Congress; what new ideas, what hopes had arisen, and what yet endured of the alarm and aversion so long inspired by Napoleon. By the side, too, of the Continent, though separated from it, and placed in opposition to the calculations and anxieties of the Absolutist monarchies, there was England to be studied; there was the echo of her voice to awaken, there were her forces to number, and the stake to be shown that she was again ready to throw upon the field of battle. There was more than this: there was to paint her moral force, the influence of

her opinion, and the weight she brought to bear upon the impending struggle by her Parliament, her free Press, and the action of her political parties.

What was indeed that army of more than a million men, held as it were, in a leash, by the united monarchs of Europe, and armed and equipped, ready to be let loose upon France? Nothing more than a dense mass of hands and bayonets, wanting the animation, the direction of two things,—political impulse and moral purpose. Of these two things, there is no doubt that the public deliberations of our Parliament and the eloquence of our statesmen, were the two prime conductors. This part of M. Villemain's book, however, so fraught with interest for his Continental readers, is naturally not the one likely to attract us most; and the author has fallen into several of those blunders which are too common amongst French writers who talk of our politicians or our institutions.

We cannot pretend to follow M. Villemain in his interesting account of all that took place before the 18th of June,—the marvels of military organization, the revival of the Empire and of the Revolution at once, the compression of Royalism, the explosion of Constitutionalism, the Dictatorial splendors, and the federal spirit of the mass, the inextricable *imbroglio*, the Gordian knot of confusion that the sword alone was to undo,—which all give animation to this narrative. Nor can we trace, as he has done, the effect of the battle of Waterloo on the Legislative bodies sitting in Paris, or mark the course of events until the last remnant of the Empire crumbles into dust.

But from the midst of these ashes does there at least arise some one great form, some pyramid, some sphinx commanding the desert around? We cannot help regretting that, after his fall, Napoleon Bonaparte did not show himself better worthy of his former glory, of himself, for the honor of human nature, and for the sake of the many who were blindly devoted to him. In this respect, we think, too, that M. Villemain scarcely merits the reproach of immoderate anti-Bonapartist partiality brought against him by nearly the whole French press. He may bear a strong grudge towards the destroyer of all liberty; but, according to our judgment, in his work on the Hundred Days, it is not the historian who is wanting to the hero, and who from a prejudice (liberal and honorable assuredly, but a prejudice) underrates the merits of a monarch, whose despotic rule he dislikes; it is the hero, the sovereign him-

self, who fails his destiny, deserts his own ambition, and when fortune recedes, is resigned to his own fall, and accepts Fate with complete inertness. We are annoyed, in spite of ourselves, at seeing him pinioned at the Elysée, at Malmaison, at Rochefort, dreaming of one knows not what, and daring nothing, but patiently awaiting Fortune, instead of defying her, or seeking to outstrip her in the race.

There is no lack of writers who have painted Napoleon Bonaparte, either in the ascendant period of his life, or in the last years of his exile. From Toulon to the hour of his marriage with Marie Louise, the conqueror more or less dazzles every eye, whilst at St. Helena a sterner, loftier greatness compels even his enemies' respect; but, between the

splendor of his triumphs and the grandeur or littleness of his adversity, there exists a kind of intermediate Napoleon, comparatively but little studied—the insane dreamer who twice tempts Fate and fails—the man of Moscow, of Fontainebleau, of the Hundred Days. *This* Napoleon M. Villemain has by own two volumes of *Souvenirs* made his own. He is preëminently the historian of Bonaparte's disasters. In spite of the extraordinary abilities of the founder of the Empire, and of his more extraordinary fortune, in the hour of trial its resources were exhausted, and its end was miserable; for the Imperial institutions were wholly devoid of that principle of freedom which is, in the long run, the chief element of duration, and the best security of power.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALGERIA—ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

UPWARDS of a million of Frenchmen and more than eighty millions sterling have been in little more than twenty years absorbed by Algeria. Yes, *absorbed*; and yet this calculation does not include hundreds of thousands of natives and Europeans, or the sum of misery, devastation and destruction resulting naturally from the progress of war and conquest.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the loss of all this wealth in men and money, Algeria still remains uncolonized; still the cry is for more men, more money, more help from the conquering country.

France has not much to show in return for all the resources and opportunities she has squandered, not recklessly, but so fatuously; all she can say is, that matters are beginning to mend. She recognizes the capabilities of this great dependence of her empire, and hopes to develop them. She can point with some little justifiable pride to the fact that her army in the East has been largely provided with corn and forage from the stores of Algeria; that the Government tobacco monopoly received in the year 1853 some million and a half kilogrammes (between

three and three-and-a-half millions of lbs.) of tobacco, the produce of the colony; that the cultivation of the cotton-plant already proceeds with great activity, and with every advantage afforded by a favorable climate and an aptitude indigenous in the Arab population; that during the last year four millions and a half kilogrammes of wool were exported from Algeria; and that also a number of minor and less known, but most profitable branches of industry and production, are pursued there with an activity and success promising the most advantageous results hereafter.

These are encouraging symptoms; yet they are not enough to account for the disappearance of all those men and of all that money. We live in an age of colonization. One of those mysterious movements which in former ages changed the face of the then civilized world, has in its turn stirred the heart of Europe, only that men now go forth in ships, and not in wandering hosts. Society, pletoric, throws off her surplus. While the far distant lands of America and Australasia attract myriads of emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, and the various

states of Germany, why does not the excess of population in France find a vent on the near shores of Algeria, where the colonist would live under the wing of the mother country, and in the full fruition of all that nursing and bureaucratic "coddling" to which Frenchmen are at home so much accustomed?

The answer is ready, though in terms it be somewhat paradoxical. Algeria has not flourished, because France has done for her at once too much and too little; because her administration has been all system and no system; because the Algerian colonist has not been allowed to act for himself, yet has not found in the Government the promised friend in need.

The whole history, in fact, of French colonization in Algeria has been but a ludicrous commentary on that habit of our good neighbors and allies, to do everything *for* and not *by* the people. The long train of evils resulting from this error began under Louis Philippe, whose government in this respect showed its incompatibility with the true constitutional system, which has its firmest basis in localization and decentralization. Did the reader ever in his wanderings come upon a place called New Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire? We speak of what it was some four or five and twenty years ago, when it produced on the traveller the effect of some ruined city of the desert. There it was "a perfect village, nobly planned," certainly to "warn," but neither to "comfort" nor "command"—a gigantic "folly" of some enterprising theorist, now in all likelihood forgotten. There were houses, shops, streets, a market place, but not a single human being to enliven its solitudes; and many a long and silent year had passed since the bell on its mimic townhall had tolled. The person who built it had committed the error of supposing that trade and commerce are to be *forced*; he built the town and waited for the people, instead of waiting for the people and then building the town.

Somewhat resembling this are the desolate villages of Algeria, constructed according to rule under the auspices of the State. Indeed our speculator in the Fens showed good sense by comparison, for what he did he did completely, and, if the people had come, there was a very neat little town all ready to receive them. Far inferior to this was the French administration of Algeria. It undertook almost everything from the first, and did little or nothing except paralyze individual energy by exciting exaggerated hopes and almost forbidding private enterprise.

Some will be ready to say that with Frenchmen all this is necessary—that you must treat them like children; and apparently the French Government proceeded on this principle; for it undertook and monopolized all the labors which in an English or American colony are demanded of the hard-handed emigrant by the task-master Necessity. It was to do everything; to allot lands, to build villages, to provide instruction in agricultural pursuits, and the implements necessary for the cultivation of the soil; everything was mapped out beforehand, red-taped and pigeon-holed in the storehouses of the bureaucrats of Paris. A vast network of government was spread ere there was anything to govern. The country was overrun with officials who ate into the revenues alike of the colony and of the parent state, and by meddling in everything hindered the development they were powerless to assist. All this interference it may be said was necessary to stimulate the sluggish energies and protect the infantile feebleness of French colonists. Perhaps so; but the complaint against the Government was that it did not do what it undertook to do, and yet by its vexatious intermeddling prevented private enterprise from supplying its place.

On the other hand, it is only just to the French Government of that day to say that some of the evils that arose had their origin in the nature of things. It was early discovered that the tide of Arab resistance must be forced very far back in order to keep clear and safe the colonized portions of territory nearer the shore. Hence those military colonies, or *capitaineries*—somewhat resembling the "pale" in the earlier days of our conquest of Ireland—in which the most fatal evils of the system were developed. Here everything was under military rule. The cultivator was in most cases the soldier, liable at any moment to be called to duty, and always under the martinet. Every office of life was performed by beat of drum, and, as a necessary consequence, agricultural development was all but impossible. Under the existing administration, every effort is being made to diminish this evil by reducing the number and extent of districts under military rule; but a permanent discouragement has been produced, and the licentiousness and general indisposition to work, consequent on the system, have left ineffaceable traces, and have rendered the future task of the Government more difficult than ever. The sites chosen for these villages were determined, not by sanitary considerations, but by mere

strategic convenience; they were insalubrious, and became so many hospitals or pest-houses. Fever more than decimated the hapless inhabitants; and these desolated charnel-houses were successively repeopled by hordes of emigrants—peasants from the south of France—who were tempted by promises as fallacious and as fatal as those which once drew our own credulous people to the Mosquito shore. The greater portion of the villages are now uninhabited, as waste as our village of New Bolingbroke, but more melancholy, because peopled by the shades of the fever victims who were decoyed there from their healthy, if not happy, homes in Alsace or in Bearn. An experiment was tried—that of sending out some hundreds of convicts, who were to be employed in the construction of roads, but whose bones now bleach on the arid wastes.

We do not here lay much stress on the lawlessness and tyranny practiced by the conquering troops, because the provocation and oppression of natives under such circumstances are unfortunately a matter of course. But they bear on the question in so far as they re-acted on the French colonists, and impeded the work which the Government called on them to do, with, as it were, their hands fettered by bureaucratic restraints. A terrible list of cruelties might easily be made out. By all accounts, the Arabs are a race capable of probity and honorable dealing; since the French have treated them better, they have developed these qualities. But for many years they were subjected to the most atrocious oppression. Nor was this all. The Arabs are proud and sensitive, with a chivalrous respect for the profession of arms. Yet the French committed the blunder of subjecting them to the magistracy of Moors of the coast, whom they hold in the most supreme contempt. These and numberless other injuries and insults provoked the Arabs to retaliate, and almost necessitated a war of extermination. This is the history of too many colonies. In the case before us, unlike those of America and Australia, the crusade against the aborigines was not an original necessity. The Arabs were already a semi-civilized people, governed by traditions and a code of honor in no way obstructive of European civilization. In fact, since milder and more rational counsels have prevailed, the Arab has been found a docile and faithful friend of the colonist, and much of the nascent prosperity of Algeria is due to the industry and enterprise of these natives. They are an agricultural and pastoral people,

who might almost from the commencement of the conquest have been led to develop the productiveness of the soil. As it was, they were forced into enmity, and thus aided the infatuated intermeddling of the Government in obstructing the progress of colonization.

It is a very generally received opinion that the French are incapable of colonization. Whose is the fault? Is it in the character of the people, or in the Government? Perhaps in both; but this is sure—that in Algeria the latter took the most effectual means to render the former still more impotent than they naturally are. The colonist's hands were tied. The State mapped out everything that he was *not* to do, and itself undertook much that he ought to have done. There were duties, however, too vast for any but public resources; they involved the primary conditions of success for the colonist, and they were undertaken, *but not performed*, by the Government.

The French, in almost every species of undertaking, public or private, "put the cart before the horse." They begin at the wrong end; construct grand theoretical schemes, and neglect the actual. In Algeria they had full scope for the grandiose in conception and execution. If their mission as civilizers was anything more than a profession—and, be it remembered, there was established a special "bureau" for the protection of the rights of the Arabs—they were bound to introduce in Algeria the advantages of European physical science. The field of action, so to speak, had to be surveyed, and the positions marked out. Measures were necessary for the determining and the securing of individual rights; communications were to be opened; arrangements were to be made for the public health, and to prepare the soil for the cultivator. These were all functions properly belonging to the State, because to be efficiently performed they must be exercised on a large scale. Government had an unlimited command of men and money; but of course the Chambers could not give them common sense and humanity. Let us see what they did, or rather what they left undone.

In the best portions of Algeria the climate, unaided by science, is unfavorable to agriculture. The rich soil is of little depth and the substratum is of rock. The heavy falls of rain therefore are not absorbed: they penetrate only the superficial soil, and they form in immense stagnant waters or rest in the spongy earth. The intense heats of the

day do their work in creating miasma, and the result is fever and death for the inhabitant, and a soil unpropitious for the cultivator. For these evils the natural remedy would be an immense system of artificial drainage, to replace the want of rivers, which is one of the great defects of Algeria, as of Australia. Have the Government effected this great work? Of the million of Frenchmen and the eighty millions sterling, how much and how many have been employed in thus rendering to the soil its natural fertility and in protecting the colonist from decimation by disease? None.

The land question has always been a difficult one in new colonies; how much the more so therefore in one like Algeria, which had been peopled for ages and by races capable of comprehending the law of property! It might have been supposed that the authorities would have well studied our own experience in North America and elsewhere, in order to avoid our errors. Oh no: that would have been a course too simple and practical. The exigencies of patronage too had to be met: bureaux must be created; hungry patriots, in Paris, must have places for their *protégés*. The consequence of these influences, and of that spirit of administrative subdivision, which is a mania with our neighbors, was the establishment of various and conflicting authorities, and the total absence of anything like a good "parliamentary title" to land in Algeria. A highly-intelligent writer, who lived many years in the colony, and who has recently contributed a series of commentaries on its affairs to one of the French journals, gives an amusing picture of the tribulations of a colonist in search of a title.

The State claimed the right to the land that had belonged to the displaced government, and it appointed administrators, whom we will call land commissioners. Philanthropy demanded that the rights, if any, of the natives should be respected. But, to use the expression of Mons. de Feuilleide, the French soldiers used to light their pipes with the Turkish registers of title-deeds, so that the fountain of right was dried up. Pretended proprietors sprung up, who sold to colonists land to which they could not substantiate their title, and out of these transactions grew a host of law-suits between the luckless holders and the State, some of which are not even settled now, after more than twenty years of occupation!

After these land commissioners came the "Bureau Arabe," whose special duty it was

to watch over the rights of the natives. Those who have observed the working of administration in France, must have remarked the tenacity with which each department confines itself to the literal performance of its duties. There is no spirit of accommodation: every one sticks to the written law and admits no dispensation. Out of this grew new tribulations for the colonists. Those who escaped the land commissioners fell under the hands of the "Bureau Arabe," nay, not unfrequently they had to sustain a cross-fire from both. After them came the military authorities. With his title assured in spite of his two protectors, the colonist begins to prepare for work, when down comes the military engineer and cuts an imaginary road right through the property, for military purposes. Or if this danger was escaped, there was the civil administration of roads and bridges, which discovered that the land was wanted for those public purposes. To crown all, it often happened that some Arab tribe, defeated before the tribunal, made armed irruptions on the property they claimed as their own, and rendered peaceful occupancy impossible. Meanwhile the poor emigrant had been eating his little capital; but at last he escaped State Commissioners, aboriginal protectors, civil and military engineers, and the "wild justice" of the Arabs, and thought to begin the work for which he had left his native country. Not so; one of the sage regulations required that every colonist should, within a given period, have built and stocked to a certain extent, or that he should show the necessary means. Fleeced by litigation and emaciated by fever, he now found himself ejected by the State, with no alternative but to crawl home in poverty or die in despair. The great probability is that if the Government had let him alone, he would have fought, or coaxed, or compromised his way into independence and productive activity. But France is such a good mother: she swaddles her infants, at home and abroad, with such cruel care!

Another great duty undertaken by the State was the making of roads. Those they made were so badly constructed that, in winter, they were useless, and the sparse inhabitants found themselves isolated in the midst of impassable marshes, and unable to procure food. But, in the greater number of instances, the roads were merely marked out with sign-posts, visited and renewed periodically, with provoking regularity, by the officials, but never in earnest even commenced! Yet the colonist, having been taught to look

to the State for everything, was *ipso facto* precluded from making efforts to open communications on his own behalf. A great parade was made by the organization provided by the Government, for the maintenance of the health of the colonists. Medical stations were established, where advice and medicine could be had, but it is almost in the nature of things that State-paid doctors should confine themselves to a negative discharge of their functions. The strong stimulus of personal interest was wanting. Presently a false economy diminished the State allowance, and consequently the number of doctors; and the result was that the colonists were practically left without defence against their persevering enemy, the marsh fever. The details of their sufferings and of the havoc made among them by death are too terrible for repetition. How otherwise than by the operation of all these causes can we account for the absorption of the "million of Frenchmen"? As Algeria was made a penal colony for the military, the convicted might well have been employed in road-making.

The painful and the ridiculous march side by side in this history of French colonization in Algeria. The reader remembers the battles of the poor colonist about his title to the land, and that if at the end of a given time (two years) he had not built his house and cultivated half his allotment, the State could confiscate it. The majority succumbed, and the confiscator found nothing but a hovel and living skeletons. Others built their house, but with that and their litigation, their too scanty funds (of which the amount had been previously fixed by the State) were insufficient to purchase the oxen, the plough, the farming utensils, or the seed. What were they to do? "Ah!" says M. de Feuilleide, "let us not forget that the State had bowels of compassion! It guaranteed to the colonist who had bought three oxen a fourth; but when this fourth arrived, it had been so long on the way that the three others had had time to die! It furnished the seed for the first sowing; but the grain arrived so late that harvest-time was already past, and the starving colonist took it to the miller to convert it into food! When the emaciated mothers could no longer give nourishment to their infants, the State ordered a milch-cow to be sent; but this cow was so long a-coming, that when she arrived her milk was gone, or worse, the poor infant she was to have fed had died of starvation!" These huts of the colonists were scenes of misery for which

parallels must be sought in the south and west of Ireland. Had the sufferers understood that they were to look to themselves, they could not have cried out; but they were at the outset taken in hand by the State nurse, who undertook the impossible, and then neglected the practicable.

And yet notwithstanding all these melancholy proofs of past errors and their consequences, will it be believed that the Government, by means of its prefects and other authorities, agitated the whole of France to procure fresh emigrants? Horde after horde embarked on the faith of the hopes held out to them, only to meet in the colony the slow death inevitable in an inhospitable and unhealthy country, where nothing had been prepared for their reception; they being in the utter helplessness natural to Frenchmen, from having been treated as children by the State, never permitted to think or to act for themselves. We will not shock the reader with the details of their sufferings, poignant enough for the poor peasant of the South, but inexpressibly keen for the luxurious people of Paris and its environs, who were decoyed in thousands from their life of comparative comfort to leave their bones in the marshes and wastes of the unpeopled portions of the colony, or lose their little fortunes in the hopeless effort to trade in the towns, which were struck with the same atrophy as the country parts.

For, as if to complete the slow tortures of these victims of State promises, by a cruel mockery ruinous fetters were imposed on the commerce of the colony. French products were admitted into Algeria free of duty; but Algerian products going into France were exposed to all the vexations and imposts of the French *douane*! Thus the "starving out" of the colony, begun by administrative meddling and imbecility, was clenched by this iniquitous and one-sided application of the principle of free-trade. The worst features of our early colonial system were thus reproduced by the enlightened State which three-quarters of a century ago aided our oppressed colonies to revolt. Nations no more than individuals inherit experience. Of these criminal follies the Algeria of to-day suffers the fatal consequences. Commerce was practically destroyed; the price of merchandise was enhanced by the want of a return-trade; and what agriculture had escaped the too kind care of the Government was rapidly destroying. Everything languished. Colonial houses of business failed or wound up their affairs, to be succeeded by more branch-

es or agencies kept up by the metropolitan establishments for the supply of specific wants. And worst sign of all, the Jews began to encroach on the regular trade.

The foregoing is an under-charged picture of the fruits of French colonization in Algeria, under the monarchy of July and the Republic. All is summed up in the twofold fault of the State—to have undertaken too much, and not to have performed what it undertook.

Under the imperial system the first error is perpetrated, but the second is avoided. A vigorous and conscientious administration does its utmost to fulfil its predecessor's promises and its own; but the radical error, that of not leaving enough to individual enterprise, remains in full force. We conclude this article with a picture of the colony as it is, after four years' exertions on the part of the new Government. Our information is derived from residents and travellers, confirming the official reports of Marshal Vaillant, the present Minister of War in France, who had so large a share in producing the results of which he is the historian: the case of the former Government rests partly on the charges of M. de Feuilleide and partly on confirmatory evidence derived from other sources, public and private.

The Marshal seems conscious that France has little to show for her million of men and her eighty millions sterling; but he urges, that though the results of colonization in Algeria are small in extent, they are satisfactory as far as they go. Of course, his opinion is founded on the experience of the last four years, as well as on the results of previous ones. In defence of former governments, he denies that France has been four and twenty years in possession of Algeria, and contends that the conquest only commenced in 1839, and was achieved in December, 1847, by the submission of Abd-el-Kader. He considers, too, that it is unjust to begin the commercial history of the colony at a date earlier than January, 1853; and it is quite certain that the progress of Algeria since that date has been astonishing, when compared with its condition under preceding governments. It would, however, be unjust to those governments not to remember that even their wreck must have been of use to their successor.

Although fighting was going on in certain parts of the colony through the year 1853, and is even at intervals continued up to the present time, a general tranquillity has contributed to progress. Agriculture and pro-

ductive industry have advanced, and the Arab population have in many parts begun to substitute the house for the tent, fixed for nomadic habits. The civil has been made to succeed the military administration, wherever the change was practicable. In the departments of Constantine and Oran, and in that of Alger itself, the extent of territory thus brought under the domain of the ordinary law and administration was nearly doubled in the course of the year 1853; and, under a decree of March, 1852, the judgments of the military *commandants de places* are subject to the nearest "Court of First Instance." This itself is a revolution, and must tend largely to the civilizing of the colony. To meet the increasing wants of the population in certain districts three new justices of the peace have been named, and the total judiciary establishment of the colony now amounts to one Court of Appeal, six "Tribunals of First Instance," nineteen "judges de paix," and six civil commissaries, invested provisionally with the same functions; and the Government has in preparation a grand scheme of reform in the administration of justice. It must be admitted that the above is a sufficiently imposing judicial force for a population of from sixty to eighty thousand Europeans. In charitable institutions, also, Algeria promises to become rich. Usury is one of the great curses of the colony; to diminish its action, the Government, by a decree of the 8th of September, 1852, authorized at Algiers a *mont de piété*, which was opened on the 1st of July, 1853. In six months it had made 3819 loans, to the amount of 197,183 francs (in English money about £7883), or an average of about fifty-two francs (£2 1s. 8d) each. A decree of 13th December, 1852, authorized the establishment of those valuable institutions, the *caisses de secours mutuels*, which are analogous to our benefit societies. Three of these societies are in full operation,—one at Alger, one at Oran, and one at Constantine: and their present development shows that they will very soon be extended to the secondary towns, and ultimately to the country districts. The year 1853 also saw the establishment of seven orphan asylums, where the children, as at Ruysselade in Flanders, are taught the business of agriculture. Marshal Vaillant states that out of 300 orphans sent out from the department of the Seine under the care of the Abbé Brumault and the Père Abraham, two only have died in the year 1853, their first year of acclimatizing, upon which he argues that the climate of Algeria is not, as

had been supposed, unfavorable to the health of children. The medical service of the colony has also been reorganized, and it is asserted that there is not a group of European settlers throughout the colony who do not receive twice a week the visit of the doctor, which, for the indigent, is gratuitous. Algeria, too, with the permission, if not at the instance of the local government, has set the example of freeing domestic trade. What in France is the *octroi* has been voluntarily abandoned by the towns of the colony, in all that relates to meat and bread. Within the last two years, too, the Government has applied itself to the great work of constructing roads, by which many of the evils referred to in the foregoing pages are in a course of being repaired. The telegraphic communications of the colony have been put on a complete and satisfactory footing, and the great works of the port of Algiers are all but achieved.

Here are indications of the same administrative vigor in the colony of Algeria that has already produced so striking a result in France itself. The Government defends its interference in many matters which in our colonies are left to the individual or collective energy of the emigrants, on the ground that it is the duty of the State to create and organize. This is a question of principle, upon which the States and even the nations of Europe are divided in opinion, England being the brightest example of the one theory, and France, or perhaps rather Belgium, of the other. The French Government, in accordance with the chronic habits and wants of the people, acts on the "paternal" principle, and, if it continues as it has begun, the colonists will have but little to complain of.

The productive and commercial development of Algeria during the last two or three years, but more especially in 1853, proves the fostering and stimulative influence of tranquillity and firm government. So great, indeed, is the natural fertility of the country, that nothing short of extreme misgovernment could have prevented its progress. In the course of the year 1853, France imported from Algeria a million of hectolitres of corn, to the value of fourteen millions of francs (£560,000). And the quality of this corn is remarkable, exceeding in weight some of the best of England and Belgium.

The cultivation of tobacco has also made great strides in Algeria within the last two or three years, but more especially in 1853. Three years ago there were only a few hundred tobacco planters throughout the

colony: in 1852 there were 1073, and in 1853 the number had advanced to 1752. The quantity produced has also augmented in an increasing ratio: in 1852 the number of hectares under cultivation was 1095, but in 1853 the number had increased to 2277. Thus the number of planters had increased by 679, while the number of hectares planted had swollen by 1182, which upon the 1095 hectares under cultivation in 1852 gives a result of more than double. In quality too, as well as in quantity, the advance in 1853 is remarkable; for while in 1852 the price of the 100 kilogrammes (about 200 lbs.) was 85 francs, 10 cents, (£3 8s. 5d.), in 1853 it had mounted to 91 francs, 30 cents, (£3 18s. 7d.) The quantity officially registered, over and above the local consumption, amounted in 1853 to 1,800,000 kilogrammes (of something more than 2 lbs. English,) of which the Government tobacco monopoly of France purchased 1,427,276 kilogrammes, at the price of 1,303,000 francs. It appears, too, that the quality of these tobaccos is very superior to those of Egypt, Macedonia and Greece, while vying successfully, in various qualities, with those of Hungary, Kentucky and Maryland. The encouragement given by the large purchases on account of the year 1853 had stimulated production; and the agents of the Government calculate that the production of the department of Algiers alone will amount for the present year to three millions of kilogrammes (or about three millions and a quarter pounds English). The cultivation of the silk-worm also, has increased enormously; and the quality of the article produced commands a high price in the best markets. In 1850 the number of cultivators was 89, and the production was 3778 kilogrammes; in 1851, 184, and 5888 kilogrammes; in 1852, 272, and 9323 kilogrammes; and in 1853 it had risen to 335 cultivators and 14,000 kilogrammes. These returns, it should be added, apply to the department of Algiers alone. Another branch of industry in Algeria is the cultivation of the madder-plant. Already the colonists excel the producers of Cyprus in quality; while the cheapness with which they produce is such, that the cost per 100 kilogrammes (say 200 lbs.) is 70 francs (£2 15s. 10d.), and the market price of the article ranges between 140 and 155 francs (about £6) the 100 kilogrammes. The production of cochineal is also progressing favorably. It yields, after expenses paid, 10,000 francs (£400) per hectare (about an acre). Such a result has stimulated enterprise.

Since 1853 the cultivation of the cotton-plant has been seriously undertaken in Algeria; and it is said to be established beyond a doubt that the climate and soil are especially favorable to the production of those qualities which command the highest prices, and of which the supply from America is limited. The cultivation is already tenfold what it was a year ago: and the Emperor has offered a prize of 20,000 francs, (£800,) to be continued for five years, to the planter who shall be adjudged to have produced the best quality on the largest scale.

The relaxation which took place last year in the import duties on Algerian produce has stimulated the production of olive oil. Although this branch of industry is not yet in a flourishing state, the exports of oil from the colony in 1853 amounted to nearly three millions of kilogrammes.

An interesting experiment in colonization is in course of being tried. The State granted, in April, 1852, territory of 20,000 hectares, in the neighborhood of Setif, to a Swiss company. On this land they are to build and people ten villages of fifty houses; the price of each house to be 2000 francs (£80). Before taking possession, the colonist must have paid half the price of the house, and have deposited 2000 francs in the hands of the Government, to be returned to him, from time to time, according to his wants. At present the affairs of the company seem to prosper. The first village, which was to have been built before the end of a year, was built, and peopled too, at the end of eight months; and a second was already in course of construction. It seems probable that the example may be followed by other companies. Marshal Vaillant falls in ecstasies at the idea of each department of France sending out its village, peopled by its own inhabitants, and bearing its own name! This factitious uniformity, so thoroughly French, is assuredly the worst principle to adopt; but it will, at least, be attractive to the French peasants, with whom the ties of family and neighborliness are so strong, and who would never have the courage, like our own strong-minded emigrants, to go forth alone, or only with his own immediate household about him.

The movement of commerce in 1853 has corresponded with that of industry. For instance, the exportation of wool from Algeria in 1852 was 3,244,432 kilogrammes (or about 6,500,000 lbs.). In 1853 it had increased to 4,354,490 kilogrammes (or about 8,800,000 lbs.); and in the same year the

export of skins amounted to upwards of two millions of francs (or £80,000). In addition to this, an important impulsion has been given to mining industry, to the quarrying of marble and stone, and the coral fishery. This last produced, in 1853, 2,152,880 francs' (£86,000) worth of coral. Another proof of the progress of commerce and industry afforded by the transactions of the Bank of Algiers. Authorized in August, 1851, with a capital of 1,250,000 francs (£50,000), its transactions amounted in 1852 to 8,560,000 francs (about £350,000). In 1853 they had reached 13,728,000 francs (nearly £550,000), being an increase of nearly five millions of francs (£200,000) in one year. Encouraged by this success, the Government has authorized a similar bank for the province of Oran. The customs returns for 1853 show an importation of 72,788,015 francs (nearly three millions sterling), and an exportation of 30,782,592 francs (or nearly a million and a quarter sterling). The exportations of 1852 were 21,554,519 francs; so that on the year 1853 there was an increase of upwards of nine millions of francs (or about £360,000 sterling). Certainly, these results are most encouraging.

It is impossible not to regard with interest the efforts of this colony to emerge from the prostration to which it had been reduced, partly by the necessary results of a war of conquest—partly by the false system on which French colonization proceeds—partly by the neglect of successive Governments to carry out that system effectually. The progress made in the year 1853 is remarkable, but not surprising, if we recollect what that country was in the earlier ages, and before it was overrun by the Eastern conquerors. Once, Algeria was the granary of Europe: that time can never return. But such is its fertility and fecundity, so varied are its products, and so excellent is the disposition of the nation when mildly and justly ruled, that we may fairly anticipate results hereafter of the utmost importance to the commercial nations of Europe. A few years ago, Algeria could have but little interest except for France, and for her only as a costly and exhausting dependency. But if it be true, as many indications give reason to hope, that the present ruler of the French nation is resolved on carrying out the principles of Free Trade, then the future of Algeria will no longer be indifferent to England, which, as the greatest and most enterprising commercial country, must so largely share in the encouragement and profits of her development.

From the Leisure Hour.

MELROSE ABBEY.

THE vale of Melrose is regarded as the Arcadi of Scotland. The valley of the Tweed becomes somewhat contracted here, the lofty Eildon Hills standing like gigantic sentinels at the entry of the pass. In the bottom of the valley, however, there is enclosed a rich tract of rolling land, and almost close under the eastern Eildon Hill, not far from the Tweed, which sweeps round the valley, stands the magnificent pile of Melrose Abbey,—the finest ruin of which Scotland can boast. Indeed, there are few monastic ruins in any country to surpass it. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who visited it during her recent tour, declared it to surpass Fountains and all the other abbeys she had yet seen.

Doubtless much of the attraction of Melrose Abbey is owing to the interest thrown around it by the magical pen of Sir Walter Scott. The woods of Abbotsford are within sight of the abbey, and during his lifetime Scott often visited the place. The scene of *The Monastery* is laid here. Melrose Abbey is also introduced in the *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, in which occurs perhaps the most poetically beautiful description Sir Walter Scott ever wrote, beginning—

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Though, strange to say, the author himself (according to Sir T. Dick Lauder) never did visit the abbey by moonlight,—exquisitely true though the description be.

But in bygone days, the place was almost as favorite a resort of pilgrims from all lands as it now is. It was long regarded as a sacred and saintly place. Some of the earliest religious men in Scotland, called the Culdees, had an abbey here, contemporary with that of Iona, on which Dr. Johnson pronounced so glowing a benediction. But the ruins of that early building can now scarcely be traced at Old Melrose. The Knights Templars also had a house in the same neighborhood, at Red Abbey Stead.

The famous St. Cuthbert was originally a shepherd on the banks of the Leader, which joins the Tweed nearly opposite Old Melrose; and having, in his youth, as he supposed, seen the soul of the great Bishop Aidan of Lindesfarne wafted to heaven in the company of angels, the impression made upon his mind was such as to induce him to join the brotherhood at the old abbey, and embrace their rules of life and discipline. He ultimately rose to be prior of the abbey, but removed from thence to a solitary and recluse life on Fern Island, off the coast of Northumberland. He was afterwards made Bishop of Lindesfarne, but retired and died in his hermitage. The wanderings of his body in its stone coffin after death, one of the most curious of monkish legends, is admirably related in *Marmion*. Saint Cuthbert's body rested for a time within the walls of Old Melrose; and after seven years weary wanderings, it was at length interred on Dunholme Height, on which, in course of future years, the splendid pile of Durham Cathedral was erected.

The new Abbey of Melrose—that is, the abbey, the ruins of which now stand—was erected in the reign of David I. of Scotland; and that monarch was its founder and principal patron. King David's residence was at the city of Roxburgh—whose site is now scarce discoverable,—and, being a zealous Roman Catholic, he founded many noble religious buildings along the Tweed, the chief of which were Melrose, Dryburgh (a few miles lower down the Tweed), and Kelso Abbey, in which he was buried. But Melrose was by far the finest and most richly endowed of all these abbeys. It took ten years in building, and, when finished, was dedicated to the Virgin; the first body of monks who occupied it belonging to the Cistercian order, having come from the Abbey of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire. David I. endowed the monastery with large grants of land, and privileges of extensive pasturage in the vale of the Tweed, Gala, Leader, and Ettrick; and to these, succeeding monarchs and adjoining proprietors

added further possessions, until, in course of time, Melrose became one of the most richly endowed of all the monastic foundations north of the Tweed. The riches bred sloth and self-indulgence, as usual; and before long the monks of Melrose became noted rather for their feasting than for their fasting. As the old Scotch song of Galashiel's said—

Oh, the monks of Melrose made gude kale,*
On Fridays when they fasted;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbors' lasted.

Melrose, however, was in an unfortunate situation, being exposed to all the fury of the Border wars. When the English armies invaded Scotland, they made no distinction between the lands and buildings of priests and laymen: consequently Melrose Abbey was often subjected to plundering and pillage. The army of Edward II. despoiled it terribly on their retreat in 1322; and though Robert Bruce afterwards gave a large sum of money for restoring and rebuilding it, another English army under Richard II. plundered and burnt it in 1384. It was several times after that devastated and almost "guttred;" then at the time of the Reformation it was sadly defaced, it being one of the objects of the iconoclasts to "destroy the nests, and the rooks would flee away;" and finally, when the place was almost reduced to a wreck, Cromwell's Roundhead army, after the capture of Hume Castle, played their cannon against the abbey from the Gattonside Hills, the marks of the balls being discernible upon the ruined walls at this day.

Notwithstanding, however, all this havoc committed upon Melrose Abbey by war, fanaticism, and time, the ruins are still beautiful, even in death:—

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.

The monastic buildings formerly connected with the abbey are now quite gone, and all that remains is the ruin of the magnificent church, which, considering all things, still remains wonderfully entire. It affords one of the most perfect studies of pure Gothic architecture now extant; and it was by the study of its exquisite proportions that Mr.

Kemp, the architect of the fine Scott monument in Edinburgh, was enabled to form his beautiful design, which, now duly executed in freestone, forms one of the most striking ornaments of the Scottish metropolis. The builder of Melrose had been most happy in his selection of the stone in which the abbey was reared: though it has now stood the storms, frosts, and winds of some hundred years, the carving of the minutest ornaments is still nearly as sharp as on the day on which it was executed. In some of the cloisters, there are representations of flowers, vegetables,—especially of the ordinary Scotch "curly greens,"—carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we may almost distrust our senses when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. The eastern or oriel window is especially admired for its lightness, grace, and elegant beauty. Sir Walter Scott has thus finely described it:—

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined:
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
"Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

But descriptions of buildings, however beautiful they may be, are at best uninteresting; and we shall not pursue this subject farther. We refer our readers to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* for Sir Walter Scott's exquisite description of the abbey by moonlight, if they do not already know it by heart. Mrs. Stowe, we were told, was fortunate enough to view the building under the full moonlight (as we ourselves were), and expressed herself as inexpressibly delighted at the sight. On whichever side viewed, the building presents a succession of pictures; and it will bear the closest inspection. There are some most ludicrous carvings on the outer walls, such as a sow playing on the bagpipes, and the ugliest and oddest varieties of the human face we have ever witnessed in stone.

Amongst the numerous objects of interest within the abbey, are the tombs of the famous dead who lie buried there. Alexander II. of Scotland, reposes under the high altar; and there, too, lies the heart of Bruce, which, carried half over Europe towards the Holy Land (where Bruce desired that his heart should be buried), was brought back to Scotland, and laid within his favorite Abbey

* *Anglice*, broth, soup.

of Melrose at last. The body of Michael Scott, the Wizard, was also buried here; and it will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott makes the "Knight of Deloraine" come here at dead of night to open the magician's tomb, and possess himself of the fatal book. Many also of the terrible Douglasses lie interred here, sleeping quietly enough now; amongst others, is the second earl, who was killed in the battle of Otterburne. Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, the leaders of an English army in 1545, caused the Douglas tombs to be so defaced, that the Earl of Angus, the representative of the Douglas family, vowed revenge against them, swearing that he would write it with sharp pens and red ink upon their skins; and hastily collecting an army, he overtook the English forces, on Ancrum Moor, about ten miles south of Melrose, defeated them, and slew both their leaders in the battle. The scene of this sanguinary conflict was called Lilliard's Edge, from the circumstance of a Scotch maiden called Lilliard having followed her lover to the field, where she was killed, after fighting with great bravery; and a stone with the following inscription, was erected to her memory, on the spot where she fell:—

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;
Little was her station, but mickle her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought
upon her stumps.

Among the inscriptions on the tombs in the abbey churchyard, are some that are curious and interesting. One of these was

erected by Sir Walter Scott to the memory of a faithful servant, and bears a suitable inscription. This is of course comparatively modern. There is one inscription, especially, on a very old tombstone, which used to be quoted by Sir Walter Scott with high admiration. The lines haunted him, so grand and musical did they seem to him. They run as follows:

The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth, all shall be ours;
The earth goes on the earth glistening with gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold.

The village of Melrose, which grew up around the abbey, and depended mainly on its wealth for the support of its population, now grows and increases, and many of the villagers, we have no doubt, grow rich upon the ruins of the venerable structure. A host of pilgrims from all lands now annually visit the place, far more numerous than Melrose ever attracted even in its palmiest days. The romances and poetry of Scott have given the site a European fame: and we believe that few, if any, will be disappointed by their visit. The village and neighborhood contain some curious and picturesque buildings; and the old stone cross in the market-place has a singularly venerable appearance. But many new houses have recently been erected, and the railway running along the hill-side forcibly reminds us that we have long outlived the age of monasticism, and that even Melrose cannot seclude itself from the forcible inroads and the all-levelling railroads of the nineteenth century.

DEATH OF FEARGUS O'CONNOR.—Mr. Feargus O'Connor, so well known to the public for many years, in connection with his singular and deplorable delusions about land schemes and the rights of labor, died on Thursday week. In 1853, Mr. O'Connor was declared, by a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, to be of unsound mind; and by the kind interference of a few friends he was placed with Dr. Tuke, of Manor House, Chiswick. It appears, however, that Miss O'Connor, the sister of the deceased, took some objection to his remaining in Dr. Tuke's establishment, and, about a week ago, accompanied by some friends, she proceeded to the asylum and removed him. Mr. F. O'Connor was born in 1796, at Dargan Castle, county Meath;

and was the second son of Roger O'Connor, Esq., of O'Connorville, Bantry, and who became, subsequently, the last tenant of Dargan, the celebrated seat of the Wellesley family. The deceased was a member of the Irish bar, and was well known as the editor and proprietor of a now defunct newspaper, called the *Northern Star*. He sat for Cork county from 1832 to 1835, and, after a general election, was unseated, on petition. In 1835, he unsuccessfully contested Oldham. He suffered at least a dozen Government prosecutions for seditious speaking, and will be remembered in connection with the Chartist disturbances of 1848. He was returned for Nottingham in 1847.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE POPULAR SONGS OF RUSSIA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF SCHWIREFF.

THE study of popular songs is a subject of the most fruitful interest, exciting, as it does, curious and varied questions: to the psychologist, those arising from the painting of the characters delineated; to the historian, those dependent on traditions and their cycles; and to the poet presenting that primitive cadence, conveyed in their passionate, energetic expression.

All the tribes of the Slavonian race possess numerous popular songs. The Russian people, like the ancient Slaves, love song and music. Some philologists declare that their collection of popular songs is the largest of any European people. They have songs for love, for war, for festivals, and occasions of family rejoicing. They have preserved an ancient rhythm, as well as ancient instruments: the *gussli*, with its five strings; the *balalaika*, which resembles the guitar or the Spanish *majo*; the *gudok*, or bass; the *cornet*, similar to that which, in Switzerland, is employed for the *ranz des vaches*; the *reed*, which recalls the idyl of Theocritus, the eclogue of Virgil; the *flute* and the *cuillère*, which are played like the castanets.

The popular songs of Russia are remarkable for their plaintive melancholy, for the richness of the images borrowed from nature—their superstitious ideas, mingled with the breathings of the tenderest sentiment. Their language abounds in diminutives—terms of endearment—which are full of charm. They have frequent recourse to comparisons, which are generally symbols chosen for their peculiar softness or vigor. In their emotion they address all which surrounds them, giving vent to the sighs of love or sudden gleams of hope. The nightingale and the cuckoo are the compassionate birds which answer to their griefs; the swallow is the bearer of their messages. The rainbow which rises over a dwelling is said to indicate the habitation of a betrothed. The moon hides itself for sorrow at the death of the emperor.

The field over which their enemies have passed becomes overgrown with bitter herbs. Tears which flow in abundance are likened to rivers; those which fall sweetly are compared to the dew. The young warrior is a courageous falcon; the young girl a white swan. The fair bride trembles for her bridegroom when she sees a black crow; and the criminal quails at the murmur of the trees. Everywhere that mysterious law of moral and physical attraction, by which our most shadowy and incongruous thoughts are brought into contact with the outer world of nature, raises their aspirations towards the sky, and leads them to seek sympathy amongst the things and the creatures which environ them.

The first collection of Russian songs dates from 1770 to 1774. It was published at St. Petersburg by Tschulkow, in four octavo volumes. Two years afterwards, a second edition appeared; and Norikow published a third and enlarged one at Moscow in 1780. The Counsellor Lwow made a fresh collection of popular poems in 1790. Again, in 1796, the Counsellor Dmietriew compiled another; which was followed by a fourth from the poet Schukowsky.

The most ancient of these popular poems is devoted to the memory of Igor, prince of Novogorod. It recounts the battles in which he was engaged, towards the middle of the twelfth century, with the Polowzis,* his days of defeat and triumph, his captivity and deliverance. This work is distinguished by the most intense nationality of spirit—it is thoroughly Russian in thought, style, and imagery. It forms a curious historical cycle, embracing at once dim traditions, fabulous incidents, the reign of Wladimir, the wars against the Mongols, and the chief events in the history of Peter the Great.

Here is one of the songs relating to the

* A nomadic people of the plains and steppes.

birth of a hero: it is oriental exaggeration adopted by a northern people:—

"At Kieff is born a great warrior, the young Volck, the son of Wreslaff.

At his birth the earth trembled; the famous empire of India was shaken; the waves of the blue sea rose in angry strife.

The fish plunged itself into the depths of the waters; the bird shot far away in the air.

The bulls and the stags fly to the mountains; the hare and the fox hide themselves in the thick forests.

The wolves and the bears disappear in the fir woods, the marten and the black sable in the briery shadows.

Volck is but one hour in the world, and already he speaks, and his voice resounds like thunder:

'O my mother,' said he, 'my noble mother, young princess Martha, daughter of Wreslaff,

Swaddle me not in the bands of purple, fold not my limbs in cinctures of silk;

Give me, O my mother, a cuirass of steel; place on my head a helmet of gold;

Place into my hand a club heavy as lead—a club of the weight of three hundred pounds.'

Another song traces with vigor the hatred of the Russians against the Tartars, and the grief which the invasion of these stern adventurers threw into the heart of poor mothers:—

"Upon the high hills gleam many fires, woful fires, Dors, my child.

Around those baleful fires sit the wild Tartars, Dors, my child.

There they sit and part thy father's goods, Dors, my child.

Awake thee, arouse thee, my child: Take the Damascene sword that hangs on the wall:

With that sword strike—strike the Tartars and their sons; smite them, hew them in pieces."

Peter the Great appears, and the people sing with enthusiasm of his conquests and exploits: he dies, and from the people is heard this wail over his tomb:—

"Our father, our light, wherefore dost thou not lighten us as heretofore?

From even till midnight, from midnight till morn, thou hidest thyself in clouds, thou plungest thyself in the dark shadow.

Upon our holy land of Russia, at Petersburg, that glorious city, in the Church of St. Peter, at the right of the choir, by the coffin of Peter the First, of Peter the Great, a

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young corporal prays to God, and weeps as if a river ran from his eyes.

He bewails the death of the tsar, of the tsar Peter the First, and sobbing,

'Open thee, my mother, damp earth, open thee on every side; away, coffin-lid; fall back, drapery of gold; awake thee, tsar; awake thee, our father; behold thy dear, thy noble, and brave army. Without thee we are as motherless children.'

From that cycle of popular songs which depict the sentiments of the people in various situations of life, we choose some which require no comment:—

THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR.

"The mist has fallen upon the blue sea, and grief upon the ardent heart; the fog will not roll off the sea, grief will not depart from the heart.

That is not a star which shines upon the distant plain; it is a little funeral pile which smokes. Before the wood-fire is a sheet of silk, and upon that sheet a dying young man is outstretched.

He presses hard a handkerchief over his mortal wound, to stop the current of his burning and impetuous blood. Close by is a fiery courser, who paws the damp earth with his foot, as if he would speak to his master.

'Arise,' says he, 'fair youth, lay thee upon my croup, and I will bear thee to thy native land, to thy father and thy mother, to thy parents and thy little children, and to thy young wife.'

The bold youth sighs, his broad chest heaves, his white hands fall down powerless, his mortal wound re-opens, his blood streams fast, and he says to his horse—

'Ah, my good courser, my faithful steed, my faithful battle-comrade in the service of the tsar, tell my young wife that I am married to another spouse, that I have taken for dowry the desert plain, that the sharp sword has wedded us, and the barbed arrow joined us on the nuptial couch.'

THE POOR MONK.

"Far from thee, O well-beloved of my heart: far from thee, in the cell of the poor monk, who suffers from a vow which he cannot break. Take from me, O my dearest—take away that hood and that dark mantle. Lay thy white little hand upon my heart, feel how strongly it beats as the blood gushes to every pulsation. Wipe away the bitter tears which fall from my eyes, take pity on my grief. I renounce the pardon of

my sins, if only thou wilt love me, O thou whom I love so much!"

LOVE-SONG.

"The cloud conceals the bright sun, the dark cloud veils the light. The young girl is pensive and sad. No one knows the cause of her sorrow. Her parents even know it not, nor her little sister, the white dove.

Oh, tell me, poor sweet young girl, art thou not able to appease thy grief? Canst thou not forget him whom thou lovest by day or by night, neither at morn or eve?

And the young girl answered with sadness—

'I will forget him whom I love when my feet can no longer bear me, when my white hands shall fall back nerveless, when the light of my eye is extinguished, when they shall put the coffin-plank over my heart.'

SONG OF THE ROBBER.

"Make no sound, my little green forest; my mother, do not disturb my thoughts; for on the morrow I must go to answer before that terrible judge, even before the tsar himself.

The tsar will address himself to me, and he will say, 'Answer, answer, my child, son of the peasant, with whom hast thou taken up the life of a robber? Hast thou many companions?'

I will answer, 'Tsar my hope, tsar very Christian, I will show thee all the truth. Of comrades I had four: the first was the dark night, the second was my sharp blade, the third my good horse, and the fourth my well-strung bow. My messengers were the barbed arrows hardened at the fire.'

Then the tsar my hope, the tsar very Christian, will say to me, 'Honor be to thee, my son, who knowest so well how to steal and how to speak; for thy reward I will make thee a fair present. I will give thee a palace in the middle of the fields—two stakes and a hempen cord.'

THE TWO LOVERS.

"A brave young man had roamed about the Ukraine thirty-three years. At length he came to the court of the King of Lithuania.

The king had an affection for him; he received him generously, heaped gifts upon him, and the king's daughter could not admire enough the manly beauty of the stranger.

The youth sat drinking, and then, in vain-glory, these foolish words escaped him, 'Ah, my brethren,' said he, 'one has drunk and played long enough. I have gone long

enough dressed up in fine clothes, held the hand of the king's daughter, and slept near her on down.'

The companions of the young man were malicious. They went to find the king, and said to him, 'Ah, father, terrible king, thou knowest not what has come to pass; thou canst not guess the truth: thy daughter is the stranger's love.'

The king was put in great wrath, and he cried, with a loud voice, 'Have I yet any faithful servants? Take that stranger, and throw him into a dark prison. Go into the plain and dig two deep trenches, raise there two lofty beams, put over them an ashen top and a silken cord, and there take the stranger. Let him not pass before the palace, lest my daughter should see him.'

The young man has put his foot upon the first step, and has said, 'Adieu, my father and my mother!' He has ascended the second, and said, 'Adieu, my relatives and ancestors!' He mounted the third, and cried, 'Adieu, fair princess, light of my eyes!'

From afar the king's daughter has heard his voice; she ran into her high chamber, she takes her golden keys, and opens her silver casket, takes out two Damascus blades, and plunges them into her snowy bosom.

The young man swings from the gibbet, the young girl lies dead under the steel. Her father comes. Scarcely has he raised his eyes ere he sees his dead daughter. He strikes his hand on the oaken table, and exclaims, 'Light of my eyes, my dear daughter, wherefore didst thou not tell me that thou lovedst that stranger? I would have loved him too, and saved his life!'

Then he cried again, with a loud voice, 'Have I still faithful servants? Send me two pitiless executioners, and they shall strike the head from those who denounced my child.'

SONG OF WO.

"O my plain! my desert plain, my plain large and free, thou art fair to look upon. Thou art covered with herb and flower; there is but one blemish on thee.

In thy bosom, my dearest plain, are many brambles, and upon these thorns there sits a young eagle. He holds between his claws a black crow, and causes his blood to spout on the damp earth.

Under the thorns there lies a brave youth, all covered with wounds and streaming with blood.

These are not swallows who wheel around their nest; it is a young mother who weeps as if a river ran from her eyes; his young

sister weeps as if rills flowed ; his young wife weeps as if the fresh dew fell from her eyelids.

The sun will rise on the horizon, and dry up the dew."

There are songs which embody local manners, and certain customs peculiar to the country. A marriage is always accompanied by many elegiac songs, which form a part of the ceremony. Nothing can be more touching than those sorrowful words addressed by the young bride to her parents, in the midst of the joyous preparations for the nuptial festival.

Commonly it is an old woman who prepares and determines the conditions of marriage. She proceeds to the house of the parents whose daughter she comes to ask, kneels before the images which decorate the chamber, makes the sign of the cross, and prays. Then they say to her, "What news?" "Good news," she answers; "you have the bride, and I have the bridegroom." She then praises the youth whom she represents, whilst the parents do the same concerning their daughter. The dame is asked to come back in the evening, and this visit determines the dowry. The young man asks, among other things, a red shirt for himself, and another, as well as some red sleeves, for his mother. All the details of the marriage being fixed, the bridegroom comes, and, after offering a prayer, seats himself at table. The bride offers her intended a glass of beer, her companions singing—

"We have helped, maidens, at the feast of our dear friend. It is not the mead we have drunk, it is not the green wine (brandy); these are the tears of our friend. It is not for a hundred roubles, for a thousand roubles, that we have sold that. No; it is for a cup of wine. We have not betrothed her to a prince, to a lord, but to a handsome, manly, fair-haired youth."

The bridegroom advances towards the bride, her companions surrounding her as if for concealment. However, he snatches away the handkerchief which she holds in her hand, and then a song is sung in praise of the father and the mother:—

"It was the feast of the virgin's nativity. Thrice the clock struck in the house of the brave peasant; three times his heart beat with joy: the first time because a son was born to him, the second time because his son was well reared, the third time because his marriage was happy."

A horse and wagon being procured, the maidens go with it to the village, singing—

"In the prairies, the green prairies, the good peasant pastures his strong horses upon the tender herbs. Their feet are bound with silk, their manes are decked with pearls. Why do they not drink the water from the fountain? Why do they not eat the tender herbs? Why do they remain motionless? They have guessed some sorrow; they have foreseen that they must make a long journey."

Whilst this goes on, the bride addresses her family in this fashion:—

"O my well-loved father, and you, my venerable mother, what means these preparations? Some guests have come who were not invited nor waited for. They have said that they wish to carry me away. I have felt my knees bend, and my head droop, and my heart to tremble for fear. Wherefore, my father, art thou angry with me? Wherefore hast thou listened to the voice of strangers?"

The father and mother console her, saying that she could not always remain with them—that it was necessary to marry some day. She then turns towards the other members of the family, and asks pardon for all the sorrow she may have caused them. When her companions return, she sings thus on seeing them—

"O my dear friends, you gaily wander through the great street; but as for me, poor girl, my walks are ended. My fair hair will no longer be wreathed as it wont: my robe will not be so pretty. My virgin liberty is no more. My mother's tenderness has abandoned me. The beautiful spring will return; you will go into the green fields, you will gather the flowers, you will wreath crowns for your laughing heads, you will be a gay choir, singing in the great street; and me, poor woman, I shall sing my plaintive song."

The marriage is celebrated some days after the betrothal. The bride is covered with a white veil which falls to her feet. She wears a large sleeveless vest, and murmurs some plaintive words while her friends arrange her dress.

When the toilet is finished, the bridegroom and the "best man" enter the room, when the latter says to the father of the bride:—

"Father, bless thy child on the road she is about to make, bless her under the golden crown for the new life she is about to enter."

Then the bride kneels before her father and mother, saying:—

"It is not a white birch which bends itself to the earth; it is me, poor girl, who bends

at your feet. Bless me, bless the life that I am to begin in a strange family."

At the moment of departure for the church, she sighs, weeps, and refuses to set out. All the members of the family join in consoling her, and at last they proceed to the church, and return to the feast, which is generally kept up for three days.

There are some songs equally tender and natural for such occasions as births and baptisms, and for the principal feast-days during the year. Here is one which represents in dolorous language the anguish of a mother, when one of her children is snatched from her to become a soldier.

The poor mother contemplates each of her family in turn, and says:—

"O my children, my dear children, I love you all alike. Behold my fingers; if one is wounded, I feel it throughout my whole body. Thus, my children, my heart trembles for you all; but thou, my dearest, thou upon whom the lot has fallen, why art thou so unfortunate? Better that thou hadst not been born, that I had not nourished thee in my bosom, better that thou hadst been crushed at the moment of birth. If I had carried thee to the sides of the steep mountains, and there covered thee with the yellow sand, that would not have been so great a grief. But now, poor mother, I will sing like the cuckoo. What sorrows wait thee, O my dearest! Thou art young and strong; thou wilt experience the trials of want; thou wilt suffer cold and hunger; thou wilt call thy father and mother Tartar. When the great feasts come that we love to celebrate, my children will be around me; thou alone, my well-beloved, wilt not be there! Write to me, but use not the pen nor ink, write thy letter with thy tears, set there the seal of thy great sorrow. Spring will come, and thy companions will go into the green fields, they will be gay and boisterous, and me, poor woman, I will wander about. I will see thy comrades, and I will pour out my hot tears."

When the young soldier is ready to set off, they cut his long hair. Then the mother cries:—

"They have shorn thy beautiful head, and cast thy fair locks on the ground. There is no one gathers those curly locks—I will gather them, me, poor mother; I will fold them in a silken handkerchief. When grief closes up my heart, I will take that handkerchief, I will spread out the fair locks, I will look on them sorrowfully, I will water them with my tears, and my spirit shall perhaps be comforted."

The Russian people are generally very superstitious. Their superstitions mingle with all their family rejoicings and religious practices, in the daily habits of private life, and in all situations of an extraordinary character. They believe in sorcery and witchcraft, in the influence of a legion of supernatural beings, and in the virtue of various talismans and conjurations. The traditional songs often afford a curious revelation of that simple credulity. Here is one, amongst others, which expresses with energy the passion of love, mixed up with one of those superstitious follies:—

A LOVE CONJURATION.

"Over the billows of the Ocean, upon a far-distant island, there is a shelf; upon that shelf is stretched out grief, and grief writhes and twists. She throws herself from the shelf into the water, from the water into the fire; and from that fire arises a demon, who cries, 'Run, run, blow to Mary upon her lips and upon her teeth, blow in her bones and her limbs, in her ardent heart, in her white flesh and black liver, so that that girl shall tease herself every hour of every day, from morn till midnight. That the food which she takes, and the drink, and her sleep, may do no good; that she may cry without ceasing, until I appear to her handsomer than any other, that I may be dearer to her than her father, her mother, and all her family. I close my conjuration under seventy-seven padlocks, I throw the keys into the sea, and he who will be stronger than me, and who will carry away all the sand of the sea, he alone can end the grief which I have invoked.'"

THE CONJURATION OF A MOTHER SEPARATED FROM HER CHILD.

"I, poor mother, weep in the high chamber of my house, from the dawn I look afar over the fields, even until the sun goes to rest. There I sit until night, till the damp dew falls; there I sit in grief, until, weary of this torment, I resolve to conjure my cruel sorrow. I go into the field; I have taken the nuptial cup, the taper of betrothal, and the handkerchief of marriage. I have drawn water from the mountain spring, I have gone into the dark forest, and tracing around me a magic circle, I have said aloud these words:—

'I conjure my dearest child by that nuptial cup, by that fresh water, and by that marriage handkerchief. With that water I lave his fair face, with that handkerchief I wipe

his honeyed lips, his sparkling eyes, his rosy cheeks, his thoughtful brow; with that waxen taper I light up his splendid garments, his sable bonnet, his belt of divers colors, his embroidered boots, his chestnut locks, his noble figure, and manly limbs. That thou mayest be, my child, more brilliant than the brightest sunbeams, sweeter to look upon than a sweet spring day, fresher than water from the fountain, whiter than the wax, stronger than the magic stone. Far be from thee the demon of sorrow, the impetuous hurricane, the one-eyed spirit of the woods, the domestic demon of strange houses, the spirit of the waters, the sorcery of Kieff, the woman of the twinkling billows, the cursed *Babaïaga*,* the winged and fiery serpent, the crow of evil omen. I put myself between thee and the ogre, the false magician, the sorcerer, the evil magic, the seeing blind, and the old of double sight. By my words of power, may thou be, my child, by night and by day, from hour to moment, in the market-place, and asleep or in watching, safe against the power of evil spirits, against death, grief, and calamity; upon the water, against shipwreck; in fire, against burning.

When thy last hour shall come, recall, my child, our tender love, our bread and salt. Turn thyself towards thy glorious country, salute it seven times—seven times with thy face to the earth, bid farewell to thy family, throw thyself upon the damp ground, and lull thyself to a calm sleep.

May my word be stronger than water, higher than the mountain, weightier than gold, harder than rock, stronger than an armed horseman, and if any dare to bewitch my child, may he be swallowed by Mount Ararat, in bottomless precipices, in burning tar and crackling fire; that sorceries and magic may forever be powerless against thee."

The Russians have conjurations somewhat similar against fever and hail, against all sorts of disasters and accidents.

There still exists among them many religious and mystical songs, reciting miracles and supernatural appearances, legends of the saints and of the Virgin, mingling with their chaos of superstition and blasphemy a vein of simple and tender piety. In one of those

* The *Babaïaga* is frequently mentioned in Slavonic mythology. She is represented as a frightful, toothless, wrinkled old woman. She seeks the love of youths, and chases with a mortar and pestle those who resist her. But, as she also has enemies who pursue her, she is forced, as she runs, to efface with a broom the marks of her path.

legends, the Virgin, speaking to the Russian nation, tells them that there will come a God without love—Antichrist. He will kill, she tells them, the prophets—the whole globe will be watered with their blood; then there will come a deluge which will last for three months and three days, when at last the earth shall be pure as white parchment, as an egg-shell, as a fair girl in her youth.

The globe, however, begins to weep before God, and says that light is heavy upon it, and humanity is still heavier. God answers:—

"Wait then, perhaps the sinners will return unto me with a sincere repentance. If they come back, I will increase the brilliancy of light, if not, I will augment the bitterness of eternal pains."

The Virgin, touched with compassion for sinners, intercedes for them with Jesus Christ:—

"My son," she says to him, "Jesus Christ, tsar of the sky, have a pity upon thy people, who have greatly sinned, but have pity on them for love of me."

"Dost thou wish then," answers Christ, "that I may be crucified a second time for these accursed? If thou wishest, I will pardon them."

At these words the Virgin bursts into tears, and cries—

"O my son, tsar Jesus, I cannot see thee crucified a second time."

The sinner hears his condemnation pronounced, and bids adieu to paradise, to the holy Virgin, to the saints, and to the angels, and what is very characteristic, to the sign of the cross, for the Russian peasant attaches to that sign a marvellous efficacy.

A portion of these religious songs is doubtless one of the most precious monuments preserved in popular poesy. They go back as far as the twelfth century, to the reign of Wladimir the Great, and present the most singular mixture of Bible phrases, national traditions, poetical images, and religious dogmas. Amongst them are some symbolical explanations in the form of question and answer, recalling, in some points, such ancient poems as the "Edda," and in the ideas of a cosmogony represented, bearing some affinity to the Indian and Scandinavian mythology. The following fragment is from one of those curious songs, entitled, "The Book of the Dove":—

"In the middle of Jerusalem, before the tsar David and his son Solomon, appeared a terrible cloud which came from the east. From that cloud descended the Book of the

Dove—the holy gospel. Around that book were gathered forty tsars with their sons, forty princes, forty popes, forty deacons with their children, and many common people. No one dared to approach that Book—the book of God. The tsar himself drew near, the book opened before him, the holy writing was revealed to his spirit. The tsar Wladimir asked questions thus:—‘Discover to us the secrets of God, and the principle of holy Russian life. Whence come light, the beautiful sun, and the young moon? Whence come the multitudes of stars, the dark nights, the purple dawns, the rushing winds? Whence comes human reason? From where do our thoughts reach us? Whence come our people, our hard bones, our body, and our blood?’”

The book answers:—

“The white light comes from God, the beautiful sun from the face of God, the young moon from his bosom, the myriads of stars are his garments, the dark nights are the eyelids of the Lord, the purple dawns are his glances, the strong winds are his breath. Reason comes from Christ, from Christ the tear of the skies; thoughts come from the clouds of the sky, people from Adam, hard bones from stone, the body from soft earth, blood from the dark sea.”

Wladimir continues his questions; he asks

who is the first tsar, and the book answers:—
“It is the white tsar, defender of the faith. The first city is Jerusalem, the first river is the Jordan.”

He asks whence came the weeping herb, and the book of wisdom replies:—

“Whilst Christ went up to Calvary, his mother, the holy Virgin, laid herself upon the cold ground, sobbing and weeping. From her pure tears sprang the weeping herb.

The queen of all fishes is the whale, because the earth rested upon the back of a whale, and when that fish is disturbed, the whole earth trembles.”

These poems, which treat of the first miracles of Christianity, the ancient exploits of their princes and boyards, are the annals of the Russian people—closely identified with the national sentiment. Poor blind people, the Homers of their villages go from door to door, repeating these old poems; the aged recite them to the families assembled round the stove in the winter evenings; the young men shout their gay refrains at festivals, accompanying them with the balalaika; and every little circumstance in public or private life affords an opportunity for their use. They are, like the lyrics, of which every nation, however rude, possesses a share, entwined round the heart of the people.

From the Times.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO PARIS.

THE Queen left Osborne at half-past four on Saturday morning, the 18th ult., and arrived off Boulogne about half-past one. The *Victoria and Albert* carried the royal standard at the main, the tri-color at the fore, the union jack at the bows, and the royal ensign at the stern. The escort squadron also hoisted the national flags, and the ships “dressed” to receive the Queen. As the *Victoria and Albert* appeared in sight, cannon fired from Capecure; the English squadron gave forth the royal salute; and long lines of infantry on the heights sent forth a roll of musketry. But the throng of people was

more remarkable than the military spectacle. The royal yacht crossed the bar at a quarter to two, and drew up alongside of the pavilion erected on the quay. Here the Emperor awaited his guests; and a stage being thrown from the quay to the ship, he quickly ran up the platform, and, after kissing her Majesty's hand, he saluted her on both cheeks. Then he shook hands with Prince Albert, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales; and, giving his hand to the Queen, conducted her to the pavilion; where she received the civic authorities and the English residents. After this ceremony, the Queen's party entered the

carriages awaiting them; and as they drove to the railway station, the Emperor mounted his horse, and rode, as captain of the guard, at her Majesty's right hand, Marshal Magnan taking the left. Our Queen wore a blue satin visite and white bonnet: the Emperor appeared in the uniform of a general of division, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor; while Prince Albert wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal and the blue riband of the Garter. The railway station was a triumph of upholstery—all bedecked with silk and velvet flags, gilding, flowers, leopards, bees, and eagles, "regardless of expense." The party occupied nine carriages and started at half-past two. At Abbeville, the Mayor presented an address; at Amiens, the daughter of the Prefect gave the Queen a nosegay; and after this the train sped away with great rapidity, and arrived in Paris at ten minutes past seven.

It may fairly be said that all Paris was astir and in the streets from mid-day. Throughout the entire route from the Strasbourg terminus to St. Cloud, there were lines of human beings—in the streets closely packed, on the houses, in the houses, massed along the avenues of the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. And besides the enormous masses of people of all classes, dressed in all kinds of costumes, it is calculated that there were 200,000 men of the Line and the National Guards under arms, presenting a double line of soldiers five miles long. In some places were workmen; in others rows of elegantly-dressed women; in others deputations. The colors of the dresses, the glitter of the arms, the display of splendid upholstery along the whole route, and above all the numberless crowds, formed a series of spectacles described as unequalled. At the terminus were gathered a strange collection: Lady Cowley, and a kind of Court circle of Parisian dames; a group of cantinières of the Guides; Marshal Magnan and his staff; Major-General Torrens; Prince Napoleon, carefully exhibiting the appearance and "costume" of the "Great Emperor;" two English officers, and a representative of every arm in the French service; besides a group of civilians—the directors and some shareholders of the railway. The weather had been brilliantly fine; the crowds had been hours in the sun; the day was drawing to a close before the signal was given of the arrival of the train. As the engine slowly entered the station, the band of the Guides played "God save the Queen," and a royal salute closely followed. But when the Emperor appeared,

leading the Queen, followed by Prince Albert and the children, a great shout, taken up outside, arose; some crying "Vive la Reine!" "Vive l'Empereur!" other "Vivat!" and hear and there a hearty English "Hurrah!" Having entered the carriages, the Royal party proceeded on their way, through the thickly-peopled Boulevards, resounding with acclamations. As they approached the Arc de Triomphe, the route was suddenly illuminated; and as they passed through the Bois de Boulogne the outriders carried torches, which gave a very picturesque air to the procession. Finally they arrived at St. Cloud; where the Empress and Count Walewski received the Queen.

It is remarked by the correspondents that the Queen looked remarkably well, and made a very favorable impression on the Parisians.

On Sunday the Queen rested at St. Cloud. The Chaplain of the British Embassy performed divine service in the forenoon; in the afternoon the Emperor and his guests drove in the Bois de Boulogne; and after a dinner en famille, there was a concert of sacred music in the Palace, executed by the Conservatoire de Musique. Monday's amusements were also in accordance with the published programme. Breakfast at St. Cloud was followed by a visit to the Exposition, for the purpose of inspecting the Palace des Beaux Arts. The queen was received by the Imperial Commissioners, headed by Prince Napoleon, the Foreign Commissioners, and the Jurors—our own countrymen mustering in considerable force. The Emperor conducted the Queen, and Prince Albert his elder children. There was a large crowd in the place, separated from the Royal party only by the French police. At one moment, indeed, when Prince Albert had lingered behind, the crowd intervened, and separated them from the Queen. In the order of their proceeding, they first inspected the German pictures, under the guidance of Dr. Wagner; next the Belgian paintings; then the French works of art, Horace Vernet and Ingres having each a saloon to himself; and lastly, the exhibition of English paintings. Having gone through all the rooms, and up-stairs and round the galleries, the Queen returned to the central room and looked once more upon the French works. At one point in their course through the building they stopped to listen to a choir of trained workmen who sang "God save the Queen." From the Exposition, loudly cheered on their way, the Royal party went to lunch at the Elysée; and after visiting "La Sainte Chapelle," they returned

to St. Cloud, at half-past five o'clock. In the progress through the streets and Boulevards, immense numbers of the population—"all Paris" in fact—were present. The route traversed afforded the Parisians every opportunity of making up for the disappointment of Saturday; including as it did a view of the Hôtel de Ville, of the Quartier St. Antoine, the Place de la Bastille, and the whole line of the Boulevards. In the evening sixty guests sat at the dinner-table at St. Cloud.

On Tuesday, at the early hour of ten o'clock the Royal party set out for Versailles.

"The drive is one of extraordinary beauty, diversified by a noble variety of perspective. Now in the secluded avenues of the park round St. Cloud, now emerging on the highway which passes through the picturesque town of Avray, now winding along the banks of the Seine, with tall poplar-trees, casting their shadows across its bosom, now plunging into the forest and from its crest descending into the well-wooded valley in which Louis le Grand built his world-famous palace,—here of itself was a rich treat alike for prince or peasant in such a morning's excursion. The inhabitants of the neighborhood of course turned out to pay their unpretending homage, and the Ville d'Avray was decorated in a very simple but most effective manner with flowers and evergreens. The town of Versailles, usually so dull and stupid, looked quite gay and lively. A grand triumphal arch had been constructed at the eastern end of the great avenue by which the palace is approached, and along its course a great abundance of flags tastefully arranged were displayed."

In strict privacy they traversed the state apartments; then, returning to their carriages, drove through the stately gardens, and round the wonderful fountains.

"As the imperial cortège passed slowly down towards the Tapis Vert, an admirable opportunity was afforded the public of seeing their royal visitors; of which, it must be confessed, they were not slow to avail themselves. Those who were in the garden scrambled up the embankment, reckless of the damage they were doing to the beautiful flowers; and those who had hitherto reposed comfortably under the great trees of the park came running in from every quarter, endeavoring to get a nearer view, to wipe their foreheads, and to cheer vociferously, all at the same time. Her Majesty seemed pleased, and bowed frequently and gracefully to the crowd; and the Prince of Wales enjoyed the scene highly,—as, indeed, he

has enjoyed everything since his arrival in Paris. He rushes up the various grand staircases of the show palaces, scorning the offered help of the maids of honor, and yesterday evening made a tour of the city incognito, à la Haroun Alraschid; the Emperor himself performing the part of his faithful Vizier. . . . After examining every object of interest in the immediate neighborhood of the palace, the illustrious party proceeded to the Trianon, and explored that also. There they were joined by her Majesty the Empress; whose delicate state of health does not permit her to take any very prominent part in the present festivities of the Court. She and the Emperor, accompanied by their royal guests, now withdrew to the chalet behind the Trianon; where, in perfect retirement, they had coffee served to them on the grass. The pretty chalet, with its adjoining sheet of water and mill-wheel, appeared to take the Queen completely by surprise; and her gratification and that of the Prince were still greater when the splendid band of the Guides made the air of this sweet spot resound with the choicest music."

Returning to St. Cloud at four o'clock, the Emperor and his guests dined en famille. This night they went in state to the Grand Opera; passing thither between a double row of illuminations. The exterior of the opera house was also splendidly lighted up, and no expense spared in display.

"The Emperor's box was erected in the grand tier directly opposite the stage; and on either side of it stood, like a statue, a soldier of the Cent Garde, en grande tenue,—superb-looking fellows, as superbly dressed and equipped. Two others stood sentry on the stage at either wing. The pit was entirely filled with gentlemen in full evening costume; and the stalls and tiers of boxes resembled so many parterres of rare flowers from the amount of beauty exalted by the highest triumphs of the toilette with which they overflowed. When the Emperor and Empress, with their guests, entered, the whole house rose to receive them; and from that brilliant assemblage our Queen met with a reception worthy of those who gave and of her who was the object of it. The enthusiastic plaudits had hardly subsided when the orchestra began to play the National Anthem, and at its close the cheering was renewed and long sustained. Her Majesty gracefully acknowledged these tokens of the high favor with which she is regarded by the upper classes in Paris. She was tastefully but simply dressed, and wore the

riband of the Garter, and on her head a tiara of diamonds. She sat on the right hand of the Empress, having the Emperor on her right, and looked remarkably well; on the right hand of the Emperor was the Prince Napoleon, and on the left of the Empress Prince Albert, who again had the Princess Mathilde on his left. The Emperor wore the riband of the Garter also, and, as usual, appeared in the uniform of a general of division. Prince Albert displayed the insignia of the Legion of Honor over his Field-Marshal's uniform. The Empress wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds; and her delicate but beautiful features were the theme of general admiration. The Royal and Imperial personages seated in front, with the Maids of Honor standing behind them, formed together a group which was at once historical and dramatic." Another enthusiastic correspondent says—"Her majesty looked remarkably well, and in excellent spirits. She talked a great deal to the Emperor in the course of the evening. Her unaffected good humor, and the ease, simplicity, and dignity of her manners, charmed all beholders. There is an indescribable fascination in her smile, which sheds gladness around her. The geniality of her nature was visibly reflected in the usually impassible features of the Emperor. When he spoke to her his eyes sparkled with unwonted brilliancy, and a smile curled about his lip. In that countenance, so difficult to read, one might plainly see, mixed with an unfeigned deference and respect for his illustrious guest, a sentiment of intense self-satisfaction at having gained a great political point at which he had long been aiming—the presence of the Queen of England in the capital of France. The Empress, I regret to say, looked very delicate. She spoke but little either to the Queen or Prince Albert, and seemed to suffer from fatigue."

The performance was of a miscellaneous character. Cruvelli and Alboni were the chief vocalists, and Rosati was the principal figure in the ballet.

The great work of Wednesday was a long visit to the Exposition. Escorted by the Emperor, and guided by Prince Napoleon, the illustrious guests wandered for three hours through the courts of the Palace of Industry; resting only for one brief moment, to take refreshment, when the greater portion of the sights had been seen. Much time was spent in the Pavilion de Panorama, with its unrivalled collection from the establishments at Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais;

its hangings, carpets, and tapestry, from the looms of Aubusson, its gold and silver work, and, above all, the crown jewels of France placed in the very centre of the pavilion.

"The Queen examined for a long time and with the liveliest curiosity the imperial crown and the immense number of splendid jewels by which it is surrounded. The former is of exquisite design and workmanship—a diadem in the true sense of the word, and surrounded at the apex by the Regent diamond, which, though somewhat smaller, seems to be a far more brilliant stone than its rival the Koh-i-noor."

Leaving the Exposition, the Emperor took his guests to lunch at the Tuileries, and thence they returned to St. Cloud. Here they dined; and in the evening the troupe of the Gymnase performed the "Fils de Famille."

Thursday opened with a visit to the Exposition from Prince Albert accompanied by Prince Napoleon. Then, after luncheon at the Tuileries, the whole party went to the Louvre. But the chief event of the day was a ball at the Hotel de Ville, given ostensibly by the Prefect of the Seine.

"The greatest triumph of French decorative art which her majesty has yet seen," the *Morning Chronicle* correspondent reports, "was reserved for the Hotel de Ville, prepared for the ball last night. I have witnessed all the grand fêtes which have been given at the Hotel de Ville for some years past, but the one which was given yesterday immeasurably surpassed in magnificence any that had gone before it. The gorgeous coup d'œil of the numerous company, the floral decorations, the rich draperies, the brilliant lights, the murmuring cascades, the ceaseless jets d'eau, and the exquisite paintings of the splendid salles, are matters which the pencil of the painter could not fairly represent, and which it is impossible for the pen of the writer adequately to describe."

The Imperial and Royal party entered the Hotel de Ville about nine. The Queen and the Emperor, Prince Albert and the Princess Mathilde, Prince Napoleon and Lady Cowley, Prince Adalbert of Bavaria and Mademoiselle Hussmann, formed the quadrille at the opening of the ball. Several Arab Sheiks were presented to the Queen when she took her seat. Having walked through the apartments, her Majesty departed at half-past eleven o'clock, and returned to St. Cloud.

On Friday, the Queen made her second

visit to the Exposition; lunched at the Ecole Militaire; and at five o'clock witnessed a review of 45,000 soldiers in the Champ de Mars. The Queen drove on to the ground with the Empress, in an open carriage; followed by the Emperor, Prince Albert, Prince Napoleon, and the Prince of Bavaria, on horseback. When the troops defiled, the two ladies viewed the spectacle from the balcony of the Ecole Militaire. After dining *en famille* at the Tuileries, the Imperial and Royal party went to the Opera Comique, where they appeared with less state, but were received with quite as much enthusiasm as on Tuesday at the Grand Opera.

"We now come to Saturday's programme of festivities, and find them even more artistic, splendid, and successful than any that had preceded them—more conclusive in the evidence which they afford of the extreme care with which every detail connected with this memorable visit has been thought out, and of the taste and judgment with which the whole affair has been conducted.

"A quiet visit to St. Germain, with its fine scenery of forest, river, and château, began the day, and fitly prepared his Royal guests for that wondrous spectacle which the Emperor had prepared in their honor at Versailles."

"We ask the reader to accompany us in imagination to Versailles and pass a too short night there amid splendors such as few of those who witnessed them can ever hope to see approached. Talk, indeed, of enchanted palaces and fairy halls and illuminated gardens, and all the decorative adjuncts with which the fancy teems when its love of the wonderful is highly excited. But what idea can they give you, or any true description, or anything short of having been present yourself, as to what Versailles was last night? You must go back to the feelings which you had when still a child—to the time when the imagination and the senses were so quick that nothing seemed impossible to you—when it was not too difficult to put 'a girdle round the earth' or to perform any one of 'delicate Ariel's' proffered feats. The age of fresh and young belief in wonders is nearly worn out, or only lives in the cold forms which severe science and calculating hard-headed discovery prescribe. But what is wanted here is the confiding credulousness of nursery days, an unquestioning spirit that will think we tell our story only too plainly, and be angry with us because we try to be simple. Some ten miles from Paris, to the westward, stands the

Palace of Versailles, a building of great extent, surrounded by a terraced garden in the Italian style, with fountains and statues spreading coolness and beauty outside, and long ranges of saloons and halls within, the walls of which are either hung with historical paintings or decorated with marble and gilding and mirrors and tapestry. A lovely autumn night has set in, and the moon is shining pensively in a sky which is not altogether free from clouds, and yet not overcast. As you approach this home of the Sovereigns of France, wherein in times gone by so many wonderful persons have lived and so many strange and great scenes taken place, you find the long avenues lighted up, and the architectural outlines of the building itself indicated by lines of gas illumination. There is a block up of carriages at the entrance to the court-yard, all filled with men in Court dress, and women so beautiful, so covered with jewels, that they flash out upon you through the dark, and whose light robes, carefully held up to prevent crushing, make them look like so many Venuses emerging from the foam of the sea. Presently a sergeant de ville and your own dexterity get you through, and you are soon passing through ante-rooms filled with stately porters and footmen who stand up as you pass by and don't laugh, but look very grave indeed at the horrible absurdities of the uniform which you have borrowed from some *costumier* for the occasion.

"A staircase brings you to the floor on which the State apartments in splendid success set forth upon their emblazoned walls the historical glories of France. But before you enter these you must give up the precious green ticket which you have persecuted everybody for several days to obtain, and only got at last as a favor never to be repaid, except by prostrating yourself before the donor for the rest of your days. You forget all that, in what you now have to see. The retinue of servants disappears, and the Cent Gardes in full costume, varied occasionally by a Sapeur Pompier, occupy a series of chambers through which you pass in grand procession. Standing in pairs at the entrance to each *salle* they look upon you with magnificent coldness as you pass. But at length you leave the bulk of them behind, and join the rest of the company, who you find are all in uniform, moving about in a flood of light poured down upon them from thousands of waxlights. Imagine the effect. The windows are all open, the night comes in refreshingly, and you turn to look out upon

the terrace, when, behold, you find its verge of balustrade illuminated with colored lamps which have converted it into an arcade of variegated splendor, in which three sets of arches with terminal crowns over them form the most conspicuous objects. The fountain basins in the foreground have undergone the same process of decoration, and their surfaces tremble under the murmuring flash of gas jets like lakes of molten silver or gold. Arab chiefs move about with the slow, solemn gait which they appear to have borrowed from their own camels, admiring the wonderful spectacle within the palace and outside. Suddenly, towards the south, a gun is heard, the bands in the great mirrored ballroom play 'God Save the Queen,' and a movement among the crowd shows the fireworks have commenced.

"On the further verge of a fine sheet of water, with the shadows of the Park behind to bring out its effects, and the thunder of the cannon countenancing authoritatively the streams of soaring rockets, the pyrotechnic display takes place. We know nothing about the management of such things in England, nor does Cremorne or Vauxhall give any, the faintest, conception of the refined splendor with which they are conducted on this occasion. A double bouquet, the first springing from a transparency of Windsor Castle, and the last, still more magnificent, from ships of war, brings the fireworks to a close, and causes the ball to open with everybody in a frenzy of admiration. Then the Emperor, wearing the Riband of the Garter, takes the Queen into the circle prepared for her, and Prince Albert leads as his partner the Princess Mathilde, and Prince Napoleon the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria join in the state-ly quadrille, which is danced while grave Ministers of State, like Lord Clarendon, and Count Walewski, and Lord Cowley, and soldiers like Canrobert, and Vaillant, and the Arab chiefs, already alluded to, some in white bournous, some in red, look solemnly on at a spectacle such as few of those who witnessed it can ever hope to see repeated. Waltzes and quadrilles followed each other three or four times. Among the Imperial and Royal guests Her Majesty the Empress looks gaily on, a perfect Queen of the Revels, though not sharing in them before general dancing commenced. It was midnight when the Emperor took Her Majesty and the rest of the Court to a banquet, which was magnificently served in the Theatre of the Palace.

The above splendid fête concluded the festivities held in honor of her Majesty's visit to Paris. Sunday was given up to rest; and on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, her Majesty started in a splendid State carriage drawn by eight horses, loaded with golden trappings—each horse held by a footman in gorgeous livery—for the terminus of the railway that would convey her to Boulogne, on her way home. The State carriage was preceded by a company of mounted Chasseurs, a brilliant staff (General Canrobert figuring among the Generals), the band of the Guides, squadrons of the Guides, the Cent Guards; State carriages drawn by four horses, conveying the high officers and ladies of the Royal and Imperial households; a State carriage and six horses, in which the Prince of Wales, dressed in Highland garments, was the chief personage. In the State carriage with her Majesty were the Empress, the Emperor, and Prince Albert. As the cortège—the rear of which was brought up by the Cent Guardes—passed along the line of route, loud and hearty cheers were given for the Queen, which her Majesty acknowledged by very low bows and very gracious smiles, appearing to be highly delighted with the splendid pageant which concluded her visit. On all sides people were astonished; for this departure was much more stately matter than the Royal entry.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, the special train left the station for Boulogne, and arrived there at five, when her Majesty was conducted by the Emperor to the hotel where rooms were prepared. A review of the troops took place shortly afterward on the Sands, and the Queen returned to the hotel soon after eight o'clock. At a few minutes past eleven the Emperor conducted her Majesty on board the Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, amid the roaring of cannon and a blaze of fireworks from the cliffs. The most cordial adieus were exchanged between her Majesty and the Emperor. The magnificence of the scene was considerably increased by a brilliant display of flambeaux, which were held by the soldiers, who formed a line for a considerable distance, upon the heights on both sides of the river. The town was beautifully illuminated, particularly the houses in the leading streets, and the public buildings. As the Royal yacht receded from the shore, a continuous firing of rockets and *feux-d'artifice* was kept up. Her Majesty was favored by the most beautiful weather.

The full moon shone during the night with the greatest brilliancy, and the wind al-

most sank to a calm, whilst the sun rose on Tuesday morning in unclouded beauty. Circumstances more conducive to an agreeable voyage could not have occurred. The royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was followed by the *Osborne*, the old yacht, and the *Vivid* steam despatch vessel, the *Fairy*, tender to the yacht, and the *Trinity* steam-yacht. At half-past seven the hull of the Royal yacht

became visible at Portsmouth, and at ten minutes past eight she passed the Nab. On passing through Spithead, a few minutes later, the garrison battery at Portsmouth fired a Royal salute, announcing the Queen's return. The Royal yacht arrived off Osborne at about a quarter to nine. At ten her Majesty landed and proceeded to the Palace.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

POLITICS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have already hinted at the intensity of political feeling in the last century, which carried partisanship from the coffee and chocolate-house to the theatre, and even the inner recesses of the lady's chamber, and induced the zealous beauty to proclaim her principles by the position of the patches of court-plaster on her face, and by the seat which she took at the playhouse.

In the discussion of some question of state, fathers, Brutus-like, sacrificed their children, tradesmen neglected their business, and friends fought and slew each other. But, after all, the coffee-house was the arena of political discussion. Addison mentions "the inner parlor of the 'Grecian,'" as the resort of a knot of furious politicians, who weighed every measure brought forward in parliament, canvassed every notice in the *Gazette*, and doubted the efficacy of every treaty that was signed. In 1724, we find the "Cocoa Tree," or "Ozinda's," distinguished as the resort of Tory politicians, and the "Saint James's" for its Whig frequenters. Towards the latter part of the century this rage was in nowise abated, for Goldsmith, in the "Citizen of the World," writes: "An Englishman, not satisfied with finding by his own prosperity the contending powers of Europe properly balanced, desires also to know the precise value of every weight in either scale. To gratify this curiosity, a leaf of political instruction is served up every morning with tea; when our politician has feasted upon this, he repairs to a coffee-house, in order to ruminate upon what he has read, and increase his collection;

from thence he proceeds to the ordinary, inquires 'What news?' and treasuring up every requisition there, hunts about all the evening in quest of more, and carefully adds it to all the rest. Thus, at night, he returns home, full of the important advices of the day: when, lo! waking next morning, he finds the instructions of yesterday a collection of absurdity or palpable falsehood. This one would think a mortifying repulse in the pursuit of wisdom, yet our politician, no way discouraged, hunts on, in order to collect fresh materials, and in order to be again disappointed."

In the days of Swift we may find, from the very cautious character of his correspondence, and the equivocal and often hieroglyphical language of his friends in writing to him, as well as from frequent direct allusions to the fact, that the public post was not held sacred during these times of hot partisanship, but that the correspondence of parties, supposed to be at all of different views from the government was repeatedly intercepted and opened. This system appears to have prevailed alike through the successive administrations of Godolphin, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Walpole; discreditable and repulsive to our English feelings, it was, perhaps, tolerated more easily through the very intensity of the passion for politics, which disposed both parties to recognize the rule that all schemes were justifiable which led to the desired end in this trial of strength—the impeachment of the one or the other party's minister.

We must bear in mind that, throughout

the century, there was a continual supply of food for this passion to feed upon. Twelve years had but elapsed at its commencement, since a revolution, entirely altering the dynasty, and settling the constitution on a surer religious and political basis, and which affected the destiny of the country so materially that it required some time to adjust matters on the footing which was deemed to be the safest to the nation, and still longer to reconcile men's minds to the new order of things—to soften down asperities, and to obliterate prejudices; people had hardly ascertained what reforms they were to expect—what liberties were to be given to them. Then the death of two successive sovereigns without issue rendered another change in the line of monarchs inevitable, and the Hanoverian succession was at length fixed upon. This caused a protracted struggle between the old Stuart party, who saw a prospect of returning to power when Anne sat on the throne without issue and left it a legacy for contention, and the partisans of the new line, which, settled by arms in 1715, was again renewed with great energy in 1745. Another fruitful source of discussion was found in the continued foreign wars, and our being almost throughout the century involved in disputes with the neighboring courts. The violent writings of Wilkes, Junius, and Sampson Perry, helped to keep the flame alive, and the greater efforts the government made to reduce it by adopting rigorous proceedings against those writers, the fiercer it burned—the attorney-general and the judges were merely pouring water upon burning oil. The dispute with our revolted colonies in America, and their subsequent successful struggle for independence, divided the nation into two parties; and, finally, the century closed upon a state of anarchy and confusion which, breaking out with the French Revolution, had spread epidemically over almost the entire continent, leaving it doubtful where or when it would be stemmed, and leaving England engaged in a vigorous attempt to restore the distribution of power which had been so wildly upset, for the better security and peace of Europe. This was a period well adapted to draw out great statesmen from among the heterogeneous mass collected in parliament, and Bolingbroke, Harley, Walpole, North, Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Canning, were alternately thrown up on the surface of the troubled waters.

But, in every coffee-house, from Saint

James's to the Royal Exchange, and in every tavern in the city, there were rival statesmen who were settling the gravest affairs of the nation, under the soothing or inspiring effects (as the case might require) of tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, punch, or purl. Particular boxes in the coffee-house were allotted to little knots of these sage politicians, or a particular room allotted to a more influential club of them. Associations for the solving of great state problems sat nightly at every tavern, and energetically protested against, or warmly supported, the measures of the government. A hatter from Cheapside would come down to his club prepared to pay off the national debt, as he paid off his own debts—on paper: a Cornhill tailor, who was ignorant of his domestic duties, would find fault with duties imposed by the government: a cutler, who was a member of some loyal volunteer corps, would be prepared to show that some besieged general was entirely ignorant of the art of fortification: or a man living by his wits, and who had no principle in himself, would come and spout by the hour together in opposition to a government measure, but only objected to it "on principle." A draper would deliver speeches by the yard, as conjurers vomit ribbons, or mine host himself called to their councils, would, perhaps, more concisely "come to the pint"—whilst a druggist, who was looked upon as the professional member of the club, would enter into an explanation of his "scruples." Some of these clubs were of importance, and created a sensation in the political world; there was the "Jacobite Club," for the restoration of the exiled Stuarts—the "London Corresponding Society, united for a Reform of Parliament"—the "Constitutional Society," advocating the cause of the revolted colonies, or "plantations," in America—the "Supporters of the Bill of Rights"—the "Society of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press," of which Sheridan was a member; and a host of others, which had some pretensions to importance and respectability.

The programme of the evening's discussion was frequently advertised in the public papers, when the club was understood to be a controversial or open debating club; but one or two specimens of these announcements will suffice:—

"Society for Free Debate, Queen's Arms, Newgate-street.—The questions to be argued here this evening are as follows, viz.:—'Are not the Severe Laws by which the Soldiery

From Dickens' Household Words.

CORALIE.

IN one of the streets branching off to the right, as you go up the Champs Elysées towards the Barrière de l'Etoile, exists Madame Sévère's Pensionnat for young ladies: a tall, white, imposing building, as befits its character and purpose. Almost conventual discipline is observed at Madame Sévère's; the young ladies are supposed to know nothing of the gay doings in their neighborhood. But, as they pace round and round the monotonous garden, their eyes being in no way amused, their youthful imaginations go wandering to an extent little dreamed of by their reverend directress or their reverend confessor.

Love, lovers, and weddings are, sad to say, the staple of the conversation of that nearly grown up pair of friends, whispering as they walk. They are, in fact, discussing their pretty under-teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss Twelve, who comes bounding up to her.

"But what are you two whispering about?" asks little Curiosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance, unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way of sending herself out of the room on the arrival of a confidential friend. "Go and play at Les Graces with Louise."

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest girl of the school, "Madame called her down to give her the letter; and you can't think how awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the hand."

And now the confidante wonders if Made moiselle can be really engaged, and who to? None of the masters, that's certain; for she never speaks to any of them, not even to Mons. Ernest, the drawing-master, who has more than once hinted what a capital study Mademoiselle Fischer's head would make. The two girls think a great deal of this Mons. Ernest. School-girls generally do place a glory round the head of one or other of the gentlemen who have the honor of teaching them. A pretty young creature once owned herself to be desperately in love,

as she called it, with her harp-master, a little elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly despised her for her want of musical talent.

Coralie was tall, and had a commanding carriage; her large eyes were black—a velvet black, soft—not sparkling, with clear depths into which it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion of a rich brown; and her well-shaped head a perfect marvel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and accomplished girl, she was nevertheless filling the situation of under-teacher in Madame Sévère's school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or twelve pounds a-year, for which she engaged to teach grammar, history, geography, writing, cyphering, and needle-work of every description, to about twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to lose sight of during the day (not even in their play hours), and, moreover, being required every morning to brush the hair of this score of obstreperous school-girls. The half of Sunday once a fortnight was the only holiday Coralie was allowed during the half-year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, well-educated girl of twenty-two. However, Coralie had endured it unflinchingly for four years, and looked plump and rosy still. Coralie was waiting with all the faith of a pure heart for the return of her affianced husband. A year more, and he would be back; and as that thought rises, how she bows her blushing face, and lays her hand over her heart, as if the strong beats must be seen by some of the tiresome mother's cherubs round her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical man, had died when the cholera was raging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and as a matter of course; beloved by his clientèle. What doctor is not?—the family doctor we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl to the tender mercies of the world. And the wind was tempered to these shorn

"York, April 8th, 1784.—To be sold by the Kidnapping Parson,* in the 'Apollo,' at the 'George,' in Coney-street, on Wednesday, the 7th instant, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, a large lot of firm and lasting Resentment against Lord North (the property of Lord John Cavendish). As it has been basely adulterated by a mixture of the Coalition, it will be Sold so Cheap that a Stamp Receipt will not be necessary. N. B.—His Lordship's friends advised him to put up his Duplicity in the above lot, but, as he thinks that may yet be of Service to him, he was not willing to part with it."

"To be Sold by Auction! Who bids more than the Comptroller? Going! Going! A fine, smart, dapper, Hibernian Orator, at the shameful price of a turnspit to the Jacobites! Going, gentlemen, going!—shameful little busybody! View him! Hear him harangue the mob! Gentlemen, consider he is worth more than that to pay his expenses in the Diligence, and send him round the country to talk as much in favor of Addresses as he has heretofore calumniated them. Fine change! Besides, gentlemen, if you do not bid more honorably, he will possibly tack about and endeavor to gain a petition for the removal of those he now calls his friends. Nobody bids more—Knock the Doctor off!"

The different species of threats had recourse to are illustrated in the following handbills:—

"Mr. Mollett,—I desire you will give me one vote at least for the ensuing election; that is, either for Lord John Cavendish or Sir William Milner. If you refuse, you must give up being my tenant.—R. Sykes. Tuesday, March 30th. (Addressed) Mr. Mollett, Swinegate."

"In a few days will be published, The

Black List: an account of such freemen of York as promised their votes to Lord John Cavendish and Sir William Milner, or one of them, and afterwards polled for Lord Galway and Mr. Milnes. By which will be proved that the inhabitants of this city possess the greatest share of consistency, veracity, gratitude, and public spirit of any men on earth."

The elections in which John Wilkes figured as a candidate, and was returned in defiance of the House of Commons which had rejected him, were productive of still more paper warfare; but we must go to Hogarth, after all, for the best illustration of a parliamentary election of the last century. In his admirable series of *The Feast, The Canvass, The Polling, and The Chairing*, he has described all that can be described of a contested election. But there is little to point out which is *peculiar* to the period, beyond the costume. Let our readers carefully scan them, and say whether every feature of bribery, corruption, intimidation, personation, and perjury have done more than *fade* in a similar scene of modern days—they have yet to *disappear*. Are they not all still practiced, though, perhaps, not so openly nor so boldly? Is not very nearly the same *amount* of corruption going on, though invisibly, and for a shorter space of time?

These matters are, however, now managed differently: we hear no such public offers made as in the following advertisement, which we extract from the *London Evening Post* of October the 1st, 1774, on the issuing of the writs for the new parliament:—

"Borough.—A gentleman of character and fortune, who wishes to avoid contention and trouble, would be glad of a compromise against an ensuing period. A line to Mr. Dormer, at 24 Ludgate-hill, will meet with the most honorable attention."—*Verbum sap.!*

* The Reverend Mr. Marsh, accused of kidnapping Galway and Milnes' voters.

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Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical man, had died when the cholera was raging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and as a matter of course; beloved by his clientèle. What doctor is not?—the family doctor we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl to the tender mercies of the world. And the wind was tempered to these shorn

lambs; some of the many kind hearts of Dr. Fischer's patients obtaining for the widow the right to sell tobacco and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to support herself, and have her Coralie educated.

When Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud one day came to pay his respects to Madame Fischer. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being the son of Dr. Fischer's step-mother by her first marriage. Madame Fischer therefore called him *mon frère*, and Mademoiselle Coralie at the beginning said, *mon oncle*, very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short time. Though there was abundance of reason for questioning the relationship, there was none at all for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her, and distressed her greatly by calling her Mademoiselle. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations, whether "to put it to the touch, to win, or lose it all," Eugene made the mamma acquainted with the condition of his affections. A cabinet council of the confessor and one or two distant relations of the Fischer family was held, and then it was graciously announced to the anxious lover that his cause was won. Then it came out, how very stupidly every one had acted in making Eugene into an uncle; for, though it was allowed on all hands that he was a mere pretence of an uncle, still the pretence was substantial enough for the confessor to declare that a dispensation in form must be obtained, before the marriage could be solemnized. The lovers were vexed and provoked; but it must be owned, that as they met daily to talk over their plans and provocations, time did not hang long on their hands.

As it always happens, no sooner is a marriage decided on, than a host of difficulties show their hydra heads in the paths to its realization. The spiritual maternal affection of the Church of Rome produced number one; and the temporal maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number two; and the bridegroom's love of his profession, number three. But Coralie was a girl in a thousand, without any selfishness in her love—at least, if there were a slight dash of it, it was a selfishness *à deux*. The case was this: Eugene Peroud, though of a good bourgeois family, was, at the time we are writing of, only a sergeant in one of the regiments of the line. It is a com-

mon practice in France, for young men, very respectably connected, to enter the army as privates, and to work their way up to a commission. Now Eugene, besides having every reason to expect his promotion within a reasonable time, had a life rent of a thousand francs a-year—about forty pounds of English money, and so Coralie considered she was making so rich a marriage, for a girl without a sou of dowry, that she might be suspected of interested motives. Like many other mammas, Madame Fischer was of a precisely opposite opinion to her daughter. She thought that Coralie was throwing herself away.

"I have yielded to my child's feelings," said Madame Fischer, with dignified emphasis, "and the least I think I have a right to expect in return is, that the man for whom that child sacrifices so much, should willingly give up his ambitious views, to devote himself to domestic felicity."

"And how are we to live?" asked Eugene, in a half-penitent, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the lady, in the same tone of injured worth. "I have duly reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry it out, I shall make application to have my license transferred to my daughter." Eugene looked aghast. "As for me—," here Madame Fischer paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes—"I shall not long be a trouble or burden to any one." Eugene laughed out at this assertion, while Coralie exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind words to your poor little Coralie. Trouble! burden! Oh, mamma! and when you have done so much for me; for us." Then forcing back the tears filling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off her mother's pretty little cap, gave to view Madame Fischer's profusion of glorious black hair. Tenderly smoothing and kissing the black braids, she said: "No, not one tiny, tiny silver line to be seen,—look, Eugene, is there? and mamma talking as if she were eighty."

"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, replacing the cap and its coquettish ribbons. "What can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked as if it had, but only said: "No, no, we will have no giving up of anything. Time enough when Eugene is bald and gray-headed for him to sell tobacco and snuff; and, who knows, mamma," continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and

going to Court," and Coralie held up her head, and curtseyed gracefully, coaxing the mamma not to say again that Eugene's love for his profession was no great proof of his love for his betrothed.

The day came at last, when there was no longer any time for discussing the matter. It had been supposed that the regiment, only lately returned from foreign service, would remain at home for some months. Now, however, it was suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as Eugene desired military distinction, as he now saw all Coralie's unselfish devotion, he felt almost inclined to relinquish every ambitious hope for her dear sake.

"You must go, Eugene," she said, when he expressed some feeling of this kind. "You must go—we have delayed too long for any other decision now. My brave Eugene, as brave as Bayard himself, must be like him, not only sans peur, but sans reproche. I could not love Eugene as I do, mother," turning to Madame Fischer, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I said otherwise."

"Wounded? Maimed? did you say? Ah! well, so that he comes back, I will be his crutch, bâton de sa vieillesse," and she pressed her lover's strong arm on hers, flushing over brow and bosom with the effort to subdue natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching up a terrible word whispered by the mother, she flung her arms round his neck, crying, "No, no—he will not die—he cannot die: but, even so, it is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eugene will do his duty, and Coralie will do hers." Poor heart! how it quivered, and how the tongue faltered, as it spoke these brave words. No one knew the hard victory over self Coralie had won. She—herself, only realized it when the fight was over, and she was left to long days of alternate anxiety and hope.

Madame Fischer had prophesied more truly of herself than she had intended. After what seemed a mere cold, she almost suddenly died. The reversion of her license had only been talked about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eighteen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole dependence, a few, very few, pounds, the poor mother had pinched herself for years to lay by for her child's dot.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to those ladies who had befriended her mother. She told them of her engagement, she was very proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Peroud. She knew how willingly he

would have given her his thousand francs a year, but she would rather try and support herself, until she actually became his wife. Her mother's savings Coralie wished laid aside to be used as that dear lost one had meant.

The ladies applied to their nieces or daughters, at Madame Sévère's, and through their exertions Coralie was received as sous-maitress. For four years had Coralie brushed hair, picked out mis-shapen stitches, heard unlearned lessons stammered through, and corrected incorrigible exercises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all her head and heart weariness. What a delight the first letter had been—she peered at every word, till she learned the trick of every letter, how he crossed his t's and dotted his i's—the handwriting, indeed, seemed to her different from all other handwritings. Countless were the times the thin paper was unfolded, to make sure that he had really put that fond word where she thought, and carefully was it refolded, and not parted with night nor day, until another and another no less dear followed, each in turn usurping its predecessor's throne. At last, she received the long looked for news; Eugene had won his epaulettes in open fight, and had been noticed by the Prince himself. How Coralie cried for joy, and how Madame Sévère scolded her for having flushed cheeks.

Time went steadily on, hurrying himself for no one, and now Eugene writes of his return in another year as certain. A year! Who, after thirty, says with heartfelt confidence, only another year, and then! This certainty of soon having a husband's protection, softened to Coralie the annoyance of leaving Madame Sévère. Not that Coralie had any affection for that prim uncensurable lady; but she would have borne almost anything to be permitted the shelter of a respectable roof, till Eugene came to claim her. Why Madame Sévère had such an antipathy to the handsome, healthy, smiling girl, courageous and independent in her nearly menial situation, let moralists explain. Too independent, perhaps, was the under-teacher, with not a scrap of that twining and clinging of parasite plants, which, whether he will or no, embrace and hold fast the rugged, knotty oak, until they make him subservient to their support.

Coralie had proved her courage by remaining so many years a drudge for Madame Sévère, but the proud spirit could not brook the chance of being discharged as an ill-behaved servant, and Madame Sévère had not

been sparing in hints that she must either resign or be dismissed.

So Mademoiselle Fischer left the pensionnat for young ladies, and, by the advice of Madame Ferey, one of those who had shown most interest in her at the time of her mother's death, she resolved to try what she could make of a day-school for children, rather than run the risk of encountering another Madame Sévère. There was no time for much pondering; the poor cannot afford the luxury of hesitation; so Coralie at once hired a couple of rooms in one of the small streets running into the Rue St. Honoré—a neighborhood abounding in small shops and populous with small children. To furnish these rooms, sorely against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had to expend her mother's savings. Coralie had no morbid sensibility, but she sorrowed over this infringement of her dead mother's wishes as if that mother could have been pained by the deed. She listened thankfully to Madame Ferey, who said the furniture would be as good a *dût* as the money, and tried to look satisfied; her judgment was convinced, but not her heart.

Madame Ferey went with her to the upholsterer's to choose the walnut-wood furniture—that object of ambition to young housekeepers. Madame Ferey says she shall never forget Coralie's face on that day, with its variations of sunshine and cloud; while the firm, well-poised figure, the impersonation of youthful vigor, contrasted so charming with the blushing, fluttered manner, which betrayed to her friend how constantly the thought of the absent one entered into the choice of one or other article. One chair, quite a large reading-chair, Coralie would have. Should it be covered? Oh no! She would rather work a cover for it. "A piece of extravagance," said she to Madame Ferey, "but it will last all our lives, and Eugene ought to have one. Don't you think so?" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Ferey had taken up Coralie's interests in real earnest, and had, by dint of severe canvassing, procured several little scholars. It was agreed that the usual monthly charge of five francs should always be paid in advance. This considerate arrangement saved Coralie from running into debt at the beginning, and before the end of the first three months she was enjoying a great gale of prosperity. The mothers of her first pupils so boasted of her skill in teaching reading and writing, but, above all, of the wonderful stitches she taught their daughters,

that her little school prospered beyond all her expectations. Coralie even thought she should soon need a larger room and an assistant; but she would wait now, for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he would not like her to keep a school after they were married. In his last letter he had bid her write no more, for the regiment was under orders to return to France. He was sure to be with her shortly after his own letter. Everything was ready for him, and it was wonderful what her industry and ingenuity had done for her humble apartment. She had worked a large rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for the little sofa, while the famous great chair was a specimen of beautiful elaborate worsted work, a paragon in its way. There were helmets and swords and banners flaming in charming confusion on the seat and broad back, in the centre of which last was a medallion with the interlaced initials E. and C. The pride of Coralie's heart, however, was the pretty pendule on the mantel piece. The only drawback to her pleasure as she looked round her was the absence of the two vases with their bouquets which ought to have flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned, and during the probation of this last month even Coralie's energy and spirit gave way. She could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices round her; she was hardly able to command patience enough to allot the work—to answer the never-ending questions about cotton and muslin, and leaves and holes, and worsteds and silks. She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour of release; but when it came, solitude appeared more insupportable to her than the hum and buzz and movement of the day. She could not command even one of those hopeful anticipations she had longed for the hour of quietness to enjoy—not one of her former bright visions of the future would come at her call. She grew fearful and superstitious, and waking or sleeping was pursued by a phantom dread—a dread she would not have clothed in words for empires—a shapeless dread that was withering her life, only to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her looks. She grew pale and thin, and there came a stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard sound in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympathies of all who knew Coralie were soon in full play. Heaven knows how every one was so well informed; but the milk-woman who brought the morning sous of milk let fall a drop or two over the measure, with a smiling "Courage, mademoiselle, le bon temps vien-

dra." The concierge and his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the postman's giberne; the shoeblack at the corner of the street made daily inquiries; and as for the épicier and his spouse, M. and Madame Bonnenuit, they could talk of nothing in their conjugal tête-à-têtes but Madlle. Coralie and her officier fiancé. They perseveringly studied a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up service, and by which they always predicted a fair wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any day or even any hour, Coralie begged for a holiday—all occupation had, indeed, become impossible to her. The parents of her little flock were enthusiastically unanimous in their consent:—"Mais oui, mais oui, ma pauvre demoiselle; allons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du courage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra."

"Le bon temps viendra?" repeated Coralie, and this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours motionless, or move only to look at the hands of the pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was early spring, and a bright sun was shining merrily into the room, in defiance of her snow-white curtains—some caged lark near was singing his pretty matins—and, as Coralie opened her window, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few warm tears gathered in her eyes, her heart throbbed tempestuously, and then she felt a presentiment, she would scarcely own it to herself, that he would come that day. First, Coralie prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks—poor soul, was she trying to bribe Heaven? Then she dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin, her hand shaking so she could scarcely fix the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smoothed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cuffs and a collar she had embroidered and laid by in sweet anticipation of Eugene's return. "They will grow quite yellow," soliloquized she, dissembling her own motive, "if I let them lie longer in the drawer," and with sudden resolution she put them on. And then—why then, she knew not what to do with the long day, and sat down on her sofa in restless, yet happy listlessness.

About noon, there was a man's step on the stair—Coralie was not startled, not astonished, she had known it would be so, only she panted hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her door. She rose, but had

no power to walk—a low tap—"Entrez," she said, in a soft voice, with her hand outstretched as if she would have lifted the latch herself. A uniform appeared—Coralie sprang forward, and met a stranger—"Eugene, where is he?" cried the bewildered girl, retreating, and her eyes turning from the intruder, strained as if seeking some one following in his rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor, "I have come by his wish. You perhaps know my name—Jean Rivarol—I was Eugene's comrade for many years."

"He has often written to me of you," returned she, "but you have expected to find him too soon—he has not yet come—but he will soon be here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of a chair, turned a strange look at the excited speaker, and then cast his eyes on the ground.

"In truth," continued Coralie, "I thought it was him when you entered; and so," she added, after a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend—forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for this day five years—five weary years!"

The last few words broke forth with a burst of long pent-up feeling. Then with more composure she asked—

"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question Rivarol, who was still standing in the middle of the room, murmured something like "on the road."

"He will be here to-day, then?"

"Not to-day, I think—I suppose—that is—as he is not here yet."

"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning or evening, do you think?"

"I cannot tell," said Jean, evidently embarrassed, and looking very pale. "Pardon, mademoiselle, my intrusion, I will take my leave."

Coralie thought he was hurt by the ungraciousness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on this as Eugene's home. It will be his—ours, in a few days—and his friends will always be welcome. See," she went on, "there stands his arm-chair, I worked the cover myself, and, to tell you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been going through toil and danger, it would have been too bad if I had been idle. I think Eugene will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance round the room, which seemed to take in all and everything it contained.

"Séjour fait pour le bonheur,"
(A home made for happiness.)

he exclaimed. He was strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his color went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly uttered some words about pressing business, and with one hasty bow darted away.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after him, on the stairs. She had some new question to put to him, as to in what exact place he had left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene." And with this determination, the stranger vanished from her thoughts, which returned to their former train. Nevertheless, she had gathered one certainty, that her betrothed could not be with her before next day.

To-morrow!—how long! And yet it felt like a relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the intensely desired meeting nears, becomes somewhat akin to dread. So, the portress, who was always running up on one pretext or another, and other female neighbors also—all in remarkably high spirits—were told that M. Eugene could not arrive before the morrow.

The repeating this assurance constantly was Coralie's only conversation with her humble friends that day. Her heart was full of disquiet, and when alone she often muttered to herself some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "Séjour fait pour le bonheur," or counting over her little treasures in a dazed sort of way.

On the Wednesday following, towards evening, as Madame Ferey and her daughter Pauline, one of Coralie's former pupils, were sitting together, talking pleasantly, over Coralie's happy prospects, a ring came to the door of the apartment. Madame opened the door herself, and there stood a figure which for a few seconds she did not recognize. The shrunken height, the stoop which brought the shoulders forward like two points, the shawl which hung over them in a wretched dangle, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken eye, the premature lines and angles of age—all bore the unmistakable impress of dire calamity and forlorn despair.

"Chère Mademoiselle Coralie?" at length burst from Madame Ferey, in a voice of sorrowing surprise. And taking her by the hand, she led her in silence to a seat by the

fireside, and then folding one of the girl's hands in her own, she asked in a whisper, "What has happened?"

"Dead!" said Coralie, holding out a folded paper to Madame Ferey, and averting her face as if the sight of it scorched her.

It was a most touching letter from Jean Rivarol, asking forgiveness for his courage having failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the preceding day. At sight of her, he had not had the heart to speak; his tongue had refused to tell her the fatal tidings. Eugene had fallen in a skirmish for which he had volunteered only two days before the regiment embarked for France. Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and received his last instructions. He had carried his friend's body within the French lines, and given it Christian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband, to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart went through, for Coralie wrestled with her first grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch those death-throes of happiness. What can any one say to the bereaved, but "Lord, we beseech thee to have mercy."

Good Madame Ferey and Pauline cried as if their hearts would break, but Coralie shed no tear. She sat in a listless attitude, her eyes fixed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my dear?" at length asked Madame.

"I do not know—a long time ago—just when I was expecting him."

Madame Ferey looked up alarmed at this answer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," said Coralie, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "The day before yesterday—Monday. An age of grief has passed over me since then." And now, having broke silence, she went on talking: "I have lived in him—a love of so many, many years—it is very hard. I may say, no action of my life, however trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was done with the thought of him in my heart. He was the rudder of my life. And so he will be still. For, Madame Ferey, I have thought and thought, and settled it all in my mind. I cannot remain in Paris, to see ever around me all that I had prepared for his return—all I did for him; I should go mad."

Madame Ferey indeed began to fear she might, and concurred in the necessity of a removal.

"You feel that," said Coralie, eagerly; "you are a real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, particularly some years back.

But Madame Ferey made no objections, feeling it better to let the poor girl follow any decision she had come to for herself, and believing that the difficulties of carrying it into effect would give time for consideration. In taking this view, the kind lady underrated the firm will of her protégé.

Carolie's aim and ambition was to bring back Eugene's remains to France, and to lay them by the side of her mother in the cemetery of Montmartre. She had already made inquiries; it would cost three thousand francs.

"I can perhaps earn as much at Oran, and if not I can pray by his resting-place, and mark it better than by a wooden cross; and at last we will rest in the same grave, either in our native France or under the African soil where he fell. It little matters, so we are together."

That evening the wretched girl left Madame Ferey more calm than she had been since the fatal news. The discussing her project with a friend had given it reality. She had none to help her in her inquiries or preparations. She felt that she must be up and doing, and instead of indulging in natural grief, she roused herself to action. Many days passed in the arrangements necessary for her plan; then it was rumored among the scholars that Mademoiselle Fischer was going away ever so far, and would never keep a school again. There was a sale, and all the furni-

ture and other precious possessions, so hardly earned—objects around which were twined so many tender thoughts and joyful hopes—were sold and scattered abroad. Everything, except the arm-chair which she still called his; that she begged Madame Ferey to keep in case she ever returned. The slippers and cap she took with her. Grief—true grief, has strange vagaries. She bade every one adieu quietly, without having told any but Madame Ferey whither she was going. Some months elapsed, and then Madame Ferey received a letter dated from Oran. Coralie had made her way through difficulties and disagreeables of all kinds; but she was used to struggles, hardships, and self-reliance. She was now settled at Oran, and supporting herself as a day-governess among the families of the French officers. She was very kindly treated. Before leaving Paris, she had seen Rivarol again, and received all the information requisite to find out the spot sacred to her affections. Each morning, before the heat of an African day, and before the toil of her avocation begins, she walks beyond the walls of the town to kneel and pray by the side of a retired grave.

The native population by whose dwellings she passes, noticed this young Frenchwoman's diurnal pilgrimage, watched her steps, and discovered its object. It raised her high in their veneration.

One morning an old negro, himself a toiling servant to Arabs, awaited her coming, and presented her a nosegay with these words:

"Moi donner ces fleurs à vous car vous bonne."
(Me give you these flowers because you good).

Any traveller visiting Oran may easily find out our heroine. She was still toiling on in hope a few months ago.

LORD STANLEY ON EDUCATION.—The following remarks were uttered by Lord Stanley before the members of the Mechanics' Institutions connected with the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire, at Knowsley:—"In education, as in other matters, self-help is the best help—that a little which men do for themselves is better than a great deal that they get the State to do for them. We see, too, this—and not long ago it was a matter which philanthropists and the public were too much in the habit of overlooking—we see that we cannot by any interference on the part of Government or the

public, deprive the parent of the privilege or absolve him from that duty and responsibility which lies primarily on him—that of duly instructing his children. And from these admitted truths it follows, that, in order to do any real good, it is the parent who must be interested in the work of education. That you can only accomplish by giving him also an interest in literature and literary pursuits, on his own account; and that is what, in associations of this kind, you undertake and endeavor to effect, and the work upon which we one and all are engaged."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WOMEN AND THE SALONS OF FRANCE,

UNDER THE EMPIRE, THE RESTORATION, AND THE MONARCHY OF JULY.

CARDINAL MAZARIN said to Don Louis de Haro, at the time of the peace of the Pyrenees: "How lucky you are in Spain: there, women are satisfied with being coquettish or devout; they obey their lover or their confessor, and interfere with nothing else. But here, they wish to govern the State. We have three such: the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess of Longueville, women who would overthrow empires by their intrigues."

The Chancellor Maupeou used to say that women could not understand politics more than geese. A Duke of Wurtemberg held the intelligence of the fair sex in equally low estimation. His wife having ventured an observation upon the war which he had to sustain against Swabia, "Madame," he said, "we took you to give us a successor, and not to give us advice."

Jean V. of Brittany averred that a woman knew all that was wanted of her "quand elle savoit mettre différence entre la chemise et le pourpoint de son mary." Molière has dramatized this historical saying, related by Montaigne, in his "Femmes Savantes:"

Nos pères, sur ce point, étaient gens bien sensés,
Qui disaient qu'une femme en sait toujours assez
Quand la capacité de son esprit se hausse
A connaître un pourpoint d'avec un haut-de-chausse.

In a letter of the 6th of November, 1806, the Emperor Napoleon I. wrote to Josephine: "You appear to be annoyed at the bad things I say of women. It is true I hate intriguing women above all things. I am accustomed to women who are good, mild, and conciliating; those are the women I like."

Always ready to enter the lists with the conqueror of Italy, Madame de Staël asked him one day, in a large circle of society, who in his estimation was the first woman in the world, dead or alive?

"Celle qui a fait le plus d'enfants," answered Napoleon, smiling.

Notwithstanding these records of ungal-

lant attacks made by authority upon the fair sex, Dr. Véron justly remarks, that in France women have always exercised a certain empire upon society as it existed in their time; they have known how to change their parts, their attitudes, and their seductions under different régimes; and, at many epochs of French history, they have even pretended to govern the State.*

The empire of women was of brief duration at the breaking out of the revolution of 1789: the salons, at that epoch so numerous, so brilliant, and a few nights previously so powerful, were speedily dispersed by brutal and threatening influences—those of the clubs and the streets; influences which put to the rout all assemblages which required a certain quietude for their effective development.

Madame de Staël, at that time in her *première jeunesse*, made an attempt, during the administration of M. de Narbonne and of the Legislative Assembly, to exercise a certain influence upon that assembly in her salon, and to rally and to direct its principal members, as at a later period was done, in the midst of the animated but regular movements of a constitutional monarchy. These precocious political reunions were overthrown by the same impetuous torrent which carried away the throne of the 10th of August.

The vast influence of Madame Roland's salon is now a matter of history. This remarkable woman, clever and ambitious, ruled over the men of her party as if she had been their chief. She was the first who endeavored to organize the bourgeoisie of France of '89. She was in the possession of more graces and amiability than is generally supposed, but her projects for the future, perchance reasonable, but certainly premature, were quickly upset by catastrophes. There were no more salons when the scaffold became permanent!

Women, however, began to regain power the moment the days of Terror had gone

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. Par Le Docteur Véron. Tome Sixième.

by. The beauties of the epoch, among whom Madame Tallien occupies historically the first rank, assured their empire by the pity and humanity shown to the victims. The goodness of their hearts, the cynical ex-Director of the Opera would make us believe, sympathizing with all forms of suffering, *les entraînait même à de faciles tendresses!*

Under the Directory, Madame de Staël saw, on her return from Switzerland, the leaders of all shades of the old party reassembled in her salons. Her doors were only closed to the Jacobins. The author of "Corinne" was indebted for this great influence to the remarkable qualities of her heart and intellect, to an indefatigable activity, and to a certain prodigality of herself and of her sentiments. Those even whom she pleased least capitulated in the long run. She succeeded in bringing within the sphere of her attractions every person of distinction or renown. But these reunions, where Madame de Staël pretended to reign and govern, were deemed to be incompatible with the new order of things. Exiled to Switzerland, she regretted there for a long time her salon in Paris, or, as she used to call it, her rivulet of the Rue du Bac.

The Consulat saw several salons of more or less importance open their doors, and allowed them to exist. Madame de Montesson, widow of a Duke of Orleans, whose wife she had been, as Madame de Maintenon had been the wife of Louis XIV., assembled at her soirées persons attached to different parties, and sought to effect a fusion between different *régimes*. Madame de Montesson, friend of the Beauharnais, showed herself devoted to the Bonapartes, and she made converts among the emigrants, and even among the great names of the old nobility, to the new order of things.

At this epoch, the graces, the charms, and the intelligence of Madame Récamier, attracted within her circle a polished and amiable society, but more of a literary than of a political cast.

Under the Empire, the women whose society was most courted, who took the first places at the imperial court, and who graced the brilliant assemblies of the staff on days of festivals, revelled in that great and rich beauty, which inspires neither elegies, nor madrigals, nor sonnets, but which moves the senses before either heart or intellect know anything about it.

Madame la Duchesse de Bassano, Madame la Comtesse Duchâtel, Madame Regnault de

Saint-Jean-d'Angely, Madame la Duchesse de Vicence, Madame Visconti; and, in second rank, many a préfet's wife, give us an idea of that beauty which is incompatible with elegance and grace, but which, in order to conquer, disdains to borrow anything from the imagination, from the refinements of mind, or from all those subtle and studied coqueries which are requisite to impart passion in calmer and more tranquil epochs.

The numerous varieties, and different shades of beauty, are in all times represented among women; but the diverse *régimes* that govern society only place in the foremost rank those whose beauty, so to say, shows itself to be in perfect accordance with the spirit, with the ideas, it might almost be said with the philosophy, of the time. Thus, under the Empire, an upright, imposing bearing, a Greek outline, a look full of fire, a power of attraction which would no more admit of being questioned than the bravery of French warriors, some sense and intelligence,—but an intelligence unclouded by chimeras or vain misgivings, keeping within the circle marked out for it, appreciating only positive things, and preferring in love a sustained heroism to a languishing sentimentality,—such were, in the first years of the century, the principal moral and physical features of the women who were celebrated by their triumphs in salons, as also perhaps by the glory of those who loved them.

The women of the Empire entertained the most tender enthusiasm, the most sympathizing weakness for living illustrations of the field of battle; for those brilliant officers whose persons revealed force, vigor, and courage. The Lauzuns of that epoch were so many heroes.

Nevertheless, towards the end of the imperial *régime*, a new group of women gathered round Queen Hortense, and, taking after her, came under the influence of more refined graces, and more chaste and delicate sensibilities.

A new reign of women was inaugurated with the Restoration. Clever women, with some pretensions to beauty, aristocratic manners, and a simplicity which took uncommonly, shone with great lustre in the salons, where they were surrounded with homages and distinguished by a discreet and reputable celebrity. Lamartine came, and the political, the poetic and literary women, once more took the lead. It would be necessary to resuscitate the different classes, the dif-

ferent opinions of societies, as at that time constituted, to do justice to all the women that were then met with, distinguished in their own circles and their own little worlds, and who rivalled with one another in charms, in wit, and in emulation.

After the renowned salons of Madame de Montcalm, Madame de Duras, and a few others, which M. de Villemain has lately described, with expressions of deep regret for times now gone by, a whole youthful world might be quoted, who, bursting into bloom under the Restoration, heralded its chief features by a poetic physiognomy, a graceful melancholy, and a Christian philosophy.

Who has not seen a young woman with light hair at the balls of Madame the Duchess of Berry, gliding lightly by, scarcely touching the ground, every movement impressed with so much elegance that one was struck with her gracefulness before knowing she was a beauty? Who then recognized the young Marchioness of Castries, and cannot now embody the idea of that youthful, charming aerial, beauty, which was applauded and honored in the salons of the Restoration? The society of the time, which had been carried away by the sentimental Elvira of the "Méditations," was less terrestrial and less pagan in its tastes than it had been in the time of the Empire. Nevertheless, the grandiose and imposing style of beauty was still worthily upheld, with the aid of a certain elegance derived from blood and descent, by the Duchess of Guiche, since Duchess of Grammont. A young girl was also at the same epoch much sought after in all the aristocratic salons, where she was not less admired for her rare and splendid beauty than she was for that poetic talent which made of her "la Muse de la Patrie."

Political men were at that time entertained, if not presided over, in the salons of Madame de Saint Aulaire and of the young Duchess of Broglio. There was in these two distinguished ladies a delightful harmony of intelligence and thought, and of elevated and religious sentiments not incompatible with worldly and political pursuits.

The somewhat despotic power of handsome swordsmen was put down in the boudoirs and salons. There were other things to talk about besides duels, bulletins of the *grande armée*, and cavalry charges. Celebrated preachers, bishops of a rather worldly turn, people of talent and of irreproachable character, and political men of a certain importance, were now the chief persons who ob-

tained favor in these eloquent aristocratic assemblies.

Fashionable ladies even attended the more interesting debates of the Chamber of Deputies. Each orator filled the galleries with his friends on the days when he was to address the house. The secret of a feminine protection could be detected even in the highest political destinies of the time; every minister had his Egeria. Princess Bagration, whose beauty, graces, and wit, admired at more than one congress, have become a matter of history, encouraged and fostered by her attendance at the tribune, the easy yet spirited eloquence of M. de Martignac.

A new era commenced with the Monarchy of July. The salons of the preceding régime continued open, but they were filled with regrets, spite, and bad humor against the government which had just been installed. Then a new and distinct race of women sprang into existence, took the impression of the day, and soon imparted a tone to all around. These young women, of a beauty which held a middle place between the beauty of the Empire and that of the Restoration, making their entrance into the world after the government of July was established and consolidated, knew only it, troubled themselves very little with the pretensions of those who had preceded them, and who were now in no small degree faded, and launched forth in a career of their own, full of charms and delights. Paris had experienced the reign of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and afterwards that of the Faubourg Saint Honoré; it was now the turn of the Place Saint Georges. Every quarter of Paris has, in reality, its distinctive manners, the contrast between which can neither be calculated nor appreciated by distance. Young women made their appearance at this moment, and aspired to the frivolous and evanescent celebrity of fashion, who were possessed of charms, and always dressed in a style alike rich and *recherché*, who were intellectual but inclined to the positive, and no longer carried away by the imagination, and who were possessed of a determination of will, which was sustained without an effort in the midst of the most varied and most brilliant dissipation. In the world of that time, fortune held as great a place as ever, and even greater than heretofore. People took a pleasure in displaying their riches, either by costly dress, by the splendor of their equipages, or by their luxurious furniture, extending itself to the fine arts and objects of vertu. These distinctive features of fashionable ladies, some

of whom attracted even the attention of the young heir to the throne under the Monarchy of July, are well known. It would be sufficient to quote a few names, but discretion forbids.

Without the circle of the court of King Louis Philippe it is impossible to seize upon and describe the numerous forms which vanity assumed in the ever-renewing confusion and agitation of the day. It was the great era for dressing for effect and for coquetry without disguise.

In 1831, the wealthy bourgeoisie made the Opera their home; they took the place there of the great families and the great names of the Restoration.

More than one young woman established her reputation as a lady of fashion in a box of the Royal Academy of Music. There are some beauties with whom the brilliancy of the lights and the staring of the crowd impart additional animation to their countenances and enhance their attractions.

Who has not had the indiscretion to allow his lorgnette to rest upon a charming lady full of smiles, with black eyes and eyebrows, whose neck and shoulders presented the most exquisite outlines and the most graceful movements? Her expressive physiognomy depicted almost instantaneously the lively emotions which she received from the theatre, and the pleasure which the homage by which she was surrounded gave to her. The most wealthy and distinguished young men, as well as many old men, proverbial for their gallantry, rivalled with one another in the vigor of their assaults upon her youth and heart, in despite of the foot-lights and a husband. Nor was she wanting in spirit to repel these assiduities. "Take care," she said to a septuagenary one day, who was harassing her with his attentions, "je vais vous céder."

This young lady, whose name was in every one's mouth, and whose position placed her alongside of the court, was to be seen at the most fashionable balls as well as in the most prominent and *recherché* seat at the race-course. Her absence from any one of these rendezvous of opulence, luxury, and frivolity, would have been felt by all. She eclipsed all competitors wherever she showed herself, and according to the Latin historian, "eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur."

During this régime of eighteen years' duration, the romances of Madame Sand and of Balzac, and the poetry of Alfred de Musset, imparted a peculiar character to young women. Boldness of conception, cavalier-like

manners, a sensibility susceptible of deep emotions, but only for positive things, or where their interests were concerned, constituted the distinctive features of the more or less political and more or less fashionable women of the time of Louis Philippe.

Some, of good birth, charming manners, and high spirits, indulged in eccentricities of conduct not altogether feminine. One of these, who was indefatigable in field sports, a first-rate rider, ready to engage any Madame Patin who should cross her path with sword or pistol, who smoked egregiously, and never cared to control the fantasies of either her heart or her head, had still the power to attract round her, whether at the theatre, at the steeple-chase, or in the salons, serious and important personages, as well as "the fine flower of our golden youth." Free-thinker, if you so will it, untameable in character, taking life boldly, profoundly philosophical, she would, like the Duchess of Bourgogne, have cheered the old age of Louis XIV. by her witty sayings; she would, in the early days of her youth, have roused, by her numerous attractions, the worn-out passions of Louis XV.

All this, let it be said without sarcasm for that vast number of young women, amiable, well-informed, regular, reasonable, and far from void of beauty, whom the higher classes and the middle classes rival one another in bringing up in a style which tends every day to confound the two classes more and more together.

Those exchanges of titles of nobility for large fortunes, which were so common under the Restoration, continued under the Monarchy of July. Under this latter régime, the balance to be made in a contract between a coat of arms and a dowry was regulated with increased parsimony, and not always so much in favor of the escutcheon. Many a young woman, inheritor of the paternal millions, laboriously accumulated in the practice of a more or less liberal profession, purchased her title of countess, and her right of presentation in the salons of the Faubourg of St. Germain, for a very modest annuity settled upon the husband, who was in no way allowed to interfere with the capital from whence it was derived. Under the junior branch, the purchase of a title of nobility experienced a great decline in value.

The parliamentary government upheld, it must be acknowledged, if not an elegant and refined phraseology in the salons, at least a certain degree of taste and ability. But still it cannot be gainsaid, that among the women

who gave themselves the greatest trouble to lead the fashion, no small number were also "women of business." Many a beauty with charming eyes and most attractive and poetic countenance, in the midst of the emotions of daily life and the thousand cares and anxieties inseparable from their pretensions, would exhibit greater skill in detecting the combinations of the *Bourse* than her husband, absorbed in stock-exchange speculations, and having little or nothing else to think of.

One of the most fashionable women of the Government of July, and whose exceeding beauty would have filled the salons of the Empire and the Restoration with admiration, allowed herself to be particularly carried away by what, in her case, was a family passion for gambling in the funds. She would conceive and follow out combinations of the most extensive bearing, and often conduct them to a fortunate result such as she herself had alone foreseen; and all that united to a noble patronage of art, and an admirable appreciation for intelligence and originality of views.

The most modest artist was favored with the same delicate attentions in the salons of that lady, whose aspect and attitudes were those of a duchess, as the leading diplomats, financiers, or statesmen of the day. A strong inclination for all that is beautiful and rare creates the love of money, and hence it is that, amidst the progress of commerce and of industry, many women, who, one would think, could have nothing better to do than to cultivate their beauty and study their dress, display a practical capacity for the most difficult and complicated affairs.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the great ladies of the court had nothing but gambling with which to ruin or to enrich themselves: in our times intellect and talent play a far greater part in the combinations which propose to themselves the acquiring of a large fortune as a result. The possession of riches has not, however, the effect of deadening the sympathies of these great ladies; on the contrary, their natural tendencies are always towards generous and noble actions.

The women in that numerous gallery of portraits sketched by the masterly hand of St. Simon, ever absorbed in their beauty, their great luxury, and their brilliant pleasures, combined with the transaction of a serious business, are wanting in this last great feature. None showed themselves equal to the task of uniting the imagination of a Law or a Colbert with the severe and charming atti-

tudes of a Maintenon, the lovely coquetry of a Duchess of Bourgogne, or the tender and loving heart of a La Vallière.

A few political salons flourished under the Monarchy of July. A title of nobility, a large fortune, a graceful hospitality, personal charms, or the reputation of beauty, do not suffice for a person of distinction, loving the world, to draw around her men of standing occupying or having occupied high stations, and to create a centre of conversation which shall above all things be well informed upon the affairs of the moment. It requires, to produce such a result, to have kept up intimate relations with the distinguished men of other countries as well as of one's own. How clever and ready must the hostess also be, who has always at her command the language which is best adapted for those whom she has to address, and finds words to gratify every one?

Members of the two chambers—ministers, artists, and literary men—were among the privileged classes in the salons of the time of Louis Philippe, sometimes presided over by a great foreign lady. These intimate and familiar reunions brought political men together, and more than one result, useful to the country, was thus often brought about amidst those conflicts of opinion which arise from parliamentary discussion. Many an academical election was also decided by the influences of the salons, and there still exists little groups of academicians, who, by their worldly habits, evidently consider themselves as necessary elements of fashionable society.

Women have been sovereigns, and have seen themselves surrounded by flatterers in all ages. In Homer we find old men admiring the graces of Helen, exalting her charms and attractions, and grieving over the power of such fatal seductions. Theocritus, full of sentiment and passion, makes his companions and rivals join with him in singing the beauty of the daughter of Tyndarus. The munificence of emperors and kings has raised statues and palaces to those whom they have loved. This somewhat pagan worship for the beauty of women no longer exists in our times. Women reign, and always will reign, over the heart: but in the present day the young woman and wife is rather an object of respect and esteem than of attentions and gallantry. Clubs, which multiply every day, keep men away from female society; they lose the influence of their mild and beneficial example, and they oblige the more refined sex to put up with their own rude and masculine habits,

even to the smoking of cigars. The nineteenth century is very far removed from the time when a La Rochefoucauld said to a Duchess of Longueville:

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois ; je l'aurai faite aux dieux !

From Dickens' Household Words.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

IN the fasts of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. The flower of her life was spent in this country ; but she is scarcely remembered in it now, even among the members and lovers of the profession which she adorned. Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciliated among us at the same epoch : Listard, Zucchi, Zoffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Roubiliac, Michael Moser, Nollekens, Louthembourg, Zuccarelli, Vibares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel there are copious memoirs and ana extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica would not fill half this page. In Sir William Beechey's *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, there is no mention whatsoever made of my heroine ; nor, which is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allan Cunningham's excellent *Life of Sir Joshua*. Yet Angelica painted the president's portrait ; and the president himself, it is darkly said, was desirous on his part of possessing not only the portrait of his fair limner, but the original itself. Even the garrulous tittle-tattling, busybody, Boswell, has nothing to say, in his *Life of Johnson*, of the catastrophe of Angelica's life ; although it was town talk for weeks, and although the sinister finger of public suspicion pointed at no less a man than Johnson's greatest friend, *JOSHUA REYNOLDS*, as cognizant of, if not accessory

to, the conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted. In Smith's *Nollekens* and his *Times* there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowles's *Life of Fuseli* we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England, and that he was very nearly becoming enamored of her ; but that this desirable consummation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamored of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilkington has a brief memoir of Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary* there is a notice of Angelica, about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast catalogue of the Museum Library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her, written in seventeen hundred and eighty-one by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labor too ; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanseraï of celebrities the *Biographie Universelle*, has to say about her is of the driest ; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from whom I expected great things, merely referred me to another Kauffmann, not at all angelical ; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angelica

Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musician; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was facund in expression, infinite in variety; she was good, amiable, and virtuous; full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her mole; fancy Minerva without her ægis (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninon del Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Becky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing; as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Clarissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelica Kauffmann, and am talking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the year seventeen hundred and forty-one, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptized Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine. Angelica would have been enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns before him did, from Schwarzenburg, in the canton of Voralberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for this gasthoff keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a château. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; nor was it either so very unnatural that Fraulein Cléofe should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is

probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, drumming with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a fat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jamba of his shop (where the fasces of mutes' staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter—as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old—was knocking nails into a coffin on tressels. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face—though it was a fat face, and a greasy face, and a pimpled face—so beneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like laugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

So it was with little Angelica. Her first playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of colors, maul-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many occasions she became quite a little Joseph, and had, if not a coat, at least a pinafore of many colors.

Kauffmann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to surpass him. The wish—not an unfrequent event in the annals of art—was soon realized. As Raffaele surpassed Perugino, and Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying, "You know more than I do. Go to the devil!" The father was delighted at his daughter's marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he strenuously directed Angelica's faculties to the study of color. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of chiar' oscuro which produce relief, and extenuate, if they do not redeem, the want of severity and correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little prodigy.

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new

prospect in Life's diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbegno in the Valteline. Here he stopped till seventeen hundred and fifty two, when, the artistic diggings being again exhausted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The Bishop of Como, Monsignore Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only eleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his portrait. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with Mæcenas. The dignified clergy, who, to their honor be it said, have ever been the most generous patrons of art in Italy, were the first to offer Angelica commissions. She painted the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Massa-Carrara, and "many more," as the bard of the coronation sings. John Joseph Kauffmann's little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodigy, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy's father. There was the little prodigy with flaxen curls, in a black velvet tunic, with thunder and lightning buttons, who used to play on the harp so divinely and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horrible, snuffy, Italian monster of a father, who ate up the poor child's earnings; who drank absinthe till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son's flaxen hair till he was tired; who was insufferably lazy, unimaginably proud, mean, vain, and dirty—a profligate and a cheat—who was fit for no place but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitar-playing, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horse-riding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known;—unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes, with dark bistre circles round them; with rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy's father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself—an acrobat—and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest,—not only fathers, but mothers, brothers, and uncles,—were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her: he loved to vary her gentle name of Angelica into all the

charming diminutiveness of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angela, his Angelina, his Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondizing came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter—strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love—went tramping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their pencils. Once Angelica was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altarpiece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads; while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter's excellencies to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still, was himself watching the progress of those skilful, nimble little fingers up above—his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money, he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the clavecin; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor father Kauffmann's domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, and the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended her scanty wardrobe, there would come up—half unbidden, half ardently desired—resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his palace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Raffaele the divine, all but invest-

ed with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Velasquez with his golden key—Aposentador, Mayor to King Philip—master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasants—as handsome, rich, and proud, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendor and glory that dies not easily?

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder, long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers: nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved: bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nay, J. J. Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness for the syren voice of his Angelinetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelica herself was true to her art. She knew how jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three. Next year she visited Naples, and in the next year, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with brilliant and flattering homage. Six years of travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, and constant practice and application, had ripened her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her reputation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate her talent than to reward it. But, in the eighteenth century the two favorite amusements prevalent among the aristocracy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-leader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he reached Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for virtù. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, virtuosi, and curiosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his pocket, as if he had fallen into the hands of the brigands of Terracina.

Some demon whispered, *Visto*, have a taste.

But the demon of virtù was not satisfied with the possession of taste by *Visto*. He insisted that he should also have a painter, a sculptor, a medallist, or an enamellist; and scarcely a lord or baronet arrived in England from the grand tour without bringing with him French cooks, French dancers, poodles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dresden china, Buhl cabinets, Viennese clocks, and Florentine jewellery—some Italian artist, with a long name ending in *elli*, who was to be patronized by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valor for Westminster Abbey by my lord's recommendation. Sometimes the patronized *elli* turned out well; was really clever; made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously incapable, conceited and worthless. He quarrelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Martin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubbly jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat, cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cookshops, and painted clock-faces, tavern signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow countryman in a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the widespread snare of the age—patronage; but she fell, in the first instance, into good hands. Some rich English families residing at Venice made her very handsome offers to come to England. She hesitated; but, while making up her mind, thought there could be no harm in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful. Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjuncture, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch Admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to become her chaperon to England. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and was promptly put in execution.

Angelica Kauffmann arrived in London on the twenty-second of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-six. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertvoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English comfort. Before she had been long in this country, she

was introduced by the Marquis of Exeter to the man who then occupied, without rivalry and without dissent, the throne of English art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, liberal in his mode of living, cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thing of general desideration. To all it was pleasant—to many it was valuable.

Lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intimacy between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelica's portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its members,—a rare honor for a lady. But, the friendship of Sir Joshua soon ripened into a warmer feeling. He became vehemently in love with her. There is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that Reynolds's intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honorable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bring with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason—probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable—Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Veertvoort, and established herself in a house in Golden Square, where she was soon afterwards joined by her father.

At the commencement of the year seventeen sixty-seven, Angelica Kauffmann shared—with hoops of extra magnitude, toupees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividdest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness—the mighty privilege of being the fashion. Madame de Pompadour was the fashion in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, Boucher's pictures, and the Baron de Holbach's atheism; so, in England, were "drums," *ridottos*, Junius's Letters, and burnings of Lord Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—she who had even refused Reynolds the favor of transferring her lineaments to canvas—commissioned the fair Tyrolean to execute her portrait, together with that of Lady Duncannon. Soon came a presentation at St. James's; next a commission from George the Third for his portrait, and that of the young Prince of Wales. After this, Angelica became doubly, triply, fashionable. She painted at this time a picture of Venus attired by the graces—a dangerous subject. Some of the critics grumbled of course, and muttered that Cupid wouldn't have known

his own mother in the picture; but decorous royalty applauded, and (oh dear, how decorous!) aristocracy patronized, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with J. J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, put the seal to the patent of her reputation. No fashionable assembly was complete without her presence. In the world of fashion, the world of art, the world of literature, she was sought after, courted, idolized. One young nobleman, it is stated, fell into a state of melancholy madness because she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of "these foreign women" was often fictitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accustomed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Scandal, of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Sneerwell in his sedan-chair. Mrs. Candor was closeted with Mr. Marplot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester Fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary-Axe. The worst stories that the scandalmongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story—dreadful accusation!—was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr. Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garrick in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms—at the same time: nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze also at the same time: thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favored suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she

was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckish students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verse to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favored few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs—by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old;—still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In seventeen sixty-eight there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a noble name, and the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humoredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fashionable amusements of the time, with much kindness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not oust Angelica from her throne: he reigned with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my poor, poor little Angelica really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery, his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his green riband, his title, his handsome face and specious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject. You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, with great state and splendor, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union: rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell—till the bell rang out, first in vague rumors, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an imposter and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name—till it was discovered that Angelica

Kauffmann had married the man so sought—a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the Count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the tenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; a small annuity was secured to the wretched imposter, on condition that he should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and went abroad. Eventually he died in obscurity.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel swindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey, or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honor of Angelica. A French novelist who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, invents a very dexterous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronnet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angelica, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and launched into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false Count to have been a young man, simple, credulous, and timid—lowly-born, it is true, but still sincerely enamored of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*). He is even led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como—we beg pardon: Count de Horn—imagines that a mysterious veil envelopes the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of the false Count, but alludes to a dark rumor that the Beauséant of the drama, the villain who had dressed up this lay figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds. For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his pancreas for her grief, both of mind and body,

was Italy. He was weary of England, fogs, fashions, false Counts—there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a year of his own be a Count if he liked? Still Angelica remained several years more in this country; still painting, still patronized, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and faithful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of architecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendor and freedom, and the companionship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death

at Rome, on the fifth of November, eighteen hundred and five. On the seventh, she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delle Frate; the academicians of St. Luke followed the bier, and the entire ceremony was under the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Raffaella Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers crisped, as though it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauffmann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gifted by nature with the rarest predilections, consecrated to the most charming of human occupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. This is man's life. There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.

DANCING DERVISHES.—In fact, their performances partake rather the nature of a studied entertainment, than religious worship. As you enter their temple, you find it circular in form, and in the centre a floor perfectly smooth and highly polished. A balustrade runs round the whole, and a gallery forms the same circuit above, which contains places for the sultan, persons of distinction, and females, to witness the exhibition. The mirah, or altar, is ornamented with tablets inscribed from the Koran, and the insignia of pashas who have proved benefactors of the order. The whole is painted blue and white, and presents a gay appearance. I accompanied a party of friends to visit their mosque, and it proved not to be their proper day of worship. I offered them a *backsheesh* (piece of money), however, and they soon arranged a performance for our special benefit. They summoned a blind drummer, two flute-players, and ten of their number, who took off their shoes, sat down upon their knees, and kissed the floor. They then rose and laid

aside their cloaks. The music struck up, and they marched round in order, bowed face to face in front of the high altar, and began to whirl on one foot in a circle with hands outstretched. The movement was one of great beauty, as if to imitate the dance of the spheres in the Samothracian mysteries. Each moved round himself as a central point, and all revolved together round the Sheik as their attracting sun. Their tunics of red, brown and white, in rapid whirling filled the scene with picturesque and varied light. Suddenly they stop, cross themselves, fold their arms, and all motion ceases for a time. Then comes a glow of inspiration; their countenances kindle with excitement, their eyes glisten with pious fervor. Not a sound was heard from the group; not a prayer uttered; but all revolved in dreamy ecstasy and delight, till they sank exhausted by the very excess of their inward and rapturous excitement. This is the dancing side of Mohammedanism, and is equally absurd, though less cruel, than the howling.

From Tait's Magazine.

PRINTING AND PRINTERS.*

GLANCING the other day at some Roman tiles which were dug up from the sodden soil of Lothbury, and now form a part of the museum of a private collector, we were struck by an inscription in raised letters, resembling, and indeed surpassing, in beauty of form, the large capitals in use among English printers at the close of the last century. The sight of these capitals, from which any number of impressions might, with a little care, be taken even at this distance of time, suggested the question—"Why did not the Romans discover the art of printing?" It is plain that in London, more than fifteen centuries ago, the maker of these tiles had in his possession a matrix of some material or other—most likely, judging from the sharpness of angle which the letters exhibit, of metal, with which he could stamp his tiles with an inscription answering probably the purpose of an advertisement. Here were the materials at least for the art of block printing—there was nothing to prevent the application of the same process to a page of Cicero, or an ode of Horace,—and the thing was done. The movable types would have sprung from the solid block as inevitably and as rapidly with the Roman, as they did a thousand years after with the German—the Roman was the more experienced founder, and the more skilful mechanist of the two, and he had a national literature, the dissemination of which would have rewarded his discovery with wealth untold. had it chanced that upon one of these tiles, when blackened with smoke, a scrap of damp vellum had fallen, or an intelligent workman had accidentally laid his hand and brought off the impression, the art and mystery of printing, with all its portentous results, might have dawned upon the Roman mind, and the press, the great lever of the ages, would have commenced its influence upon the human race a thousand years earlier than it did.

But why talk of Rome? We may go back further by another thousand years, and find the Ninevites actually in possession of the art in a modified form—printing by similar means, and sometimes in characters almost invisibly minute, the warlike achievements of their times upon the materials of their buildings, and thus making their national monuments the records as well as the memorials of their national deeds. We might recur to ancient Egypt for testimony even more abundant, showing how closely upon the verge of the great discovery mankind have hovered wherever the arts of civilization flourished. We can see now with sufficient clearness that the invention of the art of printing was, in the nature of things, inevitable, and we are induced to marvel at the obtuseness and blind apathy of the generations who could not or would not perceive the treasures presented to their grasp, as much as we are to admire and applaud the men of Mentz who seized the proffered wealth and scattered it through the world.

We propose, now, making as much use of Mr. Stark's little volume as will suit our purpose, to play the part of gossips, and be present, if we can, at the birth of the printing-press—and then to set before the reader some account of the infancy, childhood, adolescence, and maturity of the power to which he is under obligations far deeper than he is probably aware.

The first attempt at printing in England was made about the close of the fourteenth century, by which playing cards were produced from engraved wooden-blocks. Soon after this, block books were printed on the Continent, the earliest of which bears date 1423. About the same time appeared the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Book of the Poor, printed in block between 1420 and 1430. Albert Durer engraved his own masterly designs, and printed them in this way. As yet, however, the art of printing was not—as movable types, the adoption of which at once gave vitality to the process, had not been thought of. In 1436 John Gutenberg,

* Printing: its Antecedents, Origin, and Results. By A. STARK. Longman and Co., 1855.

a lapidary and a native of Mentz, then residing at Strasburg, having conceived the idea of printing with movable type, took into partnership, with a view to carry out his scheme, Andrew Drizehn, John Riff, and Anthony Hielmann. Their agreement was for five years, but they quarrelled in 1430, and went to law to settle their differences. From the examination of witnesses on that trial, it was incontestibly proved that Gutenberg was the author of the new invention. Having got rid of his late partners, Gutenberg, in 1450, associated himself with John Faust, who advanced capital for the prosecution of their enterprise. Faust brought his servant, Peter Schœffer, into the concern, and Schœffer it was who invented punches of engraved steel, by which the matrices were struck from which the types were cast. The first work that issued from their press was a Latin Bible, now known as the Mazarian Bible, from a copy having been found in Cardinal Mazarin's library. Faust managed to oust Gutenberg from the partnership in 1455, and subsequently carried on the business with Schœffer; their first printed work was a Psalter, which appeared in 1457. Faust is supposed to have died of the plague in 1466. After his death, Schœffer had the meanness to arrogate to his family the entire invention of the art of printing—and succeeded so far as to obtain from the Emperor Maximilian some lucrative privileges authenticating his pretensions. By this act of the Emperor, Gutenberg was robbed of his deserved reputation—his discoveries being attributed to his rival, and he regarded as a pretender. He was dead, however, before Schœffer dared to advance his claim. Upon quitting his partners, he had established a printing press at Mentz, under the patronage of Dr. Conrad Humbracht, who advanced the necessary funds. In 1460, he printed the great Latin Dictionary, "Catholicon Johannis de Balbis," and, in the same year, the "Constitutions of Clement V." A bible which appeared in 1460-2 is also ascribed to him. In 1465, he was attached to the Court of Adolphus, Count of Nassau; and is supposed to have died in 1468.

The Dutch have disputed with the Germans for the honor of the invention of printing, claiming it in behalf of Laurence Coster, a citizen of Haarlem. Their claim will not, however, bear investigation, and vanishes beneath the scrutiny to which it has been subjected by rigid inquirers.

It was not to be expected that such an art as that of printing could long be engrossed

by a few professors. Attempts were made to bind the workmen employed by oaths not to divulge the secret—attempts which may have led to false swearing, but availed as much to spread as to confine the practice of the art. No sooner was it found that printing was a lucrative employment than presses sprung up in various cities in Germany; and between 1461 and 1470 four-and-twenty different works appeared. In the latter year two of Faust's workmen commenced in Paris, whither they were followed by others. Presses were soon after set up in Florence and in Venice, and the Italian printers displayed such industry, that between the years 1471 and 1480, according to Panzer, upwards of twelve hundred volumes were printed by them, above two hundred of which were editions of ancient authors. The first book printed in Spain was executed in Valencia in 1474, whence the art soon spread to Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville, and Salamanca. In the Low Countries the progress was yet more rapid, and in the course of one generation there was hardly a town of any importance but possessed its printing office, and books began everywhere to be multiplied with astonishing rapidity. In France, the women were among the first who excelled as printers. Charlotte Guillard, who commenced in 1490, and kept several presses at work for fifty years, printed a large number of very correct editions both in Latin and Greek. She was patronized by the learned Lewis Lippeman, Bishop of Verona, who gave her his principal works to print.

Let us now look at home. William Caxton, who was born in 1412, first introduced the art into England. He visited the Low Countries in 1442, and continued abroad for thirty years, during which he mastered the art of printing. While at Cologne he translated his "*Recueil de l'Histoire de Troie*," and published it. He returned to England soon after, bringing with him the necessary apparatus for printing, and settled at Westminster, under the patronage of the abbot. Here, in 1474, he produced the first specimen of English typography, "The Game of Chess." This was followed in 1477 by his edition of "Dictes and Sayings," translated from the Latin by the unfortunate Lord Rivers. Caxton pursued his craft for ten years, printing in all sixty-four different works. He is supposed to have died in 1491. Cotemporary with Caxton was John Lettou, who was afterwards joined by William Machlinia; they are said to be the first law-printers in

England. Caxton was succeeded by Wynken de Worde, who printed, between the years 1491 and 1534, above four hundred works. Richard Pynson, who first took the title of king's printer, produced between 1493 and 1531, two hundred and ten works. Julian Notary, between 1499 and 1515, printed twenty-three.

In 1480 a press was set up at St. Alban's. Between that date and 1485 the art was introduced at Oxford by Theodore Rood, in partnership with John Hunt. In 1507 James IV. granted a patent for printing to Walter Chapman of Edinburgh. In 1509 presses were at work both in Aberdeen and in York. John Sibert first carried the art to Cambridge, and printed there, in 1521-2, works in Latin, Greek, and English. The printing press found its way into Wales as early at least as 1587, and it may be reasonably supposed that by this time it had established itself throughout the country wherever there was a demand for its services.

It is remarkable that the art of Printing seems to have suffered declension soon after its discovery. The type of the first works printed, that of the Mazarin Bible, for instance, was superior to much that was manufactured at a later date; and the oldest specimens of Greek printing are creditably done, while some at a later period are so deformed as to be nearly illegible. The first volume entirely of Greek was Lascari's Grammar, by Denis de Paraivcino and Dominic de Vespote, the type of which is elegant. The Milanese, by the excellence of their Greek printing, aroused the jealousy of the Venetians, who sought to rival them; and in course of time Greek works were produced in various parts of the Continent, as well as in England, whose productions in that character are excelled by none. Works in Hebrew began to appear about 1476. Since then the type-founders of Britain, France, and Germany have added to their founts the characters of every known language—a single printing-office in Paris being able to produce on one occasion three hundred copies of the Lord's Prayer in as many different tongues.

The above must suffice for a glance at the past history of Printing. We are going now to look at the profession as it is practiced at the present day. In order to see the *modus operandi*, and to show the uninitiated reader how a printed book is produced, we must enter the printing-office, and watch the several processes *seriatim*. We will suppose that an author, having prepared his manuscript

for the press, has forwarded it to the printer. The written pages, being first carefully folioed, the overseer or foreman distributes sufficient "copy" for a sheet of the work among the compositors appointed to execute it. Each compositor is supplied with a couple of pairs of cases, one pair containing Roman and the other Italic types. Each pair of cases consists of one upper and a lower case, the former containing capital letters, figures, and accented vowels, and the latter the smaller letters, combinations of letters, and punctuating signs. In the upper case are ninety-eight divisions or boxes, all of the same size (a stupid arrangement, by the way, which ought to be revised)—in the lower case are not nearly so many, but most of them of greater capacity. In the upper case the letters are arranged alphabetically—but in the lower those most wanted are placed nearest the hand of the workman, for an obvious reason. The compositor having received his copy, places a slip or sheet of it before him, and begins to "compose" as it is called, or to arrange the types in order for printing. In his left hand he holds the composing-stick, a machine adapted for the reception of the type, and fixed at the required width of the line—the stick is grasped in the palm, the thumb only of the left hand being inserted within it for the reception of each letter as it is lifted into its place by the forefinger and thumb of the right hand. An average compositor will pick up two thousand types an hour, and make perhaps two mistakes in spelling or punctuation in so doing—while an intelligent or skilful workman will pick up three thousand or more, and make far fewer blunders.* At this rate of proceeding it is evident that the compositor cannot read the letters as he takes them up—in fact, he never attempts that—the letters which are small, inch-long pieces of metal, are each marked with one or more "nicks" or notches on their fronts;† all he has to see

* A compositor is paid according to a scale calculated upon the supposition that he can earn the average wages of the trade by composing about a thousand letters in each hour of the day. But, to do this comfortably, he must, while composing, lift at least double that number into his stick, because he has to correct for nothing—to distribute—that is, to restore each type to its proper place after the form is worked—for nothing; and to go through various other processes without payment, which altogether occupy little short of half his time.

† In France, in Spain, and in some parts of Italy, the "nick" is placed at the back of the type—to the comfort of the compositor's thumb, which thus escapes abrasion.

to, is that, lifting the right letters, he ranges all those nicks or notches outwards: if his eye in its rapid flight to fifty different points in the course of a single minute, be deceived by some mark or spot resembling the nick on the wrong side of the letter, he transfers it to the stick wrong side foremost; if it were left standing thus, that letter, when printed, would appear inverted; but it is not, once in a hundred times, thus left, because the thumb-ball of the compositor's left hand, sensitive from long practice, detects the blunder by the absence of the nick, and it is corrected by an instantaneous touch. This little nick is the most useful thing in the printer's establishment—abolish it to-day, and the *Times* has no thunder for to-morrow, and no to-morrow for itself.

When the compositor has picked up words enough for a line, he finds, nineteen times out of twenty, that he has room to spare for a letter or two more, or that he wants room to get in a single letter to complete a word. Now ensues a process which is called "spacing:" if the line be short, it has to be filled out by the insertion of additional spaces between the words; if a letter or two have to be got in, the spaces already inserted have to be exchanged for thinner ones, to make room for it. This process of spacing and "justifying" (or making tight in the stick), when the lines are very short, takes almost as much time as the lifting of the types; that time is not, however, all lost, as the compositor, if he is good for anything, will read the line while justifying it, and correct any blunder that may have occurred.

The "stick" will contain some dozen or so of lines—when it is filled, the contents are removed to a "galley," a flat board, with a guard at the head and lower side. By the time the galley is full, we may suppose that each of the compositors has done his quota of the copy. The type, being all composed, is now made up into pages, and each page, tied temporarily with twine, is removed to a flat table of stone or iron, and "imposed," as it is termed—that is, the whole of the pages of the sheet (8, 12, 16, or 24, or more, as it may happen) are placed in such a position, that when the sheet on which they are printed is folded and cut, they will follow in numerical order. This done, a "chase," or stout iron frame, is placed round them—the interstices between the pages are filled up with "furniture" of wood or metal nicely graduated to keep each page in its proper place—tapering side and foot pieces are laid between them and the chase—each

page is carefully released from its band of twine, and by means of small quoins, or wedges of wood, and a heavy mallet, the whole is driven firmly into one compact mass. This mass is the printer's "form;" it is now carried to the press, and a proof being taken, both proof and copy are consigned to the printer's reader, whose duty it is to mark the errors of the compositors, and return the sheet to them for correction. If they have done their work well, they reap the advantage of carefulness—if the contrary, they are sure to find their sins, whether of ignorance or thoughtlessness, avenged in the proof, which they have to correct for nothing. The process of correction is anything but pleasant; and it is in that head-aching, back-breaking school that the dullest and stupidest of "pie-hustlers" and "hands at case" are disciplined into cautious and accurate workmen. The first proof, being corrected, is generally followed by a revise, or second proof, which also is corrected for nothing. What are called "clean proofs" are now taken and despatched, together with the copy, to the author or editor of the work. Any corrections which the author chooses to make he has to pay for, as fidgetty and blundering writers know perfectly well, to their cost. The author, on these terms, may have as many proofs as he likes; and not a few of them double their printer's bills by everlasting alterations and corrections, while others, like Miss Martineau, avoid by carefulness and decision the payment for corrections altogether.

Supposing the author to be at length satisfied with his corrections, and to have affixed his *imprimatur* to the sheet, it has now to be worked off at press. To begin at the beginning of this process, we must proceed first to the wetting-room, which is most probably a cellar, and there we shall find a baptist of the dipping school engaged from one week's end, it may be, to the other, in immersing tons of printing paper in troughs of cold water. He dips each quire from twice to five times in the flood, according to its absorbing qualities, and having dipped the "heap" for a given work, places it between boards, and piles weights upon it, or subjects it to pressure by a press, to drive the moisture equally through all the sheets. But this is not enough—before the heap is fit for working, it has to be turned over, the dryer portions placed in juxtaposition with the more moist, and again left under pressure. From the wetting-room the paper proceeds to the press-room, and is laid on the press-

man's bank. Now comes that part of the process upon which chiefly, now that correctness is postponed to beauty of appearance, the character of the printer depends. With bad pressmen there can be no good work—the appearance of the volume is entirely at the pressman's mercy, and dependent upon his skill. In times gone by, when the old wooden press performed all the work, and the ink was applied to the form with pelt balls stuffed with wool and horse-hair, such work as is now daily produced by average printers was a sheer impossibility. But since the invention of the roller (of which we shall have to say a word presently) and the introduction of Stanhope and Columbian presses, the pressman who has these appliances at command has no excuse for indifferent printing.

At the iron presses at present in use the work may be performed single-handed, but is generally effected by two companions, one of whom supplies the form with ink and lays the sheets smooth as they are thrown off, while the other produces the impression. The chief part of the responsibility rests with him who supplies ink to the surface of the type: if he fail to distribute this evenly on the surface of the roller, the impression will be unequal in color—dark in one place and light in another; if he take too much ink he will clog the type, and if he takes too little, the impression will be pale and gray. Fine work can only be produced when the rollers are in good working condition—it is the pressman's business to know what this condition is—it is hardly describable in words—and to be able to maintain it constantly.

When the sheets are worked off, they are hung up to dry upon wooden rails fixed beneath the ceilings of the various rooms. When dry, they are placed between glazed boards and subjected to a powerful pressure in a hydraulic press for several hours—after which they are taken out and laid in warehouse till the whole work is finished. The sheets are then collated and quired in perfect copies, and handed over to the book-binder.

But it may happen that the work in course of printing is to be published in very large numbers, and that, instead of being worked at the hand-press in the usual way, it is judged expedient to stereotype it, and work the plates under the machine. In this case it is not the type which we have seen the compositor picking up that produces the impression, but plates of metal cast in moulds obtained from its surface. To see how this is done, we must retrace our steps and take

up the compositor's work at the stage when it is made up into pages. Pages which have to be stereotyped, are read and corrected without being imposed, and when purged of all errors, are taken in small chases to the stereotype-foundry. On entering this hot-air caldron, we find a huge fire burning, and a series of small ovens around and above it, and on the floor is a cistern of type-metal in a molten state. The pages to be operated upon are each enclosed in a small frame; plaster of Paris is powered over them in a fluid state; when the mixture is sufficiently set, for which but a brief time is necessary, it constitutes the mould, which is gently lifted off—the face of the type having been previously well moistened with oil to prevent its adhering to the plaster. The mould has now to be thoroughly dried—for this purpose it is put first into a moderately warm oven, not too near the fire; by degrees it is exposed to greater heat, and at length to heat as intense as can be generated by an ordinary fire. Were these precautions not taken, the mould would split under the next operation, which is that of sinking it in a frame contrived for the purpose, in the cistern of molten metal—there it remains until the liquid metal has penetrated to every cranny, and filled up the impression made upon its surface by the type—a consummation of which the workman is made aware by the cessation of air-bubbles, which continue to rise so long as any part, however minute, of the mould remains unvisited by the metal. The mould is then lifted from the metal-pot and allowed to cool—the plaster is then broken away from the face of the plates thus produced, and they are made over to the picker. The picker cuts and dresses them to shape by means of a circular saw, and then sits down to a careful examination of every letter with a view to supplying such portions as the casting has left imperfect, and of cutting away any redundancies of metal, which will be more or less numerous in proportion to the care taken in the drying of the moulds. It rarely happens, we might almost say it never happens, that a stereotyped page comes perfect from the plaster mould; there are always minute portions of metal to be cut away with the graving tool, and in the majority of instances there are single letters—sometimes there are whole words—which have failed in the casting, and have to be soldered into the plate through holes punched in it by the picker. Such emendations, when the type is not very small, are perfectly visible to the eye of a practiced printer, because the type

thus inserted is a shade larger than the rest, in consequence of the mould having shrunk in some degree in the drying oven.

The above is the usual mode of stereotyping; but there are other processes, in one of which paper is substituted for plaster of Paris in forming the mould. The mode above described is, however, deemed the most efficient, and is most generally practiced.

The art of stereotyping has operated largely in the multiplication of books, and has done something towards lowering their price, though it is a question whether it has made them cheaper, looking to the real value of a stereotyped edition relatively to one printed from type. It was thought, and indeed it was pretty loudly boasted, at first, that the stereotyper's art was to ensure the lasting correctness of stereotyped editions: it has turned out, after fifty years' trial, that it tends rather to a contrary result. Owing to many circumstances—to the carelessness of the picker in the first instance—to the damage that the plates receive in mounting on the blocks—to the injury inflicted by accident and heavy pressure when packed away in piles in the store-room—to the fracture and abrasion and clumsy attempts at repair, which accompany their exhumation for a second edition—owing to these and similar causes, it happens that stereotyped editions of works which, at their first casting, were tolerably correct, have become in time complete museums of every kind of atrocity and stupidity in the art of blundering that the imagination can conceive. Original "roses" has been stereotyped into "noses,"—an "idler" has been transformed into an "idol"—what was once "witticism" now reads "criticism,"—the "fair Fidele" has been superseded by the "fair Fiddler," and so on. Worse even than this, whole lines have been inserted upside down, and in numerous instances where the last lines of pages had become broken and battered by ill-usage, they have been shaved clean away, to make all neat, and *nothing* substituted in their place. The cause of a good deal of this mischief is found in the fact, that stereotyped plates, in the mutations of business, get into the hands of speculating blockheads, who care for nothing but turning them to a profitable account, and having no charges of authorship or "composition" to defray, grind off cheap editions from their mutilated plates as fast as the public are geese enough to gobble them up. But there are other causes at work besides the cupidity of knaves and dunderheads—causes which no care can guard

against and no supervision control. One of these are the thousand little accidents by which a letter or a word of a form may become defaced in the working. If this take place on a form of movable types, the press or the machine is stopped, recourse is had to the compositor, and the mischief is repaired in two minutes—but if the injury is done to a plate, it is ten to one that the printer has no means of repairing it on the premises—and if he have, he will pause to consider whether it is worth while to stop his machine, for it may be an hour or more, to repair a trifling damage, whose repairs will cost him perhaps from ten shillings to a pound. In most cases he does not stop, as any of our readers may see by a minute examination of any month's number of those cheap serials, which are weekly publishing by tens or hundreds of thousands, and which are worked from stereotyped plates. We allude to them merely for the sake of illustration—in their case the damage is of very trifling importance, and they must resort to the cheapest means of producing a large impression at a low price; but when the same causes of deterioration are at work in the case of the old classical authors, and our own standard literature, the effect is the reverse of trifling. Students and collectors are now beginning to be aware of the vices of the stereotyper's trade; some have rigidly purged their libraries of stereotyped editions, and even the tyro will regard with suspicion a second edition of any classic printed from stereotyped plates. So well grounded is the objection to the practice of stereotyping standard works that it is fast falling into abeyance: the University Printers of Oxford no longer stereotype their Bibles, but prefer keeping the forms standing in type; and the most respectable publishers in London will incur the expense of re-composition rather than subject an important work to the dangerous liabilities of stereotyping.

But to return to the operations of the Printer. The necessity for rapid printing first urgently felt by the proprietors of the *Times* newspaper, may be said to have originated the first printing-machine, which was invented by M. Koenig, a clockmaker from Saxony, was constructed in London during the years 1812-13-14, and began its work on the 28th November of the last-named year. Improvements in this machine were made by Cowper, and a rate of speed was obtained equal to 1,800 impressions per hour. In 1815, Koenig set up a machine for Bentley, constructed so as to print the paper on *both*

sides at the speed of 750 sheets per hour, which was about five times the speed of the hand-press. Improvements followed rapidly—an extraordinary impetus was given to them by the discovery* of a new material for supplying ink to the face of the type, a material consisting of glue and treacle in about equal parts, which, being cast into rollers, the rollers are charged with ink and made to revolve over the surface of the form, upon which they distribute it equally. Cowper and Applegarth now set up machines capable of printing a thousand sheets an hour on both sides—and this machine, with some important modifications, yet maintains its ground. We should fail in the endeavor to give the reader an accurate idea of its performance without an engraving. Let it suffice to remark here, that in printing by this machine, the forms to be worked are laid upon a flat iron bed which moves backwards and forwards beneath two large cylinders, having that part of their surface which would else come in contact with the type covered with a blanket. Two smaller cylinders or drums are fixed near the centre of the machine above the large ones, and their use is to carry the sheets evenly from one printing cylinder to the other. For the guidance of the sheets, and their retention in the right position, there is a series of endless tapes revolving on tension rollers, which tapes embrace them firmly in every part of their progress. The forms pass under their respective cylinders at the precise moment to present their inked surface to the sheet strained upon the blanket by the tapes, taking the ink on their route by contact with the rollers which circulate over them. The sheets are supplied by one boy, who feeds them over the first

cylinder, and received by another, who sits in front of a little platform between the two.

For the purposes of book-printing, where accurate register* is required, it is not perhaps desirable to increase the speed of machines much beyond a thousand an hour; but such a rate of production was soon found to be too slow for newspapers. Machines were accordingly made, printing only one side of the paper at a time, which was all the newspaper proprietor required, at the rate of four and even five thousand an hour. But the circulation of the *Times* demanded the production of copies at the rate of ten thousand an hour. "To meet such a demand required the abandonment of the reciprocating motion of the type-form, and so to arrange it as to make the motion continuous, for which only the circular motion could do. Accordingly, a large central vertical drum or cylinder—in the *Times* printing-machine this is sixty-four inches in diameter—was set up, to which the columns of type were fixed. This drum is surrounded by eight cylinders, also placed with their axes vertically, upon which the paper is carried by tapes in the usual manner. Thus, in every revolution of the drum, the type-form is successively pressed against each of the eight cylinders; and the type being successively inked, and each of the eight cylinders supplied with paper, eight sheets of paper will be printed in each revolution of the drum. By this machine 50,000 impressions have been taken without stopping; indeed, the vertical machine is capable of almost unlimited extension. Mr. Applegarth offered to the Royal Commission of the Great Exhibition to make a machine which, with the same rate of motion as that of the *Times*, should print 40,000 sheets per hour, or about eleven sheets between every two ticks of a common clock." To have effected this, he needed only to enlarge his central drum so as to have placed the required additional number of cylinders around it.

As machines came into use, it was found that some portion of the advantage gained by rapidity was lost in the quality of the work. Books printed by the hand-press continued to be superior to any that the machine could produce; and it was seen that the type, and wood engravings especially, wore out faster under the cylinder than under the common press. To meet these

* This discovery was made, like many others of less importance, by accident. A carpenter, who was also a printer in a small way, having occasion to print a hundred cards on a sudden, and having no "ball" in a fit condition for work, extemporized a ball by stuffing a piece of canvas upon which some fluid glue had been accidentally spilled. He was astonished to find that the cards thus printed were superior to any he had hitherto produced, and laid aside the glued canvas for further use. But next day the glue was hard and cracked, and could not be used. The thought struck him that glue might be retained in a soft, elastic state by an admixture of treacle. He tried the experiment, and it succeeded at once. The composition of the material was too simple to be concealed—in fact, it betrayed itself by taste and smell. It superseded the old pellets wherever it was introduced—abated the labor of hand-presswork a full fourth by substituting the roller for the balls, and supplied the one desideratum which was wanting to render machine-printing generally practicable.

* Register is the exact printing of every line in a page precisely upon the impression made by the corresponding lines on the other side of the sheet.

objections, the platten-machine was invented, a most ingenious and masterly contrivance, by which the impression is obtained from the type by precisely the same means as at the hand-press. Though this invention may be regarded as decidedly successful, inasmuch as it produces excellent work—printers still find it expedient to resort to the hand-press for the execution of their *chefs d'œuvre*. The printing of wood-engravings has become in our day almost an art—many of these are executed with incredible pains and at a serious expense—justice can only be done to them by careful and skilled hands experienced in handling them, and who are under no obligation to produce a great number of impressions in a given time. For work of the highest quality it seems likely that the printer will remain dependent upon the skilful management of his presses, and not his machines.

Among the latest improvements in machines we may allude, in passing, to an adaptation of the letter-press cylinder-machine to the purposes of lithographic printing. This invention has been matured, after a series of tedious and expensive experiments, and is now working with entire success in a printing-office at Bristol.

Improvements in hand-presses, which have been going on since the close of the last century, seem to have been directed rather towards improving the impression taken from the type than to accelerating the rate of speed. Earl Stanhope was the first who made the whole press of iron, and enabled the pressman to take the impression at one stroke instead of two. Subsequent improvers have done little more than modify his invention by additions of trifling importance, and variations as often for the worse as for the better. There is, however, a press, though who was the inventor we forget at this moment, in which the form inks itself, and by which it is easy for a single hand to do the work of two with ease, which we happen to know from personal experiment made five-and-twenty years ago. It was at a press of this description that the writings of that moral Malay, Richard Carlile, were for the most part printed.

The most astonishing feat in rapid printing has been performed by the Americans. About six years ago a Philadelphian produced a rotary press, or rather machine, which consisted of a printing wheel, in the broad tire of which a cavity was made for the introduction of the type. This contrivance is applicable only to the printing of cards, which, being placed in

an inclined plane, feed the machine by their own gravitation. Each revolution of the wheel prints a card, and the wheel may be made to revolve five hundred times in a minute, by hand power, thus producing thirty thousand impressions in an hour. It is not pretended that the work thus produced will bear comparison with that accomplished by the ordinary means—but it is said to be as good as is required for pawnbroker's duplicates, railway tickets, &c.

Improvements in type-founding have kept pace with those in printing; and the type-founder is entitled to at least an equal share with the printer in the praise due to modern progress in the art. The type of English and Scotch foundries is all that can be desired—so far as beauty and perfection of form are concerned, their art has reached its climax; but in the mechanical processes of casting type they are, or at least were until lately, far surpassed by the French. So far back as thirty years ago, as we have had occasion to know, it was a common thing for a compositor, who had distributed his case full over night to find the identical metal re-cast, and silver white, on returning to work in the morning. French type was even then cast in a perfect state, and immediately fit for use on leaving the matrix, and of the smaller characters some thousands were cast at once. English types, on the contrary, were, and in London foundries still are, cast one at a time, with odd pantomimic demonstrations on the part of the workman exceedingly puzzling to a spectator; and after casting, have to be cut and pared down to the standard size. This tedious process of manufacture has long maintained for English type an abnormal and unreasonable price—a price which enhances the material to ten times its original value by the workmanship bestowed upon it. New processes of casting, analogous to, if not identical with, those pursued in France, have, however, been latterly adopted by some enterprising foundries, and are beginning to tell upon prices, which competition will ultimately bring to a much lower level.

But the improvement most profoundly considered has yet to be made. We allude, of course, to some invention yet to be devised which shall accelerate the operations of the compositor. Composition is at once the chief source of expense to the printer, and the chief cause of delay in publication. To obviate one or other, or both, of these obstacles, various means have been resorted to, but hitherto without success. Some have imagined that the practice of the stenogra-

pher, who expresses common words and terminations by arbitrary signs made with a single stroke of his pencil, might be imitated by the compositor; and they have cast short common words and terminations in single pieces of metal, with a view to abbreviate his labor. But the end has not answered the design—the fact being, that the compositor's case is already sufficiently complex for his management, and he is more confused than assisted by the addition of new characters or combinations. It is a fact that not one compositor in a thousand can tell with certainty what he will find in each one of the three or four hundred boxes into which his pair of cases is divided, even though he has worked at the same cases for years; the characters in use are too numerous already for their localities to be completely mastered, and the addition of new ones is a source of hindrance, not of help.

Some fifteen years back, an ingenious foreigner invented a composing machine, in the use of which, the types were arranged in line by touching keys similar to those of a musical instrument. It was adapted for the use of children and young girls, and was so far successful, that a well-known cheap periodical was "composed" by it for some time. The chief objection to its use was the necessity it exacted for the attendance of a skilled compositor to "space" and "justify" the several lines before they could be placed in column. The objection was ultimately fatal to its use, and the publisher had to resort to the usual means. There is no reason, however, why such a machine should not efficiently answer a very useful end, if supplied with appropriate type, manufactured for the purpose. Suppose a fount of type, of which all the characters, capitals included, *if capitals be indispensable*, were cast in the same body, say the half of the cube, or "en." Let the spaces be of the same size, and let the punctuating signs perform the office of spaces whenever they were inserted. Abolish the syllabic division of words, and allow the divisions to be accidental. Abolish also the italic, which the Germans have not got and nobody wants—and mark emphatic words, as the Germans do, by quarter-cube spaces between the letters. A fount of type thus prepared would require neither spacing nor justifying—the machine would deliver the lines complete, each line containing a uniform number of semi-cubes of metal, and the performer could range them in the galley as they were delivered. The public might possibly stare at the new shapes which the old Roman charac-

ter would assume, with each letter condensed or expanded into one uniform space, but what reason is there why one letter should be bigger than another? Prejudiced people, too, might rebel against the accidental divisions, which would affect even words of one syllable; but all such prejudices and objections would vanish as the novelty of the thing wore off, and the advantages derived from it became perceptible to, and were participated by all.

In the preceding paragraph we have italicized the words *if capitals be indispensable*. We are inclined to think that for the purpose we contemplate they are not—at any rate, in the construction and application of such a machine, we would do away with them, for the reason that, by reducing the entire number of the characters employed to about thirty, we perceive the feasibility of constructing a distributing machine, the want of which in connection with the one above alluded to was severely felt. If the characters were few, each one might be nicked, or notched, at a different part of its front surface—the situation of the nick marking the character. The lines, after working, might be laid nicks uppermost in a continuous row—a series of points an "en" distance from each other might be made to descend upon them, each point to be released upon touching the type—those points which fell in the nicks or notches would not touch the metal, and would not be released; the rest might be then drawn away, and all that remained would be of one character, and would be swept into their own place—repeating the process till all were sorted. There is no difficulty in contriving such a machine; a Lancashire machinist would complete it in a week. Another advantage from the abolition of capitals would be the facility of reducing the body of the type and getting a larger print into a smaller space. We have no idea that printing executed in such a way would supplant the present process of book-printing—but it might subserve the purposes of cheap newspapers and ephemeral publications, and recommend itself to general acceptance by the rapidity and economy with which it could be accomplished. We commend these hints to the consideration of men of a mechanical genius and a speculative turn.

It has been thought singular that the Chinese, who have possessed the art of printing in blocks from time immemorial, have never resorted to movable types, or to printing by presses or machines. The truth is, that neither movable types, presses, nor ma-

chines, would help them forward. With a language possessing about 300 characters, movable types would be an unmanageable nuisance. When an European prints Chinese, he does it at twenty times the expense that it costs the Chinaman, who pays "such a thing as tenpence," for engraving a page on a block of soft wood, which would be destroyed under a press or a machine, but from which he can take as many impressions as he likes. All he has to do is to apply his thin ink with one end of his brush, lay his paper on the block, and give it a few rubs on the back with the other end. He never prints on both sides, but working two pages at a time, folds the blank sides inwards, and in binding his books brings the fold to the fore-edge.

Eight or nine years ago, considerable hubbub and excitement was raised by the sudden introduction of the process of anastatic printing, which was expected to produce great marvels. It promised great things—among the rest, to multiply the drawings of artists without the medium of the engraver. From some cause or other, chiefly, it was said, because it was not applicable to machine work, it did not come into use. It was, in fact, no new invention, but merely an extension of the powers of zincography by the discovery that, by the use of weak nitric-acid, drawings made with a certain pigment, and sheets of letter-press, even after they had been printed for a considerable time, could be accurately transferred to the zinc plate and worked at the lithographic press. Whether, now that the Bristol experimenter has perfected his lithographic machine, the anastatic process will revive and perform what it promised, remains to be seen.

The public are too well inured to scientific and mechanical marvels to feel much surprised now at new discoveries. They see the electric telegraph printing its own despatches—and if they choose to go to the Polytechnique Institution, they can see a musical performer printing his own extemporaneous voluntaries by means of an electromagnetic apparatus, as he gives them voice under the inspiration of the moment. Perhaps in a little time we may see the stream of "copy" turned on at the printing office at the very instant that the stream of eloquence is turned on at St. Stephen's—the reporter performing on the telegraphic keys instead of the slips of paper. If that should happen to-morrow, no one will think it worth while to be astonished. To get up a sensation now is a harder task than to outrun Old Time in his march, or subdue the lightning to the service of man.

We must close this rambling notice of the printer's art with a word or two on Mr. Stark's book. If the author has not risen to the height of his great argument, and sung the conquests and the glories of the press in elevated strains, he has at least condescended to be accurate, practical, and useful, to the extent of the narrow limits he has assigned himself. For some solecisms in syntax let him stand excused by reason of his evident want of practice as a writer; and visit the blame upon the head of his editor "of the Chiswick Press," who read the proof-sheets and did *not* correct them. We can commend his work, notwithstanding a few trifling faults and short-comings, to the notice of our readers, as a neat compendium of the "Antecedents, Origin, and Results of Printing."

CHARLES LEVER.

SEE PLATE.

WE present a fine portrait of the celebrated author of "Harry Lorrequer," &c., whose humorous pen has made troops of friends wherever the English language is spoken, and genius has admirers. The portrait has an additional interest in the fact that it was originally painted by a brother humor-

ist, the versatile, witty and favorite Samuel Lover, who possesses the rare merit of excellence in music, painting, poetry and literature. His "Handy Andy," and his beautiful songs so familiar to any lover of music, will be remembered by all.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

□

GILCHRIST'S LIFE OF ETTY.*

EVEN when the hero is a great artist, a life almost without incident or anecdote is difficult to the biographer. It is the conviction of her surpassing voice and fine musical talent, that forms the groundwork of our interest in *Consuelo*: but George Sand herself cannot bring these bodily into her pages, and has to fill them with inventions, attractive in great measure from the belief she creates in us, that her heroine is the Jenny Lind of a hundred years since. Mr. Gilchrist's task presents a similar perplexity, without opportunity of similar relief. Etty's pictures are essentially his life, and beyond the incidents of their production his biographer has little to tell us.

This little, however, as we shall endeavor to set forth, contains it may be a lesson of no slight importance, and no frequency of exhibition. The difficulty of his task considered, and allowance made for the diffuseness of narrative natural to all narrators who do not combine the rarest genius with affection to their subject, Mr. Gilchrist has, we think, attained a success in this labor of love towards Etty's fair fame and memory in which, for his friend's sake above all, he cannot fail to find gratification. His defence for the peculiar direction of the painter's art we shall notice presently. Here and there occur small divergencies into matters of archæological conservatism, and lamentations over the demolished antiquities of York; and we find certain touches, satirical rather in aim than in execution, scattered against the Royal Academy, a royal patron of art, and the English attempts at fresco-painting he once patronized. That these are amongst the author's favorite passages, reason suggests; good taste, their omission.

These trivialities however, and short notices of his family and his works excepted, Etty's own words, artless even on matters of art, are mainly left to tell his story. And granting Mr. Gilchrist—to return once more,

in no unfriendly spirit to the editor—the license of a style, for good and for less good most successfully imitative of Carlyle, the book sets before us, with clearness, simplicity, and uncommon spirit, the picture of a life unfruitful of adventure, yet compensatingly rich in lessons, striking and worthy permanence, for students not of art only.

These lessons resolve themselves, many will perhaps think, into a warning against the misapplication of genius. It is Etty's peculiar glory that he painted the human form with a power and a beauty unknown in art since the great days of Venice; it is also the point on which his admirers have found it most necessary to defend him. Mr. Leslie's apology, in the charming lectures just published, does not satisfy the biographer: "Otherwise appreciative," Mr. Gilchrist says, "it is disfigured by what from less honored lips we would call hopeless blundering on this head: criticism, in the Father of a family" spirit, of Etty's "rejection of draperies," and "peculiar treatment and choice of subject." We do not think this quite fair to Leslie, who, while introducing the subject as one unquestionably debateable, is entirely just to the painter's purity of purpose, and confines his criticism to two remarks:—the fact, we believe undeniable, that Etty's display of form was not unfrequently, to coarse minds and the ignorant, the main recommendation of his pictures; and the expression of his own belief that "artificial objects" (draperies, in this instance) are not less poetic than "natural."

The general question is, however, argued by Mr. Gilchrist with much spirit and insight, and a clear verdict of triumph for the artist, and reprobation for objectors brought in. We think that Etty's supposed demerit has been canvassed far beyond its importance, and if objectors be divided into prudes and hypocrites, we hold the defence set up abundantly valid. Yet, with Mr. Leslie, we do not think the question capable of such mathematical adjustment. Between conventional morality and genuine (under which

* *Life of William Etty, R. A.* By A. Gilchrist. Two Vols. London: Bogue. 1855.

Etty's critics and admirers are exhaustively classified by Mr. Gilchrist), a mixed virtue exists, supplying many with what would hardly be well exchanged for profession of open viciousness. All objectors are not prudes or hypocrites; but men sharing in that human weakness, that necessarily conventional virtue, which are the inheritance of those who have fallen from their "first naked glory." *L'homme n'est ni ange, ni bête, mais homme.* From the mass of spectators (incapable of high and unfearing judgment) until enrolled a master among the ancients, Etty will hardly receive admiration for the *morale* of his art, unalloyed and unhesitating.

But enough of this: we turn to the moral of the artist's whole career. Few of Mr. Gilchrist's readers can, we think, have failed to recall the name of another English painter, William Etty's fellow-student, more fortunate in his biographer than in his life: *then* known mainly by a vigor of self-assertion not often accompanied by an absence so decided of productive power, *now* by the sad eloquence of Mr. Taylor's story. A contrast so complete has rarely added interest to two lives in themselves so interesting. The contradiction between the statesmanship of Cleon and the statesmanship of Pericles—between the art of Socrates and the art of Gorgias—is not more emphatic than between the principles that conducted Haydon to boastful words, and Etty to the "Cleopatra" and the "Proserpine;" that of these contemporaries led one to shame and despairing, another to modest labor, uncomplaining endurance, and a triumph by mortal endeavor seldom attainable. It was not, we think, from incommensurable difference between original endowments that this contrast arose. Whilst Etty's command over Color was displaying itself in imitations of Lawrence, over Form in feeble classicality, Haydon had given in his "Judgment of Solomon" what might be held more than promise, though something short of fulfilment. The difference lay between their entire principles, the direction given to their genius, the mode in which their common art was by each regarded—the passion of one, the speaking-trumpet of his rival.

But we need track no further the "road downwards." Goethe's axiom, "The first steps of ascent are easy, the absolute summit of last and most laborious conquest;" Tintoret's confession, "The study of painting is immeasurable, and that sea widening perpetually;" these severe truths anticipate and interpret Etty's feelings relative to his art,

attested in many phrases of graceful modesty—carried out during his whole artist-life, a forty years' apprenticeship to Nature. From the time when he "was looked on by his companions as a worthy, plodding person, but with no chance of ever becoming a good painter,"* to the year which was to number him with the great colorists of the past, he "sat working with the students of the Academy." It is true that his method in painting, intelligible even to the uninitiated in its perfect simplicity—that authentic "Venetian secret" whose mystery is common sense and straightforward practice—was fixed early in his career, and so maintained to the last. Readers will find the curious details † in Mr. Gilchrist's first volume. But in other respects Etty was always a student, beginning afresh where others ceased their study—as he said, "painting what he saw," recurring daily, as we have noticed, to delineation of the living model, and going direct to Nature for every slight and generalized background. Nor, while possessing a mastery over his art that few have surpassed, was he impatient of lingering for years over the conception and the finishing touches of a picture.

We should not be surprised to learn that the reward of this energy was almost a lifetime of neglect. Prone to admire the hasty works that are congenial, as it were, to precipitate judgment, ignorant how vast the labor concentrated even in the meanest painting, could the crowd appreciate this devotion to truth, this patient and "star-like" advance, this high conscientiousness to his calling with which Etty toiled on, blessing God for the necessity of labor, that "some," he observes, call the "primeval curse?" In this age we hear much of "work" and of "earnestness:" Etty's life shows how far the age understands them. Lawrence might strike out his portrait during the compliments of an hour; but his pupil must apologize to sitters for the laborious length of performance from which thirty years of practice gave him no exemption. He regrets on such an occasion (vol. i. p. 361) he had it not in his power to render the task less tedious. "A mere *likeness* may be manufactured in a few sittings. If it is desirable to make a fine work of art as well as a resemblance, it becomes another affair. I am sure, if rightly viewed, the time will not be deemed uselessly employed. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." The

* *Leslie*, p. 200.

† *P.* 57.

lesson conveyed in these simple words was practiced, and disregarded. Paintings such Europe for two centuries had not produced—the “Cupid sheltering his Darling,” of 1822, the “Dance,” of twenty years later; the “Hylas,” the “Sirens,” the “Sampson”—were neglected or despised by crowd and critic; and when the better judgment of the few at last forced its way, public praise, cold before unappreciated masterpieces, was satisfied to find in the failing execution of his latest days, something that might justify what to dull impartiality seemed the fitting alloy of censure. Before the last year of his life, Etty had scarcely secured even that blind conviction of his genius which is all the multitude can experience for minds above them. That he felt this want of recognition the “Life” affords sufficient proof; yet the knowledge depressed him neither to complaint nor to indolence. Misunderstood and undervalued, with his great contemporary in art, Etty stood far above the mere passion for fame, and by childlike simplicity and devotion to his task conquered that “last infirmity” which Turner suppressed by the proud sense that, like Nature herself, he was beyond the scope of human praise. “My life has been,” Etty said, “spent in exertions to excel, struggles with difficulty, sometimes Herculean exertions, both of mind and body, mixed with poetic day-dreams and reveries by imaginary enchanted streams.” These experiences were, no doubt, common to both; but more fortunate than Turner, Etty, before the peaceful close, could add, “It has been one long summer day;” lightened by the consolation of his own modest confidence, by the patient pursuit of his art, and the conviction of final mastery; and yet more, as we now read, by further blessings—the conscience void of reproach, the honor of friends, the love of children, the peace of home.

This lesson is the chief result of Mr. Gilchrist's biography. For by the necessity of the case, as we observed before, he is compelled to describe the singer without giving the song; and the quotations from Etty's own letters and journals show that his genius was with the pencil, not with the pen. Yet it would be hardly just to exclude the paintings from our praise of the painter, or conclude even this brief notice of his life without allusion to the triumph reserved for its concluding summer. Seven years before, his exquisite “Homeric Dance” had passed through the Exhibition, we remember, all but unvalued; but the series of works col-

lected in 1849 within the Adelphi compelled Dulness itself, “the gods' worst enemy,” to the conviction of the master's greatness. The pictures we there saw (and with many masterpieces, the productions of Etty's *tentative* years, 1805–1819, were absent) fell into three main classes. The first, marked by extreme delicacy of tone and handling, and a finish whose sweetness almost passed into timidity, beginning with the “Coral Finders” of 1820, “Cleopatra” (1821), “Cupid and his Darling” (1822), closed with the bolder creations of the “Judith” (1827), the labor of Etty's own fortieth year. Execution more decisive, coloring more vivid and contrasted, greater animation and variety in conception of human figures, distinguished the full maturity of the painter's power. Here were the “Youth at the Prow” and “Phædra and Cymochles” of 1832, the “Bridge of Sighs” (1835), the magnificent “Sirens” and “Sampson” of 1837, the “Proserpine” (1839). Amongst all exhibited, this picture was perhaps the most representative of the main direction of Etty's art: displaying preference for the human form above all other sources of pictorial interest, and this rendered with a glow and vitality that could alone justify preference so ambitious; the choice, with that aim, almost inevitable, of a subject from ancient mythology, not reproduced with a servile imitation of classical composition, but in a manner thoroughly characteristic, and the painter's own; and the landscape of astonishing force, and sympathy with the action, presented a style larger and bolder in treatment than his earlier work, more ideal at once, and more individual.

Nor, although with proofs that the “vision and the faculty” had survived in some measure the eye that had grown dim, and the hand wearied by its over-incessant cunning, were the ten years that remained deficient in their own triumphs. To this period belonged works exhibiting in many directions a mastery that few have attained by single and concentrated efforts—the grace of the “Dance,” and the pathos of the “Joan of Arc,” the glorious color and grouping of the “Still Life,” and the “Portrait of a Child,” which Sir Joshua himself might have envied for force, and truth, and engaging sweetness. No exhibition of English paintings, so high in the highest qualities of art (for, without disparagement to that other branch, we *must* place Form above Landscape), could have been furnished, we thought, by one hand since those by Reynolds were last united.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

A HIGHLY interesting relic of the great Napoleon is now being exhibited. It is a volume of military maps, among which are several plans of battles drawn by the Emperor himself. This relic was left at an inn by the Emperor during his hasty retreat after the battle of Waterloo.

The University of Königsberg intends to erect a monument to the philosopher Kant, once the great ornament of that learned institution. It is to be a statue in bronze, and will be placed on the daily promenade of the great man, which, after him has been called "der Philosophensteig" (The Philosopher's path.)

The English papers announce the death of HENRY COLBURN, Esq., the eminent and well-known London publisher. Mr. Colburn commenced his career with forming a circulating library in Conduit street, but, early laid the foundation by his zeal in the publication of works of sterling literature, of that important business in Great Marlborough street, from which he retired a year or two since in favor of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Mr. Colburn was the first publisher of the *Literary Gazette*, and the first book reviewed in that Journal, Jan 25th, 1817, was a volume of Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, published by him.

The Right Hon. T. B. MACAULAY, M. P., has presented an extensive and valuable donation of books to the library of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, of which he is President. The collection, which is handsomely bound, embraces some of the most important works in English history and literature.

The Parliamentary library of the late Joseph Hume, Esq., was bequeathed by him to the London University College.

The Imperial Library of Vienna contains 16,000 manuscripts in the Greek, Hebrew, Chinese, Indian and Arabic languages, written on parchment.

Five thousand documents have already been transcribed by the commissioners appointed to collect and publish the entire writings of Napoleon. The most interesting of these contributions—because the least known—are those written while the hero of Austerlitz held inferior rank in the army. Numbers of letters written during the early portion of his career have been sent to the imperial Commission. They were addressed to people—often to people almost unknown—and were treasured by them after the writer had become celebrated. Of these contributions the most remarkable are about sixty letters of instructions and explanations written by Napoleon while commanding the artillery at Toulon. The Imperial Commissioners have also in their possession an autograph letter, addressed by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch—in which he describes minutely, and clearly, the proper duties of an archbishop. Indeed, Napoleon's correspondence with the clergy promises to form a remarkable portion of his collected works. It appears that he wrote a series of letters to the *Ministre des Cultes*, in which he gave his notion of a good priest. The main point on which he forcibly dwells is, that the church has no business with af-

fairs of State. It is said that these lessons to the Minister of religion are both severe and just.

M. Didot, the eminent French publisher, has just issued a pamphlet against a projected paper duty in France. In 1340 says M. Didot, King Philip ordered that "paper and books, being indispensable to pupils, should be exempt from duty." King John, in 1360, confirmed that privilege; and afterward Louis XII. and Francois I. declared books exempt from every kind of impost. Henry II., in 1552, ordered that there should always be in France a special favor shown to paper; and, in 1789, when an attempt was made to introduce a paper duty, the idea was so unpopular that the proposed plan came to nothing.

An acceptable addition to the Catalogue of the British Museum Library has been made in a list of the pamphlets belonging to the Royal Library. The catalogue is in twelve small octavo volumes. The pamphlets are about twenty thousand in number, extending from the reign of Charles I. to George III., by whom they were presented to the nation about thirty years ago.

Governor BRADFORD's long lost MS., "History of Plymouth Colony and people from 1602 to 1647," has been discovered in Lambeth Palace, London. The MS. must have been taken to England when the British troops evacuated Boston in 1776.

A Literary discovery of interest has lately been made. It comprises above a hundred letters of James Boswell, principally addressed to his friend, the Rev. William Templer, Rector of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall, whose name is mentioned three or four times in the life of Johnson. They were rescued some years ago from the hands of a shopkeeper in France, with a mass of other correspondence of less importance, addressed to this Mr. Templer, but have not been thoroughly examined until lately. Preparations are now being made for their publication.

A Paris paper announces the fact of the discovery of an unpublished fragment of a lost tragedy of Euripides, by M. Egger, of the Institute.

Mr. EWART, Mr. G. A. HAMILTON, and Mr. KIRK have introduced a bill for further promoting the establishment of free public libraries and museums in Ireland. The general management of the libraries and museums is to be vested in the borough councils and town-commissioners, who are "to purchase and provide the necessary fuel, lighting, and other similar matters,—books, newspapers, maps, and specimens of art and science," &c. The property of the library and all lands and buildings will be vested in the managers. A decision against the adoption of this act will be valid for one year. Museums and libraries established under this act will be open to the public free of all charge.

Recollections of Russia, during Thirty-three Years' Residence, by a German Nobleman. Also, Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day, by M. About, for "Constable's Miscellany."

Travels in Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and Italy, by J. D. Burns, Author of the "Vision of Prophecy," and other Poems.



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From the Quarterly Review.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE family of Sir Richard Steele, on the father's side, were English, but he had an Irish mother; and in Dublin, where his father held the office of secretary to the first Duke of Ormond, he was born in 1675. The Duke was one of the governors of Charterhouse, and there Richard Steele was placed, as soon as he could be entered after his father's death. He remained till he was seventeen; and from his ready scholarship of after years, as well as the kind expressions long interchanged between him and its old headmaster, Dr. Ellis, he may be assumed to have passed fairly through the school. Of his positive acquisitions only one is known, but it is by far the most important. Not the glory of his having carried off every prize and exhibition attainable, if such had been his, would have interested us half so much as the fact that here began his friendship with Joseph Addison.

The son of the Dean of Lichfield was three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when, at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority, and Steele never lost through life the habit of *looking up* at his friend. He

went himself to Oxford in 1692, at the head of that year's post-masters for Merton; but his intercourse with the scholar of Magdalene had not ceased in the interval. Pleasant traces are left for us which connect the little fatherless lad with visitings to Addison's father, who loved him. Like one of his own children he loved me, exclaimed Steele, towards the close of his life. Those children, too, apart from his famous schoolfellow, he thanks for their affection to him; and among the possessions of his youth retained until death was a letter in the handwriting of the good old Dean, giving "his blessing on the friendship between his son and me." The little black-eyed dusky-faced lad had made himself popular at the Lichfield deanery; and he brought away from it, we will not doubt, that first ineffaceable impression which remained alike through the weakness and the strength of his future years, that religion was a part of goodness, and that cheerfulness should be inseparable from piety.

Entered of Merton in 1692, his college career is soon told. Having passed three years in a study of which he showed afterwards good use, and in a companionship which confirmed not the least memorable of

friendships, he left Oxford with the love of "the whole society,"* but without a degree, after writing a comedy which was perhaps as strong a recommendation to the one as a disqualification for the other. He burnt that comedy, however, on a friend telling him it was not worth keeping. Quick, inventive, and ardent; easy and sweet in temper, social and communicative in tastes; with eager impulses and warm affections, but yet forming his opinions for himself, and giving them shape and efficacy without regard to consequences; the Dick Steele of Merton was the same Mr. Steele of Hampton and Bloomsbury to whose maturer philosophy many charming illustrations have attracted us in the foregoing pages. Having desired his friend's advice about his comedy, he had too much sincerity and too little pride not at once to act upon it; but he was also too impatient not to ask himself afterwards, if he was to fail as a wit and a writer, in what other direction lay the chances of success? Already a hot politician, and entering with all his heart into the struggle of which the greatest champion now sat on the English throne, might he not at any rate, on his hero's behalf, throw a sword if not a pen into the scale? He would be a soldier. He would, as he says, plant himself behind King William the Third against Lewis the Fourteenth. But here he was met by determined opposition; and a rich relative of his mother, who had named him heir to a large estate in Wexford, threatened to disinherit him if he took that course. He took it, and was disinherited; giving the express reason, many years later, that, when he so cocked his hat, put on a broad sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, and mounted a war-horse, under the unhappy Duke of Ormond's command, *he was not acquainted with his own parts*, and did not know, what he had since discovered, that he could handle a pen more effectively than a sword.† What do we see in all this but an earlier form of the philosophy of the *Tailler*, that you must be the thing you would seem to be, and in some form manage to do what you think it right should be done?

Baffled in his hope to obtain a commission, Steele entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards, preferring, as he characteristically expresses it, the state of his mind to that of his fortune. Soon, however, the qualities which made him the delight of his comrades, obtained him a cornetcy in the regi-

ment; and not long after, through the interest of its colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had acted as private secretary, he got a company in Lord Lucas's fusiliers, and became *Captain Steele*. Then began the experiences and temptations he has himself described. He found it, he says, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and, being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*.* Nevertheless, this little book is not exactly what the good Dr. Drake, and many before him and since, appear to have thought it. You would suppose, from what is said of it, that it was "a valuable little manual" of religious exercises for use in "the intervals snatched from the orgies of voluptuousness." But it is by no means this, nor anything else that would amount to such sheer fooling and face-making. Steele had too humble and pious a faith in religion to expose it to ridicule from the unscrupulous companions he lived with. How large and longing is the mind of man, compared with the shortness of his life and the frailty of his desires, he knew: and that his own thoughts were better than his practice, it was no discredit to him also to know. But it was not to set up the one either as a cloak or a contrast to the other that he wrote the *Christian Hero*. It was not a book of either texts or prayers. There was nothing in it that a man conscious of all infirmities might not write; but there was also that in it which must have made its writer more conscious of his powers than he had been till then, and which influenced his future perhaps more than any one has supposed.

At the outset of it he tells you that men of business, whatever they may think, have not nearly so much to do with the government of the world as men of wit; but that the men of wit in that age had made a grave mistake in disregarding religion and decency. He attributes it to classical associations, that, being scholars, they are so much more apt to resort to Heathen than to Christian examples; and to correct this error he proposes to show, by a series of instances, how inadequate to all the great needs of life is the Heathen, and how sufficient the Christian morality. Anticipating and answering Gibbon, he looks upon it as the special design of Providence that the time when the world received the best news it ever heard was also that when the warriors and philosophers

* *Biographia Britannica*, vi. 3823.

† *The Theatre*, No. xi.

* *Apology*, p. 296.

whose virtues are most pompously arrayed in story should have been performing, or just have finished, their parts. He then introduces, with elaborate portraiture of their greatness, Cato, the younger Brutus, and other characters of antiquity; that he may also display them, in their moments of highest necessity, deprived of their courage, and deserted by their gods. By way of contrast, he next exhibits, "from a certain neglected Book, which is called, and from its excellence above all other books deservedly called, The Scripture," handling it with no theological pretension, but as the common inheritance vouchsafed to us all, what the Christian system is. He finds in the Sermon on the Mount "the whole heart of man discovered by him that made it, and all our secret impulses to ill, and false appearances of good, exposed and detected;" he shows through what storms of want and misery it was able to bear unscathed the early martyrs and apostles; and, in demonstration of the world's present inattention to its teaching, he tells them that, after all they can say of a man, let them but conclude that he is rich, and they have made him friends, nor have they utterly overthrown him till they have said he is poor. In other words, a sole consideration to prosperity has taken, in their imaginations, the place of Christianity; and what is there that is not lost, pursues kind-hearted Steele, in that which is thus displaced? "For Christianity has that in it which makes men pity, not scorn the wicked; and, by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals." It aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life by making them seem fraternal, and its generosity is an enlarged self-love. The Christian so feels the wants of the miserable, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged; he gives with an air that has neither oppression nor superiority in it, "and is always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver."

In an expression already quoted from the *Tatler* we have seen a paraphrase of these last few words, but indeed Mr. Bickerstaff's practical and gentle philosophy, not less than his language, is anticipated by Captain Steele. The spirit of both is the same. The leading purpose in both is a hearty sympathy with humanity; a belief, as both express it, that "it is not possible for a human heart to be averse to anything that is human;" a desire to link the highest associations to the commonest things; a faith in the compatibility of mirth with virtue; the wish to smooth life's road by the least acts of bene-

volence as well as by the greatest; and the lesson so to keep our understandings balanced, that things shall appear to us "great or little as they are in nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident and fortune." The thoughts and expressions, as may be seen in these quoted, are frequently the same; each has the antithetical turns and verbal contrasts, "the proud submission, the dignified obedience," which is a peculiarity of Steele's manner; in both we have the author aiming far less to be author than companion; and there is even a passage in this *Christian Hero* which brings rustling about us the hoops and petticoats of Mr. Bickerstaff's Chloes and Clarissas. He talks of the coarseness and folly, the alternate rupture and contempt, with which women are treated by the wits; he desires to see the love they inspire taken out of that false disguise, and put in its own gay and becoming dress of innocence; and he tells us that "in their tender frame there is native simplicity, groundless fear, and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be built expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended deaths, that are every day offered her." Captain Steele dedicates his little book to Lord Cutts, dates it from the Tower Guard, and winds it up with a parallel between the French and the English king, not unbecoming a Christian soldier. But surely, as we thus read it on to its close, the cocked hat, the shoulder-belt, the jack-boots disappear; and we have before us, in gown and slippers, the Editor of the *Tatler*. Exit the soldier, and enter the wit.

The publication of the *Christian Hero*, in 1701, is certainly the point of transition. He says himself that after it he was not thought so good a companion, and that he found it necessary to enliven his character by another kind of writing. The truth is that he had discovered at last what he best could do; and where in future he was to mount guard was not at the Tower, or under command of my Lord Cutts, but at the St. James's coffee-house, or Will's, in waiting on Mr. Congreve. The author of the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* now sat in the chair just vacated by Dryden; and appears to have shown unusual kindness to his new and promising recruit. In a letter of this date he talks of Dick Steele with an agreeable air of cordiality; and such was then Mr. Congreve's distinction, that his notice was no trifling feather in the cap of an ex-captain of Fusileers. "I hope I may

have leave to indulge my vanity," says Steele, "by telling all the world that Mr. Congreve is my friend." The *Muse's Mercury* not only told the world the same thing, but published verses of the new Whig wit, and threw out hints of a forthcoming comedy.

The *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, Steele's first dramatic production, was played at Drury Lane in 1702. Very sprightly and pleasant throughout, it was full of telling hits at lawyers and undertakers, and, with a great many laughable incidents, and no laugh raised at the expense of virtue or decency, it had one character (the widow on whom the artifice of her husband's supposed death is played off) which is a masterpiece of comedy. Guardsmen and Fusileers mustered strong on the first night; in the prologue, "a fellow soldier" made appeal to their soldierly sympathies; Cibber, Wilks, Norris, and Mrs. Oldfield were in the cast; and the success was complete. One can imagine the enjoyment of the scene where the undertaker reviews his regiment of mourners, and singles out for indignant remonstrance one provokingly hale, well-looking mute. "You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful. *And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are!*" But this was a touch that should have had for its audience a company of Addisons rather than of gay Fusileers and Guardsmen. Sydney Smith, indeed, who delighted in it, used to think it Addison's; but certainly Steele's first comedy had no insertion from that masterly hand. When it was written he was in Italy, when it was acted he was in Geneva, and he did not return to England, after an absence of more than four years, till towards the close of the following autumn.

He found his friend not only established among the wits, but enrolled in that most select body of their number who drank Whig toasts at the Kit-Kat, with the prudent Mr. Tonson at one end of the table and the proud Duke of Somerset at the other. For the comedy had brought him repute in high Whig quarters, and even the notice of the King. He was justly proud of this. It was much to say, from experience, that nothing could make the town so fond of a man as a successful play; but more to have it to remember that "his name to be provided for, was in the last table-book ever worn by the

glorious and immortal William the Third."* Yes, the last. Between the acting of his comedy and the arrival of his friend, their great sovereign had ceased to be mortal. Somewhat sad were Whig prospects, therefore, when Addison again grasped Steele by the hand; but the Kit-Kat opened its doors eagerly to the newcomer, the first place at Will's and the St. James's was conceded to him, and the *Noctes Cœnaque Deorum* began. Many have described and glorified them; and Steele coupled them in later years with a yet rarer felicity, when he had to tell of "nights spent with him apart from all the world," in the freedom and intimacy of their old school days of Charter-House, and their College walks by the banks of the Cherwell. There is no such thing as real conversation, Addison used to say, but between two persons: and after nights so passed, Steele could only think of his friend as combining in himself all the wit and nature of Terence and Catullus, heightened with a humor more exquisite and delightful than either possessed, or than was ever the property of any other man.

Of course Captain Steele (for so, according to Mr. Dennis, he continued to be called at the theatres) had by this time begun another comedy, and from his friend he received for it not a few of what he generously said afterwards were its most applauded strokes. Nor is it difficult, we think, to trace Addison's hand in the *Tender Husband*. There is a country squire and justice of the quorum in it, perhaps the very first the stage had in those days brought from his native fields for any purpose more innocent than to have horns clapped on his head, and in the scenes with him and his lumpish nephew, there is a heightened humor we are disposed to give to Addison. But Steele's rich invention, and careless graces, are also very manifest throughout; and in the dialogues of the romance-stricken niece and her lover, from which Sheridan borrowed, and in that of the niece and her bumpkin of a cousin, to which even Goldsmith was somewhat indebted, we have pure and genuine comedy. The mistake of the piece, as of its predecessor, is the occasional disposition to reform morals rather than to paint manners; for the rich vein which the *Tatler* worked to such inimitable uses, yielded but scantily to the working of the stage. But the *Tender Husband*, admirably acted by Wilks, Norris, and Est-

* Apology, p. 297.

court, and above all by Mrs. Oldfield in that love-lorn Parthenissa, Biddy Tipkin, well deserved its success. Before its production there had arrived the glorious news of Blenheim, and Steele flung in some Whiggish and patriotic touches. Addison wrote the prologue, and to Addison the piece was dedicated: the author taking that means of declaring publicly to the world that he looked upon this intimacy as the most valuable enjoyment of his life, and hoping also to make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of his comedy by acknowledging, that this had so far raised his own opinion of it as to make him think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship. To Addison he addressed at the same time a more private wish, which lay very near his heart. "I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship."* Such a work, under a livelier title, not planned with that view by either friend, was soon to perpetuate, and inseparably to connect, the names of both.

Meanwhile, after two or three years of adversity and depression, the Whig cause had again brightened. The great foreign policy of William coerced, as with a spell, the purposes of his successors, and with the victory of Blenheim Whig principles obtained again the mastery. In that interval of gloomy and variable weather many changes had become also perceptible in the places of resort which the wits made famous. The coffee-house had ceased to be any longer such neutral ground as it had formerly been. Men are more jealous of their opinions when their opinions are less prosperous, more eager themselves to champion them, and less tolerant of others who oppose them. Literature itself took insensibly a stronger tone, and a higher position, in those stormy and threatening days. It was the only direct communication between the men who governed the State, and the people from whom, if the Act of Settlement was to have any authority, they received their sole commission to govern it. Halifax, Somers, Sunderland, Cowper, indeed all the leading Whig lords, knew this thoroughly, and if they had acted on it less partially, would have kept their ground better than they did. When Mr. Mackey, in his *Memoirs of his Secret Services*, says of Halifax that he was a great encourager of learn-

ing and of learned men, Swift grimly writes in the margin that "his encouragements were only good words and dinners." But *that* at any rate was something. At such a time as the present it was much. When Blenheim made a "new" Whig of the Tory Lord Treasurer, a good word from Halifax got Addison a commissionership of two hundred a year from him; and while the restoration of the old Whigs was yet doubtful, the dinners of Halifax at least kept their partisans together, and Prior himself was made not less steady than even Ambrose Philips or Steele.

But, as we have said, prospects in that direction were brightening at last. Events were accomplishing, of themselves, what the actors in them had not the power to prevent; and, through whatever remaining obstacle or hindrance, for the present the plain result had become too imminent for longer delay by any possible combination of clergy and country gentlemen. What was done with that hope only hastened the catastrophe. Oddly enough, however, it happened just at this time that the only consolation of which the circumstances were capable, was suggested by a member of the one disheartened class to a member of the other. It was at the St. James's coffeehouse, now the great Whig resort, but into which there had stumbled one day, when all the leading wits were present, a "gentleman in boots just come out of the country." Already also, on that day, a clergyman of remarkable appearance had been observed in the room. Of stalwart figure, with great sternness and not much refinement of face, but with the most wonderful eyes looking out from under black and heavy brows, he had been walking half an hour or so incessantly to and fro across the floor without speaking to anybody; when at last, on the entrance of the booted squire, up went this walking priest to him, and asked this question aloud: "Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman was of course unprepared for anything in the way of allegory, and stammered out an answer which did little credit to him as an agriculturist. "Yes, Sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." To which the querist rejoined, "That is more than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well"—took up his hat, and without another word to anybody walked out of the room.

* The Spectator, No. 555.

That was the first introduction of Steele and Addison to the Reverend Jonathan Swift. Not long after, however, they knew in him not only "the mad parson," but the writer of one of the most effective of Whig pamphlets, the author of the most masterly prose satire published since Rabelais, the foremost intellect, and one of the first wits of the day. Nor was he, to them, the least delightful of associates. When Addison, shortly after this time, gave him his book of travels, he wrote on its fly-leaf that it was given to the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age. Happily none of them yet knew what his master-passion was, of what little value he counted friendships or alliances that might thwart it, with what secret purpose he sought the power to be derived from literary distinction, to what uses he would have turned his influence over those Whig wits at the St. James's coffee-house, and what a dark and dreary past he was there himself to redeem. As yet they saw him only in his amiable aspect; somewhat perhaps condescending to their mirth, but sharing in it nevertheless, and, when he pleased, making it run over with abundance. Indeed he cared so little for what was matter of real moment to them, that he was able often to pass for a good-natured man in points where they failed to show good nature. "I have great credit with him," he wrote of an indifferent verse-writer to Ambrose Philips, when a foreign employment had for a time carried off that staunch Whig poet, "because I can listen when he reads, which neither you, nor the Addisons, nor Steeles ever can." It is the same letter in which he tells Ambrose that the "triumvirate" of Addison, Steele, and himself, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; though he often sees each of them, and each of them him and each other; but, when he is of their number, justice is done to Ambrose as he would desire.

No doubt when the triumvirate were thus together, Swift could do justice also, in his dry way, to the pretty little opera of *Rosamund*, which Mr. Addison had permitted to be represented, and which, though it brought him no repute, added another member to the circle who surrounded him—the "senate," as Pope afterwards called them—in the person of that young Mr. Tickell of Oxford who addressed to him a poem in admiration of it. One may imagine, too, that while Swift bore with much equanimity Mr. Addison's failure on that occasion, he might be even disposed to make merry at a certain contemporaneous

failure of the other member of the triumvirate, who, having proposed to give a dramatic form to Jeremy Collier's *Short View*, and to introduce upon the stage itself that slashing divine's uncompromising strictures of it, produced his *Lying Lover*, and had the honor to inform the House of Commons some years later, that he alone, of all English dramatists, had written a comedy which was damned for its piety. This surprising incident closed for the present Steele's dramatic career; and when the *Muse's Mercury* next introduced his name to its readers, it was to say that, as for comedies, there was no great expectation of any thing of that kind since Mr. Farquhar's death, for "the two gentlemen who would probably always succeed in the comic vein, Mr. Congreve and Captain Steele, have affairs of much greater importance at present to take up their time and thoughts."

Soon after his pious failure, in truth, he had received from the gift of Harley what he calls the lowest office in the state, that of Gazetteer, and with it the post of Gentleman-Usher in the household of Prince George. It was not long before Harley's own resignation he had to thank him for this service; and it was at the very time when the old Whigs were to all appearance again firmly established, and Addison was Under-Secretary of State, that heavings of no distant change became again perceptible. Writers themselves were beginning to sway from side to side as preferments fell thick. There was Rowe coming over from the Tories, and there was Prior going over from the Whigs,* and there was the "mad parson" of the St. James's coffee-house talking his *Tract on Civil Discords* to alarm the Tories, or his *Tale of the Tub* to alarm the Whigs, according as either side for the time inclined. And in the midst of these portents, as we have said, Mr. Harley quitted office, and the Whig phalanx little dreamed what he went to plan and meditate in his compelled retirement.

But in other than political ways the cur-

* In the *Hanmer Correspondence* published not many years ago we have a significant letter from Prior to Hanmer, dated in 1707, and referring to another accession the Whigs had lately had, in the person of Mr. Edmund Smith, who dedicated his play to Lord Halifax. "*Phædra* is a prostitute, and Smith's dedication is nonsense. People do me a great deal of honor. They say when you and I had lookt over this piece of six months, the man could write verse; but when we had forsaken him, and he went over to St— and Addison, he could not write prose: you see, Sir, how dangerous it is to be well with you; a man is no longer father of his own writings, if they are good."

rent of life was moving on with Steele, and matters of private as well as public concern had to do with his secession from the theatre. Some little time before this he had received a moderate fortune in West India property with his first wife, the sister of a planter in Barbadoes; and he had been left a widower not many months after the marriage. Just before Harley left the ministry, he married again; and, of every letter or note he addressed to his second wife during the twelve years of their union, that lady proved herself so curiously thrifty, whether for her own comfort in often reading his words or for his plague in often repeating them, that the public curiosity was gratified at the commencement of the century by the publication of upwards of 400 such compositions; and thus the most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures, everything, in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the most sacred, and which repeatedly he had begged "might be shown to no one living," became the property of all the world. It will be seen, as we proceed, how he stands a test such as never was applied, within our knowledge, to any other man on earth.

"Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing," and Steele's does not seem to have been prolonged beyond a month. But his letters are such masterpieces of ardor and respect, of tender passion and honest feeling, of good sense and earnestness as well as of playful sweetness, that the lady may fairly be forgiven for having so soon surrendered. Instead of saying he shall die for her, he protests he shall be glad to lead his life with her; and on those terms she accepts, to use the phrase she afterwards applied to him, "as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England." Once accepted, his letters are incessant. He writes to her every hour, as he thinks of her every moment, of the day. He cannot read his books, he cannot see his friends, for thinking of her. While Addison and he are together at Chelsea, he steals a moment, while his friend is in the next room, to tell the charmer of his soul that he is only and passionately hers. In town he seems to have shared Addison's lodgings at this time; not many weeks afterwards, he tells her "Mr. Addison does not remove till to-morrow, and therefore I cannot think of moving my goods out of his lodgings;" thus early she seems to have contracted that habit of calling Addison

her "rival," which he often charges on her in subsequent years; and who will doubt that the Under-Secretary, rigid moralist as he was, formed part of that "very good company," who, not many days before the marriage, drank Mrs. Mary Scurlock's health (such was her name: she was the daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of the county of Carmarthen) by the title of *the woman Dick Steele loves best*, to an extent it would hardly be decorous now to mention? The last few days before the wedding are the least tolerable of all. If he calls at a friend's house, he must borrow the means of writing to her. If he is at a coffee-house, the waiter is despatched to her. If a minister at his office asks him what news from Lisbon, he answers she is exquisitely handsome. If Mr. Elliott desires at the St. James's to know when he has been last at Hampton Court, he replies it will be Tuesday come se'ennight. For the happy day was fixed at last; and on "Tuesday come se'ennight," the 9th of September, 1707, the adorable Molly Scurlock became Mrs. Richard Steele.

It does not fall within our purpose to dwell in much detail upon so large a subject as this lady's merits and defects, but some circumstances attended the marriage of a nature to make some of its early results less surprising. In her fortune of £400 a-year her mother had a life-interest, and she does not seem to have regarded favorably any of the plans the newly-married couple proposed. On the other hand, Steele had certainly overestimated his own income; and a failure in his Barbadoes estate made matters worse in this respect. Eager, meanwhile, to show all distinction to one he loved so tenderly, and believing, as he wrote to her mother, that the desire of his friends in power to serve him more than warranted the expectations he had formed, his establishment was larger than prudence should have dictated. Mrs. Steele had a town-house in Bury-street, St. James's; and within six weeks of the marriage, her husband had bought her a pretty little house at Hampton Court which he furnished handsomely, and pleasantly called, by way of contrast to *the Palace* by the side of which it stood, *the Hovel*. In the neighborhood lived Lord Halifax, between whom and Steele as well as Addison there was such frequent intercourse at the time, that this probably led to Steele's first unwise outlay, which Addison helped to make up by a loan of a thousand pounds. In something less than a year (the 20th of August, 1708) the whole of

this loan was repaid; but soon after the same sort of thing re-appears in the correspondence; and not until some eight or nine years later does it entirely disappear, after a manner to be related hereafter, and very needlessly mis-related hitherto. Thus established at Hampton Court, Mrs. Steele drives her chariot and pair; upon occasion, even four horses. She has a little saddle-horse of her own, which costs her husband five shillings a week for his keep, when in town. She has also Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her "own" women, and a boy who can speak Welsh when she goes down to Carmarthen. But, also, it must be confessed, she seems to have had a frequent and alarming recurrence of small needs and troubles which it is not easy to account for. If it be safe to take strictly the notes she so carefully preserved, she was somewhat in the position pleasantly described by Madame Sévigné, in her remark to the Countess Calonne and Madame Mazarine when they visited her on their way through Arles: "My dears, you are like the heroines of romances; jewels in abundance, but scarce a shift to your backs!"

In the fifth month after their marriage Steele writes to her from the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar (Ben Jonson's house), to tell her he cannot be home to dinner, but that he has partly succeeded in his business, and that he incloses two guineas as earnest of more, languishes for her welfare, and will never be a moment careless again. Next month he is getting Jacob Tonson to discount a bill for him, and he desires that the man who has his shoemaker's bill should be told he means to call on him as he goes home. Three months later he finds it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and orders the printer's boy to be sent to him, with his night-gown, slippers and clean linen, at the tavern where he is. But in a few days all seems prosperous again: she calls for him in her coach at Lord Sunderland's office, with his best periwig and new shoes in the coach-box, and they have a cheerful drive together. Not many days later, just as he is going to dine with Lord Halifax, he has to inclose her a guinea for her pocket. She has driven in her chariot-and-four to Hampton Court on the Tuesday, and on the Thursday he sends her a small quantity of tea she was much in want of. On the day when he had paid back Addison his first thousand pounds, he incloses for her immediate uses a guinea and a half. The day before he and "her favorite" Mr. Addison are going to meet some

great men of the State, he sends her a quarter of a pound of black tea, and the same quantity of green. The day before he goes into his last attendance at Court upon Prince George, he conveys to her a sum so small, that he can only excuse it by saying he has kept but half as much in his own pocket. And a few days after Mr. Addison has taken him in a coach-and-four to dine with his sister and her husband, he tells his dearest Prue that he has despatched to her seven pennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny, the packet containing which he opens with much gravity before it goes, to inform her that since the invoice six walnuts have been abstracted.

In that humorous touch, not less than in the change from his "dearest Molly" to his "dearest Prue," by which latter name he always in future called her, we get glimpses of the character of Mrs. Richard Steele. That she had unusual graces both of mind and person, so to have fascinated a man like her husband, may well be assumed; but here we may also see something of the defects and demerits that accompanied them. She seems to have been thrifty and prudent of everything that told against him (as in keeping every scrap of his letters), but by no means remarkably so in other respects. Clearly also, she gave herself the most capricious and prudish airs; and quite astonishing is the success with which she appears to have exacted of him, not only an amount of personal devotion unusual in an age much reverse of chivalrous, but accounts the most minute of all he might be doing in her absence. He thinks it hard, he says in one letter, that because she is handsome she will not behave herself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but that he must be continually giving her an account of every trifle and minute of his time; yet he does it nevertheless. In subjoining some illustrations on this point from their first year of marriage, let us not fail to observe how characteristically the world has treated such a record. If Mr. Steele's general intercourse with his wife had been in keeping with the customary habits of the age, he would have had no need to make excuses or apologies of any kind; yet these very excuses, the exception that should prove the rule, are in his case taken as a rule to prove against him the exception.

He meets a schoolfellow from India, and has to write to the dearest being on earth to pardon him if she does not see him till eleven o'clock. He has to dine at the gentleman-

usher's table at Court, and he sends his dear ruler a messenger to bring him back her orders. He cannot possibly come home to dinner, and he writes to tell his dear, dear wife that he cannot. He "lay last night at Mr. Addison's," and has to tell the dear creature the how and the why, and all about the papers they were preparing for the press. A friend stops him as he is going home, and carries him off to Will's, whereon he sends a messenger, at eleven at night, to tell her it is a Welsh acquaintance of hers, and they are only drinking her health, and he will be with her, "within a pint of wine." If, on another occasion, he has any fear of the time of his exact return, he sends a special despatch to tell her to go to bed. When any interesting news reaches him for his Gazette, he sends it off at once to her. From the midst of his proofs at the office he is continually writing to her. When, at the close of a day of hard work, he has gone to dine with Addison at Sandy End, he snatches a little time from eating, while the others are busy at it at the table, to tell her he is "yours, yours, ever." He sends her a letter for no other purpose than to tell his dear, dear Prue, that he is sincerely her fond husband. He has a touch of the gout, and exasperates it by coming down stairs to celebrate her first birthday since their wedding; but it is his comfort, he tells her mother, as he hobbles about on his crutches, to see his dear little wife dancing at the other end of the room.

When Lord Sunderland orders him to attend at council, he sends a special note to warn Prue of the uncertainty of his release. When, in May, 1708, Mr. Addison is chosen member for Lostwithiel, and he is obliged, with some persons concerned, to go to him immediately, he has to write to acquaint her with that fact. He will write from the Secretary's office at seven to tell her he hopes to be richer next day; and again he will write, at half-past ten the same night, to assure her he is then going very soberly to bed, and that she shall be the last thing in his thoughts as he does so, as well as the first next morning. Next morning he tells her she was not, he is sure, so soon awake as he was for her, desiring upon her the blessing of God. He writes to her as many letters in one day as there are posts, or stage-coaches, to Hampton Court; and then gets Jervas the painter to fling another letter for her over the garden-wall, as he passes there at night. He lets her visit his Gazette office; nay, is glad of visits at such a place, he tells her, from so agreeable a person as herself; and

when her gay dress comes fluttering in, and with it "the beautifullest object his eyes can rest upon," he forgets all his troubles. And if charming words could enrich what they accompanied, of priceless value must have been the guineas, the five guineas, the two guineas, the ten shillings, they commended to her. He has none of Sir Bashful Constant's scruples in confessing that he is in love with his wife. His life is bound up with her; he values nothing truly but as she is its partaker; he is but what she makes him; with the strictest fidelity and love, with the utmost kindness and duty, with every dictate of his affections, with every pulse of his heart, he is her passionate adorer, her enamored husband. To which the measure of her return, in words at least, may perhaps be taken from the fact that he has more than once to ask her to "write him word" that she shall really be overjoyed when they meet.

The tone of her letters is, indeed, often a matter of complaint with him, and more often a theme for loving banter and pleasant raillery. What does her dissatisfaction amount to, he asks her on one occasion, but that she has a husband who loves her better than his life, and who has a great deal of troublesome business, out of the pain of which he removes the dearest thing alive? Her manner of writing, he says to her on some similar provocation, might to another look like neglect and want of love; but *he* will not understand it so, for he takes it only to be the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear his absence without disdain. She may think what she pleases, again he tells her, but she knows she has the best husband in the world. On a particular letter filled with her caprices reaching him, he says of course he must take his portion as it runs without repining, for he considers that good nature, added to the beautiful form God has given her, would make a happiness too great for human life. But, be it lightly or gravely expressed, the feeling in which all these little strifes and contentions close, on his part, is still that there are not words to express the tenderness he has for her; that *love* is too harsh a word; that if she knew how his heart aches when she speaks an unkind word to him, and springs with joy when she smiles upon him, he is sure she would be more eager to make him happy like a good wife, than to torment him like a peevish beauty.

Nevertheless there are differences, more rare, which the peevish beauty *will* push into positive quarrels, and from these his

kind heart suffers much. The first we trace some eight months after the marriage (we limit all our present illustrations, we should remark, to the first year and a half of their wedded life), when we find him trying to court her into good humor after it, and protesting that two or three more such differences will despatch him quite. On another occasion he takes a higher tone. She has saucily told him that their little dispute has been far from a trouble to her, to which he gravely replies, that to him it has been the greatest affliction imaginable. Yet he will have her understand, that, though he loves her better than the light of his eyes, or the life-blood in his heart, he will not have his time or his will, on which her interests as well as his depend, under any direction but his own. Upon this a great explosion appears to have followed; and almost the only fragment we possess of her writing is a confession of error consequent upon it, which so far is curiously characteristic of what we believe her nature to have been, that while, in language which may somewhat explain the secret of her fascination over him, it gives even touching expression to her love and her contrition, it yet also contrives, in the very act of penitence, to plant another thorn. She begs his pardon if she has offended him, and she prays God to forgive him for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart, which is above all sorrow but for his sake. This he is content to put aside by a very fervent assurance that there is not that thing on earth, except his honor, and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to himself, which he is not ready to sacrifice to her will and inclination; and then he pleasantly closes by telling her that he had been dining the day before with Lord Halifax, when they had drank to the "beauties in the garden." The beauties in the garden were Prue and an old schoolfellow then on a visit to her.

And of the wits who so drank to her at Lord Halifax's, Swift was doubtless one. For this was the time when what he afterwards sneeringly called that nobleman's "good words and good dinners" were most abundant, and when Anthony Henley put together, as the very type of unexceptionable Whig company, "Mr. Swift, Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the *Gazetteer*." Never was Swift so intimate as now with Steele and Addison. We have him dining with Steele at the George, when Addison entertains; with Addison at the Fountain, when Steele entertains; and with

both at the St. James's, when Wortley Montague is the host. And no wonder the run upon him was great at the time, for he had lately started that wonderful joke against Partridge in which the rest of the wits joined so eagerly, and which not only kept the town in fits of laughter for a great many months, but was turned to a memorable use by Steele. In ridicule of that notorious almanac-maker, and all similar impostors, Swift devised sundry Predictions after their own manner for the year 1708, the very first of which announced nothing less than the death of Partridge himself, which event, after extremely cautious consultation with the star of his nativity, he fixed for the 29th of March, about eleven at night; and he was casting about for a whimsical name to give to the assumed astrologer who was to publish this joke, when his eye caught a sign over a locksmith's house with *Isaac Bickerstaff* underneath. Out accordingly came Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, followed very speedily by an account of the "accomplishment of the first of them upon the 29th instant." What he most counted upon of course was, that Partridge should be such a fool as to take the matter up gravely; and he was not disappointed. In a furious pamphlet the old astrologer declared he was perfectly well, and they were knaves that reported it otherwise. Whereupon Mr. Bickerstaff retorted with a vindication more diverting than either of its predecessors; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to the entertainment in divers amusing ways; Congreve, affecting to come to the rescue, described under Partridge's name the distresses and reproaches Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, insomuch that he could not leave his doors without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses; and all this, heightened in comicality by its contrast with the downright rage of Partridge himself, who was continually advertising himself not dead, and by the fact that the Company of Stationers did actually proceed as if in earnest he were, so contributed to make Mr. Bickerstaff talked about far and wide, that Steele afterwards said no more than the truth when he gave Swift the merit of having rendered that name famous through all parts of Europe, and raised it by his inimitable spirit and humor to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

Not yet for a few months, however, was *that* prediction to be falsified, and the name of Bickerstaff, even from Steele himself, to re-

ceive additional glory. The close of 1708 was a time of sore distress with him, aggravated by his wife's approaching confinement. An execution for rent was put into Bury Street, which unassisted he could not satisfy; and it has been surmised that Addison was the friend whom he describes as denying him assistance. This, however, is not likely. Though he tells his wife, two days afterwards, that she is to be of good cheer, for he has found friendship among the lowest when disappointed by the highest, he far too eagerly connects with "her rival" Addison, in a letter of less than a week's later date, a suggestion which is at once to bring back happiness to them all, to point with any probability the former reproach against him. Just at this time, on Wharton becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison received the appointment of Secretary, and his instant suggestion was that Steele should put in his claim for the Under-Secretaryship which this would vacate. Through letters extending over some five or six weeks, it is obvious that the hope continues to sustain Steele, and that the friends are working together to that end. It is not extinguished even so late as Addison's farewell supper, "where he treats" before his departure; and Steele helps him in doing the honors to his friends. But he is doomed to experience what Addison himself proved during the reverses of some twelve months later, that "the most likely way to get a place is to appear not to want it;"* and three weeks later he writes to a friend that his hopes for the Under-Secretaryship are at an end, but he believes "something additional" is to be given to him. After a few weeks more, his daughter Elizabeth is born, and, according to a memorandum in the writing of Prue, "her godmothers were my mother and Mrs. Vaughan, her godfathers Mr. Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison."

Not many weeks after the Irish Secretary's departure occurred that incident, which, little as he was conscious of it at the time, concerned him far more than all the State dignities or worldly advantages his great friends could give and take away. On Tuesday the 12th of April, 1709, Steele published, as the first of the *Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire*, the first number

of the *Tatler*; which he continued to issue unintermittedly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Tuesday the 2d of January, 1710-11. It does not appear that any one was in his secret, unless perhaps Swift; who was still lingering in London, with whom he was in constant communication (all Swift's letters and packets being addressed to him at his office, for the friend's privilege of so getting them free of postage), and whom he most probably consulted before using Mr. Bickerstaff's name. Addison, whose later connection with it became so memorable, was certainly not consulted at first, and did not even recognize his friend's hand till some numbers had appeared. The first four were given to the newsmen for distribution gratis, and afterwards the price charged was a penny. The early and large demand from the country does not seem to have been expected; for it was not till after the 28th number that a threehalfpenny edition was regularly published with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post. Steele himself appears modestly to have thought, if Spence reports him accurately, that the combination with its more original matter of its little articles of news, to which of course his official position imparted unusual authority, first gave it the wings that carried it so far; but after what we have shown of its other attractions at the very outset, this explanation will hardly be required. The causes, too, as well as the extent of its popularity, have been pointed out by a then living authority quite unexceptionable.

Gay was a young man just entering on the town, and, already with strong Tory leanings, he wrote to a friend in the country, shortly after the appearance of the last number, that its sudden cessation was bewailed as some general calamity, and that by it the coffee-houses had lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together. And who, continues Gay, remembering the thousand follies it had either banished or given check to, how much it had contributed to virtue and religion, how many it had rendered happy by merely showing it was their own fault if they were not so, and to what extent it had impressed upon the indifferent the graces and advantages of letters, who shall wonder that Mr. Bickerstaff, apart from his standing with the wits, at the morning tea-tables and evening assemblies should of all guests have become the most welcome? that the very merchants on 'Change should have relished and caressed him? and that, not less than

* This expression is in one of Addison's letters, hitherto unpublished, of which a collection has been submitted to us, for the purposes of this paper, by the courtesy of Mr. Bohn, in whose complete edition of Addison's works, prepared for his "Standard Library," they are designed to appear.

the ladies at Court, were the bankers in Lombard street now verily persuaded "that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England?"

One bitter drop there was, nevertheless, in the cup thus overflowing. Even the Tories, says Gay, "in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them." There is much virtue in an *almost*. Here it means that Steele would certainly have been forgiven his first unaccountable imprudence, if he had not gone on committing a vast many more.

The *Tatler* had not been half a year in existence when uneasy symptoms of weakness broke out among the Ministry. In the autumn Addison returned to London, and the first result of the conference of the friends was a letter from Steele to Swift, who remained in Ireland. It enclosed a letter from Lord Halifax. It told Swift that no man could have said more in praise of another than Addison had said last Wednesday in praise of him at Lord Halifax's dinner-table. It assured him that among powerful men no opportunity was now omitted to upbraid the Ministry for his stay in Ireland, and there was but one opinion among the company that day, which included Lord Edward Russell, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and himself. Finally, it wonders that Swift does not oftener write to him, reminds him of the town's eagerness to listen to the real Mr. Bickerstaff, and tells him how his substitute longs to usher him and his into the world—"not that there can be anything added by me to your fame," says the good-hearted writer, "but to walk bare-headed before you." In this letter may be read the anxiety of the Whigs, conceived too late, as so many of their good purposes have been, to secure the services of Jonathan Swift. The reply was a first-rate *Tatler*, but nothing satisfactory in regard to the Whigs.

Soon after broke out the Sacheverell trial, and with it the opportunity Harley had planned and waited for. He saw the Whig game was up, and that he had only to present himself and claim the spoil. Steele saw it too, and made vain attempts in the *Tatler* to turn the popular current. The promise made him, before Addison's first departure for Dublin was now redeemed; and a Commissionership of Stamps testified tardily enough the Whig sense of the services he was rendering, and the risks he was running, in their behalf. From all sides poured in upon him, at the same time, warnings which he

bravely disregarded. From Ireland, under the name of Aminadab, he was prudently counselled to consider what a day might bring forth, and to "think of that as he took tobacco;" nor could he, in accordance with such advice, have taken many whiffs, when Swift followed his letter. By the time he arrived in London, at the close of August, 1710, the Whig overthrow was complete; Harley and Saint John were in power; his friend Prior, who had gone over to them and was expelled from the Kit-Kat, was abusing his old associate Steele in a new paper called the *Examiner*; and the first piece of interesting news he had to write to Stella was, that Steele would certainly lose his place of *Gazetteer*. This was after an evening (the 10th September) passed in company with him and Addison. They met again at the dinner-table of Lord Halifax on the 1st of October, when Swift refused to pledge with them the resurrection, unless they would add the reformation, of the Whigs; but he omitted to mention that on that very day he had been busy lampooning the ex-Whig Premier. Three days after he was dining with Harley, having cast his fortunes finally against his old friends; and before the same month had closed, the *Gazette* had been taken from Steele.

Yet Swift affects to feel some surprise that, on going to Addison a few days later to talk over Steele's prospects, and offer his good services with Harley, Addison should have "talked as if he suspected me," and refused to fall in with anything proposed. More strangely still, he complains to Stella the next day that he has never had an invitation to Steele's house since he came over from Ireland, and that during this visit he has not even seen his wife, "by whom he is governed most abominably. So what care I for his wit?" he adds; "for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head." Nevertheless he shows still a strange hankering after both the friends, and not so much indifference as might be supposed to the worst of company: for the next social glimpse we have of him is at our old acquaintance Elliott's, at the St. James's, where the coffee-man has a christening, at which as Vicar of Laracor he officiates; and where "the rogue" had a most noble supper, and Steele and himself sat among some scurvy people over a bowl of punch till very late indeed. But, in truth, one has not much difficulty, through any apparent discordancy of statement, in discovering exactly enough in what position recent events had

now placed the two friends towards him. On their side, without further faith in his political profession, was still the same respect for his genius, and still the same desire to have help from his wit; and on his underlying a real desire to be of service where he could, too much of a fussy display of his eagerness to serve, and far too exuberant and exulting a sense of that sudden and unwonted favor at Whitehall which seemed half to have turned the great brain that had condescendingly waited for it so long. At his intercession Harley was to see Steele, but the ex-Gazetteer did not even keep the appointment which was to save him his Commissionership. He probably knew better than Swift that Harley had no present intention to remove him. The new Lord Treasurer certainly surprised his antagonist Steele less than his friend Jonathan, by showing no more resentment than was implied in the request that the latter should not give any more help to the *Tatler*. "They hate to think that I should help him," he wrote to Stella, "and so I frankly told them I would do it no more."

Already Steele had taken the determination, however, which made this resolve of the least possible importance to him. His loss of the Gazette entailed a change in the conduct of his paper, which had convinced him of the expediency of commencing it on a new plan. The town was startled by the announcement, therefore, that the *Tatler* of the 2d January, 1710-11, was to be the last; and Swift informs us that Addison, whom he met that night at supper, was as much surprised at the announcement as himself, and quite as little prepared for it. But this may only express the limit of the confidence now reposed in himself. There can be little doubt that the friends acted together in what already was in agitation to replace the *Tatler*. Nor is there any ground to suppose that Addison was ignorant, or Swift informed, of an interview which Steele had with Harley in the interval before the new design was matured. The Lord Treasurer's weakness was certainly not a contempt or disregard for letters, and, though the object of the meeting was to settle a kind of armed neutrality, he overpassed it so far as to intimate the wish not simply to retain Steele in the Commissionership, but to give him something more valuable.* This was civilly de-

clined, but the courtesy was not forgotten; and the better feeling it promoted for a time, with the understood abstinence from present hostility involved in it, obtained all the more zealous help from Addison to his friend's new scheme. On Thursday the 1st March, 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, with an announcement that it was to be continued daily. Much wonder was raised by so bold a promise, and little hope entertained that it could ever be redeemed. The result showed, nevertheless, with what well-grounded confidence the friends had embarked in an enterprise which men of less resource thought extravagant and impossible. From day to day, without a single intermission, the *Spectator* was continued through 555 numbers, up to the 6th December, 1712. It began with a regular design, which, with unflagging spirit, was kept up to its close. "It certainly is very pretty," wrote Swift to Stella, after some dozen numbers had appeared, and, in answer to her question, had to tell her that it was written by Steele with Addison's help. "Mr. Steele seems to have gathered new life," he added, "and to have a new fund of wit."

So indeed it might have seemed. Never had he shown greater freshness and invention than in his first sketches of the characters that were to give life to the new design: nor can any higher thing be said of his conception of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, than that it deserved the noble elaboration of Addison; or of his humorous touches to the short-faced gentleman,* than that even Addison's invention was enriched by them. It is not our purpose here to compare or criticize what each, according to his genius, contributed. It was enough to say that to the last both nobly bore their part, and that whatever we have seen in the *Tatler* of Steele's wit, pathos, and philosophy, reappeared with new graces in the *Spectator*. There was the same inexpressible charm in the matter, the same inexhaustible variety in

which would be more commodious to me, you would favor me in it. . . . I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times showed me." So Steele wrote to Harley (then Lord Oxford) on resigning his Commissionership a little more than two years after the date in the text, when the *Spectator* had been brought to a close, and his tacit compact with Addison was at an end.

* We can give only one out of many masterly strokes; but in the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity!

* "When I had the honor of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not only to signify to me that I should remain in this office, but to add that, if I would name to you one of more value,

the form; and upon all the keen exposure of vice or the pleasant laugh at folly, as prominent in the lifelike little story as in the criticism of an actor or a play, making attractive the gravest themes to the unthinking, and recommending the lightest fancies to the most grave, there was still the old and inefaceable impress of good-nature and humanity—the soul of a sincere man shining out through it all. Let any one read that uninterrupted series of twenty-two *Spectators*, which Steele daily contributed from the 6th to the 31st of August, 1711, and doubt his title to a full share in the glory and fame of the enterprise. Try his claim to participate in its wit and character by such papers as the short-faced gentleman's experiences (No. 4); as the seven he inserted in the series of Sir Roger de Coverley; as those numerous sketches of Clubs which his touch filled with such various life; and as the essays we have named below.* Let him be measured, too, in graver themes, by such papers as those on Living to our own Satisfaction (No. 27), on Female Education (No. 66), on the Death of a Friend (No. 133), on the Fear of Death (No. 152), on Youth and Age (No. 153), on the Flogging at Public Schools (No. 157), on Raffaele's Cartoons (No. 226), and, above all, on the death of the comedian Estcourt (No. 468), the last one of his most characteristic, wise, and beautiful pieces of writing; and so long as these and many others survive, there will be no need to strike him apart, or judge him aloof, from his friend.

Nothing in England had ever equalled the success of the *Spectator*. It sold, in numbers and volumes, to an extent almost fabulous in those days, and, when Bolingbroke's stamp carried Grub-street by storm, was the solitary survivor of the famous siege. Doubling its price, it yet fairly held its ground, and at its close was not only paying Government £29 a week on account of the halfpenny stamp upon the numbers sold, but had

a circulation in volumes of nearly ten thousand. Altogether it must often have circulated, before the stamp, thirty thousand, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day. Nevertheless Steele had been for some time uneasy and restless. Thus far, with reasonable fidelity, the armistice on his side had been kept, but from day to day, at what he believed to be the thickening of a plot against public liberty, he found it more and more difficult to observe; and not seldom latterly, perhaps in spite of himself, his thoughts took the direction of politics. "He has been mighty impertinent of late in his *Spectators*," wrote Swift to Stella, "and I believe he will very soon lose his employment." That was to Steele the last and least thing at present. What he wanted was a certain freedom for for himself which hardly consisted with the plan of the *Spectator*, and he now resolved to substitute an entirely new set of characters. He closed it in December, 1712, and announced a new daily paper, called the *Guardian*, for the following March.

Into this new paper, to which Addison (engaged in preparing *Cato* for the stage) did not for a considerable time contribute, he carried the services of the young poet whose surprising genius was now the talk of the town. Steele had recognized at once Pope's surpassing merit, and in his friendly critic Pope welcomed a congenial friend. He submitted verses to him, altered them to his pleasure, wrote a poem at his request, and protested himself more eager to be called his little friend, Dick Distich, than to be complimented with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand. He was so recreated, in short, as he afterwards wrote to Addison, with "the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humors darts about him," that he did not immediately foresee the consequence of engaging with so ardent a politician. Accordingly, just as Swift broke out into open quarrel with his old associate, we find Pope confessing that many honest Jacobites were taking it very ill of him that he continued to write with Steele.

The dispute with Swift need not detain us. It is enough if we use it to show Steele's spirit as a gentleman, who could not retort an injustice, or fight wrong with wrong. When, after a very few months, he stood before the House of Commons to justify himself from libels which had exhausted the language of scurrility in heaping insult upon him and his, the only personal remark

* On Powell's Puppet-Show (No. 14), On Ordinary People (No. 17), On Envious People (No. 19), On Over-Consciousness and Affectation (No. 38), On Coffee-house Politicians (No. 49), On Court Mourning (No. 64), On the Fine Gentlemen of the Stage (No. 65), On Coarse Speaking (No. 75), On the Improvidence of Jack Truopenny (No. 82), On the Footmen of the House of Peers (No. 88), On the Portable Quality of Good Humor (No. 100), On Servants' Letters (No. 137), On the Man of Wit and Pleasure (No. 151), On the Virtues of Self-denial (No. 206 and No. 208), On Generous Men (No. 346), On Witty Companions (No. 358), On the Comic Actors (No. 370), On Jack Sippet (No. 448), and On various Forms of Anger (No. 438), with its whimsical contrasts of imperturbability and wrath.

he made was to quote a handsome tribute he had formerly offered to their writer, with this manly addition: "The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time; we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still." And why was he thus tender of Swift? He avowed the reason in the last paper of the *Englishman*, where he says that he knew his sensibility of reproach to be such that he would not be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language he had given others. Swift himself had formerly described to him those early days when he possessed that sensitive fear of libel to an extraordinary degree, and this had not been forgotten by his generous adversary.

But what really was at issue in their quarrel ought to be stated, since it forms the point of departure taken by Steele, not simply from those who differed but from many who agreed with him in politics. "Principles are out of the case," said Swift, "we dispute wholly about persons." "No," rejoined Steele, "the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes." Such had been the daring conduct of the men in power, and sought their insolent success, that Steele, at a time when few had the courage to speak, did not scruple to declare what he believed to be their ultimate design. "Nothing," he wrote to his wife some few months after the present date, "nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a Civil War within a few years." Swift laughed, and said Steele's head had been turned by the success of his papers, and he thought himself mightily more important than he really was. This may have been so; but whatever imaginary value he gave himself he was at least ready to risk, for the supposed duty he thought incumbent on him. Nor was it little for him, in his position at that time, to surrender literature for politics; to resign his Commissionership of Stamps; and to enter the House of Commons. He did not require Pope to point him out lamentingly to Congreve, as a great instance of the fate of all who are so carried away, with the risk of being not only punished by the other party but of suffering from their own. Even from the warning of Addison, that his zeal for the public might be ruinous to himself, he had turned silently aside. Not a day now passed that the most violent scurrilities were not directed against his pen and person, in which one of Swift's "under-writers," Wagstaff, made himself conspicuous; and Colley Cibber laughs at the way in which these scribes were laboring to transfer to his friend

Addison the credit of all his Tatlers and Spectators. Nevertheless he went steadily on. "It is not for me," he remarked with much dignity, "to say how I write or speak, but it is for me to say I do both honestly; and when I threw away some fame for letters and politeness, to serve the nobler ends of justice and government, I did not do it with a design to be as negligent of what should be said of me with relation to my integrity. No, wit and humor are the dress and ornament of the mind; but honesty and truth are the soul itself." We may, or may not, think Steele discreet in the choice he made; but of his sincerity and disinterestedness there ought to be no doubt whatever.

When at last, upon the publication of his *Crisis*, which was but the sequel to those papers in the *Guardian* that led to his election for Stockbridge, the motion was made to expel him for having "maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under her Majesty's administration," the Whigs rallied to his support with what strength they could. Walpole and Stanhope took their places on either side of him as he waited at the bar, and Addison prompted him throughout his spirited and temperate defence. But the most interesting occurrence of that day was the speech of Lord Finch. This young nobleman, afterwards famous as a minister and orator, owed gratitude to Steele for having repelled in the *Guardian* a libel on his sister, and he rose to make his maiden speech in defence of her defender. But bashfulness overcame him, and after a few confused sentences he sat down, crying out as he did so, "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him!" Upon this such cheering rang through the house, that suddenly the young lord took heart, rose again and made the first of a long series of telling and able speeches. But of course it did not save Steele, who was expelled by a majority of nearly a hundred in a house of four hundred members.

It was a short-lived triumph, we need hardly say. Soon came the blow which struck down that tyrant majority, dispersed its treason into air, consigned Oxford to the Tower, and drove Bolingbroke into exile. Eagerly Steele wrote to his wife from the St. James's coffeehouse, on the 31st July, 1714, that the Queen was dead. It was a mistake, but she died next day. Three days later he writes from the Thatched House, St. James's, that he has been loaded with compliments by the Regents, and assured of something

immediately. Yet it was but little he obtained. He received a place in the household (surveyorship of the royal stables); was placed in the commission of peace for Middlesex; and, on subsequently going up with an address from that county, was knighted. A little before he became Sir Richard, however, the member for Truro resigned the supervision of the Theatre Royal (then a government office, entitling to a share in the patent, and worth seven or eight hundred a year), and the players so earnestly petitioned for Steele as his successor, that he was named to the office. "His spirits took such a lively turn upon it," says Cibber, "that, had we been all his own sons, no unexpected act of filial duty could have more endeared us to him." Whatever the coldness elsewhere might be, here, at any rate, was warmth enough. Benefits past were not benefits forgot with those lively good-natured men. They remembered, as Cibber tells us, when a criticism in the *Tatler* used to fill their theatre at a time when nothing else could; and they knew that not a comedian among them* but owed something to Sir Richard Steele, whose good nature on one occasion even consented that Doggett should announce the *Tatler* as intending to be bodily present at his benefit, and permitted him to dress at himself a fictitious Isaac Bickerstaff for amusement of the crowded house.

Less mindful of the past than the players, Steele certainly found the politicians. But, in showing that the course he took in the prosperous days of Whiggism differed in no respect from that which he had taken in its adverse days, some excuse may perhaps arise from the dispensers of patronage and office. He entered Parliament for Boroughbridge, the Duke of Newcastle having given him his interest there; and for some time, and with some success as a speaker, he took

* The most humble, as well as the highest, obtained his good word, and it would be difficult to give a better instance, in a few lines, at once of his kindness and his genius as a critic of plays, than what he says of a small actor of Betterton's time: "Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself: one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conscience of the guilty princess. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air as represented that he was an actor; and with such an inferior manner, as only acting an actor, that the others on the stage were made to appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive."

part in the debates. He wittily described the House at this time as consisting very much of silent people oppressed by the choice of a great deal to say, and of eloquent people ignorant that what they said was nothing to the purpose; and as it was, he tells us, his own ambition to speak only what he thought, so it was his weakness to think such a course might have its use. He attacked every attempt to give power to the Church independent of the State, and created much offence by declaring that, if Rome pretended to be infallible and England to be always in the right, he saw little difference between the two. In his prosperity Harley had no assailant more bitter, and in his adversity no more generous opponent, than Steele. As he had fought the Schism Bill under the Tories, under the Whigs he pleaded for toleration to the Roman Catholics. "I suppose this," he wrote to his wife, "gave a handle to the fame of my being a Tory; but you may perhaps by this time have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day, in a meeting of a hundred Parliament-men, I labored as much for the Protestant Dissenters." No man was so bitter against the Jacobites as long as any chance of their success remained, but none so often or so successfully interceded for mercy when the day had gone against them. The mischief of the South Sea Scheme was by Steele more than any man exposed, but for such of the directors as had themselves been its dupes no man spoke so charitably. Walpole had befriended him most on the question of his expulsion, and he admired him more than any other politician; yet he alone in the House spoke against Walpole's proposition about the Debt, "because he did not think the way of doing it just." Addison was the man he to the last admired the most, and, notwithstanding any recurring coolness or difference, loved the most on earth; but, on the question of Lord Sunderland's Peerage Bill, he joined Walpole against Addison, and with tongue and pen so actively promoted its defeat that we may even yet, on that score, hold ourselves his debtors.

To this rapid sketch of Steele's career as a politician it might seem superfluous to add his complaint against those who neglected him, or that, when the Duke of Newcastle had been so mean as to punish his opposition to the Peerage Bill by depriving him of his Drury Lane appointment (to which, we may interpose, he was restored as soon as Walpole returned to office), he should thus

have written to Lady Steele: "I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know—and you are witness—that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to heaven; and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favor of the Court." But neither should we attempt to conceal that a man of a different temperament and more self-control would hardly at this time, after all the opportunities his own genius had opened to him, have needed the exercise or complained of the absence of such "favor."

It is not our desire to extenuate the failings of Sir Richard Steele, nor have we sought to omit them from this picture of his career. It was unhappily of the very essence of his character that any present social impression took, so far, the place of all previous moral resolutions; and that, bitterly as he had often felt the "shot of accident and the dart of chance," he still thought them carelessly to be brushed aside by the smiling face and heedless hand. No man's projects for fortune had so often failed, yet none were so often renewed. The very art of his genius told against him in his life; and that he could so readily disentangle his thoughts from what most gave them pain and uneasiness, and direct his sensibility at will to flow into many channels, had certainly not a tendency to favor the balance at his banker's. But such a man is no example of improvidence for others. Its ordinary warnings come within quite another class of cases; and, even in stating what is least to be commended in Steele, there is no need to omit what in his case will justify some exceptional consideration of it. At least we have the example of a bishop to quote for as much good nature as we can spare.

Doctor Hoadly, the Bishop of Bangor, was a steady friend of Steele's, and consented ultimately to act as executor and guardian to his children. He accompanied him and Addison one day to a Whig celebration of King William's anniversary, and became rather grave to see the lengths to which the festivity threatened to arrive. In the midst of his doubts, in came an humble but facetious Whig on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand; drank it off to the immortal memory; and then, still in his kneeling posture, managed to shuffle out. "Do laugh," whispered Steele to the Bishop, next to whom he sat; "it's *humanity* to laugh." For which humane episcopal exertion, carried to a yet higher tolerance in his own case at a

later period of the evening, Steele sent him next morning this pleasant couplet,

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

In another humorous anecdote of this date, Hoadly was also an actor with Steele. They went together on a visit to Blenheim, and sat next each other at a private play got up for the amusement of the great Duke, now lapsing into his last illness, when, as they both observed how well a love-scene was acted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, Captain Fishe, "I doubt this fish is flesh, my Lord," whispered Steele. On going away they had to pass through an army of laced coats and ruffles in the hall, and, as the Bishop was preparing the usual fees, "I have not enough," cried his companion, and, much to the episcopal discomposure, proceeded to address the footmen, told them he had been much struck by the good taste with which he had seen them applauding in the right place up stairs, and invited them all gratis to Drury Lane theatre, to whatever play they might like to bespeak.

At this date it was, too, that young Savage, for whom Wilks had produced a comedy at Drury Lane, was kindly noticed and greatly assisted by Steele, though all the stories of him he afterwards told to Johnson only showed how sorely he needed assistance himself. He surprised him one day by carrying him in his coach to a tavern, and dictating a pamphlet to him, which he was sent out into Grub street to sell; when he found that Sir Richard had only retired for the day to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to pay his reckoning. Johnson also believed, on the same authority, that at one of Steele's great dinner parties he had dressed up in expensive liveries, and turned to use as additional footmen, certain bailiffs whose attendance, though unavoidable, might not else have seemed so creditable. It was from Savage, too, Johnson heard the story of the bond put in execution against his friend by Addison, which Steele mentioned, he said, with tears in his eyes. Not so, however, did Steele tell it to another friend, Benjamin Victor, who, before Savage's relation was made public, had told it again to Garrick. To Victor, Steele said that certainly his bond on some expensive furniture had been put in force, but that from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a

manner of living altogether too costly, and that, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shown.

This story is not incredible, we think; and to invent, as Mr. Macaulay has done, another story in place of one so well authenticated, involves at least some waste of ingenuity. One may fairly imagine such an incident following not long after the accession of King George, when, in his new house in York Building, Steele gave an extravagant entertainment to some couple of hundred friends, and amused his guests with a series of dramatic recitations, which (one of his many projects) he had some thought of trying on an extended plan, with a view to the more regular supply of trained actors for the stage. For though Addison assisted at this entertainment, and even wrote an epilogue* for the occasion, making pleasant mirth of the foibles of his friend—

"The Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own,"
&c.

—nay, though we can hardly doubt he showed no reluctance himself to partake of the Burgundy and Champagne, Addison may yet have thought it no unfriendly act to check the danger of any frequent repetition of indulgences in that direction. And, even apart from the nights they now so frequently passed together at Button's new coffee-house, we have abundant evidences that the friendly relations, though certainly not all the old intimacy, continued. On the day following that on which Addison became Secretary of State, Steele dined with him, and on the next day he wrote to his wife that he was named one of the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

The duties of this office took him much from home in his latter years; and before we close with the brief mention those years may claim from us, we will give a parting glance at what his home had now become. For the greater part of the time since he moved from Bury Street, he has lived in Bloomsbury square. His wife has borne him four children, two boys and two girls,

of whom the eldest boy, Richard, Lord Halifax's godson, died in childhood, and the second, Eugene, a few years before his father. His girls survived him, and the eldest became Lady Trevor. The old sudden alternations of sunshine and storm have continued between himself and Prue; there have been great wants and great enjoyments, much peevishness and much tenderness, quarrels and reconciliations numberless; but very manifestly also, on the whole, the children have brought them nearer each other. He is no longer his dearest Prue's alone, but, as he occasionally signs himself, "Your—Betty—Dick—Eugene—Molly's affectionate Richard Steele." At his own request, his wife's small fortune has been settled on these children; and one of her letters to him, upon the result of this arrangement with her mother, appears to have begun with the expression of her thankfulness that the children would at least have to say hereafter of their father that he kept his integrity. He gives her incessant reports of them when she happens to be absent. He tells her how Moll, who is the noisiest little creature in the world, and as active as a boy, has bid him let her know she fell down just now, and did not hurt herself; how Madame Betty is the gravest of matrons in her airs and civilities; how Eugene is a most beautiful and lusty child; and how Dick is becoming a great scholar, for whenever his father's *Virgil* is shown him, he makes shrewd remarks upon the pictures. In that same letter he calls her "poor, dear, angry, pleased, pretty, witty, silly, *everything* Prue;" and he has never failed, through all these years, to send her the tenderest words on the most trivial occasions. He writes to her on his way to the Kit-Kat, in waiting on my Lord Wharton or the Duke of Newcastle. He coaxes her to dress well for the dinner to which he has invited the Mayor of Stockbridge, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Addison. He writes to her when he has the honor of being received at dinner by Lord Somers; and he writes from among the "dancing, singing, hooping, hallooing, and drinking" of one of his elections for Boroughbridge. He sends a special despatch for no other purpose than to tell her she has nothing to do but be a darling. He sends her as many as a dozen letters in the course of his journey to Edinburgh; and when, on his return, illness keeps them apart, one in London, the other at Hampton Court, her happening to call him *Good Dick* puts him in so much rapture, that he tells her he could almost forget his miserable gout and lame-

* Doctor Drake attributed this Epilogue to Steele himself, and has been followed by subsequent writers; but it was certainly written by Addison, as the lines themselves bear internal proof. It was first printed, and with Addison's name, in the eighth volume of that now rare book, *Nichols's Select Collection of Poems*.

ness and walk down to her. Not long after this her illness terminated fatally. She died on the morrow of the Christmas day of 1718.

Of his own subsequent life, the leading public incidents were his controversy with Addison on the Peerage Bill, where we hold him to have had much the advantage of his adversary in both his reasoning and conclusions; and the production of his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, the most carefully written and the most successful, though in our opinion, with much respect for that of Parson Adams, not the best of his comedies. Of the projects that also occupied him in these years, especially that of his fish-pool invention, we have nothing to say, but that Addison, who certainly did *not* sneer at him in the "little Dicky" of the second *Old Whig*, ought to have spared him, not less, the sneer in that pamphlet at his "stagnated pool." Steele did not retort with anything more personal than an admiring quotation from *Cato*; and his *Plebeian* forms in this respect no contrast to the uniform tone in which he spoke of his friend. But his children were his

greatest solicitude, as well as chief delight, in these latter years, and, amid failing health and growing infirmities, he is never tired of superintending their lessons, or of writing them gay and entertaining letters, as from friend or playfellow. After three years' retirement in Wales, attended by his two little daughters, he died there at the age of fifty-three.

He had survived much, but neither his cheerful temper nor his kind philosophy. He would be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were at their rural sports, and with his pencil give an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer. That was the last thing seen of Richard Steele. And the youths and maidens who saw him in his invalid chair, enfeebled and dying, saw him still as the wits and fine ladies and gentlemen had seen him in his gaiety and youth, when he sat in the chair of Mr. Bickerstaff, creating pleasure for himself by the communication of pleasure to others, and in proportion to the happiness he distributed increasing his own.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.

WHEN the late Mr. Campbell undertook the editorship of "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine," he succeeded in persuading Mr. Curran, who had been lately called to the Irish bar, and whose life of his father had given him high literary distinction, to contribute to the Magazine occasional papers on subjects connected with Ireland.

In a wish to comply with Mr. Campbell's request originated a series of papers, entitled "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which acquired immediate popularity, and gave a very high character to the publication in which they appeared. Professional occupation soon interfered with Mr. Curran's power of regularly continuing the series, and his friend Mr. Sheil wrote and published in the same magazine several sketches drawn up on pretty much the same plan with those written by Curran. It was natural that readers should suppose

all to have been by the same writer;—the same tone of politics prevailed throughout;—a slender thread of fiction, often forgotten or disregarded by the writers, connected the several papers into what would seem to be a series. An Englishman visiting Ireland, is supposed to attend every now and then the law courts in Dublin or in the provinces, and to record the impressions made on him by the leading counsel in the cases he listens to. We believe that both writers occasionally make use of this convenient mask. Such peculiarities of character as distinguish the various classes of society in Ireland are introduced with great skill. The crowds that throng the courts in Dublin form a part of the picture, without which all the rest would be imperfect. Perhaps Dublin presents more of this class of excitable idlers than any other city in the world. A clever volume of essays,

originally published in the "Examiner," in the year 1818,* describes the barristers at that time engaged in successful practice in the courts of Westminster, and gives an account in many respects calculated to gratify and amuse, if not to instruct, its readers by its exhibitions. But in no respect whatever is it to be compared with the "Sketches of the Irish Bar." We have the men—the practicing barristers—not inaccurately nor injudiciously portrayed; but there is a total absence of the interest which in the volumes before us is never absent, and which arises from the perfect picturing of every surrounding circumstance—you always have scenic, often even stage effect. Lockhart's descriptions of Scottish advocates in his "Peter's Letters," and Lord Cockburn's, in his "Life of Jeffrey," make some approach to this power, which both the Irish writers possess in nearly equal degree. It is probable that the contrasts between barbarism and civilization which Ireland still presents—and presented yet more obtrusively at the time these sketches were written, now more than thirty years ago—have created this distinction between the volumes before us and those to which we have referred. In England the barrister is, or seeks to be, the mere logician. He is in a land where, if his audience are swayed by prejudices—and in no country are there prejudices more unreasonable and more ineradicable—he must assume their existence as a thing equally indisputable with the fact, that the grass is green, and that the rose is red. The movements of his argument are within a limited circle—his eloquence is necessarily confined within a meagre and wretched dialect, where any effort to disturb habitual associations would be resented in the same spirit in which those who forgot everything else in Burke used to remember a false quantity in his pronounciation of a Latin sentence. We believe that then and now in Ireland legal principles were as perfectly known, and that adjudications were as just in Ireland as in England; while in Ireland one great advantage existed—the Irish barrister avoided, as far as he at all could, what Bushe calls, "the absurd mystery of the style." In the "Sketches of the Irish Bar,"—we now speak of Mr. Sheil's as well as Mr. Curran's sketches—the characters of some eighteen or twenty practicing barristers are given. Of these there is no one of whom there do not remain recorded law arguments;

and what is remarkable in all and each is, that the style is always so perfectly lucid and intelligible, so little veiled in the language of technicalities, that a judgment of Plunket's, for instance, or a law argument of Saurin's, is as perfectly intelligible to any educated man, who reads it with fair application of his mind, as if it were a speech in parliament, or a *leader* in the *Times*. In actual reasoning we should not think of making a higher claim for the Irish barrister than for his Scottish or English brother; but we think it undeniable, that in the power of exposition he is greatly superior. He does not disdain to render himself intelligible to those who have not been educated in technical language; and he seems, at least, to refer to higher principles of general truth than the English expositor of the laws; while, in common with the Englishman, he has a language which is much more manageable than the dialect consecrated to Scottish law. But the discussion is one which we will not now pursue. This book is more interesting than either the Scottish or English books, with which it is most naturally to be compared. And it is, after all, little matter whether this arises from the author of the book being a cleverer fellow than the authors of the books we have mentioned, or from his having the good fortune of having a better subject. Both causes have, we think, contributed to the effect.

An American publisher has reprinted "The Sketches of the Irish Bar," so carelessly, as even to preserve the most obvious misprints of the original publication—so ignorantly as to ascribe the papers all to the same person. This mistake might have been pardoned, but not so as to the next, for there was such an absence of good faith in the transaction that, as we learn from the editor of Sheil's "Sketches Legal and Political," he has had the assurance to pretend, in his preface, that "his compilation was undertaken with the approbation and authority of Mr. Sheil himself."

This circumstance rendered it desirable to have the papers reprinted, and made it necessary that in every reprint their several papers should be assigned to their respective authors, as the partnership of Mr. Curran and Mr. Sheil, in what was in no true sense a connected work, was but an apparent one. It is probable that neither author saw the productions of the other till their appearance in the Magazine. In a former number of this journal some account has been given of "Sheil's Sketches," by a fellow-laborer of ours. In this we shall confine our observations to Mr. Curran's, referring to Sheil's only

* "Criticism upon the Bar," &c. By "Amicus Curiae." London: 1819.

when they are, in some way, illustrative of matters brought before us in the book which is the proper subject of our notice.

The general interests of truth would alone render it fitting that the kind of mystery connected with any publication in which an author's name is concealed, should, when the motives for such concealment have passed away, be perfectly removed, so as to leave no doubt whatever on the subject. In the case of joint authorship, there may occasionally be a difficulty arising from the authors themselves being unable to distinguish their respective parts. Here no such difficulty exists, and here there is a peculiar necessity almost for the separation of the writings of Mr. Curran and Mr. Sheil. In the original confirmation of Mr. Sheil's mind, and that of his friend, are very strong points of difference. With a mind exceedingly fertile in every description of illustration; with a quickness of wit which often, very often, reminds us of what is recorded of his father; with imagery rapidly presenting itself and finding instant expression in words of singular felicity, there is throughout Curran's writings great sobriety of thought, continual reference to elementary principles of government and of society, as though it had been the subject with him of habitual thought and study, and not, as it too often appears in the works of his coadjutor, as if a proposition of Montesquieu or Locke was snatched up at the moment for some mere party purpose. Actual distrust, indeed, is often created, of what the essayist most wishes to press upon his readers, by his representing some poor sophism as if it were not alone his own inference, in which he might be, without offence to any one, either wrong or right; but something claiming kindred, not with the passions of the moment in which it originates, but with the great body of general and admitted truth; or if doubtful, only doubted by persons denying the authority of the great names which he calls as his vouchers. In Sheil, too, there are not unfrequently stinging sarcasms which not only were calculated to inflict severe wounds on the objects of his satire, but what was infinitely worse, to call into active life the malignant passions both of those whom he amused and those whom he attacked. Sheil's articles, in short, are too like association speeches. There can be no doubt that his political position, struggling at the time for emancipation, made much of this very natural, and perhaps, therefore, very excusable; but from our own feelings we can judge those of others, and we own that we still feel pain and grief

at the insults such men as Moore and Sheil have, to the great injury of their reputation and of the permanent effect of their works, indulged in against every one whom it answered a temporary purpose to abuse.

We have no doubt that in such cases as we allude to, such men as Moore and Sheil are, in reality, but indulging a lively imagination, and are engaged in what to them are as really works of fiction, and, therefore, as subject to their own caprices of the hour, as their "Selims," and "Evadne." The offence is not in the feelings which they experience, but in those they are likely to excite. In Mr. Curran's "Sketches,"* there is not one single word with which any one can reasonably quarrel; there is not one single proposition which, whether you agree with it or not—and we often do not agree with him—you must not admit to be fairly stated. It is really a curious fact, considering the state of Ireland at the time when these "Sketches" were written, to observe that, republished after an interval of thirty years, there is not in his part of the work one word to alter or omit, though everywhere strong political opinions are firmly and manfully expressed, with no other reserve but what arises from the ordinary suggestions of gentlemanly feeling.

The papers reprinted in the volumes before us were first published in the years 1822, 1823 and 1824. When it was determined by Mr. Colburn to reprint them, Mr. Curran availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the publication to make some additions to what had been originally published. We believe that what appeared in the Magazine is preserved unchanged; but there is prefixed a memoir of the late Chief Baron Woulfe, written within the present year, and a record of some conversations with Chief Justice Bushe, noted down in 1826.

In our account of the book, the easiest course is to follow the author's arrangement in the present publication. In the sketches written in 1823, with the persons who are the subjects of his portraiture each day brought before his eye and before his mind, written also in a period of great political excitement, the style is more vivid than in the picture of Woulfe. To ourselves, we cannot throw our mind back into those days of old contests, even in imagination, and to whom the strange passages of Irish history which occurred in our day are, in truth, a forgotten dream, greater

* "Sketches of the Irish Bar, with Essays Literary and Political." By W. H. Curran, Esq. London. 1855.

pleasure has been afforded by this sketch of Woulfe, drawn up fifteen years after his death, than by the papers describing the living actors of Mr. Curran's earlier sketches. It is written in a calmer tone, and with great beauty brings out, one by one, as they rise up to recollection, the distinguishing peculiarities of a friend—lost too early, and who, but for this memoir, would have soon passed away from the memory of all but a few, and died without his fame.

Woulfe was born in 1786, received his earlier education at Stonyhurst, graduated in the University of Dublin, and was called to the Irish bar in 1814.

Mr. Curran's acquaintance with him commenced in 1813, when both were fellow-students at the Middle Temple.

"I cannot," says Mr. Curran, "refrain from stating with, I hope, excusable pride, that our acquaintanceship was no sooner formed, than he not so much selected, as seized upon me as his friend, and that the cordial grasp, once given, was never relaxed, until his hold upon all things in this life was gone from him forever.

"When I became acquainted with Woulfe in London, I found him standing very high in the opinion and predictions of his associates there, among the most intimate of whom I may name the late Mr. Sheil, the late William Wallace, afterwards the writer of the continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, the present Judge Ball, and Mr. Thomas Wyse, now the British Minister at Athens. All the qualities which were, in after life, to recommend him to a wider circle, were already conspicuously developed—his social, joyous temperament, his freedom from all selfishness, his hatred of baseness, his admiration of worth, his kindly, circumspect regard for the feelings of others, his perfect candor, and, among his mental attributes, his sound and manly tastes, and, most of all, the high order of his reasoning powers."—pp. 5, 6.

Curran and Woulfe were so much together, that but few letters passed between them. It may be said, too, that men whose minds are fully engaged have little time for letter-writing. In *Sheil's Life*, lately published, his biographer tells us that he wrote none but absolutely necessary business letters. One or two letters of Woulfe's, however, remain among his friend's papers. Of these, one, written from Innspruck in 1815, is here published; from that letter we extract a characteristic sentence:—

"The towns in Italy have a much more civilized aspect than those of France; they all possess footpaths; the shops are as rich, and the houses better. The climate is certainly very delicious, but there is not so much delight in it as travel-

lers tell us. This I am certain of, that the sensation of comfort, which can only exist in a cold climate, more than counterbalances the most luxurious relaxation of the Italian air. You cannot conceive how I enjoyed the first piercing night on the Tyrolese Alps, when I found myself wrapped up between two feather-beds; and if the animal enjoyment of both these sensations is equal, ours possesses this political advantage over theirs, that, being only possessed by those persons who are in easy circumstances, it engenders industry; whereas theirs, being within the reach of everybody, begets indolence. In truth, labor is incompatible with the enjoyment of it. Not so with ours—it is not only acquired by labor, but may be enjoyed in the very act of labor."—pp. 10, 11.

It is only when one thinks of abridging such a narrative as this, that one feels how beautifully and how gracefully it is written. It can only be read in the book itself. Woulfe's health was from the first uncertain. There was no inability to bear bodily or mental fatigue; there was delicacy of frame, freedom and elasticity of movement. This our author has to state before he states the infirmity of constitution which made him, through the greater part of his life, subject to disease in one form or other. How is this to be stated?—in what way best brought before the mind? How would Goldsmith—how would Scott have exhibited it? In such things the hand of the artist appears. Read now the passage that follows:—

"In his frame there was no apparent delicacy; it was slight, but all his movements free and healthy: and so of his countenance; though the features were rather thin and sharp, the expression was usually animated, often joyous, occasionally grave and thoughtful, but never depressed. As I write, I remember that, about this period, a small party of his friends (he not being present) amused themselves by going through some of the leading varieties of the canine species, and discovering a fanciful resemblance between each of them and some member of the bar. Matches for the bull-dog, and spaniel, and cur, were easily found. There was more discussion in finding the fittest representatives of the lurcher and poodle, and so on; but when the greyhound was named, and Shiel on the instant cried out 'Woulfe,' the likeness of the kind they were searching for, even to something curious in the details, was at once admitted. In both there was the tall and slender frame—the keen eye, the pleasing elongated face; both were so calm and gentle when at rest, both so quick and bounding when excited."—pp. 12, 13.

Can any description be happier? It brings Woulfe perfectly before our eyes—before *our* eyes, who were long familiar with him; but we have no doubt that to entire

strangers it will have the same effect. In artistic power, the passage is equal to Goethe.

In the year 1817, the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs gave Woulfe serious alarm. The apprehended danger, however, was greater than the event justified, and his professional studies and pursuits were not interrupted. In 1819 he published a remarkable pamphlet on the Catholic question. The pamphlet was admired by Bushe and by Plunket. Lord Grenville, to whom it was sent by Plunket, pronounced it to be, "in his opinion, the ablest piece of political writing that had appeared since the days of Burke."

Woulfe's pamphlet we have never seen, but the extracts here given justify Lord Grenville's praise. The character acquired for him by the pamphlet aided him in his after career; but is said by Mr. Curran to have been likely to have done him some disservice with the attorneys. Any occupation unconnected with the immediate studies of his profession leads the shrewd attorney to distrust the competency for the business of his profession of a barrister supposed to know anything else, or to think of anything else. It would appear that Woulfe sometimes contributed to periodical publications. An article, in which he reviewed Godwin on "Population," in Campbell's Magazine, is mentioned; and he wrote an essay, which was entitled, "Amendment of the Laws of Real Property in England," which he proposed printing either in a separate volume, or in a series of essays in the *New Monthly*. It was not felt to have the popular interest which would render the latter mode of publication a prudent speculation for the proprietor of the Magazine. Mr. Curran expresses his agreement with this decision. We suspect that it was a mistake in the conduct of that publication, that topics really engaging the public mind were avoided. We have not a doubt that such papers as Woulfe would have produced on such subjects would have greatly aided the circulation of any publication in which they appeared. It is a mistake to think that each reader of any of this class of publications reads each article in it. Secure on each subject the best writers, wherever that is possible, and this renders almost certain an increased circulation. Assume real information on any subject to be given, and you have secured purchasers for the work in which it appears. Interruptions of one kind or other interfered with his getting this essay out as a book,

till other works appeared which dealt with the subject so much in the way he proposed, as to make him give up the project.

Plunket, about two years after the date of Woulfe's pamphlet, became attorney-general, and made Woulfe prosecuting counsel on the Munster circuit, which increased his annual income by a sum between £700 and £1,000 a-year. His progress was, after this, one of uninterrupted success—nothing in any way to distinguish one year from another, except the variations of his health, till his death, in 1840.

Woulfe made a few speeches on political subjects in the Catholic Association, and at aggregate meetings. We should be glad they had been preserved. How far these or his speeches in Parliament influenced the bodies to which they were addressed, we are unable to say. When at the bar, his appeals to juries were often very successful.

Mr. Curran mentions Woulfe's having given up the assistant-barristership of the county of Galway, which was worth £900 a-year. His health was declining. He held, with the barristership, another office—that of crown-prosecutor—giving an income of the same amount. His health he found unequal to the duties of both, and he retained that which interfered least with his ordinary chances of professional employment. He, perhaps, also remembered, when he made the choice, that the office which he continued to keep was not incompatible with his holding a seat in Parliament, which was an object which he probably then contemplated. He soon afterwards became member for the borough of Cashel. In 1836 he was solicitor-general for Ireland, and in the next year attorney. In 1838 he became chief baron.

In a memoir of Chief Justice Bushe, in the eighteenth volume of this Journal, it is stated, apparently on good authority, that when, on the death of Chief Baron Joy, the right to fill the office left vacant devolved on Woulfe—the Attorney-General—he urged on the Government the fitness of appointing Baron Pennefather, proposing to resign his own claims, and take the office of puisne baron, which Baron Pennefather's promotion would leave vacant; and that it was only on finding it impossible to effect this arrangement that he accepted the place of Chief Baron. This fact, so highly to Woulfe's honor, is not stated in Curran's memoir. For Woulfe it would have been fortunate had it been accomplished; for the duties of Chief Baron—then considerably greater than at present—were soon found too much for

his health; and at the time of his death, within two years of his promotion, he was occupied in making an arrangement for his retirement.

We do not know whether any formal life of Chief Justice Bushe has been written; but it was impossible that, of a great man so long before the public, there should not be many incidental notices. In Mr. Wills's "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen," his character is sketched by a faithful and friendly hand. The same writer has published a little essay on "The Evidences of Christianity" by the late Chief Justice Bushe—an essay of very remarkable power and beauty.* In the eighteenth volume of this Journal there is a sketch of Bushe's life and fortunes, written while he was still Chief Justice, and in which are several extracts from his speeches while yet at the bar. In Finlay's "Miscellanies" we have him described while still Solicitor-General. Lord Brougham has preserved a record of his conversations when he visited London to be examined before some Parliamentary Committee or Royal Commission. In Sheil's "Legal and Political Sketches," one of the best and most brilliant chapters is devoted to Bushe; and in Mr. Curran's life of Wallace† will be found his estimate of some of the peculiar characteristics of Bushe's mind. We refer to all and each of these, satisfied that many of our readers will look at the books, and thank us for the references. But we must for ourselves say, that the little book published by Mr. Wills, which we mention in the hope of bringing it before some of our readers to whom it may be new, and the record of Bushe's conversations with Mr. Curran here preserved, have given us what we believe to be a truer picture of Bushe than any or all the rest.

His narrative of these conversations is thus introduced by our author:—

"Upon one occasion of my life, I had not a single opportunity, but opportunities continued for several days, of appreciating the late Chief Justice Bushe's captivating powers as a *l'le-à-l'le* companion.

"Just after the close of the summer circuits of the year 1826, I went, by invitation, to stay for some time with him at his old ancestral place of residence, Kilmurry, in the county of Kilkenny. He was, according to his annual custom, passing his long vacation there, surrounded by a numerous family circle. I had the good luck to be the

only stranger, and thus came to be at his side, and to have him all to myself, for many hours daily. At first he used to retire after breakfast to finish off some judgments that he was to deliver in his court in the ensuing term; but this occupation lasted for only four or five days, and then he felt himself to be (as he said) in the delicious state of being perfectly *solutus curis* for the remainder of the vacation. Every day at one o'clock a pair of horses were brought to his hall door for us. From the heat of the weather (it was "the hot summer of 1826") we always moved along merely at a walking pace; secure, however, from the same state of the weather, against any annoyance from sudden showers. We seldom returned to Kilmurry before five o'clock. Then came dinner, and at no long interval tea; and the moment tea was over, the Chief Justice rose, and proposed to me a stroll with him through the grounds. We had no occasion to keep to the gravel walks; the grass was as dry as the carpets we had left; and accordingly his habit was to push on at once for the fields, and plunging into them, and crossing, and recrossing them, to prolong the stroll often till the approach of midnight.

"On the second or third evening of my visit, the conversation turned on Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' which, by the way, the Chief Justice said, 'was to him the most delightful of books, first, because he found everything in it so charming in itself; and next, because he no sooner finished it, than he forgot it all, and so could return to it, *toties quoties*, and be sure to find it all as charming as before, and almost as new.'"—pp. 77, 78.

The conversation led our author to try how far he could enact the part of committing to paper the conversations of the two or three preceding days. They were jotted down in pencil, without the slightest thought of publication:—

"In thus giving publicity to these fragments of Charles Kendal Bushe's familiar conversation, I should be doing a grievous injustice to the memory of that accomplished man, if I were to intimate that, in themselves, they can convey any but the faintest idea of what that conversation was. They may lead his surviving intimates to recognize him, but they never can enable a stranger to him to know him. Even if I could offer a literal transcript of every word that fell from him, how much would still be wanting! His imposing figure and deportment, his graceful, persuasive gestures, his manly, pliant features, so easily seduced from their habitual dignity by a love of gentlemanly fun, his fine, sonorous voice, his genial laughter; such were some, though not all, of the ingredients in that combination, which, made Bushe the most fascinating of companions; and supposing all these to be accurately imagined, there would still remain to be described that one more attribute, which, without exaggeration, might be termed the marvellous opulence of his mind for

* "A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, in a Letter from the late Chief Justice Bushe." 1845.

† "Sketches," &c. Vol. i. p. 341.

the purposes of conversation. I had often met him in society before my visit to Kilmurry, but it was only there that, from being daily alone with him for many hours, I was enabled to be a witness to the extent of his resources in this way, and his facility in using them. In those conversations (to which my contributions were naturally very scanty, and seldom anything more than the asking of questions), he never allowed any but the most momentary pauses to intervene; but passing on from topic to topic, as they came to him, unsought for, in rapid succession, he would go on for hours conversing away, unimpeded by any obstructions, for he made no efforts to produce effect, and seemingly as if he were only carelessly obeying some hidden law of his nature, which had taken all the trouble off his hands. It was in this profusion of materials, and in the power of pouring them out for hours without cessation or fatigue, that the Chief Justice appeared to me to be so peculiar, and, in his own time and country, unrivalled. It was that ever-running 'stream of mind,' such as Johnson had found, and so much prized in the conversation of Edmund Burke."—pp. 78, 79.

We transcribe as much as we can make room for of these conversations:—

"Kilmurry, August 6, 1826.

"CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

"GRATTAN. — He loved old trees, and used to say, 'Never cut down a tree for fashion-sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which the fashion has not.'"

"'A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinneshinch. A friend of Grattan's, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended to him to cut it down. 'Why so?' said Grattan. 'Because it stands in the way of the house!' — GRATTAN. 'You mistake, it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either must come down, let it be the house.'"

"'Grattan said, the most healthy exercise for elderly persons was 'indolent movement in the open air.'"

"He deplored the Union, and chiefly from the difficulties it threw in the way of a settlement of the Catholic question. 'The constitution in Ireland was never considered as essentially Protestant. Irish prejudices would not have been shocked at seeing Catholic gentlemen in the House of Commons, Catholic Bishops in the Peers, or even at seeing two established religions. But the Union has done some good. It has purified the administration of justice by leading to the appointment of a better class of judges, and by putting them more under the control of the English press.' He frequently recurred to the influence of public opinion as expressed through the press, and called it 'that useful rod, suspended over the heads of men in authority.'"

"He thought that no public speech of Plunket had done justice to his powers; not even the speech of 1813. He also said that, with the exception of the speech for Hamilton Rowan, there was no sufficient record of my father's powers. He had often heard him in petty cases superior to anything else recorded of him."

"The day after Lord Kinnaird came to Ireland, he dined at Plunket's. The Chief-Baron was there. The conversation turned on Lord Castlereagh. Several of the company questioned his sincerity on the Catholic Question. Plunket undertook his defence with much animation; and having stated the several efforts he had made in favor of Emancipation, concluded by saying, 'that upon that subject, he had latterly made a great deal of character for himself.' 'He has (said the Chief Baron in his dry way), and, depend upon it, he'll lose no time in spending it all like a gentleman.' Lord Kinnaird was delighted with the sarcasm, and said to me in a whisper, 'if I am to hear nothing but that, I am rewarded for coming to Ireland.'"

"Your father's memory was surprising. I once casually observed to him, that I thought it a common error to suppose that men did not know their own characters. Twenty years after, he said to me, 'I quite agree with you in an observation I remember to have heard you make. The truth is, every man knows his real character; but as he has come by his knowledge of it confidentially, he makes it a point of honor not to admit the fact—even to himself.'"

"He was speaking to me about my life of my father, when, in explanation of my having become his biographer, I told him that three or four days after his death, Woulfe, who was then in London, called upon me to apprise me that some of the Irish connected with the press there, were already going about among the publishers, and proposing to write his life; that their sole object was the money to be made by the speculation, and that not one of them was competent to produce anything that would be creditable to my father's memory; that Woulfe urged upon me to undertake the office myself, and at once to announce my intention, so as to prevent any publisher from encouraging the speculation in question, and that after talking over the matter with Woulfe, I came to the determination of acting on his advice. When I had finished, the Chief Justice suddenly pulled up his horse, turned in his saddle towards me, and, for the moment, rising in tones and gestures above his ordinary manner, said, with some emotion, 'You were quite right. It was your duty to bestride his remains, and protect them from the vultures.'"

"He said he discovered some time ago, to his amazement, that the Chief Baron writes poetry, and good poetry."

"The Chief Justice related to me the particulars of his meeting with the King at Slane Castle:

"Saurin and I went down together, and arrived barely in time to dress for dinner. I had never been seen by the King, but once at the levee. On going down stairs, I met him coming up. The rencontre was most embarrassing, for I imagined that he would not recognize me; but I was at once relieved. He said, 'Bushe, I believe you don't know the ways of this house,' and taking me under the arm, conducted me to the drawing room. In one moment, I was as much at my ease as if I had been his daily companion.

"I sat opposite to him at dinner. The first words he addressed to me were these (Lady Conyngham, who sat next him, had been whispering something in his ear)—'Bushe, you never would guess what Lady Conyngham has been saying to me. She has been repeating a passage from one of your speeches against the Union.' He saw that I started, and was rather at a loss for what to say, and instantly changed the subject by recommending me to try a particular French dish, from which he had been just helped. 'This (said he) I can recommend as the perfection of cookery. My cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, often produces it for his guests, but always fails in it. It is the same with all his dishes. He has a remarkable talent for giving bad dinners.'

"The King soon after returned to the Union. 'My early opinion was (said he, addressing Saurin) that your and the Solicitor-General's opposition to the measure was well founded, and since I have seen this glorious people, and the effects produced by it, that opinion is confirmed; but (he added, as if correcting himself) I am sure you will agree with me in considering that, now the measure is carried, you would both feel it your duty to resist any attempt to repeal it with as much zeal as you originally opposed it. But you all committed a great mistake. Instead of direct opposition, you should have made terms, as the Scotch did, and you could have got good terms.' He then summed up some of the principal stipulations of the Scotch Union (he had history at his fingers' ends). Saurin said (a very odd remark, as it struck me, to come from him), 'and the Scotch further stipulated for the establishment of their national religion.' 'You are quite right,' said the King; 'they secured that point also; but—no, no,' he added, hastily checking himself, 'you must pay no attention to what I have just said. It would not be right to have it supposed that I entertain an opinion, from which inferences might be drawn that would afterwards lead to disappointment.'

"In the evening, despatches arrived from England, containing an account of the tumultuous proceedings at the Queen's funeral. The King expressed without the slightest reserve, his dissatisfaction at the want of energy shown by the Government on the occasion, and contrasted with it the firmness of his father during the riots of 1780. He detailed the particulars of the late king's conduct upon that occasion, who, he said, expressly sent for him to be a witness of it, for the regulation of his own conduct upon any similar

emergency. He concluded by suddenly saying, in an altered and broken voice, 'I shall never again see such a man as my father.'

"The King spoke of the run of luck that he had lately had—his getting round the Land's End just a few minutes before the wind changed, and his consequent arrival at Holyhead two days before the other vessels—his landing in Ireland on his birthday, which had been the wish of his heart—and finally, his glorious reception by the people. Among the lucky incidents, he suppressed the news of the Queen's death.

"The King's accent had the slightest intermixture of the foreign.

"He has been known to say, 'I wish those Catholics were damned or emancipated.'"

"A difference of political sentiment dissolved the intimacy that had for many years subsisted between Curran and Yelverton. Curran thought him a corrupt politician, and expressed his opinion with great severity, before Yelverton had derived any benefit from his desertion of his former principles. 'But after all,' said a friend to Curran, 'you see that he has got nothing for himself or his family.' 'Oh! that only shows that a man, though a keen sportsman, may be a very bad shot.'

"The Chief Justice's opinions on Catholic affairs are much stronger on the popular side than I had imagined. He thinks Woulfe's pamphlet by far the best that he ever read upon the Catholic Question. It contains views (he says) that struck him as quite original."

"Grattan was firmly persuaded, from the internal evidence of the style, that Burke was the author of Junius. Among other instances, he used to insist upon it that no living man but Burke could have written that passage in one of the letters to the Duke of Grafton, 'You have now fairly travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the Scorpion, in which you stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a Virgin in the house of Bloomsbury.'—pp. 80-94.

With the single exception of Grattan, Bushe, who had lived through the periods of Ireland before and after the Union, is the person with respect to whom all persons will be most anxious to learn whatever they can.

Of the parts of this publication which are reprints from Campbell's Magazine, one of the most remarkable is the sketch of Lord Plunket. In it our author takes occasion to advert "to an accusation frequently made," and which, he says, many persons gave credence to at the time these sketches were written. At Emmet's trial, the case for the Crown was stated by O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guilleamore). Emmet entered into no defence, and did not even cross-examine the

witnesses for the prosecution. His counsel made no speech. Under these circumstances, it was urged for him that the Crown had no right to a speech in reply. Plunket insisted on the right, and the Court decided with him. Plunket's speech was described as unreasonably harsh towards Emmet; and, to give color to this assertion, a passage was interpolated in the report of Emmet's address to the Court, in which the dying enthusiast was made to pronounce a bitter invective against "the viper that his father had nurtured in his bosom."

Plunket instituted legal proceedings against a London Journalist in vindication of his character, and obtained a verdict. He also, in another case, applied for a criminal information against a Dublin bookseller, who published the same libellous statement, and filed an affidavit denying every material fact in the allegation. Mr. Curran tells us that, at the trial, there was not one word uttered by Emmet bearing the remotest allusion to the charge. In what way the speech alleged to be Emmet's was manufactured, or by whom, we do not know; but within these few days curiosity led us to look at one of the little books called "Lives of Emmet," to see whether the traders in such were continued to print the passage. It would appear that they do not; but a strange sentence occurs, in which Lord Norbury is spoken of as "a serpent wallowing in blood." A gentleman who was present at the trial assures us that nothing of the kind was said.

Mr. Curran's Irish Bar sketches are six in number—Plunket, O'Connell, Goold, North, Wallace, Doherty. The two first names belong to the general history of the empire; and of both, it is probable, as no such perfect picture of either elsewhere exists, that Mr. Curran's portraits will be those which the future narrator of the story of the times in which they lived will be glad to adopt. Of what Plunket has spoken accurate records will remain to justify Curran's estimate of his powers. Of O'Connell it is scarce possible that something shall not be preserved; yet he flung himself away, we almost think too generously, on objects in their nature temporary. We have always felt O'Connell to be infinitely above the miserable local politics in which he appeared to us unworthily entangled; and the great question of his life it seems to us not only might, but would have been sooner and more happily determined, were it not for the interruption he was mainly instrumental in creating. But a great, a good, and a generous man we be-

lieve him to have been; and of all these qualities ample proofs are given in Curran's volumes. At the time Curran's sketch was published, he could only have been heard of in England as a factious, turbulent tribune of the people. That he was a great lawyer was to them a fact first communicated by Curran. The sketch of Doherty does not satisfy us; but, in truth, it was not until after the year in which that article appeared that Doherty's power appeared in anything of full development. North's is a kindly notice of a remarkable man; but with him Curran's relations of thought appear to have been what Charles Lamb would have called those of imperfect sympathy. Wallace is a sketch well worth careful perusal. It is that of a vigorous-minded, self-educated man, who forced his way to the foremost ranks of a jealous and exclusive profession, and whom nothing but his having to drudge out life in a province could have prevented from obtaining high distinction.

We have reserved until after we had noticed the other sketches, that of Sergeant Goold. This pleases us the best of all. It is wholly unsusceptible of abridgment, and no extracts could give any adequate notion of it. It must have greatly delighted, and essentially served Goold. In a tone of cheerful badinage, every little peculiarity of manner is brought out—everything that can awaken a playful feeling in the reader's mind—while no one good quality of a man who had in him much of good is omitted. Goold had, it would seem, dashed through a good deal of money, and was almost, if not altogether, a ruined man to all appearance, when he first applied himself diligently to the labors of his profession. There is an amusing allusion to some apocryphal adventures of his in the German courts. Doubtful hints, in which we hear of a "palatine princess—jealous husbands—babbling maids of honor." When Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared, Goold published a pamphlet in vindication of Burke. This brought a kindly letter from Burke, and an invitation to Beaconsfield. Lord Fitzwilliam was at Beaconsfield, and on his way to Ireland. Goold was too late to catch the Viceroy, and some reasonable hopes which he had of promotion were disappointed, and he had to work hard, depending alone on such support as the public—that is, as the attorneys—were disposed to give. Goold's talents and powers of being of service were of that unmistakable kind which attorneys are quick-eyed to perceive.

From this sketch we must give a sentence:—

"Sergeant Goold's practice has been, and still is, principally in the *nisi prius* courts. I have not much to say of his distinctive qualities as a lawyer. He is evidently quite at home in all the points that come into daily question, and he puts them forward boldly and promptly. Here indeed, as elsewhere, he affects a little too much of omniscience; but unquestionable it is, that he knows a great deal. There is not, I apprehend, a single member of his profession less liable to be taken by surprise upon any unexpected point of evidence, or practice, or pleading, the three great departments of our law to which his attention has been chiefly directed. But there is no want of originality in his appearance and manner. His person is below the middle size, and notwithstanding the wear and tear of sixty years, continues compact, elastic, and airy. His face, though he sometimes gives a desponding hint that it is not what it was, still attests the credibility of his German adventures. The features are small and regular, and keen without being angular. His manner is all his own. His quick blue eye is in perpetual motion. It does not look upon an object: it pounces upon it. So of the other external signs of character.

"His body, like his mind, moves at double-quick time. He darts into court to argue a question of costs with the precipitation of a man rushing to save a beloved child from the flames. This is not trick in him, for, among the collateral arts of attracting notice at the Irish Bar is that of scouring with breathless speed from court to court, upsetting attorneys' clerks, making panting apologies, with similar manifestations of the counsel's inability to keep pace with the importunate calls of his multitudinous clients. Sergeant Goold stands too high, and is, I am certain, too proud to think of resorting to these locomotive devices. His impetuosity is pure temperament. In the despatch of business, more especially in the chorus-scenes, where half-a-dozen learned throats are at once clamoring for precedence, he acquits himself with a physical energy that puts him almost upon a par in this respect with that great 'lord of misrule'—O'Connell himself. He is to the full as restless, confident, and vociferative, but he is not equally indomitable; and I have some doubts whether, with all his bustle and vehemence, he ever ascends to the true sublime of tumult, which inspires his learned and unemancipated friend. The latter, who is in himself an ambulatory riot, dashes into a legal affray with the spirit of a bludgeoned hero of a fair, determined to knock down every friend or foe he meets 'for the honor of old Ireland.' He has the secret glory, too, of displaying his athletic capabilities before an audience, by many of whom he knows that he is feared and hated."—pp. 196-198.

The second volume of Mr. Curran's work contains a good many essays on subjects of

general literature. Of those we think the most interesting are his reviews of Monsieur Musset Pathay's "*Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau*," and of the "*Napoleon Memoirs*." The following remarks on Rousseau's character, and the circumstances by which it was formed, strike us as important and original:—

"The effects that Rousseau produced, and the extravagances, both of thought and conduct, into which he plunged—that is, his genius and his inconsistencies are—it has always struck us, to be traced to one or two obvious singularities in his condition, which have not been sufficiently observed upon, either by his present historian, or by any of the preceding writers, whether friends or foes, who have labored to explain, or to expose the character of this extraordinary man. The most striking of these peculiarities was the utter want of coincidence between his theoretic maxims, and his temperament and habits. His education was irregular and vicious. In his infancy he was turned adrift upon the world, with no other guides than the passions of his age, and the licentious examples that surrounded him. For many years he continued a vagabond and an adventurer, sometimes so needy as to pass the night without house or food—inevitably contracting the vices of each successive mode of life upon which he chanced to be flung, but ever, as he has stated it himself, finding consolation, under the severest privations, in the ideal anticipations of a sensual imagination. Before his twentieth year, he had been successively 'apprenti greffier, graveur, laquais, valet-de-chambre, séminariste, interprète, d'un archimandrite, secrétaire du cadastre, maître de musique.' (i. p. 41.) At that age he found a resting-place; but, as if it were fated that his morals were to be benefited by no change of fortune, the residence of his protectress became the scene where the last remnant of virtuous restraint, that had survived his wanderings, was to be sacrificed to her example, and deliberate invitation.

"Such was the commencement and consummation of Rousseau's moral education; and it is little to be wondered at, if, in the result, he became, to every practical purpose, irretrievably enervated by the corrupt manners and habits amidst which his youth was passed. But his intellectual character was not so quickly decided. The growth of his faculties, it appears, was unusually slow; up to the age of thirty-nine his talents were unknown to his friends, and almost to himself. He had previously, it is true, obscure intimations of his strength from visitations of ambitious reverie—the inquietude of genius was about him; but up to the very moment of the explosion of his mind, neither Rousseau himself, nor any who had known him, ever anticipated the career that was before him. At last he became an author, being now on the verge of forty. By this time his experience of life, in all its forms, had been great. He had been an acute, though a silent observer of the varied scenes he had wit-

nessed. He had, for the last ten years, been initiated in the mysteries of Parisian society, then at its most profligate period; and his quick and comprehensive understanding had seized the complicated system of vices, in all their disastrous consequences, with which it teemed. He saw that system, and, with the help of his imagination, in all its deformity. But Rousseau's aversion to the disorders that he afterwards signalized himself in denouncing, had this singularity, that it appears, in the first instance, to have been almost entirely an intellectual repugnance. Perhaps to assert that it was not a moral sentiment, may seem either a perversion of language, or at best a pedantic distinction; but when we remember the history and the habits, both previous and subsequent, of the man, it appears clearly to have belonged rather to that class of moral sentiments, which result from the conclusions of a vigorous understanding (or more correctly speaking, perhaps, may be called those conclusions themselves), than to the instinctive movements of an habitually virtuous mind. Thus by the time that Rousseau's philosophical opinions were formed, his personal morals were gone; and it was his fate to commence his public career inveterately attached, by taste and temperament, to many of the licentious indulgences, against which he vehemently, and, we do think, very sincerely inveighed. This view, we imagine, will go pretty far towards explaining several of the singularities in his works, and his life."—pp. 121-126.

There are also some personal reminiscences of Barry the painter, whom our author, then a mere boy, had met a little before his death. The notice is, in many respects, interesting, and in one is important, as correcting the notion of Barry's having died in the extreme destitution that had been supposed. At the period of his death an annuity had been purchased for him; "and this recognition of his claims cheered his latter days. He determined on removing to a house sufficiently spacious for the execution of a series of epic paintings that he had long been meditating." In this dream Death found him.

Of Barry's strange mode of life accounts have been before given. The most remarkable till the present was one of a visit by Mr. Southey. Curran when he was taken to see the great Barry was a mere boy; and with the word "great" had associated ideas of dignity and opulence. What was his surprise when he came upon the actual den in which the old magician lived.

"The area was bestrewn with skeletons of cats and dogs, marrow-bones, waste-paper, fragments of boys' hoops, and other playthings, and with the many kinds of missiles, which the pious brats of the neighborhood had hurled against the unhallowed premises. A dead cat lay upon the projecting stone of the parlor window, immediately

under a sort of appeal to the public, or a proclamation setting forth, that a dark conspiracy existed for the wicked purpose of molesting the writer, and injuring his reputation, and concluding with an offer of some pounds as a reward to any one who should give such information as might lead to the detection and conviction of the offenders. This was in Barry's hand-writing, and occupied the place of one pane of glass. The rest of the framework was covered with what I had once imagined to be necromantic devices—some of his own etchings, but turned upside down, of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Young as I was, I was not insensible to the moral of the scene. I was ignorant at the time whether what I saw had been wantonly provoked, or whether it was cruel and capricious vengeance for non-conformity to popular observances; but whichever might be the case, the spectacle before me engraved upon my inexperienced mind an important truth, which I have subsequently had too many occasions to apply, that genius, however rare, without temper and conduct, is one of the most disastrous privileges, to which man in his mistaken ambition can aspire.

"While I was unconsciously laying in these materials for after-reflection, my friends gave a second and louder knock. It was answered by almost as loud a growl from the second-floor window. We looked up, and beheld a head thrust out, surmounted by a hunting-cap, and wearing in front a set of coarse and angry features, while a voice, intensely Irish, in some hasty phrases made up of cursing and questioning, demanded our names and business. Before my companions had time to answer, they were recognized. In went the head and hunting-cap and surly visage; in a few seconds the door was opened, and I was introduced to the celebrated Barry. I well remember his dress and person, and can recall, almost without an effort, the minutest details of this, and of my subsequent interviews with him. The hunting-cap was still on, but on a nearer view, I perceived that the velvet covering had been removed—nothing but the bare and unseemly skeleton remained. He wore a loose, thread-bare, claret-colored great coat, that reached to his heels, black waistcoat, black et-ceteras, gray worsted stockings, coarse unpolished shoes with leathern thongs, no neckcloth, but, like Jean Jaques Rousseau, whom he resembled in many other less enviable particulars, he seemed to have a taste for fine linen. His shirt was not only perfectly clean, but equally genteel in point of texture, with even a touch of dandyism in the elaborate plaiting of the frills. On the whole, his costume gave the idea of extreme negligence without uncleanness.

"His person was below the middle size, sturdy and ungraceful. You could see at once that he had never practiced bowing to the world. His face was striking. An Englishman would call it an Irish, an Irishman a Munster face; but Barry's had a character independent of national or provincial peculiarities. It had vulgar features, but no vulgar expression. It was rugged, austere, and passion-beaten; but the passions traced there were

those of aspiring thought, and unconquerable energy, asserting itself to the last, and sullenly exulting in its resources. Of this latter feeling, however, no symptoms broke out on the present occasion. His two visitors were old friends, heartily attached to his fame; and neither of them had ever handled a brush. He greeted them with Irish vehemence and good-humor, and in the genuine intonations of his native province. His friends smiled at his attire. He observed it, and joined in the laugh. 'It was,' he said, 'his ordinary working-dress, except the cap, which he lately adopted to act as a shade for his eyes when he engraved at night.' They told him they had come to see the recent specimens of his art, and particularly his Pandora. He answered, that they should see that, and everything else in the house. We proceeded to the staircase, when Barry, suddenly recollecting himself, turned back and double-locked the street-door. The necessity of this precaution seemed to bring a momentary gloom into his looks, but it passed away, and he mounted cheerfully before us. He opened the door of the back-room on the first-floor, and entered first to clear away the cobwebs before us. The place was full of engravings, sketches, and casts, confusedly heaped together, and clotted with damp and dust. The latter he every now and then removed by a vigorous slap with the skirt of his coat. There were some engravings there that he valued highly. I forget the subjects, but I perfectly recollect the ardor, and the occasional delicacy and tenderness

of manner, with which he explained their beauties. He apologized for the disorder around him, which arose, he said, from want of space, for he could trust nothing in the front room. The observation introduced the subject of the molestation of his premises. He spoke without much emotion of his mischievous neighbors, and detailed his fruitless efforts to counteract their schemes of annoyance, pretty much as a man would recount his defensive operations against rats, or any other domestic nuisance. In the course of the conversation, he explained the cause of the solitude in which he lived. While going over the plates executed by himself, he pointed out one or two that he had detected his last maid servant in the act of purloining. He hinted that she must have been corrupted by the enemies of his fame; at all events, he expelled her forthwith, and never after admitted another within his doors. Some specimens of art lay in his bed chamber—the back-room on the second-floor. He took us up there, but I forbear a minute description. For the honor of genius, I would forget the miserable truckle upon which a man, whose powers were venerated by Edmund Burke, lay down to forget his privations and his pride."—pp. 171-176.

We wish that we had room for further extracts from these very pleasing and instructive volumes, but we have exceeded our space.

From Chambers' Journal.

LOPE DE VEGA.

JOHNSON—we call him Johnson, because that is not his name, and we would rather not be personal—Johnson called upon us the other day, on purpose to present us with a neatly-bound copy of his collected works. We were extremely busy at the time, and so we told him, but Johnson was not easily got rid of. Assuring us he would not detain us many seconds, he took a seat, and—as the time-piece on our mantel-piece can witness—entertained us for one hour and ten minutes with the story of his grievances.

Johnson had written, he assured us, no less than five successful plays—all of which had been acted, and all applauded to the echo. "And now, sir," he continued, "What's the use of it? Five plays, sir, all successful! And yet, sir, every one of them forgotten! "Here, sir," and Johnson dealt a vigorous

blow on the unconscious and neglected volume. "Here, sir, I bring them out in a collected form, and not a copy has been asked for! Depend upon it, sir, it's all up with the drama. There was a time when men who wrote but one play gained celebrity, and here, sir, I've written five, sir—Five!"

We consoled with him as we best could, and tried to hold out brilliant visions of the justice to be done to him by generations yet unborn: but it was useless; Johnson would not be comforted. Grateful, however, for our sympathy, he did the kindest thing he could have done. He left us. Not, though, till we had given the most solemn promise that we would at our very earliest leisure read through the whole of the collected works, from title-page to *Finis*.

We placed the copy of the works of John-

son on the shelf behind us, and there for several days it stayed as unmolested and unnoticed as its thousand brethren that still encumbered the warehouses of Johnson's publisher. One morning, however, we thought that we would look at it, and see what Johnson really had produced, for we confess we had forgotten the very names of his plays quite as completely as it seemed the public had. Accordingly, we looked along our shelves for it; but for some time in vain. The volume was a thin one, and must, we supposed, have slipped behind its bulkier neighbors. We were just giving up our search as hopeless, when all at once we caught a sight of it, and in such company, that it made us smile despite ourselves, as we remembered the poor fellow's sad complaints that he—the author of no less a number than five plays—was still unread—forgotten!

Johnson was squeezed between two volumes of the works of Lope de Vega!

The accidental juxtaposition of the two dramatists was certainly a somewhat strange one. Poor Johnson! We had promised him posthumous and undying fame for his five dramas—his "Five, sir—Five!" as he so proudly dwelt upon their number; and, for the life of us, we could not help laughing at our prophecy, as we asked ourselves, how many plays of all the hundreds the great Spaniard wrote, are heard of now. Nay, how many were there that even long survived their author? A percentage, truly, most disheartening to Johnson!

At once, we mentally ran over all we knew of Lope de Vega—"the Prodigy of Nature," the "King of Comedy," the "Spanish Phoenix," as he was styled by his various critics—the man whose name became admitted into the Spanish language as an adjective expressing the extreme of excellence. At once we turned to different memoirs of the poet, and looked over the astounding arithmetical calculations that in different lands at different times, have been made to state the number of his works. And if the reader does not know already, we should like to hear him guess how many plays he thinks it possible that Lope de Vega wrote. We have prepared him, doubtless, to suppose the number large, but in spite of all our warnings, we defy the boldest guesser to come near the truth. Let him think of a number that may seem preposterous. It will be much below the mark. Nay, let him even work out that mysterious problem in mental arithmetic which we remember puzzling over in our

school-boy days, and having thought of a number, double it, add ten to it, and so on—we forget, exactly, the true formula. Still, will the total, in all probability, fall considerably short of the number of plays composed by Lope de Vega.

The lowest calculation that seems based on anything like solid grounds, is that given by M. Damas Hinaud, in an admirable memoir of the poet, prefixed to a French translation of his plays; or rather some of his plays, for we should like to see the man who could translate them all, in one life-time, supposing all to be extant. M. Hinaud informs us—a statement in which Schab, the German historian of the Spanish drama, and others coincide—that Lope de Vega wrote the prodigious number of fifteen hundred plays!

Fifteen hundred plays! Written by one man's hand—conceived by one man's brain! Well may another of his biographers, Mr. G. H. Lewes, say, "It really takes one's breath away to hear of such achievements." But we have not yet done. At the imminent risk of having our veracity impugned, we must go on to tell what else Lope de Vega wrote. As though the fifteen hundred plays were not enough for one man's work, we find he wrote besides about three hundred interludes and autos sacramentales (a species of dramatic composition resembling our ancient miracle-plays); ten epic poems; one burlesque poem, called *La Gatomaquia*; various descriptive and didactic poems; a host of sonnets, romances, odes, elegies, and epistles; several works written in mingled prose and verse; eight prose novels; not to mention other prose writings, or his numerous prefaces and dedications. What a labor for one life-time! Were it for nothing more than the stupendous quantity of his productions—leaving quality altogether out of the consideration—Lope de Vega would be one of the greatest wonders in the whole history of Literature.

And yet his wonderful rapidity was not a mere flow of words unhampered by ideas. In speaking of the quantity of his productions without regard to quality, we would by no means insinuate that in the latter respect they would not bear examination. We will not, it is true, go to such lengths as his friend and pupil, Montalvan, does, when he declares that if the works of Lope de Vega were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would not only decide the comparison in point of quality, but would also "be

a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together." But setting aside the exaggerations of his devoted admirer, this much is pretty certain: not only did Lope de Vega actually produce fifteen hundred dramas, but they were—as our friend Johnson tells us his own five were—all successful! They delighted all Spain, charmed even the sombre spirit of Philip the Second, and—sure test of success—

In present dramas, as in days gone by,

they brought in money to the theatres' treasures, and secured a competence to their author.

We have already stated that the number of his works given above is that recorded by M. Damas Hinard, and others. But as if this were not sufficiently miraculous, some of his biographers adopt a considerably higher figure. Montalvan, above alluded to, asserts in his *Fama Postuma* (a work published in honor of Lope de Vega, in sixteen hundred and thirty-six, a few months only after the poet's death) that he had written ~~eighteen~~ hundred plays, and ~~four~~ hundred autos sacramentales! This is the number also quoted by Lord Holland, in his *Life of Lope de Vega*, published in eighteen hundred and six.

Bouterwek, in the volume of his *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*, which treats on Spanish literature (published about eighteen hundred and eight) surpasses even Montalvan in his estimate of Lope de Vega's fecundity. He says that "Lope de Vega required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves, and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two thousand original dramas." He tells us that the theatrical managers would wait at Lope's elbow, carrying off the acts as fast as he could write them, not giving the poet time even to revise his work; and that immediately upon one play being finished, a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece? A wholesale manufactory of dramas, truly! What would friend Johnson think of orders coming in like this?

Another calculation Bouterwek goes into, as to the amount of paper Lope used. He tells us, "According to his own (Lope's)

testimony, he wrote on an average five sheets per day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five." This computation, however, strikes us as somewhat doubtful, inasmuch as it proceeds on the supposition that Lope's average of five sheets per diem extended throughout the whole seventy-three years of his existence, commencing at his birth—when for a day or two at least he would not do much, precocious though we know him to have been—and finishing with his death. We should hardly think that Lope quite meant this when he laid down the average, though really we feel so bewildered amongst all these high figures, that we know not exactly what to think. We feel as if we were working out sums in astronomy, and calculating distances of stars, instead of reckoning a literary man's productions. However, come we at once to the last grand total—right or wrong. Bouterwek says it is estimated, "that allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one-million three hundred thousand verses."

Lord Holland also adopts this estimate, but, like all the rest of them, manages still to magnify it, even while he quotes. He tells us "twenty-one millions three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed." And yet we find Lope de Vega himself, in the *Eclogue* to Claudio, one of his latest works, declaring that, large as is the quantity of his printed works, those which still remain unprinted are even yet more numerous. So, if we take Lord Holland's statement of the quantity actually printed, and remembering that the printed portion is not half of what Lope de Vega wrote altogether,—But no. We must refrain. We are getting once more into the high numbers, and we begin already to feel giddy. So we must let Lord Holland, Bouterwek, Montalvan, and the rest, say what they please; we cannot possibly keep pace with them, but must needs content ourselves with the very moderate figure we commenced with, and say that Lope de Vega, after all, wrote only fifteen hundred plays.

For this quantity, however—marvellous, nay incredible, as it may seem—pretty conclusive evidence may be advanced. It would be tedious to enumerate all the facts which tend to prove it. Two will suffice. In the first place, that number was given by Doctor

Fernando Cardosa, the intimate friend of Lope de Vega, in the funeral speech he made over the poet's grave. It is just possible, we grant, that on so solemn, and yet so exciting, an occasion as a funeral oration, the orator may be induced to speak more highly of his friend departed than, perhaps, strictest truth would warrant. Nay, we have heard it said, that even sculptured epitaphs have been known, ere now, in some slight manner to exaggerate the merits of the dead. But figures will not stand this sort of thing. There is a stern matter-of-fact principle about figures—an absence of all poetry, sympathy, or feeling—that at once suppresses anything like trifling with them. Orators may win men to anything, but figures know that two and two are four, and they will stick to it, say what you will. Therefore, however anxious the doctor may have been to make the most of his subject, he would hardly, we should say, have ventured on the hazardous experiment of "cooking the accounts," at a time when his arithmetic could be immediately set right by simple reference to the files of playbills. Managers did keep some accounts, we suppose, even in those days.

Still less safely could Lope de Vega himself in his own lifetime have ventured on exaggeration in this matter, and so we feel we must, at least, place some reliance on the statements he, from time to time, put out of his own progress. He was in the habit of publishing at various periods, in the prefaces to his new works, either a list or an account of the number of his plays when written. Accordingly, we find the figure regularly advancing from the year sixteen hundred and three, when, in the prologue to his *Pelegrino*, he gives a catalogue of three hundred and thirty-seven plays; to the list contained in his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, published in sixteen hundred and nine, when they amounted to four hundred and eighty-three; to that given with a new volume of his plays, in sixteen hundred and eighteen, when they had reached the number of eight hundred; to a list of nine hundred plays, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty; to one of a thousand and seventy in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-five: and, lastly, in his *Eclogue to Claudio* (sixteen hundred and thirty), he says: "But if I come now to tell you of the infinite number of comic fables, you will be astonished to hear that I have composed fifteen hundred."

Pero si ahora el numero infinito
De las fabulas comicas intento

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* * * * *
Mil y quinientas fabulas admira.

Is our account of Lope de Vega's labors yet sufficiently miraculous? Shall we now leave him with his fifteen hundred plays, and other works, content to let our readers wonder that he did so much? Or shall we risk their incredulity by telling them that he did more? We feel half tempted to go on, and in a brief sketch of some of his adventures and occupations to show how much of his life, of little more than threescore years and ten, must have been taken up by other matters than this mighty mass of literary work. For Lope de Vega was a soldier, a secretary, an alchemist, a priest; he married twice, and had a family; he studied and became proficient in the Latin, Italian, French, and Portuguese tongues, and yet found time to write his fifteen hundred plays!

Our readers may suppose he was not long about anything he took in hand. In fact, if we believe his friend, Montalvan, he began at once as he intended to go on—almost we may say from his cradle. We are told that he understood Latin at the ripe age of five; and also, much about the same time commenced composing Spanish verses, which he dictated to his playfellows to write down for him—for he became an author before he had learned to write. He sold his verses too (the clever dog!) for toys and sweetmeats. How rarely do we find the genius and the man of business thus combined! Between eleven and twelve years of age, he himself informs us, in his *New Art of Dramatic Writing* (*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*), he had written several petites comédies, in the antique Spanish form of four short acts. At fourteen years of age (*Anno Domini* fifteen hundred and seventy-six) he ran away from college to see the world; and, in the following year, entered the army, serving both in Portugal and in Africa, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The next year he came home again, and engaged himself as page and secretary to the Bishop of Avilla, working away, of course, at his poetry all the while, as none but Lope de Vega or a steam-engine could work, and producing, amongst various other things, a pastoral comedy in three acts, called *La Pastoral de Jacinto*, the author-soldier-secretary being then sixteen years of age! Sent by his patron, the bishop, to the university of Alcalá, he went to work at the solid fare of philosophy, theology, and mathematics, taking at the same time, by way of a relish, the Italian, Portuguese and French

languages. But even all this was insufficient for his voracious appetite. So—to carry out the simile—he flew to the occult sciences, as to a lump of bread and cheese to finish up with. And now he was never happy but when in the midst of crucibles, furnaces, and alembics. If any one could have found out the grand secret, it would surely have been Lope de Vega. He didn't; so we must needs suppose the alchemists were laboring under a mistake.

Next Lope de Vega fell in love. Some say with one lady; some say with two. We should incline to think the latter—one at a time could hardly be enough for him. He didn't marry them, nor either of them. Some time afterwards, thinking it time to settle down in life, he made his mind up to become a priest. He underwent the necessary preparations, and was on the very eve of being ordained, when he fell in love again. The church and priestly vows were no more to be thought of. He married. This was in fifteen hundred and eighty-four.

Scarcely was he married, however, than—just by way of a change—he got into prison, owing to a duel. He escaped, of course; it was not likely he could wait until his time of imprisonment was over. He went to Valencia, remained there some time writing, until upon the death of his wife he flew once more to battle, for excitement, and embarked on board the Invincible Armada, which Philip the Second was then fitting out to invade the English coasts. The Invincible Armada being thoroughly destroyed, Lope next visited Italy, spending some years in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Returning once more to Madrid, he married again, and by his second wife was soon made a happy father.

Now he was writing in earnest for the stage, poverty and himself, as he tells us, "having entered into partnership as traders in verses;" and a very large proportion of his plays were the production of this trading firm during the tranquil years of his second marriage. He lost his second wife in the year sixteen hundred and seven, some sixteen years after he had married her, and then he joined the Inquisition, and finally became a priest.

His priestly duties were numerous, but even yet he managed to find time for the theatre, and the very year that he was made a priest (sixteen hundred and nine) he wrote his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and we would rather not venture upon saying how many plays.

But we are not writing the life of Lope de Vega. We have already gone at a much greater

length than we intended into the story of his travels and adventures. One more short anecdote in illustration of the wonderful rapidity of Lope's pen, and we have done. We find it in Montalvan.

The writer for the theatre at Madrid was at one time at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was extremely anxious on the subject, so Lope and his friend Montalvan were applied to, and they agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the Saint (we beg the pardon of leading tragedians now living—the criticism is Montalvan's, not our own) more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, the second to Montalvan's. These were despatched in two days, and the third act was to be divided equally between the two authors, each doing eight leaves. Montalvan went home at night, and being well aware that he could not equal Lope in the execution, he thought (misguided Montalvan!) that he would try and beat him in the despatch of the business. For this purpose he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and managed to complete his portion of the act by eleven. Montalvan then went out—not a little proud of what he'd done, no doubt—to look for Lope. He found him in his garden, very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. What? not at work? Montalvan doubtless thought he'd got him now! He asked him how he had got on with his task, when Lope answered:

"I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast, wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden, which has not a little fatigued me."

Then, taking out the papers, he read to his collaborateur the eight leaves and the triplets, "a circumstance," Montalvan adds, "that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

Well might it have astonished him, indeed! It would have surprised us, if anything could. But then it can't—at least when it relates to Lope de Vega.

And now, out of all the astounding number of his works, how many are there that are ever heard of now? Lord Holland mentioned nine that were still played in his time. More, many more than these are read. But

yet how small a portion of the mighty whole ! | form a very much more bulky volume, before you've any right to grumble.

From the Quarterly Review.

ARCHDEACON HARE.*

How difficult it is for foreigners to understand the institutions of England ! What a mass of contradictions is involved in our constitution, in our church, in our universities ! How hard it is to discover the springs which influence the nation ! How entangled are the ramifications of law, of literature, of science ! We have all been made acquainted with this peculiarity in one vast branch through the terrible revelations of war. But it is, in fact, a part not only of "the system," as it is called, but of our character, of our situation. It is at once our curse and our blessing. Its dangers can be guarded against, its advantages may be made the most of ; but its root is deep in our very inmost being—we cannot lose it or change it without ceasing to be what we are or have been.

To no point does this apply more truly than to our literature and theology. Go to France or Germany, and no man will be at a loss to tell you where the most learned, the most enlightened men of the country are to be found. They are members of the Institute ; they are lecturers in the College of Henri IV. ; they are Professors in the Universities. Here and there they may have risen to be Ministers of State. But such a rise has been through their literary eminence ; and that eminence is illustrated, not superseded, by their new position. Every one knows where is the oracle at whose mouth he is to inquire. In England it is far otherwise. Now and then it may be that a great light in theology or history will burst forth at Oxford or Cambridge and draw all eyes to itself. But these are exceptions. Look over the roll of our literary heroes in ancient

times or in present. Engaged in the distracting labors of the school-room, serving the tables of a bank, in the back room of a public office, in the seclusion of a rustic parish, are too often planted the men who in France or Germany would have been enthroned on professorial chairs addressing themselves to the rising historians, philologists, or theologians of the age. The evil has been pointed out in the Report of the late Oxford Commission, and may, we hope, be remedied to some extent by the new one ; for an evil undoubtedly it is, that Archimedes should be without the standing-place from whence he might move the world. But there is a brighter side to this state of things which is not to be overlooked. It is a good that light should be diffused as well as concentrated ; that speculation and practice should be combined and not always isolated ; that genius should be at times forced into uncongenial channels and compelled to animate forms of life which else would be condemned to hopeless mediocrity.

We have made these remarks because we are about to enter on a remarkable instance of their applicability. If any foreigner landing in England last year had asked where he should find the man best acquainted with all modern forms of thought here or on the Continent—where he should find the most complete collection of the philosophical, theological, or historical literature of Germany—where he should find profound and exact scholarship combined with the most varied and extensive learning—what would have been the answer ? Not in Oxford—not in Cambridge—not in London. He must have turned far away from academic towns or public libraries to a secluded parish, in Sussex, and in the minister of that parish, in an archdeacon of one of the least important of English dioceses, he would have found what he sought. He would have found such an

* 1. *Archdeacon Hare's Last Charge*. 1855. 2. *Vindication of Luther against his Recent English Assailants*. Second Edition. 1855. 3. *Two Sermons preached in Herstmonceux Church on the Death of Archdeacon Hare, by the Rev. H. V. Elliott, and by the Rev. J. N. Simpson*. 1855.

one there: he would now find such an one no more. For such was Julius Hare, late Rector of Herstmonceux and Archdeacon of Lewes. There are many in humble places and in high to whom, both on public and private grounds, a brief attempt to endeavor to sketch the life and character of such a man, to fix the position which he held in his generation towards his church and country, may not be unacceptable.

Julius Charles Hare was born on the 13th of September, 1795. He was the third of four brothers, all more or less remarkable, and all united together by an unusually strong bond of fraternal affection—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus. Of these the eldest and the youngest have left no memorial behind; but the two nearest in years and nearest in character cannot be mentioned together without noticing the one as well as the other. Augustus Hare will long be remembered by all who can recall the lofty and chivalrous soul, the firm yet gentle heart, which was so well represented in his bearing and countenance. He will be long remembered by those who never knew him through the two volumes of "Sermons to a Country Congregation," which will probably be handed down to future generations as the first example of the great improvement of rural preaching in the nineteenth century—as a striking proof of the effect which a refined and cultivated mind may have in directing the devotions and lives of the most simple and ignorant populations. But he will be remembered also by the undying affection of his younger and more celebrated brother, expressed many a time and oft with a fervor and simplicity unusual in our countrymen—nowhere more strikingly than in the revised edition of the "Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers," in which they first appeared before the world.

"In truth, through the whole of this work I have been holding converse with him who was once the partner in it, as he was in all my thoughts and feelings, from the earliest dawn of both. He too is gone. But is he lost to me? Oh no! He whose heart was ever pouring forth a stream of love, the purity and inexhaustibleness of which betokened its heavenly origin, as he was ever striving to lift me above myself, is still at my side, pointing my gaze upward. Only the love which was then hidden within him has now overflowed and transfigured his whole being, and his earthly form is turned into that of an angel of light."

In his early training he owed much to his mother, a woman of great strength and beau-

ty of character, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and his aunt, Lady Jones, widow of the famous Orientalist. A large portion of his boyhood and youth were spent abroad; and to this must be in some measure ascribed the foreign tinge which appeared, as well in the simplicity and impulsiveness of his character, as in his literary predilections. "In 1811," he playfully said, "I saw the mark of Luther's ink on the walls of the castle of Wartburg; and there I first learned to throw inkstands at the Devil." This, as we shall afterwards see, expressed, in a fuller sense than that in which he had intended it, the origin of much of his future labors—the influence exercised over his mind by Germany and its great Reformer. His regular education was begun at the Charterhouse, and he there fell in with one of those golden times which at successive intervals crown the harvests of schools and colleges as well as of the natural world. The same generation of schoolboys numbered on its roll, besides his own, the names of Waddington, the accomplished Dean of Durham, and of Grote and Thirlwall, the future historians of Greece, not to mention others less known to fame, but whose strong practical abilities, or whose fresh and genial natures, long retained a hold on the respect or the affection of their fellow Carthusians.

From the Charterhouse he went to Cambridge in 1812. His academical career was terminated by his election as fellow of Trinity College in October, 1818; whither, after a short study of the legal profession, he returned in 1822, and entered on the office of Assistant Tutor of the College. In the honored succession of those who have occupied the princely chambers which open on the long green avenue of limes—the glory of the Trinity Gardens—Julius Hare will always fill a distinguished place. To the twenty years which he passed at Trinity College he owed, as he says himself, "the building up of his mind."* Not only as a teacher, but as a student, he entered with all the ardor of his mind into the philological learning in which the University of Cambridge has always been pre-eminent. There, too, he laid the foundation of that German library which has now returned once more to the walls within which it was first begun. With his friend and colleague, now Bishop of St. David's, he there made accessible in an English garb the great work of Niebuhr, than which

* Dedication of Sermons on the Victory of Faith.

perhaps no historical work has ever had such an awakening and inspiring effect on the minds of the generation to which it was offered. With the same eminent man he set on foot the "Philological Museum," which shared the usual transitory fate of such learned periodicals, but which during the period of its existence furnished more solid additions to English literature and scholarship than any other of the kind that has appeared.

But it was not from the intellectual atmosphere of Cambridge that his mind received its most lasting influences. There was the circle of his numerous and most distinguished friends. It has sometimes struck us that there was a strength and permanence in the youthful friendships of that generation which we hardly find in our own. How far more strikingly does Arnold stand out from the background of his generation by reason of the group of faithful and loving equals—equals not in character or genius, but in age and sympathy—with whom he is surrounded from first to last. So too it was with Julius Hare. Removed by distance, by occupation, perhaps by opinions, from almost all of them, he never forgot or was forgotten by them. Of Thirlwall we have already spoken, in his exquisitely polished *Essays on philology and history* giving the promise of that calm, comprehensive, imperturbable judgment which has made his *Episcopal Charges* the chief oracles of the English Church for the last ten years. Sedgwick was there, awakening, as his friend well expresses it, "an almost affectionate thankfulness"* for the delight which his genial wit and eloquent conversation afforded; yet more for the free and generous sympathy which, unchilled by time, he is still as ready as ever to pour forth. Less known, but not to be forgotten, was the author of the "Broad Stone of Honor" and of "The Ages of Faith," to that generation the chief representative of the admiration for mediæval times which has since spread so wide, and so far overshot the legitimate reaction which was then unquestionably needed in their behalf. Perhaps the one to whom he looked back with the chiefest portion of gratitude was his powerful and vigorous colleague, Dr. Whewell—now the head of that illustrious College—through whose urgency he was mainly induced to exchange a legal for an academical course, a lay for a clerical profession.

There was yet another and a more inti-

mate circle which grew up round the Tutor of Trinity—the exceeding great reward of every one sincerely engaged in the work of education, and, in the sense in which we here speak of it, the peculiar blessing of a college tutor—the circle of his pupils. Many there must be who look back with interest to the stores of knowledge which streamed forth in only too abundant profusion in that well-known lecture-room; many who cherish a grateful and affectionate reverence for the memory of him who delighted to be not only the instructor, but the friend, of those young and aspiring minds with whom he was thus brought into contact;—in whose very aspect they read a rebuke to all suggestions of evil, an enkindlement to purity and goodness. Three, however, require especial notice—three who to their connection with him would probably have gladly confessed that they owed a great portion of that cultivation which has given them a place in the literature of their country, and on whom he in return looked with a love, and in one instance at least with a reverence, which almost made one forget that the superiority of years and station, to speak of nothing more, was on his side, and not on theirs. There was the bold and generous, it may perhaps be added, the rash and eccentric, spirit of one whose story, with hardly any incidents worth recording, has had the singular fate of being told by two of the most gifted men* of his time, and who certainly left an impression on all who ever heard his converse, such as can hardly be conceived by those who only know him through the far inferior medium of his written words. There was the accomplished author of the "Notes on the Parables,"

* We allude, of course, to the two biographies of John Sterling, by Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle. Each is to be reckoned amongst the most interesting of its author's writings. It would be presumptuous to adjudicate between two such men; but we cannot forbear to express our conviction that the view given of Sterling by the Archdeacon is more correct than that given by the historian of the French Revolution. It is very probable that the former has understated the amount of Sterling's doubts in his later years. But as to the main point at issue between the two eminent biographers—the reasons of Sterling's abandonment of the clerical profession—we have no doubt that the Archdeacon was right in ascribing it to the simple cause of ill health, which Mr. Carlyle maintains to have been a mere pretext. It so happens that we had ourselves ample opportunities of observing the working of Sterling's mind at the time in question, and we are persuaded that, as his interest in his parochial work was intense, so his reluctance to abandon it was deep and unfeigned.

* *Guesses at Truth*, 1st series, 4th ed., p. 353.

who has the merit of having first recalled the course of English theology from patristic to exegetical studies, after the decline and fall of the Oxford School, and who, more than any other of Hare's pupils, imbibed from him the accurate discrimination which has produced the series of delightful little volumes on "Words," "Proverbs," and "the English Language." There was finally the noble-hearted man, who, whatever may be thought of the obscurity of his style, the insufficiency of his arguments, or the erroneousness of some of his conclusions, is perhaps the best example that this age can show of that deep prophetic fervor, of that power of apostolic sympathy which awakens not the less because it often fails to satisfy—which edifies not the less because it often fails to convince. We may not be able to go along with the vehement expressions of admiration for Mr. Maurice's works which fill the Archdeacon's pages, but we can well understand and honor the genuine enthusiasm with which he labored to bring all the world to agree with him in his estimate of his friend and pupil, and, as was afterwards the case, his near and dear kinsman.

In 1832 the family living of Herstmonceux in Sussex became vacant by the death of his uncle, and his elder brother Augustus declining to leave the scene of his happy labors at Alton, the Rectory of Herstmonceux was offered to Julius. He at once accepted the charge, though we can easily imagine the pain with which the Fellow of Trinity exchanged the studies and the society of Cambridge for the active ministration and the retired life of a country parish.

It was in the interval between the acceptance of the living and his entrance on its duties that he enjoyed a year's absence on the Continent, mostly with his friend and ardent admirer, Walter Savage Landor, whose now celebrated "Imaginary Conversations," which contain some of the most beautiful writing in the language, he had himself been mainly instrumental in introducing to the English public. In the course of this journey he first visited Rome, always an epoch in the life of any man who can think and feel, more especially to one whose Cambridge studies had necessarily drawn him into the careful study of the beginnings of Roman history, and whose love for art amounted almost to a passion. One there was, too, then living in the Capitol whose presence stirred the thoughts and warmed the heart of many an English trav-

eller, and lent an additional charm even to the glory of the Seven Hills and the treasures of the Vatican. It was the beginning of his life-long intimacy with Bunsen; an intimacy confirmed and cemented when in after years the Prussian Minister took up his residence in the parish of the friend, whose name stands prominent on the roll of those with which the elaborate work on Hippolytus and his Age is connected by its illustrious author.

One curious incident is worth recording, which marked his stay at Rome. Whilst there he preached a sermon in the English chapel—treating of some of the feelings with which travellers ought to be animated—on the characteristic text, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." We will give the anecdote in his own words:—

"From the subject* it came home to the hearts of a part of the congregation, and in compliance with their wishes I endeavored to obtain the consent of the Papal censor to its publication at Rome, having received a hint that that consent would not be withheld. For I had been misunderstood—as was natural enough—in the passage where I termed Rome this *faithful* city, and had been supposed to have called it this *faithful* city; whereupon, while some of my Protestant hearers were offended by the expression, rumor was busy in reporting that a sermon had been preached at the English chapel speaking very favorably of Romanism. . . . The *imprimatur* which I applied for was not refused; but proceedings at Rome are so dilatory, that months passed by, and I came away before it was obtained. Perhaps the delay was a civil substitute for a refusal."

He returned from Rome in the spring of 1834, bringing with him many costly works of art to adorn his new home. One of these, a Madonna of Raphael, which he bought at Florence, in a characteristic excess of enthusiastic tenderness he insisted on carrying in his own hands over the long ascent of S. Gothard.

And now he settled in the sphere of duty from which he never afterwards moved, and in which was afterwards associated with him the beloved and honored partner of his later years, sister of his friend and pupil Frederick Maurice. Let us pause for a moment on a scene which became so much a part of himself and of his writings, that for all who knew him during the last twenty years of his life the recollections of Herstmonceux

* Preface to "Victory of Faith," p. xii.

and of Julius Hare were almost inseparable.

On the edge of the long sweep of high land which encloses the marsh of Pevensey Level stretches the parish of Herstmonceux,* so called from the "weald," "forest," or "*hurst*" of Anderida, which once covered the hills of Kent and Sussex, and from the Norman family of Monceaux, who first appear as the owners of the property. The church stands at the extremity of the parish, on an eminence immediately overlooking the flat plain on whose shore the Conqueror landed, with the bright line of sea and the bluff promontory of Beachey Head in the distance. Immediately beneath the church are the ruins of Herstmonceux Castle, commonly said to be the oldest brick building in England, since the time of the Romans; the ancient seat of the Fiennesses, Dacres, and Naylor, from whom, in the reign of Anne, it passed by marriage into the hands of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, well known as Chaplain of the great Duke of Marlborough, and ranked by his contemporaries on a level with Bentley for his critical sagacity and learning. The Castle was dismantled by the bishop's descendants; in the last generation the property was sold; and the only connection which the Hare family retained with the place was the benefice, which still remained in their gift. The Rectory stood far removed from church, and castle, and village; and in its tranquil retreat Hare's remaining years were spent. Of all peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar even amongst English parsonages was the Rectory of Herstmonceux! The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dining-room, but passage, and antechamber, and bedrooms were overrun with the ever-advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than 12,000 volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw

any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality; none in which there were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical and philological; but of later years the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German literature. No work, no pamphlet of any note in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they formed themselves in natural and harmonious groups round what already existed, so as to give to the library both the appearance and reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what perhaps was yet more remarkable was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruits or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung the noble pictures which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art; they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the house and household, so unlike to the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

In this home,—now hard at work with his myriad volumes around him at his student's desk,—now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk overlooking the distant Level with its shifting lights and shades,—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness which to the bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later

* Every particular respecting the history of Herstmonceux has been carefully collected in a valuable paper in the *Sussex Archaeological Collection*, vol. iv. pp. 126–208, by Mr. Venables, for several years curate of Archdeacon Hare. It embodies many interesting and minute remarks of the Archdeacon himself.

years of his life, were hardly ever out of his hands. Many, too, were the friends of his boyhood, and youth, and manhood, who were gathered under that hospitable roof; many the scholars old and young who knew that they should find in that copious storehouse knowledge which they would vainly seek elsewhere on British ground; many and long were the evening hours in which he would read aloud, after his wont, the choicest treasures of prose or poetry, truth or fiction, from the most ancient or the most modern sources of English literature.

We have dwelt on this aspect of his life, because we believe it to have been the most unlike to any other which could be named amongst his contemporaries,—because it has now passed away beyond recall. But it would be to overlook a very curious, as well as most important and instructive, part of his career, if we were to forget to ask how this shrine of learning rose and flourished on what might have seemed the uncongenial soil of the Weald of Sussex—how the Cambridge scholar was united with the country pastor—what benefit the white-frocked peasants or the neighboring clergy reaped from the appearance of a character or a home amongst them which could hardly have been more unlike all around it had it been transplanted from another hemisphere. Those of our readers who have turned over the pages of the very interesting volume lately published on the reorganization of the Civil Service, will remember the clever, though not altogether conclusive, objection urged against the proposed reforms by the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department.*—

"It may be instructive as well as amusing to inquire what would be the effect were my two immortal friends [Grote and Macaulay] to descend from the clouds, and assume for a few days the humble disguise of Home Office clerks. I very much fear the public would not discover the change. The more exact knowledge of the composition of the Spartan "Mora," or the Macedonian phalanx, would not peep out in a letter fixing the permanent staff of a regiment of militia; the eloquence of the great historian of our constitutional liberties would not be recognized in a letter pointing out to a county magistrate that he had strained the provisions of the Vagrant Act. The gods would return to Olympus undetected, leaving no *θεόστυτος ὄδυς* behind."

May we venture to ask the same question

* Papers relating to the Reorganization of the Civil Service, p. 391.

as to another of Mr. Waddington's former schoolfellows? would he, too, have returned undetected to his Cambridge Olympus, had the University thought fit to recall the most learned of her sons to occupy his fitting place amongst her professors? or was there, even in these distant wilds, a sense of worth and power which they would else have never known?

An active parish priest, in the proper sense of the word, he never was; not so much, perhaps, by reason of his literary pursuits as of his desultory habits. Constant, regular, vigilant ministrations to the poor, were not his wont, perhaps they were not his call. Nor can he be said as a general rule to have accommodated his preaching to his parishioners. Compared with the short and homely addresses of his brother Augustus to the poor of Alton, his long and elaborate discourses will hardly hold their place as models of parochial exhortation, even to more enlightened congregations than those of Herstmonceux. But it would be a great mistake to measure his influence on his parish, or his interest in it, by these indications. Coming to Herstmonceux as he did—to the scene of his only years—remembered as a child by the old inhabitants—honored as the representative of a family long known amongst them—he was from the first bound to them, and they to him, by a link which years always rivet with a strength of which both parties are often unconscious till it is rent asunder. His own knowledge of their history, of their abodes, of their characters, perhaps in great measure from the same cause, was very remarkable; and although his visits to them might be comparatively few, yet theirs to the rectory were constant, the more so because they were always sure to receive a ready welcome. Whatever might be the work in which he was employed, he at once laid it aside at the call of the humblest parishioner, to advise, console, listen, assist. There was that, too, in his manner, in his words, in his voice and countenance, which could not fail to impress even the dullest with a sense of truth, of determination, of uprightness—yet more, with a sense of deep religious feeling, of abhorrence of sin, of love of goodness, of humble dependence on God. Such a feeling transpired in his ordinary conversation with them; it transpired still more in the deep devotion with which he went through the various services of the church. "If you have never heard Julius Hare read the Communion service," was the expression of one who had

been much struck, as indeed all were, by his mode of reading this especial portion of the Liturgy, "you do not know what the words of that service contain." And in his sermons, needlessly long and provokingly inappropriate as they sometimes were, there were from time to time passages so beautiful in themselves, so congenial to the time and place, that Herstmonceux may well be proud, as it may well be thankful, to have its name, its scenery, its people associated with thoughts and with language so just and so noble. Who is there that ever has seen the old church of Herstmonceux, with its yew-tree and churchyard and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial forever in the touching allusions to the death of Phillis Hoad,* to the grave of Lina Deimling,† to the ancient church on the hill-top? Who that ever heard or read the striking introduction of the stories of Hooker's death, and of the warning of St. Philip Neri, in the sermons on the "Chariots of God,"‡ and on the "Close of the Year," will not feel the power and life given to the pastor of the humblest flock by his command of the varied treasures of things new and old, instead of the commonplaces which fill up so many vacant pages of the sermons of an ordinary preacher. Not seldom, thus, a passage of Scripture or an event of sacred history was explained and brought home to the apprehensions of his most unlettered hearers, when it seemed to those who listened as if the windows of heaven were opened for a flood of light to come down; and when the purest and most practical lessons of morality were educed with surprising force and attractiveness.

It was impossible but that Herstmonceux Rectory should have become the centre of the surrounding clergy. The influence which was gradually fostered by the mere fact of his presence amongst them received its legitimate sphere when, in 1840, he was appointed by Bishop Otter to the Archdeaconry of Lewes. This office he discharged with remarkable zeal and success. He entered upon it at a time when the archidiaconal office was just assuming new importance; and his interest in its functions was evidently enhanced by the circumstance that his colleague at Chichester was no less a person than Archdeacon Manning, for whom, amidst many differences of opinion and principle, he felt, and continued to feel, the warmest admira-

tion, and maintained a close intercourse up to the moment when they were parted by his colleague's secession to the Church of Rome. With a remarkable want of regularity and punctuality in his general habits, he combined an extraordinary precision and method in dealing with letters and papers, and hence the business that naturally might have seemed uncongenial to his tastes was more easily surmounted than might have been expected, and his presence was sensibly felt throughout the portion of the diocese placed under his superintendence. But the most tangible, certainly the most permanent, result of the Archdeaconry was to be seen in his Charges. It is not too much to say that these addresses occupied, with the single exception of the Charges of his distinguished friend the Bishop of St. David's, the first place in this field of ecclesiastical literature. Amongst the Charges of his Archidiaconal brethren there were none to be named with them for the public interest they almost invariably attracted. They labored indeed under the defects inseparable partly from his own style, partly from the circumstance that, including under their undefined range all subjects, from the pewing of a church up to the war with Russia, they were marked by a certain incongruity of composition amounting almost to grotesqueness. And for his audience, we can quite imagine that their inordinate length may at times have been calculated to produce the effect which we once heard ascribed to them by the good-humored wit of one of our most eminent prelates,—“If I had been one of his clergy, and been *charged* in that way, I should have been like a gun—I should have *gone off*.” But with all these drawbacks there was in his delivery and his style a kindling fire, a trumpet-call, which few could hear or read without emotion: there was in his arguments an accuracy of research, a calmness of judgment, a clearness of statement, which made them the best resource for any one who wished to know the rights and wrongs, the lights and shades, of the leading practical questions of the day. Take any of the topics which have been the nucleus of the most embittered and entangled controversies,—the marriage of a deceased wife's sister—Maynooth—the management clauses of the Privy Council—and the best answer to any questions you may have to ask concerning them will be found in the Charges of the late Archdeacon of Lewes. They for the most part turn on merely temporary questions, but the principles and the spirit in which he discusses them are eternal.

* *Parish Sermons*, vol. i. p. 459.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 460.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 488; vol. ii. p. 497.

They relate chiefly, as addresses of this nature must relate, to the externals rather than the essentials of religion; but no one was more aware of this than himself, or more carefully guarded against any misconception that might arise from it. In this respect the last words of his last Charge—the more touching from its evidently unfinished state—may well stand as his parting interpretation of this whole phase of his life.

"It may be deemed by some that I have been attaching too much moment to the outward means for extending the kingdom of God. These are, indeed, the means of which I am especially called upon to speak on the present occasion. But if I were to suppose that the kingdom of God would come upon us in its power, as a consequence of the revival of Convocation, I should be under as gross a delusion as those who are looking out for its coming, to the last new interpretation of the Book of Daniel, or of the Apocalypse, to what is going on at Constantinople, or on the Nile, or on the Euphrates. To both these modes of idolatry, to the idolatry of outward means, and to the idolatry of outward signs, the complete answer is contained in those divine words—*the kingdom of God is within you*. Then alone will outward signs and outward means have any power. O let us ever pray that that kingdom may thus come to each of us individually, and, through the mutual help and labor of each, to the whole Church."—*Last Charge*, pp. 23, 24.

It may have been inferred from what we have said that we should regard, and that he himself regarded, his proper sphere to have been neither in the labors of a parish nor yet in the management of an Archdeaconry, but in the guidance of the more ardent spirits, of the more cultivated minds, which he had once known, and which he always delighted again to meet within the walls of his own University. This sphere was not granted to him; but on two occasions he was enabled to show how deeply he valued the opportunity of recurring to it—how powerful the effect occasioned by even the temporary appearance of such a man in the Academic world. Those who were present at Cambridge in the winter of 1839, and the spring of 1840, will remember the strange apparition—as one might almost call it—of the Select Preacher of those two periods in St. Mary's pulpit. It was many years since he had stood in that place. A tradition floated in the undergraduate world, that on the last time when he had appeared there the sermon had rolled on its seemingly interminable length far beyond the usual limit of Academic afternoon discourses, and, what was more important, far beyond the time allotted

to the early dinner hour of the great College, celebrated for its rivalry with that to which the preacher belonged. Whether from ancient feud, or sheer weariness of spirit, or the natural pangs of hunger, the numerous members of this community are said to have manifested their impatience by the most unseemly and unequivocal signs, and the sermon on "the Children of Light" (it was afterwards published at the request of the members of Trinity College) was closed amidst the audible scrapings and shufflings of a multitude of invisible feet on all sides of the eloquent preacher. Very different was the scene during the delivery of the two noble courses of sermons on "the Victory of Faith" and on "the Mission of the Comforter." No doubt in the interval Academic prejudice had been abated—Academic roughness softened. But there had been a change in the preacher also: the long sonorous sentences were the same, and the vast range over the concentric spheres of philosophy and religion, but there was an earnestness of purpose—a breadth and depth of feeling—which seemed to fill the stream of his discourse with a new and irresistible impulse; and as he stood before the vast congregation—listening in breathless silence to his impassioned appeal—his eyes glistening, his voice deepening with the increasing vehemence of his emotion, it seemed, indeed, as it had been a prophet amongst them.

These sermons, perhaps, formed the culminating point of his fame. He never again appeared in so public a position before the world. But he took an energetic part in all the ecclesiastical questions of the day, until disabled by the repeated attacks of an internal disorder, which, amidst much pain and suffering patiently and cheerfully borne, brought with it the greatest of all trials to an active mind, the incapacity of sustained application and work. Alleviated as it was by the constant care and skill of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who took a more than professional interest in his patient's recovery, yet year by year the effort of writing and exertion became greater; and for months he was altogether prevented from taking any active share in parochial duty. In the autumn of 1854 he delivered with difficulty his last Charge to the clergy of his Archdeaconry, and on the 20th of January, 1855, he expired at Herstmonceux Rectory, in the arms of her who for the last ten years had cast a steady sunshine over his life. One sign, eminently characteristic, broke the all but

entire unconsciousness of his last hours. When asked to change his position, he answered nothing, but, pointing with his finger as he spoke, said, "Upwards, upwards."*

On the 30th of January his remains were conveyed to their resting-place in Herstmonceux churchyard. From the rectory to the church the body was borne at the head of a mournful procession, increased as it wound along through its three miles' course, by the successive troops of parishioners and clergy who joined it at the several stages of its progress. It was a clear bright day, in the midst of the unusually cheerless and dreary winter of that period, so dark with public disaster and distress; and the features of the wide landscape of plain, and sea, and distant promontory, stood out in the sunshine as the mournful band were gathered around the aged yew-tree, on the verge of the rising ground beside the ancient church. Beneath that yew-tree was the humble cross which marked the grave of his brother Marcus. The two elder of that fourfold band slept far away beyond the sea—Francis at Palermo, Augustus in the Roman cemetery beside the Pyramid of Cestius, hallowed by so many dear and illustrious recollections of the English dead. And now the last of the four brothers was laid in the dust; and as the mourners stood round, many a heart must have been struck with the melancholy thought that the last link of a long familiar story was in him broken and buried.

But it was not only the revered pastor of a country parish, or the last member of a remarkable family, that was there interred. Round the grave might be seen clergy of many different shades of religious belief from far and near, who were there to pay their tribute of affection and respect to one whose very differences brought out his union of heart and feeling with them. And not those only who were present, but many in various classes and stages of life, when they heard that Archdeacon Hare was no more, felt that they had lost a friend, an instructor, a guide.

Let us ask what this loss has been? What place was filled in his generation by him whose voice we shall now hear no more amongst us? What he has done which may remain? What he has left for us to do?

To use the somewhat antiquated language

* For a detailed account of his last moments, and for many just remarks on his character, we refer to the interesting sermons by two who knew him well, the title of which we have prefixed to this article.

of the last century, Archdeacon Hare's career might be described as that of an eminent scholar and divine. It is true that the words as applied to him convey an erroneous impression. The two spheres in him were so closely fused together, and both were so truly the expression of the entire man within, that it is difficult to consider them apart. Still for convenience sake we may do so, moving gradually from the outward to the inward as our story leads us on. The scholarship of Julius Hare was of the kind which penetrated the whole frame of his mind. Like all English scholarship, it was built up on a classical basis, and the effect of this, enlarged as it was by the widest view of the ancient writers, never left him. Greece and Rome were always present to his mind; and when he endeavored to arouse the clergy of Sussex to their duties by the strains of Alcæus, it was only one instance out of many in which his deep delight in classical antiquity found its vent in the common occasions of life. To the older school of English elegant scholarship he hardly belonged, but in a profound and philosophical knowledge of the learned languages he was probably second to none even in the brilliant age of his Cambridge contemporaries; and he was one of the first examples that England has seen not merely of a scholar but of a "philologist," of one who studied language not by isolated rules but by general laws.

This precision of scholarship showed itself in a form which is perhaps, to many, one of the chief associations connected with his name. Almost any one who has ever heard of Archdeacon Hare's writings has heard of his strange spelling. Every one knows that his sermons were not "preached," like those of ordinary mortals, but "preacht;" that his books were not "published," but "publisht." It is but due to his memory to remind our readers that it was not, as most people imagine, an arbitrary fancy, but a deliberate conviction founded on undoubted facts in the English language, which dictated his deviation from ordinary practice. His own statement of his principle is contained in a valuable and interesting essay on the subject in the Philological Museum; and it was maintained, in the first instance, not only by himself but by his two illustrious colleagues at Cambridge. But Bishop Thirlwall openly abandoned it in his *History of Greece*, and has never recurred to it; and Dr. Whewell has confined it to his occasional efforts in verse. It was characteristic of the man that Hare alone persevered to the end; and whe-

ther it were a hymn-book for his parish church or a monumental tablet, a German novel or a grave discourse on the highest matters of Church and State, he would never abandon what he considered the true standard of correct scholarship, or countenance the anomalies of the popular practice. We may justly smile at the excess to which this pertinacity was carried; but it was an index of that unwearied diligence, of that conscientious stickling for truth, which honorably distinguished him amongst his contemporaries; it was an index also, we may fairly allow, of that curious disregard for congruity which, more than any other single cause, marred his usefulness in life.

The scholarship of Archdeacon Hare was remarkable for its combination with his general learning. Learning as an acquisition is not perhaps uncommon; but as an available possession it is a very rare gift. It is easy to accumulate knowledge; but it is not easy to digest, to master, to reproduce it. This, however, was certainly accomplished in the case of Archdeacon Hare; and when we think with regret of the giants of learning in former days, or of the superficial literature of our own, we may console ourselves by the reflection that we have had one at least amongst us who was sure to have consulted all the oracles, dead or living, within his reach, on any subject on which he ventured to speak. And this was the more remarkable from the width of his range. At the time when he first appeared as a scholar, he and his companion Thirlwall were probably the only Englishmen thoroughly well versed in the literature of Germany; and this preëminence, even in spite of the ever-increasing knowledge of that country in England, he retained to the last. His acquaintance with German literature extended to its minutest details; indeed, his earliest publications were translations of some of the German romances of La Motte Fauqué and Tieck; and many who have never read any of his graver works have reason to be grateful to him for the delightful garb in which he first introduced to them "Sintram" and the "little Master." But it was especially in theology that this branch of his learning made itself felt. One other name for a time was more prominently known as the English student and champion of German divinity: "Pusey's Answer" to Mr. Rose's attack on German Rationalism, though now almost forgotten in the greater celebrity of its author's subsequent writings, must always be regarded as the first note of cordial saluta-

tion interchanged between the theologians of England and Germany. The Hebrew Professor has since drifted so far away from the position which he then maintained that he has long since ceased to be identified with the country to which he owes so much; and though his lectures still, it is believed, breathe the atmosphere of his original studies at Bonn and Halle, his published writings for the most part point only to the more ordinary sphere of Patristic or Anglican theology. Not so the Archdeacon of Lewes. Whatever he wrote or thought was colored through and through with German research and German speculation. Schleiermacher and Nitzsch, Daub and Lücke, were as familiar in his mouth as Tillotson or Secker, Mant or D'Oyly. He quoted them without apology; he used them without reserve. You could no more be ignorant of their presence in his writings than of their books in his library. Whatever may be the effect of German theology in England, whether it be good or evil, great or small, there is no other single individual who has so largely contributed to this result as Julius Hare. To a great extent the German language, especially the language of German theologians, will always be to us a dead language—a tongue in which the learned will converse with each other, but not a medium of popular communication. This is, in some respects, a great convenience. There are always subjects in which it is impossible for the mind of a whole nation, or of two whole nations, to be simultaneously on the same level; and in such matters a separate language is the best means of intercourse between those who are really able to form a judgment on the questions at issue. For this reason, we confess that we can never look with much hope or favor on mere translations of German works on theology or philosophy. It is next to impossible that they should convey to the uneducated Englishman the impression which they received from the German author. Often, indeed, the mere fact of translation renders them utterly unintelligible.* The real interpreters of German thought are those

* We select nearly at random a sentence, from an English version, of a book obscure indeed even in the original language, but yet containing much valuable thought, and certainly nothing like the thick darkness of the following remarks (Nitzsch's *System of Christian Doctrine*, § 103):—"Christian ponology is divided into two leading sections—that of sin, or the bad participating in guilt; and that of death, or the bad which has participated in the same. Sin and death are here understood in an extensive sense."

who, receiving it themselves, and understanding by experience its strength and its weakness, are able to reproduce it in an English garb, or rather to develop and animate English literature by the contact.

This was eminently the work of Archdeacon Hare; for, though so deeply versed in foreign learning, he yet never lost the feeling or the position of an English gentleman and an English clergyman. No one of his time was less of a copyist. Few minds of his time were more thoroughly native and original. The influences of modern Germany were powerful upon him; and in his letter to the editor of the "English Review," in reply to a calumnious attack upon him contained in that journal, he has himself described with admirable discrimination the effect they have had, or ought to have, on this generation. But it was a loftier and broader position on which he took his stand. His academical youth had been cast in a time when the finer spirits of both Universities were opening to the thaw which broke up the frost of the last century. It was at Oxford the age of the Oriel school—of that volcanic eruption which left as its two permanent traces on the history of this generation the names of Arnold and of Newman. It was at Cambridge the age when in a higher and wider sphere, though with less direct and tangible effects, there was the same yearning after a better union between religion and philosophy—between things human and things sacred. One potent spirit swayed in this direction the mind of Cambridge, which at Oxford was hardly known.—"To the honored memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge . . . Who, through dark and winding paths of speculation, was led to the light, In order that others, by his guidance, might reach that light Without passing through the darkness"—Julius Hare dedicated in after years his chief work, as "one of the many pupils Who had by his writings been helped to discern The sacred concord and unity Of human and divine truth."* "At the sweet sounds of that musical voice," as he beautifully expresses it elsewhere,† those who listened seemed to "feel their souls teem and burst as beneath the breath of spring, while the life-giving words of the poet philosopher flowed over them." We do not here profess to unravel the strange contradictions of Coleridge's mind and character. We do not forget the mournful obliquity which in all

the homelier relations of life seem to have distorted his moral vision. Yet, in Cambridge at least, these words hardly overrate the importance of his influence. Of this combining, transforming, uniting tendency, Hare was undoubtedly the chief representative; and the more so because it fell in with a peculiarly congenial disposition; and it was the most strikingly and instructively displayed in him, from the fact that his profession and station were ecclesiastical. The clergy in the middle ages, as is well known, represented all the better knowledge of their time. In England, even after the Reformation, literature and theology were not entirely divorced. But they gradually drifted away from each other. Puritan austerity on one side, and indolent narrowmindedness on the other, seem to have forbidden a clergyman, unless perhaps for the sake of editing a Greek play or a Grammarian, to step or even to look beyond the set circle of ecclesiastical learning. It was as breaking through these conventional barriers—as bringing a large, free, and genial nature into this limited range—that Julius Hare, both by precept and example, rendered such good service to the Church of England. The great writers of antiquity, the poets and philosophers of modern times, soldiers and sailors and statesmen, in the world of men, had a charm and an authority for him as genuine and as powerful as in his profession is often felt only for fathers and schoolmen among the dead, only for bishops and pastors among the living. Nor should it be forgotten that his delight in these and like auxiliaries to the cause of religion was mainly because they brought him into contact with fact and truth. Perhaps (if we may for the moment make a comparison to render our meaning intelligible), in mere copiousness of illustration, a page of Jeremy Taylor abounds with more allusions than in any theologian of our time to the various writers of the world. Yet, without disparagement of the exuberant powers of that great divine, it is clear that these references in his hands were mere flowers of rhetoric—that he had no care for the anecdotes which he repeated or the persons whom he cited, except so far as they decorated the triumphal procession of his stately argument. And such on a lesser scale have been many displays of theological learning in later times. But Archdeacon Hare—though it may seem almost paradoxical to say so of one whose fancy was so rich, and whose affections were so powerful—rigidly adhered to such fact and detail as

* Dedication of the "Mission of the Comforter."

† "Guesses at Truth," 1st series, 3d ed., p. 245.

he had verified and appreciated for himself. He did not, it is true, follow out to their consequences many of the investigations or arguments on which he entered; but still, so far as he went, it was for positive and exact truth that he sought and contended. In this respect there is a wholesome atmosphere pervading the whole region of his writings, that more than any direct doctrine or theory has had a natural tendency to elevate the minds of his contemporaries. "When I turn," so he writes, in speaking of Arnold, "from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day to one of his volumes, there is a feeling, as it were, of the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick room, or in the fumigated vapors of an Italian church.* The same in its measure, and in a somewhat different application, may be said of himself. To pass from common clerical society, however able and instructive, to Herstmonceux Rectory, was passing into a house where every window was fearlessly opened to receive air and light and sound from the outer world, even though for the moment unwelcome, dazzling, startling. "Children," he says, in one of his apophthegms, "always turn to the light: O that grown-up men would do likewise!"

With such influences at work, and with such a mind to be affected, he was no sooner placed in a post of practical authority and activity, than he found himself in a position, peculiar, but most useful. He was able, in a time when the panic of Germany mounted almost to monomania in many excellent persons, to prove in his own person that a man might be deeply versed in German theology without being an infidel. He was able also, in an age of vehement party warfare, to take an active and beneficial share in all ecclesiastical movements without being a partisan. No party or sect of the church could claim him as exclusively their own. His separation from some, his agreement with others, of the leading members of each, would really disqualify him from representing any of them. Yet he did not therefore hold aloof from joint action. He did not feel, as at some periods of his life Arnold felt, that he had no man like-minded with him; that his hand was against every one and every one's hand against him. On the contrary, few men of his time worked more harmoniously with his brethren, and received more sympathy from

them. In his advocacy of Convocation he fought side by side with the almost proverbial impersonation of the ancient High Church school, the late Dr. Spry. His strenuous opposition to the modern High Church never deterred him from lending the whole weight of his support to Mr. Woodard's college and school at Shoreham and Hurstpierpoint. With equal energy he strove against the intolerance of the partisans of Dr. Pusey and of the partisans of Mr. Gorham; and yet he won the almost affectionate respect of men of all these various shades of opinion. One journal, indeed, long continued to assail him with the bitter personal rancor which gives it an unhappy notoriety even amongst the party organs of this country, and delighted to denounce him as "puffed up with crude and undigested knowledge," as "only to be acquitted of the crimes of treason and perjury at the expense of his judgment and of his sense," as one "whose spiritual state is painfully hazardous.* But this was almost the only exception; and theologians may think themselves happy if they can carry with them to the grave as much respectful and grateful sympathy as fell to the lot of Archdeacon Hare.

What then were the special qualities and views which won this admiration? And, first, let us observe that it was not in his case an abstinence from attack on his opponents. It was, indeed, a remarkable circumstance that, with a heart so kindly and a sympathy so comprehensive, he combined an eagerness for polemics more like the old controversialists of the age of Salmasius or of Jerome than of divines in modern times. The attack on Sir William Hamilton, in the notes to the "Mission of the Comforter," and on Dr. Newman, in his "Contest with Rome," are amongst the most vehement both in thought and expression that the literature of this generation can furnish. Neither was it any peculiar attractiveness of style. To the popular reader it was too abstract and elaborate; to the critical reader it was disfigured by violations of taste almost unaccountable in one who had so just an appreciation both of the excellences and defects of the language of others, whether in prose or poetry. There are, indeed, passages, such as the catalogue of the Christian heroes of faith,† where the

* See Remarks on the "Record" Newspaper, 1849, p. 9, 10. The only other exception is that already alluded to in a periodical, usually of a moderate and respectable tone, which has since become extinct.

† "Victory of Faith," p. 192-199.

* Preface to Arnold's third volume of the "History of Rome," p. xii.

sustained and elaborate energy with which he supports the greatness of the subject rises into a solemn and dignified eloquence: there are others to which his personal feeling lends an exquisite pathos. But on the other hand, there is hardly a page in which we do not meet some quaint comparison, some novel turn of expression, which not only offends the eye and ear, but actually diverts the attention from the main argument in which the blemish occurs. Neither was it the establishment of any one great truth, or the victory of any one great cause, such as extort admiration even from the unwilling, and homage even from the dissentient. Hooker has won for himself his high place by the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" Butler by the "Analogy;" Wilberforce by his share in the abolition of the Slave Trade; Arnold by his work in public education. No such task fell to the lot of Julius Hare. His writings are all more or less fragmentary. His most complete work is in the form of "Guesses;" his most elaborate treatises are "Notes" to other works. To some of these very works "Notes" were promised which never appeared. No special object which he pursued has been carried; no public cause in which he took especial interest will be identified with his name.

But in spite of these drawbacks to the completeness of his career, there were charms which have secured for him, we firmly believe, not only a place in the affections of his contemporaries, but in the interest of posterity. What he was will always be greater than what he did. Even in the comparative failure of his labors there is something so much more edifying than most men's successes, that we shall be doing a good work by dwelling on the image of the whole man whilst it is still fresh in the memory of those who knew him—whilst it still lends to his writings a unity which apart from him they would be in danger of losing.

First, there was a simplicity of purpose and of style which gave to all his writings the charm of a personal presence—of a living communication. He wrote as he talked: he wrote, if one may thus apply Archbishop Whately's celebrated test of good preaching, "not because he had to say something, but because he had something to say." It was no style put on and off for the occasion, but the man himself who was addressing you. There needs no portrait, no biography of the writer, to tell you what he was like. As long as the works of Julius Hare survive, he will live with them. The book is the author.

"The curtain" (as the Greek painter said), "the curtain is the picture."

Secondly, whatever might be the eccentricity of his mind in detail, he was one of the few writers, certainly one of the few theologians, of this age who, in his practical judgment of men and things, could lay claim to the name of "wisdom." "The wisdom which is from above is first pure, then peaceable; gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." These are the words which are inscribed by pious gratitude on his gravestone. In some points they jar against the roughnesses of his natural temperament, as must always be the case in applications of abstract truth to individual characters. But in some points they are strikingly appropriate, and the general effect well harmonizes with the purity and peace and genuineness of his teaching. Take his less elaborate judgments on books, on men, on things, as they are given in the delightful "Guesses at Truth," which, though nominally by the two brothers, were almost entirely the work of the younger; and certainly, for the justness of their criticisms, for the breadth and fearlessness of their views, often for the pregnant wit and good sense of their aphorisms, may almost take their place beside the "Remains of Coleridge."* Or pass to his more deliberate treatment of general truths. We have already spoken of the Charges. But what we have said of the more immediately practical questions there discussed is true also of the more permanent and universal topics which fill his other writings. Where, for example, shall we find so just and full an award dealt out to the Fathers, or again to the German theologians, or again to Mr. Carlyle, as in the Notes to the "Mission of the Comforter"? There has probably been a stage in the life of every thoughtful student of the present generation in which his mind has been warped by an excessive leaning, or, what is equally dangerous, an excessive antipathy, to one or other of the tendencies there represented. Let such an one read these "Notes," and he will find words of counsel the most appropriate, the most cheering, the most salutary, because they are words which in great measure are the response, yet not the mere echo,

* We cannot but suggest how great an advantage would be conferred on the readers of future editions of these volumes, if something in the way of an index or table of contents could be constructed to serve as a clue through what is else an all but inextricable labyrinth.

to his own feelings. Or again, where, in ancient times or in modern, has the true contrast between unity and uniformity—the value of the one, the worthlessness of the other—been so beautifully set forth as in the dedication of his sermon on Unity to Archdeacon Manning? Or (to pass to a far less pleasing subject), where amongst modern controversies has “the Contest with Rome” been more ably sustained than in the polemical notes which, under that title, attack some of the main positions of Dr. Newman, not the less powerfully, or the less unanswerably, because they are often disfigured by a harshness of tone and a roughness of expression, which perhaps strike us the more from their contrast with the exquisite grace and polish of the style of his antagonist.

There is yet one class of Archdeacon Hare's works which we have not noticed, but which are perhaps the most peculiar and characteristic of all. It is not the first time that the chief celebrity of a scholar or divine has rested on his vindication of some illustrious person, dead or living. But probably no one ever published so many or so various. He used to say playfully that he should one day collect them all in one volume, under the title of “*Vindiciæ Harianæ*,” or the “Hare with many Friends.” They were, in fact, the natural outbursts of two of the most powerful springs of his nature—his warm and generous sympathy and his strong sense of justice. Most of these chivalrous encounters were, no doubt, to be largely ascribed to the former cause. Any attack on Luther, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Coleridge, would have called forth his sword from its scabbard under much less provocation than was actually given in the respective cases. Indeed, in some of these instances we almost wonder at the amount of energy and learning spent against charges which hardly seemed sufficient, either in quality or quantity, to need any refutation at all. And in each of these cases it is impossible not to perceive the glowing tinge given to all his statements by the depth and warmth of his personal affection and reverence. But even when the object of attack was his dearest friend, it was an outraged sense not so much of private partiality as of public justice that fired the train; and in one remarkable instance he came forward on behalf of an entire stranger. The great Hampden controversy, which seven years ago threatened to shake the Church of England to its centre, has, like many similar dangers, been long laid to sleep, and we may be quite sure will never now be revived either

by its victim or his assailants. But, if any like tempest should again sweep over the ecclesiastical atmosphere, we cannot imagine a more salutary lesson for the future agitators than to read Archdeacon Hare's Letter to the Dean of Chichester on Dr. Hampden's appointment to the see of Hertford. It was at the time of special importance, as tending, more than any other single cause, to allay the panic occasioned by that act, and was as such gratefully recognized by the Minister who had selected the obnoxious Professor for the vacant bishopric. But it was still more instructive for the sight which it afforded of a noble and disinterested endeavor to defend one whom he had never seen, whom he knew only through his writings, whom he had no cause—either before or after he had thus stood forward in his defence—to regard with any personal predilections. Most instructive of all is it for the example of calm and dispassionate mastery of the subject; the more so for the contrast—now from the distance of years even yet more evident than when near at hand—with the partisanship, in too many instances, of those whom he was called to oppose.

For the reasons we have mentioned the Vindication of Dr. Hampden is perhaps entitled to the first place amongst these labors (not of love) but of justice. But the one on which its author's fame will chiefly rest is the well-known Vindication of Luther, first published in a Note to the “Mission of the Comforter,” and now reprinted in a separate and enlarged form. It was receiving his final corrections when death cut short his labors, and the annotations which he would have added are now only indicated by the headings and names which serve, as the editor well expresses it, to “show with what care he arranged his materials, and how many authorities he thought it his duty to consult, before he ventured to make any assertions respecting the character of men or the facts of history.” It may thus be regarded as his latest literary work, and, in truth, there is none which so well represents his whole mind—none perhaps which he would himself have so delighted to leave as his last bequest to the world. “I am bound,” he used to say, “to defend one to whom I owe so much.” It is true that in this, as in others of his Vindications, we cannot feel satisfied that he has always hit the main point of the objectors; we cannot avoid the conviction that, whilst he is in possession of every single outwork, the citadel of the argument often remains unconquered. For example,

after all that he has said, there will still be left an impression that Luther's conception of faith, when expressed in its dogmatical form, was either something very different from that portrayed so beautifully in "The Victory of Faith," or else that it was not so distinctively or exclusively his own as to entitle him to the eulogies heaped upon him as its champion. But, on the other hand, we think that no one can read Archdeacon Hare's Vindication without feeling that it is an important step gained in the right understanding and in the favorable understanding of Luther's character. The unparalleled knowledge displayed of the Reformer's writings is not only most valuable as a mine of reference, but is in itself a testimony to the greatness of the man who could inspire, at the distance of three centuries, such a vast, such an enthusiastic research. The numerous explanations of expressions long misunderstood, and of falsehoods long believed, are amongst the most decisive triumphs of literary investigation that we have ever seen. No one can again quote against Luther that he called the Epistle of St. James an epistle of straw, or that he tossed the Book of Esther into the Elbe. No one can now give to the celebrated advice, "*Esto peccator et pecca fortiter*," the terrible meaning ascribed to it by those who a few years ago regarded it as one of their most formidable weapons against the Lutheran doctrine. And above all, the breadth and energy of Luther's genius, the depth and warmth of his heart, and the grandeur of his position and character, amidst whatever inconsistencies or imperfections of expression, are brought out with a force and clearness which must often be as new to his admirers as to his detractors.

We have said that this may be considered his last bequest to the literary world; but we feel sure that amongst the letters and manuscript sketches which he has left behind, enough remains to form a more complete picture of what he was than is contained even in the expressive writings which we have been considering—much more than can be contained in the scanty outline which we have attempted in these pages. His childlike outbursts of affection, devotion, and faith; his burning admiration of good wherever seen; his indignant scorn and hatred of evil, noble even when misplaced or exaggerated; his entire freedom from all the littlenesses of vanity, or ambition, or self-seeking, which so often vex and haunt the path of authors and ecclesiastics—these are gifts bestowed by Providence with a sparing hand.

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Let us make the most of what remains of them; let us not suffer the image of them lightly to vanish out of our recollection.

"When we see men like Archdeacon Hare cut off before their time"—so writes an able observer* of our ecclesiastical world—"it is a natural superstition which tempts us to look upon their removal as a sign of coming judgment, and an evil omen for the Church which they adorned." But let us take a more cheering view. Let the example of such a career rather fill us with thankfulness that there is at least one church in Christendom where such a career could be run as in its natural field—which gives scope for such a union of fervent piety with refined culture and masculine learning. His course has been well compared by one who knew him well to that of a noble ship, with her sails wide spread, filled by every gale which blew. Where, we may ask, would so many influences have been combined to propel the bark onwards as in the church and country where his lot was actually cast? Let us remember also that the divisions of which we are always complaining as fatal to the peace, if not the existence, of the Church, did but serve in his case to bring out more clearly his power of overlooking and overruling them to the common good. Happily in the present lull of ecclesiastical controversy—hushed as it always will be hushed in the presence of the really great events on which human happiness and misery depend—his voice may be heard more readily than at times when it would be more needed. But if the theological factions of a few months or years past should again revive, there would be no "truer remedy for the evils of the age" than if we could hear more and more appeals to the two contending parties in the spirit of that which in such a time of agitation, in the spring of 1850, was addressed by Archdeacon Hare to his brethren:—

"With both sides I feel that I have many bonds of common faith and love and duty: with both of them I heartily desire to work together in the service of our common Master. With each of the two parties, on sundry points I differ in opinion more or less widely: but why should this cut me off from them? or why should it cut them off from me? May we not hold fast to that whereon we are agreed, and join hand to hand and heart to heart on that sure, unshakable ground, which cannot slip from under us, and wait until God shall reveal to us what we now see dimly and darkly? Shall the oak say to the elm, *Depart from me—thou hast no place in God's forest*—

* Conybeare's *Essays on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects*, p. 144.

thou shalt not breathe His air, or drink in His sunshine? Or shall the ash say to the birch, Avaunt! thou art not worthy to stand by my side—cast thyself down and crawl away, and hide thyself in some outlandish thicket? O my brethren! the spring is just about to clothe all the trees of the forest in their bright, fresh leaves, which will shine and sparkle rejoicingly and thankfully in the sun and rain. Shall it not also clothe our hearts anew in bright hopeful garments of faith and love, diverse

*in form, in hue, in texture, but blending together into a beautiful, harmonious unity beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness? . . . O, if we would let one gleam of His Divine Love descend upon us, if we would open our hearts to receive it, and would let it glow and kindle there, we should cease from quarrelling with our brethren; we should cease from scowling at them; we should feel that our highest privilege, our most precious blessing, is to be one with them through Him and in Him.**

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

It is the fate of every discovery to meet, *first*, with a flat denial of its truth; *secondly*, with a flat denial of its novelty. Science, insulted by the appearance of the Intruder, who declares that he has been overlooked, contemptuously asserts that he has been overlooked because he is an impostor. No sooner does he make good his claim to recognition, than Erudition straightway turns to its cobweb-covered folios, and points out how the sages of old were perfectly well acquainted with his existence, and that the modern patron, pluming himself on a discovery, has arrayed himself in stolen feathers.

Both these injustices have occasioned much heart-burning and sarcasm, yet both lie in the very nature of things. Science must contradict whatever contradicts it. Erudition must discover that every new idea has been anticipated; for, in truth, new ideas, especially when they are eminently rational or intensely absurd, are necessarily connected with speculations which have been elaborated before. Nature does not proceed *per saltum*, neither does philosophy. Every discovery is prepared. Every advance is an advance on what was before attained. There is filiation of ideas. We must not, therefore, recklessly assume that malice, envy, and all uncharitableness, are the only motives prompting men to rob the discoverer of his merit, by bestowing it on some earlier discoverer. The fact that each discovery is

prepared, suffices to vindicate Erudition, by furnishing it with what seems to be evidence; *seems* to be, but is not.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood is, perhaps, the greatest discovery of modern times in the science of life, and it will furnish us with a curious text from which to enforce the moral just laid down. It is a discovery fruitful in consequences, striking in its history, and in its history very little known: three reasons for our narrating the story in detail. To narrate it, we shall call upon the aid of M. Flourens, who has recently published a volume on the subject,* and who declares in his preface that the history had never been correctly written before he undertook it. From this, and other sources, we hope to tell the story in a style intelligible to the most unscientific reader.

The first question that occurs to the modern mind is, how the fact of circulation could so long have escaped detection? We are so familiarized with the fact, that we cannot appreciate the difficulty of its discovery. We know that, when first announced, it was received with violent opposition; we know that Harvey himself declared he could find no adherent among men over forty; we know that contemporary anatomists ridiculed and "refuted" him; but this is all incomprehensible to us, because our minds are familiarized with the truth, and not familiarized with the theories which *masked* the truth from anatomists. To tell the story of

* "True Remedy for the Evils of the Age," pp. 95-96.

* *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang.* Paris. 1854.

this great discovery will be to clear up such points, and show wherein lay Harvey's real merit. For it is a story, the episodes of which extend over seventeen centuries—from Galen to Harvey—and which could not have terminated earlier, nor indeed so soon, had not a regular series of discoveries prepared the way. In that long course we note the regular displacement of a series of errors by a series of truths; not until this substitution had taken place could Harvey, or any one else, have demonstrated what is now so familiar to all.

Three capital errors masked the truth, and they were these: 1. That the arteries contained *air*, not blood (hence their name, *αἷρ, τήρῳ*). 2. That the septum which divides the two chambers of the heart (called ventricles) was perforated. 3. That the veins carried the blood to the various parts of the body, instead of carrying it *from* the parts.

It will seem strange that matters of fact so easily observed as the two first above mentioned should have escaped the observation of anatomists, and that errors so gross should have been maintained against opposition even for a day. But the history of science is full of such singularities. A fact is not so easily recognized as men usually suppose; for facts are looked at through the colored spectacles of the mind, named *opinions*. In Galen's time it was maintained that the air penetrated through the trachea into the arteries, which is both true and false; true as a matter of fact, false as a description of the process. The air does *not* pass from the trachea into the venous artery (or pulmonary artery as we call it), from thence to the left ventricle, and thence into the arteries; the air has *not* a system of canals appropriated to it, as the veins are appropriated to the blood, but mingles with the blood. The first step towards a true theory was taken when Galen showed that the arteries did contain blood, and did not contain air. This step may seem easy, but was not. "If," said his antagonists, "the arteries do not carry the air, how is the air carried to all parts of the body?" Galen was forced to reply: "It does not pass at all, it is respired, and thrown out again as soon as it has performed its office." What, then, is its office? The reader will smile, perhaps, when he hears the answer: "The office of the air is to *cool the blood*."

Here we see the effect of colored spectacles. Erasistratos and his school maintaining the theory that air passed *en masse* into every part of the body, distending the arter-

ies, and causing the pulse to beat; Galen and his school maintaining that the heart was the centre of animal heat (a doctrine only displaced by modern chemistry), the two schools had to reconcile observed fact with their theories. Moderns have overturned both theories, by proving that respiration, instead of cooling the blood (as even Haller taught), is the main source of animal heat; but to the ancients such an idea would have been the wildest of absurdities.

Galen proves the arteries to contain blood as well as the veins. Here was the first step taken. But he thought that the septum of the ventricles was perforated, he said that it was so: he saw it through his colored spectacles. His theory *wanted* the fact, and his theory *saw* the fact. Not an uncommon case.

But Galen distinguished between the two kinds of blood, venous and arterial, or *spirituous*. This spirituous blood, he said, nourished the delicate organs, such as the lungs; the venous blood nourished the coarser organs, such as the liver. The spirituous element is formed only in the left ventricle, but inasmuch as even the venous blood needs some of this spirit for purposes of nutrition, it is necessary that the two bloods should mingle, and this necessity it is which proves the ventricles to communicate by means of openings. Thus, because theoretical necessities demanded a perforated septum, Galen unhesitatingly declared the septum to be perforated; and because Galen said it was perforated, all the anatomists, till Vesalius, devoutly repeated it.* Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy, among his many novelties and audacities, boldly declared Galen to be wrong; and thus was the second capital error overthrown.

We now approach the third error. It is a far more complex question than the two preceding. The unity of the circulating current and the difference of the two circulating fluids are to be demonstrated. But if the two fluids do not mingle in the heart, where do they mingle? Curiously enough, the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation—that is to say of the next great step taken towards a solution of the whole problem—is none other than Michael Servetus, whom Calvin roasted for heresies of another kind; and this discovery is recorded in a work where few anatomists would think of seeking for it, a work indeed which, having been persecuted with a rigor not less than that pur-

* De Carpi naïvely says the perforations are visible only with great difficulty—*cum maxima difficultate videntur*. How he must have strained his eyes through his spectacles!

suings its author, has long been among the rarest of bibliopolio rarities: the *Christianismi Restitutio*.^{*} Servetus not only describes with accuracy the passage of the blood from one chamber of the heart through the lungs to the other chamber; he also describes the lungs as the real seat of sanguification, i. e. the change from venous to arterial blood. Galen and his successors placed the seat of sanguification in the liver.

Servetus was burned; his book was burned; no one was the better for his discovery, for no one could read it. Six years afterwards, however, Padua—which has so many great anatomical names to boast of, Vezalius, Colombo, Fallopius, Fabrice d'Acquapendente, and Harvey—gloried in a professor, Realdo Colombo, who in his own way arrived at the same conclusion as Servetus;† and Cesalpinus, the great botanist, not only made the same discovery, but for the first time pronounced the word *circulation*.‡

The pulmonary circulation thus discovered, there now remained the greater difficulty, which was to discover what is now called the *general* circulation. No one had the slightest conception of it. Every one supposed the veins carried the blood to the tissues. Galen made the brain the origin of all the nerves, the heart the origin of all the arteries, and the liver the origin of all the veins.

These veins were said to carry the blood to the various parts; an error which the daily practice of blood-letting ought to have destroyed, for daily must the surgeon have seen that the vein swelled *below* the ligature, and not *above* it; thereby proving that the current must be towards the heart, not from it. But blood-letting preached in vain; no one observed the fact; that is to say, no one detected its significance. Cesalpinus was the first, and previous to Harvey the only, man who observed it, and recognized some of its significance: "Quia tument venæ ultra vinculum non citrà. Debuisset autem opposito modo contingere, si motus sanguinis et spiritus à visceribus fit in totum corpus."

It is to Cesalpinus that some historians award the merit of having first suggested the idea of the two circulations—pulmonary and systemic. De Blainville goes so far as to say, "La circulation était en grande partie connue de Césalpin bien qu'il ne l'eut pas

démontrée;"* and he adds, that the reason why Haller and others have denied this is, because they never thought of seeking it in his work *On Plants*. We pause to remark with some surprise, that an anatomist of the rank of De Blainville should for a moment attach any value to an *aperçu* which he confesses "had not been demonstrated;" and having made this remark, we will give the passage as we find it in De Blainville: "Césalpin y dit, liv. I. ch. ii., 'Car dans les animaux nous voyons l'aliment conduit par les veines au cœur comme à l'officine de la chaleur innée, et ayant acquis là sa dernière perfection, être, par les artères distribué dans tout le corps sous l'action de l'esprit, qui est engendré dans le cœur du même aliment.'" This is leagues away from the truth; and we may say of it, with Professor Bérard, that no one ought to confound two such propositions, which require demonstration, and which the author himself subsequently contradicts, with the imposing mass of evidence on which Harvey founds his doctrine.† Nay, the Professor goes further. He maintains that so far from any one before Harvey having had a clear idea of the true theory, no one even accurately conceived the theory of pulmonary circulation. Servetus, Colombo, Cesalpinus, knew the communications which existed between the artery and the pulmonary veins, and that the blood passed by the right cavities to the left cavities. But this was only an approximation to the truth. They made no more blood pass this way than was required for the *confection des esprits vitaux*. Their predecessors thought that this small quantity passed through the perforated septum of the heart; they made it pass through the lungs. That was all. They had not the slightest idea of the torrent of blood which traverses the artery and pulmonary veins; and if they had had the idea, they would have been at a loss to say whence it came and whither it went. It was necessary to discover the entire current of circulation before the circulation of any part could be known. This just criticism suggests how cautious we should be in treating of opinions held by old writers, and not to *read into* them what we ourselves understand by certain phrases.

The true explanation was still distant—unsuspected. One anatomical discovery suddenly brought it nearer. Fabrice d'Acquapendente, in 1574, discovered that the veins

* M. Flourens gives copious extracts from this curious treatise.

† *De Re Anatomica*, p. 325 of the edition of 1572.

‡ *Question. Peripatet.*, lib. v. p. 125, edit. of 1593. Flourens gives the passage.

* *Histoire des Sciences de l'Organisation*, fl. p. 227.

† *Cours de Physiologie*, III. p. 581.

had valves. He saw that they were turned towards the heart. It may seem strange that Fabrice should not have seen in this discovery the anatomical proof of circulation; for if the valves prevent the blood coming from the heart, and allow it to pass to the heart, the old doctrine of the veins being the carriers of blood to the tissues is upset. Fabrice saw the fact; the significance of the fact was seen by Harvey, and by him alone.*

And now the final step was to be taken; a man of genius came to put an end to these arduous and fluctuating tentatives, and to reveal the mystery which for seventeen centuries had baffled the wisest. In 1619, William Harvey publicly taught the doctrine which, with slight modifications, has been taught ever since; and in 1628 he published his treatise, *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*, which forms the basis of modern physiology. The history of previous attempts, and the exposition of the state of the doctrine when Harvey appeared, give a profounder impression of the magnitude of his discovery and the genius it required, although they enable us to trace how that discovery was prepared; they show what was the confluence of ideas which made the discovery possible then, and they show the force of mind needed before advantage could be taken of such confluence: they give to the Hour and to the Man respective shares. A little earlier the discovery would have been impossible; a little later it would assuredly have been made by some one else. Before the valves in the veins had been discovered, the idea of circulation would always have been rejected as absurd; but the importance of these valves would not have been perceived, had not the old error of a perforated septum been removed; and thus we remount from Harvey to Acquapendente, from Acquapendente to Cesalpinus, Colombo and Servetus, from them to Vesalius, from Vesalius to Galen—so many landmarks on the long and weary way—so many ancestors in the parentage of a great idea.

M. Flourens, whose admiration for Harvey is unstinted, says that when Harvey appeared, *tout avait été indiqué ou soupçonné; rien n'était établi*. We think this less than

* M. Flourens examines at some length the claim of Paolo Sarpi to the discovery made by Harvey, and decides that there is absolutely no evidence in favor of Sarpi. To what he has said we may add the testimony of George Ent-Harvey's friend, who declares the Venetian ambassador at London witnessed Harvey's demonstration, and told Sarpi of it.

the truth. We think it can be shown in the clearest manner that no one had the slightest conception of the circulation, not even as a possible process. And yet we have shown how the discovery was prepared; we have shown that Harvey appeared at a certain juncture and confluence of time when the discovery became possible. That the idea was startling in its novelty, and would excite boundless opposition, Harvey knew: "Adeo iis nova erunt et inaudita," he says, "ut non solum ex invidia querundam metuum malum mihi, sed vereor ne habeam inimicos omnes homines, tantum consuetudo aut semel inhibita doctrina, altisque defixa radicibus, quasi altera natura apud omnes valet, et antiquitatis veneranda opinio cogit."* One proof will suffice. The last step which was taken before Harvey was taken by Harvey's master, Acquapendente. In discovering the venous valves he discovered the mechanism which permitted circulation. But we have seen that he failed to perceive its true bearing; he said, indeed, that the purpose of the valves was to prevent the accumulation of blood in the lower parts of the body! Nay, more: this discovery was made in 1574; forty-five years elapsed before its real significance was appreciated, and during these five-and-forty years all that was known, all that was suspected touching the circulation of the blood, was known to every anatomist in Padua, if not in Europe; and it was in Padua Harvey studied. It is clear, then, that Harvey discovered what was new, what was unsuspected; and any attempt to rob him of that glory must be silenced by a decisive verdict.

A natural question arises: how did the ancients conceive the movement of the blood to take place, if circulation was an idea of which they had no suspicion? The answer is: they believed the blood to oscillate to and fro in the veins, with a sort of flux and reflux like the ebb and flow of the tides. The discovery of a *circulus*—that all the blood flowed from the heart through the arteries, and returned back again to the heart through the veins—changed the whole aspect of physiology. Harvey left, however, much to be done by successors, in filling up the outline he conceived. He knew nothing, for instance, of the capillaries, those minute, delicate vessels which form the termination of arteries and the commencement of veins—channels by which arterial blood is conveyed into the veins. He knew that the blood did pass

* *Exercitatio*, p. 80.

from artery to vein, but knew not whether it passed through the direct union of the two vessels in anastomosis, or through the porosities of the flesh, *aut porositates carnis et partium solidarum pervias sanguini*. The microscope had not then revealed the capillaries—which we call hair-like vessels, although hairs are thick as cables in comparison with vessels invisible to the naked eye. They were not seen till 1688, by Leeuwenhoek.

The opposition with which Harvey's discovery was met, has become a stereotyped theme of declamation, but it is less generally known that Harvey himself opposed to the last the important discoveries of the lacteals and lymphatics, vessels which are absolutely necessary to complete his own theory; a fact which helps us to understand the opposition raised by scientific men to discoveries they have not made, and to doctrines they have not been taught. G. H. L.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.*

WHILE M. Alexander Dumas was enjoying the triumphs of his experimental venture in dramatic art, in the success of "Christine" and "Henri III.," M. de Cassagnac was at school at Toulouse, and there, with prodigious interest, followed with his mind's eye the movements of this new literary emprise, which crossed and defied the prepossessions of France's youth, and the traditions of her hoary eld. He likens it to a torrent in its swift and sweeping power, and himself as sitting, like Virgil's shepherd-swain, on the banks of the tumultuous waters, watching, as they whirled and eddied adown the stream, now a Delille, now a Parny—here a La Harpe, there a J. B. Rousseau,—anon a St. Lambert, and next a Voltaire. "I was not," he tells us, "sufficiently acquainted with the great masters to understand that the new ideas, which were thus ringing out the works of the eighteenth century, would at the same time ring in those of the seventeenth. When I saw Voltaire falling, I had my fears for Corneille; and I set myself to study this new literature, so imperious and so aggressive, just as one studies the plague." The results of that study have been given to the world in various articles, more than sufficiently damaging to Racine and his school, and offensive to their partisans, who have cried Havoc! at sight of their foeman's ravages, and let slip their dogs of war.

This kind of sport he rather enjoys than otherwise. He has plenty of self-assurance, has M. Granier de Cassagnac, and is not to be put pown by baying and barking extraordinary. He only charges his piece with paradoxes of heavier metal, and fires with an air of more telling execution. Really, he is sorry to disturb the temper and the afternoon-of-life repose of France's conservative critics, her very worthy and approved good masters, all correct, classical and conventional, by his innovating notions and juvenile extravagances; but he is conscientious, and they must bear with him; he can argue as well as assert; he can unfold a series of reasons, as well as move a series of resolutions; he only begs them to govern their temper, and to answer him if they can. "They have passed the age," says he, "at which men study and discuss; and I am at that when truth is the object of pursuit; they are taking their rest, and I am working, that in due time I may take my rest also. I am doing what they are no longer doing, but what once they too have done; they have found, and I am yet seeking." Elsewhere he says, "The studies I put forth on Racine are not designed to depreciate the classical to the gain of the romantic school; they are but the result of a very free but very sincere, a very decided but equally conscientious examination of an entire class of works, upon which the received judgment was passed under the Regency, that is to say, at an epoch when literary taste in France

* Œuvres littéraires de Granier de Cassagnac: "Portraits littéraires." Paris: Lecou.

was of the falsest kind; they express the opinion of a serious writer upon poems which everybody admires and nobody reads." How comes it, is he asked, that where others affirm, he denies? that where they subscribe, he protests? Does he believe himself wiser, better instructed, more reasonable, than every one else? "Certainly not. Only, there needs not to have better eyes than another, simply to see what he is not looking at." His judicial opponents he considers disqualified for judicial authority, by this very sort of judicial blindness. The age makes a great fuss about being original, and independent, and not taking things on trust; but nothing, in his opinion, is so common as a blind assent to vulgar creeds, be they even the vulgarest of vulgar errors.

The columns of the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*, to say nothing of the small arms of a score of "petits journaux," opened fire on M. de Cassagnac, for his treasonable attempt on Racine. It was no less than *lèse-majesté*, his audacious assault on the person of King John. And, by-the-bye, a capital point in the capital crime was, the calling his majesty by his Christian name, John. M. de Cassagnac called John over the coals, as coolly as a Russell-square cit would his John, for sins of omission at the dinner-table, or of commission in the cellar. M. de Cassagnac accused John of bad grammar, bad rhymes, and other bad qualities; and if he did not tell John he ought to have known better, why, he told John's worshippers that they ought. Great was the wrath excited by this piece of familiarity. But even this wrath M. de Cassagnac turned against his assailants, to his own advantage and their confusion. "Many persons," quoth he, "have discovered a culpable degree of disrespect in the name of *Jean*, given by me to Racine. Let me be allowed to answer, that I am not nearly so disrespectful as my fault-finders are ignorant. It was Voltaire who, in a prodigious fit of reckless admiration, gave Racine the name of *Jean*. I have only repeated the word, taking care to underline it, to imply that it was a quotation."

But does M. de Cassagnac actually disavow all homage to King John? Does he recognize no merit in the literary dynasty of the eighteenth century? Has he no good word to say for such authors as Fontenelle, and the elder Crébillon, and Marmontel, and La Harpe—no enjoyment in reading the prose of Fénelon, the poetry of Voltaire? On the contrary, he conjures his readers at starting to take his word of honor that he is

no Attila, intent on wasting and devastating his country's literature; that he never regarded Racine as a *polisson*—quite the reverse; and that he sees in the French literature of the seventeenth century one of the finest spectacles that can possibly delight an intelligent mind. "Bossuet seems to me a man of distinguished taste; Corneille I have always considered the author *aux plus nobles allures* in our language; there are few things I prefer to the style of Madame de Sevigné; and much sooner would I have written one scene of the 'Fourberies de Scapin,' or some thirty lines of the 'Femmes savantes,' than have won the battle of Arbela or that of Marathon." "I read," he adds, "as often as ever I can, the prose and verse of Molière, and I read at no time and on no account a single hemistich of M. Casimir Delavigne, or a single couplet of M. Beranger." *Voilà* his profession of faith.

Nevertheless, Racine is sadly mauled by him, first and last. Racine is argued to have been behind his age in science and thought. His "Athalie," for a century pronounced in journal and playbill "chef d'œuvre inimitable," is subjected to a jealous scrutiny; in setting about which, M. de Cassagnac prays the public—however strange, bold and rash it may seem in him to cross a national panegyric so constant and unanimous—to believe, notwithstanding, that while he thus sets himself to oppose it, without a moment's hesitation, he does so from no personal vanity, but from staunch literary convictions. The faults he finds with "Athalie" are not drawn from the violation of certain rules, imposed by the criticism of a later school; he accepts the piece on the principles of its own type of art; he is not offended by Racine's employment of nurses, confidants, and palaces open at all hours to all comers; nor does he censure in "Athalie" anything which, either in the material fabric of the drama, or the agency of its *personæ*, or the historical data of its action, might transgress the rules at present regnant in dramatic art. But he does complain that, in the first place the *scenario* of this tragedy is conceived and arranged with such an entire absence of all reflection, that the performance of the piece, taken literally, is a thing impossible—the *locale* of the first four acts being irreconcilable with that of the fifth. "The serious oversights with which Racine is chargeable, in respect to the Temple at Jerusalem, are not the less strange, when we reflect that the author of a professedly Biblical tragedy ought to have been a reader of the Bible,

where the Temple is as accurately described as in the plans of an architect." Then, as to his personages: it is observable how frequently the word "priest" (*prêtre*) recurs in "Athalie:"—well; with Racine this word priest just signifies *curé*—in accordance with the spirit in which he turns the Jewish temple into a kind of Christian church, *Mathan* into a verger, and *Joas* into a boy-chorister. But it is on the ground of style that an examination of "Athalie" must be placed, in order to be just; and upon this ground, therefore, M. de Cassagnac enters at length and in detail. With regard to style, Racine, he observes, belongs to a school of which he is not the chief, for it begins with Christine de Pisan in prose, and with Malherbe in verse; a school which, speaking generally, is formed on the study and imitation of the ancients, and, among the ancients, of the Romans rather than the Greeks, and, among the Romans again, of the rhetoricians and pleaders rather than the writers of simplicity and strength. "Strange! that although Racine habitually copies the Greeks, he always Latinizes in his style. The simplicity of the Attic iambus charms him less than the composed gravity of the Latin hexameter." Now, when Racine's style is at its best, there is no denying to it, our critic owns, a very noble and imposing effect; marked by no great energy, indeed, for it is too diffuse and long-drawn-out for that—nor, again, very highly colored—but by a beautiful harmony and balancing of phrase. But when that style is of so-so execution, it is really, he objects, "something particularly detestable." The weakened woof breaks asunder under the stress of burdensome epithets; the idea, lost in the labyrinth of words, can hardly ever reach the termination of the phrase; and the harmony of the verse is merely an insufferable dangle of idle terms, parasitical hemistiches, and bad rhymes. And so we get "slab for plenty, plethora for fulness, and tinsel for splendor." Such, in the main, contends M. de Cassagnac, is the verse of "Athalie:" with the exception of some fine tirades, it is a lamentable heap of useless epithets and broken metaphors. "It is the style of Voltaire anticipated; for we may call the tragedies of Voltaire a completed and enlarged edition of the faults of Racine." The choruses, so universally and uninquiringly admired, are an "inconceivable lumber of vulgar and hollow expressions," such as no birth-day ode manufacturer of to-day would put his name to. Above all, Racine is convicted of sins against—grammar! "Racine, one of the creators

of the French language, can he have made mistakes in French? Alas! yes, beyond a doubt, as facts will show. However, we shall distinguish between cases where it is the language itself which has changed, and those where Racine has absolutely violated the unchangeable rules of grammar." For example, the following couplet contains an offence against the grammar of all times:

Avec la même ardeur qu'ELLE voulut jadis
Perdre en vous le dernier des enfants de son fils.

Or this line:

Armez-vous d'un courage et d'une foi NOUVELLE—

where we ought to read, "d'un courage et d'une foi *nouveaux*." Such a sexual license, again, as the next line ventures to take, would be allowed, says our critic, neither by Vaugelas, nor by Despautère, nor by Lhomond—

Tantôt à son aspect je l'ai vu [Athalie] s'évanouir.

To those who accuse M. de Cassagnac of a restless obtrusion of paradox and novelty, in thus confronting the time-honored verdict of France on its favorite poet, he answers by the way, that after all he is giving expression less to his own judgment than to that of the seventeenth century entire. For, as most people are aware, when this same "Athalie" was first acted, in 1691, it was unanimously pronounced a mediocre production, by no means "up to" the reputation of its author. "And yet, among its judges were names which are still accepted as authorities; these were men like Labruyère, La Fontaine, Boileau, and women like Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon, without reckoning all the court of Versailles, a very world of men of wit and taste, and without reckoning Louis XIV., that great writer in an age of great writers, as may be seen from his correspondence on the subject of the succession of Charles II." So that, if "Athalie" *has* subsequently been lauded to the skies, and if La Harpe *has* cancelled the decree of Madame de Sévigné, the question turns on a choice between authorities; and M. de Cassagnac declines to consider his offence as a hanging matter, when he can hale in, as *particeps criminis*, every big wig, male or female, which diffused ambrosial glories throughout the palmy state of France.

In one of his essays, M. de Cassagnac

avows that he would not think of writing them at all, if he had only to repeat and confirm current opinions. Accordingly, in all of them he is more or less a polemic. He grounds his very right to be heard on the fact that he has something to say which clashes with what is commonly received. Writing about the Abbé Lecordaire, he propounds and defends the highest of high church theories—to the logical as well as practical annihilation of “civil power.” Writing about the Fêtes of July, he satirizes, as our Drummond might do, the attempt to give them a religious character—observing that “Sabaoth means God of battles, not God of émeutes.” Writing about what he considers a vulgar error, the identity of the human heart, the eternity of the moral sense, &c., he brings all his ingenuity and his reading to bear on the other side. When he writes about Paris, therefore, you may be sure he will not flatter, and wheedle, and fawn. There are plenty to do that. He adopts another tone. He comments on the fact, that when the government is not to the taste of the Parisians, they change it outright, and France has to put up with their new choice; and he records, with “affliction,” the historical truth, that the city of Paris, which thus overrides the French nationality, has never shown a very fervid degree of patriotism; reminding her that, in the reign of Charles VI., she called in the English, and opened her gates to them; that in 1814, she opened her gates to the Russians, much to the astoundment of the emperor, who had said, on terminating his prodigious French campaign, that a city of 800,000 inhabitants was not to be entered in its own despite; that, in 1815, she opened her gates to the Prussians; and that future chroniclers will tell how Paris has expelled the Bourbons, and restored them, by turns. Paris, he adds, has never but once sustained a siege; and that was when she held out against Henry IV., and with the Spaniard for her ally. Paris has only put to death one king; but then Paris has put to death nearly ten *prévôts*; which prove at least how impartial she is in her rage and fury. And indeed the rage of Paris is, says M. de Cassagnac, something very Homeric and thunderous. *Émeutes* are an endemic at Paris, just as the plague is at Cairo: you must not be surprised when you hear in the air the periodical roll of faubourg thunder; it is usually about the month of June or July that the malady breaks out, and it commonly lasts three days. Things have been

going on in this way these thousand years past.

He revolts at the haughty contempt displayed by the public journals of Paris towards the rest of France. They talk, he complains, of the provinces, much as the Athenians used to talk of Bœotia. They give to ministerial intrigues an infinite superiority over the interests of agriculture, popular education, and provincial progress. A great country is managed without resistance, and, in order to be the more easily managed, is corrupted, by a city rife with “turbulent instincts,” with “atheistic tendencies,”—a city teeming with thieves and prostitutes,—a city “choked up with a population without parallel in the world, having more than one bastard to its every three inhabitants, while one-fifth of its denizens is born in the hospital, and the half dies there.” Great, M. de Cassagnac assures the Parisians, is his love for Paris. But then, let them know, he loves far more the simple champaigns fertilized by Adour, and guarded by the cloud-capt Pyrenees. There wit and badinage may be scarcer than at Paris; but, on the other hand, God and home are a little more respected. With alarm, therefore, he observes the inroads made day after day by the poison of the capital on the constitution of the provinces, and in a protesting apostrophe upbraids the seducer: “Most imprudent are thou, O Paris, as well as ungrateful, to poison the springs from which thou drinkest! Whence come to thee those orators, whence those poets, of whom thou art so proud, but from the provinces at which thou gibest? Nothing which thou hast is thine own—nothing, be it the lofty or the vile, thy artists or thy prostitutes; both alike come to thee from afar, impelled by genius and by wretchedness: and of the latter thou pollutest the bodies, of the former the souls.” So one of her journalists reproaches the capital apostrophized by one of our poets as—

Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange;
 Young beauty, superannuated flirt;
 True to one love alone, and that one Change;
 Glittering, yet grim; half diamonds and half dirt:
 Thou model of—two ruffles and no shirt!
 Thy court, thy kingdom, and thy life, a game;
 Worn out with age, and yet by time unhurt;
 Light without lustre, glory without fame,
 Earth's darkest picture, set in Earth's most gilded frame.

M. de Cassagnac, it is seen, then, is no favorer of the Progress-at-any-price Party. Again

and again he has his fling at the revolutions and revolutionists of his native land, at democracy and demagogues, mobs and mobocrats. Promptly he fastens on the saying of Lamennais, that whatever law is without the concurrence of the people, and does not emanate from the people, is null and void : a saying which, he contends, being interpreted, has this signification,—that for six thousand years the world has had none but monstrous laws, since there never has existed in the world a single country where the people, as M. de Lamennais understands that term, have directly concurred in the establishment of the laws,—and that the moral law and the law of religion are each a nullity, since they do not emanate from the people. The liberty of the press is among the things he takes the liberty to satirize. Count up on your fingers, he says, the great things effected by the liberty of the press ; it won't take you long : after all, the liberty of the press can only mean the

liberty to say all that is within our knowledge ; now, if we know nothing, we must either hold our tongues, or talk rubbish,—and *that*, the latter alternative, is just what France has been doing for the last fifty years. He proclaims himself one of the faithful in faithless times, amid unbelievers innumerable a believer. "There is one thing," he observes, "that of itself and everywhere condemns all so-called *liberal* ideas, and it is, that they are essentially irreligious, that is to say, essentially immoral, for morality is inseparable from religion." M. de Cassagnac's logic, as well as his rhetoric, is sometimes more sweeping than steadfast, more showy than sound. But he is well worth reading, by those at least who desire freshness and freedom of thought and style, who are weary of routine in humdrum criticism, and can put up with a deal of pugnacity and paradox if only for the novelty and amusement of the thing.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CURIOSITIES OF INSTINCT.

In that tract of time which lies between the ages of fable and the epoch when the blended civilization of Rome and Greece assumed its most gorgeous aspect, in all antiquity, the sciences which rest on the observation of positive facts made no progress. We cannot say they did not exist. One man opened the inquiry, but in this line of philosophy that solitary individual had no disciples. Aristotle, the philosopher we allude to, perused with attention the habits of brutes, and recorded them with care, and classed them in accordance with the laws of a rude comparative physiology. But he had no followers in this path. The sciences of which he laid the basis, and of which he foresaw the results, were stifled by the swarming luxuriance of fable. In lieu of observations, the most incredible and preposterous romances were massed together in the pages, for instance, of *Ælian*, *Ctesias*, and even *Pliny* himself, philosophers who seem to have swallowed the grossest figments

without a twinge of fastidiousness. It is perfectly amazing, and we can only account for it by supposing in those ages writing was so rare and costly an accomplishment, that individuals who could use the pen deemed it unbecoming to use their eyes. If the theologians of pagan antiquity were poets, as Bacon observes, their naturalists were even worse. Animals that crowded about their steps, and which they could not move their eyes without seeing, are the heroes of the most extravagant legends. The whole world is metamorphosed by superstition. Truth is ignominiously swept out, and dreams substituted for reality. Writers stride forward from prodigy to prodigy, with the arrogance and self-esteem of authors who scorn to be observers. In the presence of brute instinct, man—the king of the creation—abdicates his reason, in order to endow the meanest animals with this prerogative. Nothing is more strange. When every being in existence is metamorphosed,

he next proceeds industriously to invent a world of impossible beings, and his childish credulity greedily believes in all that his own teeming fancy invents. Finally, Polytheism attributes prescience to brutes—the power of ascertaining and indicating futurity; and, by way of climax to this pile of absurdities, sublimates them into deities. It is, we think, worthy of inquiry, why the inferior animals should be thus *humanized* at once by superstition, and poetry, and philosophy.

According to the doctrine of the metempsychosis—introduced into Greece by Pythagoras and Timæus—the brute animals are human beings in an altered form. In their new shape, they preserve a recollection of their former condition. They were believed by some philosophers to possess three souls—the sensitive, rational, and vegetative soul—corresponding to what, in recent times, has been termed intellectual, organic, and animal life. A book was written by Plutarch, to prove that animals possess reason, inasmuch as the operations of our boasted understanding are more liable to error than the mysterious operations of instinct. Poets, and even philosophers, regarded them as our earliest teachers of the useful arts. At an early period (according to Pope)—

“To man the voice of nature spake :—
Go! from the creatures thy instruction take ;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield—

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field.
Thy arts of building from the bee receive :
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
* * * *

Learn each small people's genius—policies—
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees :
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy, without confusion, know.
And these forever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.”

A grasshopper, instructed by the melodious teachings of the nightingale, carried off the prize in the Pythian games. The chargers of the Sybarites were famous for pleasing manners and accomplishments. They particularly surpassed in dancing; and on one occasion, when the battle-trumpet sounded a charge, and all the Sybarite cavalry were advancing at the signal, the Crotonian enemy suddenly struck up a reel, or jig, or dancing tune, whereupon the Sybarite chargers, mistaking a battle for a ball, began to foot it fealty to the measure, and capered,

and pranced, and tramped, so as to disorder the ranks, and through love of pleasure, forfeited victory.

Narratives and statements such as these frequently occur in the writings of the ancients, who tell them with the grave air of satisfied and undoubting credulity. Indeed they saw no reason to doubt them, when their philosophers, whose names were symbolical of wisdom, recognized men in brutes, in birds, and even in insects; and when beasts were assimilated in intellect to men, we cannot be surprised if animals employed human language; that is, when reason dwelt in the mind, we can readily suppose it spoken by the tongue. The narratives of the fabulists are only dramatic versions of universally accredited traditions. That Æsop's fox should converse with the stork, or that a philosophic discussion should beguile the leisure of the town rat, when visited by an acquaintance from the country, is not to be wondered at, when history itself teems with similar examples. On the fall of Tarquin, a dog, in the open streets, could not contain his political sentiments, but gave expression to his republican opinions by loudly vociferating his congratulations. When Domitian was assassinated, an observant crow, perched on the capitol, favored the city with its regicidal views by applauding the murderers. “It's a good deed,” screamed the crow: “it is right well done.” When Otho oppressed Rome, and Vitellius threatened the walls, the golden reins, to the terror of the alarmed city, dropped from the hands of the statue of Victory, and the oxen, in a low tone, were overheard exchanging private opinions on public affairs. When Lepidus and Catullus were consuls, a cock, in the farm-yard of Galerius, conversed like a human being; and Pliny, animadverting on this fact, gravely remarks, that “speaking cocks are very rare in history.”

One of the most extraordinary features in this superstition is, that while beasts are adepts in the language of men, it is only in exceedingly rare cases that men ever attain to any knowledge of the language of beasts. All antiquity produced but five individuals who reached this extraordinary height of science, namely—Tiresias, Helenus, Cassandra, Apollonius of Tyana, and Melampus. Apollonius was suddenly gifted with this privilege in India, while manducating the heart of a dragon; and serpents communicated the faculty to Melampus. Here is the story:—The servants of Melampus found a nest of serpents in a hollow oak, which, after

killing the old ones, they brought to Melampus, who ordered the young creatures to be carefully brought up. When these serpents reached maturity, their gratitude for the care bestowed on their education caused them one day, while Melampus was wrapped in profound repose, to glide close to his ears and lick them repeatedly, a process which improved his hearing to such exquisite fineness, that he was astonished, on awaking, to hear the brutes utter sounds that were quite intelligible to him.

While it must be confessed that the zoology of antiquity is as fantastic and fabulous as an Arabian tale, it must be also admitted that, as far as we have yet gone, it is perfectly logical. For example: the brute has three souls; he has consequently the same faculties as man, and the faculties being the same, the passions must be identical. Though modern science yields its unwilling assent to the undoubted and melancholy fact, that the material appetites and instincts of man are only too identical with those of the brute, yet it refuses to admit of this analogy in the moral sentiments. A profound and even infinite difference is clearly recognized, though to define what this difference consists in is a task of which modern science is incapable. It knows and proclaims, however, that the sacred ray which enlightens and warms man has not reached the lower animals. Now, antiquity was blind to this distinction. To the lower animals it attributed not merely the passions which agitate, but the moral sentiments which dignify, and the affections which console, mankind.* Rivals

* The poet Campbell seems to have been a convert to the doctrine of antiquity, when he says:—

“The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts
A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young and early caged, came o’er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla’s shore :
To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue—
His native fruits, and sky, and sun,
He bade adieu.
For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land, and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.
But fretted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.
At last, when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more;
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla’s shore :

are found among the beasts and birds for the heroes of tragic passion, such as Phædra, Orestes, Pylades, &c. A goose, according to Pliny, fell desperately in love with a youth named Egus; and in Egypt a tender passion was conceived for the beautiful Glaucé, a female musician of distinguished merit in the Court of Ptolemy, by an amorous ram. A sublime constancy in friendship has been manifested from time to time by horses, eagles, and dolphins.

A young girl in Sestos, reared and fed an eagle, which, upon her death, was inconsolable; it rushed into her funeral pyre, and perished upon her ashes. A dolphin died of grief for the loss of a child, during the reign of Augustus. This child was accustomed, on its way to school, to cross the Lucrine lake every day, which the dolphin observing, approached the child and bore it on its back, safely depositing its burden on the opposite shore. One day the child failed to appear, and the dolphin was seen waiting with evident uneasiness. The dolphin came the next day, and the next, but the child was dead, and the sympathetic fish, as if it were

“A crime in heaven to love too well,”

sickened and perished of grief.

Such tales justify us in maintaining that antiquity assimilated beasts to men. The marvellous predominates in these facts:—On every hand real creatures are strangely transfigured; but the unbridled fancy of antiquity is not satisfied with transfiguration. When it has described grasshoppers that excelled in music, serpents that were profound linguists, eagles that committed suicide, and oxen that discussed politics, it turns from them in disgust to delight its greedy credulity with monsters made up of the discordant fragments of living types. Antiquity passionately loved a monster, and slighted or neglected existing animals, to conjure up with eager avidity animals that could never exist. The woods, mountains, seas, and even the infernal regions teem with horrible and dreadful forms—such as dragons with enormous pinions, winged horses, *crocottes*, that cunningly lured woodmen from their toils by calling them by name, and enticing them into the solitudes of the forests, where they devoured them; griffins, with sharp

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech—
In Spanish speech the bird replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died!”

snouts; four-legged birds, furnished with lion's claws, and covered with red feathers; the *catoblepas*, which shot from its terrible eyes glances that killed the most powerful warriors. The *marticorus*, according to the description of Otesias, was a strange jumble of incongruous parts. It had green eyes, a scarlet skin, a lion's body, three rows of teeth, and the tail of a scorpion, in which, like a hand, it brandished a javelin. According to Pliny, fishes with horses' heads were often seen in the Arabian sea, out of which they crawled at night to graze in the fields. The backs of whales were often seen rising above the surface of the Indian Ocean, to the extent of four acres; while in the waves of the Ganges enormous eels, thirty cubits long, slowly rolled their vast volumes. The fleet of Alexander was met by a shoal of monstrous tunnies, which opposed it with the discipline and numbers of an army. The Prætorian guards fight with sea-serpents, and crimson the ocean with their blood to the extent of thirty thousand paces. In the centaurs, the onocentaurs, and the hippocentaurs, the human shape is blended with that of the horse, the goat, the monkey and the fish. Æschylus speaks of the daughters of Phorceys, who had one common eye among five sisters, an eye which passed from hand to hand, apparently like a modern opera-glass. Snakes were seen curling on the heads of the Gorgons, in lieu of ordinary locks.

All these monsters, according to a tradition which reminds us of the theories of geology, and which was known in the middle ages, were engendered in chaos, anteriorly to the formation of the earth. It was not merely poetry and popular credulity—science itself attested their existence. Pliny saw a centaur, embalmed in honey, exhibited in Rome in the reign of Claudius. The earliest Christian writers, Justin, Cyprian, and Jerome, admit their existence, believing them to be fallen angels, condemned to stroll through dismal solitudes and uninhabited forests, until the day of judgment.

These hybrid beings are dispersed in considerable numbers over the whole earth; but there are creatures combining the limbs of men with the forms of beasts, which fail to reproduce their kind, or at best give birth to monsters of a different nature. One of these, termed the chimæra, the daughter of Echidna, presented

This interesting creature was united to the fierce and terrific Typhon, to whom she bore four very anomalous children, renowned for an extravagant superfluity of members—such as the hydra of Lerna with a hundred heads; the cerberus with fifty heads; and another chimæra which had the undesirable peculiarity of possessing four feet and three heads; as well as the dog of Geryon, slain by Hercules, &c. The heroes of antiquity, Theseus, Bellerophon, and Hercules, amused their leisure meritoriously, in braining this unnecessary plurality of heads, just as the solitary dragons that watched by the fountains or haunted the forests of the Celts were destroyed by the heroes of a later period. As paganism and the devil were personified by the dragons of the Christian legends, we may take it for granted that the destructive carnivora of archaic ages (which retarded the progress or arrested the foundation of civilization) were represented by the monsters described above.

Amid this crowd of grotesque monstrosities the phoenix appears as the type of beauty, gentleness, and grandeur. The existence of the phoenix is not simply asserted by the naturalists, the very gravest historians attest its existence. The appearance of a phoenix in the consulship of Paulus Fabius, and Vitellius, or the thirty-fourth year of our era, is described by Tacitus as an event of the first importance, and worthy of transmission to the remotest posterity—"Every five hundred years the phoenix," says Tacitus, "comes into existence, though it is true," he adds, "some assign four hundred and sixty-one years as the true period. The first phoenix appeared in the reign of Sesostri: the second was seen in the reign of Amasis; and the last under Ptolemy III. This last phoenix, surrounded by a crowd of feathered attendants whom it far outshone in splendor of plumage, took its flight to Heliopolis, the city of the sun." The Roman historian does us the favor to inform us that "when its time of death approaches, the phoenix constructs a nest in its native country, which it inundates with a generative principle. From this nest springs a new phoenix, which, on attaining maturity, takes diligent care to perform the funeral rites of its deceased parent, and exhibits extraordinary sagacity in accomplishing its pious task. It carries bundles of myrrh from great distances, to accustom itself to bear burdens, and, when strong enough in the wing takes its deceased parent on its back, and bears it

"A cherub's head, a serpent all the rest."

through the air to the altar of the sun, where, laying the body down, it burns it with spices."

Believed by the people, and blazoned by poetry, and recorded by history, religion also lent its sanction to these fables, while painting and sculpture gave them universal currency. The humbler animals, not sufficiently elevated when placed merely on a level with mortals, were advanced to the dignity of internuncios between gods and human beings; they were oracles of the future, and revealed the Divine will. The most momentous affairs, the armies and the colonies of the ancients, were, in all dangerous and foreign expeditions, guided by birds. The dripping fugitives who escaped from the deluge of Deucalion, were guided to safety by a pack of wolves, and, in gratitude, their new city was named Wolfstown. Egypt was indebted to the same animal for its safety from Ethiopian invasion. The sites of the most renowned cities were indicated to their founders by quadrupeds or birds, as was specially the case in the instance of Rome, Alba, and Constantinople. The lower animals were the real priests of ancient prophecy, and in the very desirable quality of clearness, the language of the brutes always surpasses that of the oracles. Achilles is told by his horse, without a shadow of ambiguity, that he must die before Troy. In the midst of the Forum, a patriotic ox warns the astonished people, bellows his threats, of the dangers which environ the republic. Ants are seen busily engaged in conveying grains of corn, and placing them in the mouth of the infant Midas, thereby intimating the future opulence of the sleeping boy—

"They don't wear out their time in sleeping and play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors."

Bees clustered round the cradle of the sleeping Plato, alighted on his lips, and intimated that the wisdom, of which bees are an emblem, should one day issue from his eloquent lips. Serpents climb up and lock the infant Roscius in their folds; and, in the great pitched battles of the Roman armies, eagles are seen hovering in the sky, as heralds of victory.

Mysteries to which men are blind are clearly perspicuous to birds; and this, owing

to their elevation over terrestrial things, the great length of their vision, the purity of their aerial element, the innocency of their lives, and their power of ascending into the heavens. The debates in the councils of the gods are audible to birds; indeed augury takes its name from them, *augur* and *augurium* being, according to Varro, derived from *avium garritus*, the chattering of the feathered race.

As polytheism was altogether a religion of ceremony, negligent of morals and void of dogma, it consecrated all these dreams, and thus resigned the management of most magnificent empires to the meanest animals. "At Rome the consuls and emperors have much less influence," says Pliny, "than the sacred chickens. The peckings of domestic fowls are contemplated with awe and solicitude. The proceedings of the magistrates are regulated according to the caprices of these fowl. As the chickens show an appetite or reluctance to feed, the magistrates open or shut their houses. The legions engage the enemy when the chickens are vivacious; they prognosticate victory, and command the commanders of the world."

But it was not merely the Romans—the deities of Olympus applied for information to birds. Jupiter, the master of the universe, was at one time somewhat puzzled to make out the precise centre of the earth; so he engaged two eagles to fly, the one to the east, the other to the west, and proceed constantly forward until they met. The eagles obeyed, and the oracle of Delphi being the spot over which they came together, the ancients believed Delphi to be the umbilical point, the *ὀμφαλός* of the earth; and in grateful memory of the meeting of the eagles, the Delphians placed two golden images of that bird in the temple of Apollo. Delphi was to Greece what Meath was to Ireland, or the *Midhyama* of the Hindoos, the *Midheim* of the Scandinavians, the Cuzco of the Peruvians, and the Palestine of the Hebrews.

To place animals in temples and solemnly consecrate them was not enough for Polytheism. It raised them to Olympus, where it associated them with gods. The eagle, bearing thunderbolts in its pounces, was alike the instrument of the pleasures and of the vengeance of Jupiter. Standing by his throne, it was ever ready to sweep forward with the message of wrath or the pledges of his affection. Polytheism twisted serpents round the caduceus of Mercury, placed an owl on the helm of Minerva, fed the horses of Olympus with ambrosia, en-

dowed them with immortality, and extolled them as more rapid than the very gods.

It was not enough for Polytheism, which a father of the Church terms "the madness of mankind," to blend brutes indiscriminately with deities; it raised them from the humility of associates to the dignity of gods themselves. Thus Rome instituted the worship of the locust, and celebrated its festival on the eighth of the kalends of December, the object being to prevail on those creatures to forbear destroying the harvests of Italy. Fetishism seemed pushed to its utmost extravagance by the Babylonians and Canaanites, but Egypt really perfected the superstition. The animal kingdom furnished the country of the sphynx with nearly all its religious emblems. Birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles swarmed in its temples, and were deified by its priests. Not satisfied with this, Egyptian imagination furnished the devotees of Egypt with what may be termed "monster-gods." It dignified or degraded Anubis with the head of a dog, and set off Isis with the head of a cow, while Osiris was made to look cunning and ridiculous with the head of a hawk. Jupiter Ammon looks foolish through the head of a ram, and Saturn grins portentously with the long snout of a crocodile. Paganism built temples to house quadrupeds, and hollowed ponds for the evolutions of the finny divinities. At Melita a serpent lay coiled within a tower erected exclusively for its preservation, while trains of priests and servants were seen every day proceeding to lay flowers and honey on the altar of this reptile.

The countless multitudes of Egypt sadden at once into the deepest mourning at that (to them) appalling event—the death of a dog, a cat, an ibis, or a jackal. The mourning nation embalms them with pious solicitude, weeps over their inanimate forms, conveys them with solemn pomp into the sepulchres of royalty, and tenderly places them beside the "buried majesty" of Egypt. The insanity of Egypt having deified the brutes, went a step farther—an awful step: men pale and trembling in ligatures were dragged to their shrines and solemnly murdered before the unintelligent eyes of these "monster gods," fully justifying the remark of the Stagyrte, "man is in many instances more stupid and meaner than the beasts." "Oh! how vile must man be," exclaims Pascal, "when he subjects himself to quadrupeds, and adores brutes as deities!"

The vileness which Pascal laments, originates in an ignorance which he could not

remedy. To human investigation the intellect of brutes presents the most puzzling enigma in the visible creation, and what man cannot understand, he naturally, if not inevitably, reverences. Man, unenlightened by revelation, could not answer the query of the poet—

"Who taught the nations of the field and flood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempest to withstand,
Build on the wave or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoirre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx and who points the way?"

The question was first clearly stated by Montaigne and Pereira, philosophers who laid the foundation of the two distinct schools which divide the philosophic world at this moment into hostile camps. One of these schools, which may easily trace its origin to Pereira, refuses intelligence, or even feeling, to lower animals, while feeling, and intelligence, and even soul, are conceded to the brutes by the disciples of Montaigne. The foremost champions of the spirituality of the human soul may be found among those who make the souls of brutes material; while, on the other hand, those philosophers who are most liberal in endowing brutes with spiritual intelligences, are very niggardly and stingy in allowing men any souls at all. Brutes are considered by Pereira as insensible puppets, which some veiled hand jerks this way and that; and though they utter cries of joy or sorrow, without being sensible of either sorrow or joy; and though they eat they are not hungry, though they drink they are not thirsty. According to these philosophers, animals do not act from anything resembling human knowledge, but solely from the disposition of their organs. Descartes admits, what it would be very difficult to deny, that brutes possess life; but while he allows them feeling he refuses them intelligence. He illustrates his argument by comparing brutes to watches, which though made exclusively of insensible machinery, wheels and springs, can, nevertheless, count minutes and measure time more accurately than men. "The Being who made them," says Malebranche, "in order to preserve them, endowed brutes with an organization which mechanically avoids destruction and danger; but in reality they fear nothing and desire nothing." The au-

tomatism of animals was the fashionable philosophy of the Cartesians and Jansenists, and was at one time all the rage in France. During the last century a swarm of books was published on the subject, which instead of elucidating the matter, only rendered it more obscure. The most unfeigned astonishment is expressed by many of these writers at the marvels of instinct, but these are the very writers who are most emphatic in declaring animals mere machines.

The followers of Descartes, who maintained that the animals were inferior to machines, were opposed by the followers of Pereira, who maintained that they were superior to men. The animals are endowed by these philosophers with freewill and foresight; the brutes speak, laugh, and reflect as we do. Leibnitz, after carefully balancing the attributes of men and brutes, hesitates to admit the superiority of our species. He declares that some men, and no doubt himself among the number, are decidedly superior to brutes, while the difference between certain stupid men and certain intelligent quadrupeds is so small, that he doubts if any difference really exists, or admitting its existence, that the advantage is on the human side. He argues for the immortality of the souls of brutes, and—

"Thinks, admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

But brutes must be gifted with conscience, knowledge, and responsibility before they can be admitted to the dignity of another life;

and, accordingly, these attributes are freely given them by the naturalist Bonnet.

Cuvier, Buffon, Locke, and Voltaire, and all the writers who have endeavored to penetrate the mystery of existence through the medium of metaphysical inquiry, or the study of animal organization, have devoted meditation and investigation to what some term the intellect, and some the automatism, of the lower animals. Their contradictions are innumerable. But the medium between the preposterous extravagance of refusing sensation to the very organs of the senses, and the no less ridiculous theory which lodges an immortal spirit in a flea, is to be found in what is termed *instinct*. "But what is instinct?" asks Voltaire. "It is a 'substantial power,' it is a 'plastic energy.'" *C'est je ne sais quoi, c'est de l'instinct*. The nature of instinct has been often canvassed subsequently to this writer, but the discussion has invariably terminated in some unsatisfactory definition, proving the invincible ignorance of man on this subject, and that—

"Well hast thou said, Athena's wisest son,
All that we know is, little can be known."

It is one of those mysteries the solution of which is concealed in the mind of the Godhead. The unaided intellect of man will never pierce it.

"What is the mighty breath, ye sages say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven? What but God,
Inspiring God, who, boundless Spirit, all
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole."

THE LATEST FASHIONS.—The fashion of dresses of extreme breadth has spread from Paris to the French provinces. The *Courrier de l'Eure* mentions an unfortunate occurrence, occasioned the other day by the costume. A lady, it seems, presented herself at the confessional of the cathedral; but presenting herself was not all that was to be done; it was necessary to enter the narrow space reserved for the penitent, and to reach the grating which divides him or her from the priest. To do this the dress submitted to ex-

traordinary efforts, but the whalebone of the under-dress was obstinate, and, compressed on one side, the balloon swelled out on the other. The dress persisted in its resistance, a silent resistance, scarcely betrayed by the rustling of the silk and the little movements of half-stifled impatience. At last the worldly toilette got the better of the aspirations of piety. Reddened by confusion, the penitent quitted the spot and left the church. Was it to change her costume?

From Tait's Magazine.

WILLIAM PALEY.

THERE is a well-known and often-quoted passage of Jeffrey's, in which he takes stock roughly of our accumulating literature, and speculates upon the judicious economy which an exasperated posterity will have to exercise, in selecting its intellectual food. He supposes that our children at the —th remove may have been reduced to the necessity of submitting *our* favorites to a process of distillation, and bottling off the essence for use. He imagines a library of fractional parts of standard poets—just as if some Charles Knight of A.D. 2000, should publish "Two minutes and a half (a-piece) with the best Authors!"

Jeffrey was wrong. The reading-power of the race beats the producing-power by "long chalks;" and though every five years or so has its literary fashion, the soul of the world is just, and what is good, however forgotten for a time, is not dead but sleepeth. Fret not thyself therefore because an evildoer like Dobbs is lord of the ascendant for his little puppy-dog's day; neither be thou envious because Snobbs has

——a third edition in the press.

Is not the "Omnipresence of Stupidity," by Robertulus Mountflummery, in his twentieth, and "Proverbial Verbosity," by Barking Fupper, in its eighteenth edition, besides being published gorgeously illustrated, and also "for the use of Schools?" Is it not so? We believe it is. Yet are we prepared to depone before any magistrate in a "solemn and sincere Declaration by virtue of the provisions of an Act intituled an Act to repeal an Act, &c., &c., for the better prevention of extra-judicial oaths and affidavits," that we have read Shakespeare within the week!

The four names which, in the eye of that vague and respectable individual, the "General Reader," stand for the literature of our own day, are Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray. They have all had the largest, most intelligent, most appreciative audiences that ever men of letters were favored with,

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and they have all made a deep impression upon modern habits of thought and of writing. Yet three of the four have lived to see the tide turn, to have arithmetically-minded critics count over the bay-leaves in their crowns and say "One or two too many!" Thackeray is at this moment at perihelion, and has been praised by implication, if not openly, at the expense of dear Charles Dickens—too often, we happen to think. Carlyle and Macaulay have both learned of late, in company with Russell and Palmerston, that

The presence of perpetual change
Is ever on the earth,

and also in the periodicals and newspapers. But it is a vulgar error to suppose that they smash chimney ornaments, or refuse reasonable sustenance, when an unfavorable allusion is made to their writings in the public prints. They are wiser and better men for it, and show it to any friend who may happen to be present, after which they both laugh consumedly and talk of things in general. This statement is authorized, and contradiction is defied.

If the living on this side of the Styx take matters so coolly, it is not to be supposed that the literary population of Hades complain among themselves of posthumous neglect and misappreciation. But we think the readers of the writers of the eighteenth century might show good cause for complaint. It is the fashion just now to revile the eighteenth century, and glorify exceedingly the Elizabethan and Cromwellian times. Well, the eighteenth century was bad enough, we dare say, but perhaps no worse than its neighbors, one of whom happens to be the nineteenth. *That* will come in for its turn of abuse and misrepresentation by-and-bye, and critics like those who now cry "miserable expediency" and "desolating negations" when the previous century is mentioned, will then plant thorns and thistles on the grave of this, saying, "Shoddy and Veneer, Chico-

ry and Representative Institutions—thank Heaven, we ain't our grandfathers!"

We maintain that the eighteenth century was a respectable century, and produced some decent fellows—one of whom was WILLIAM PALEY, of the good-humored nose and eyes, and the cocked-hat, and the everlasting fishing-rod; who wrote some of the most useful of books; and missed a bishopric because he wrote a paragraph about pigeons. Of him we propose to discourse a little.

We have written thus far playfully; but we mean what we have written in all seriousness. The popular tendency to depreciate the eighteenth century is about as intelligent and informed as the popular admiration of Carlyle—that is, it is altogether superficial and parrot-like. The great crowd of Mr. Carlyle's admirers have never penetrated beneath the surface of his writings, never got beyond his marvellously powerful and stirring style. If they knew his real "doctrine," they would turn and rend him. The safety of a prophet such as he is in poetry and enigma. Propound his ideas in the strict logical form to the million who swear by him, and make wide their phylacteries of his dark sayings, and you will be voted an idiot, or, what is worse, a subversive scoundrel.

We say this is no spirit of exaggeration, and assert that the mass of "respectable" and "intelligent" depreciators of Paley knew as much about his writings as the admirers of Carlyle know of his. How many of the readers of this paper are aware what Paley's moral system really was, or understand his doctrine of "general consequences?" "Oh," says one, "Paley's doctrine was that of expediency—every schoolboy knows that!" And opening the Philosophy, he lays his finger upon that obnoxious word, and dismisses the subject with about as much knowledge of it as the little girl had of Presbyterianism when she took the centipede in the garden for a votary of that faith. Over and over again are we asked, when poor Paley is found on our reading-stand, why we read him? "Who reads Paley now-o'-days? Eighteenth Century Selfish school of Morals—Bundle him off with Locke, Condillac, Hartley, Priestly, and the whole list of Sensualist Philosophers." But the fact is we cannot afford to bundle him off. We say nothing now of the fact that the Catholic reader is the only reader who knows his business. But we do say, we find in Paley such a treasury of shrewd observation, of quiet humor, of clear,

incisive logic, and of pellucid English, that we must decline relegating him to the lumber-room. These are the days of dogmatism, of "utterances;" and in the midst of the heartiest enjoyment of writers like John Ruskin, Francis Newman, Charles Kingsley, and Frederick Denison Maurice, we sometimes cry out, like the Scotchmen, who languished for "one hour of Dundee," Oh for five minutes of the Syllogism! Commend us even to BARBARA,—

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, quoque prima,
Cæsare, Camestres, Festino, Baroco—

and all the rest of it, by way of respite from this eternal dictation! Then Butler and Paley come to our rescue, and we make up our minds in common gratitude to write a Raid about them or one of them. Let us say a little about Paley, as well as about his works.

It has been observed—we remember seeing the thing very boldly and forcibly put in a leader in the *Examiner* some years ago—that no profession furnishes so large a quota of shameful offenders against social propriety as the clerical. Certainly it seems to us no profession has furnished so many wits and *bon-vivants*. Said Luther,

Who loves not Woman, Wine, and Song,
Remains a fool his whole life long;

and his teaching has been pretty generally followed by Protestant clergymen, at least as far as wine is concerned. We have always found these gentlemen the most delicate of connoisseurs in all that comes from the grape; and one of the most vivid images in the halls of our memory is that of a gray-headed old rector flaming up with indignation at the loss of a small case of *Lachrymæ Christi*, which everybody but himself had forgotten—it had lain fifteen years in a cellar, and was at last smothered in the rubbish of some demolished houses in the city. The old gentleman, of whom no one had heard for years, suddenly turned up, making affectionate inquiries after his half-dozen of the "warm south;" and highly spiced, though somewhat unsanctified, was the oration in which he proceeded to denounce Metropolitan Improvements as soon as he found his treasure buried, with a handsome suite of offices over it by way of mausoleum. Let some one "write a book," *scilicet*, a Biographical Gallery of Funny Clergymen, who have known—(*Vizere* knowing fellows *ante* Thomas Binney)—"how to make the best of both worlds." Let us

comfortable, not to say exhilarating diet, is as nice as learning German by partaking of the renowned sausage of *Vaterland*.

Our object is not to give a memoir of Paley's life, but to present him to the general reader in his true colors. We are not concerned to say that he became tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, that he was "presented" with this rectory, and "colated" to that, and eventually made Archdeacon of Carlisle by his affectionate patron Bishop Law. Nor that after being made sub-dean of Lincoln by the bishop of that diocese, he received a "heavy blow and great discouragement":—

When Mr. Paley proceeded to Cambridge to take his degree as Doctor of Divinity, in the *Concio ad Clerum* which he preached on the occasion, he unfortunately pronounced the word *profugus*, *profugus*, which was noticed by one of the University wits in the following epigram:—

*"Italiam futo profugus Lavinia venit
Libera."*

Errat Virgilius forte profugus erat."

Melancholy, is it not? However, "Mr. Paley" survived the slip in quantity, and did not take to his bed after this excruciating "epigram" from "one of the wits of the University." He became the father of four sons and four daughters, and actually married a second time. His preferences were of sufficient value to place him in a comfortable position, and he continued to take life easily, though neither idly nor unprofitably. For when he left Dalston, in Cumberland, for the benefice of Stanwix, near Carlisle, he gave these very practical reasons for the measure:—

"First," said he, "it saved me double house-keeping, as Stanwix was within twenty minutes' walk of my house in Carlisle; secondly, it was fifty pounds a year more in value; and, thirdly, *I began to find my stock of sermons coming over again rather too fast.*"

We can conceive Sydney Smith assigning just such reasons for such a step.

In all this we see nothing but a good-humored man, with much *savoir-vivre* and shrewdness. But when we note how dearly Paley was loved by a man like Law; when we find that "his second wife was a Miss Dobinson, of Carlisle, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, and whose worth he had long known," we begin to see more of the man. We think of Cowper's connection with Mrs. Unwin and Miss Perowne, and are reminded that this power in men of attaching

women for a length of time without either the actual presence or the imminence of passion, generally points to something sterling and sweet in the character. Then let us look again. We discover that, "*having in the Moral Philosophy represented tithes as injurious to the happiness of a people, he granted his own parishioners a lease of the tithes for life;*" and that, "though the produce of land was considerably augmented in price soon after this period, and the value of landed property in general experienced an extraordinary advance, *the growing prosperity of his parishioners and tenants was a source of unfeigned delight to Dr. Paley, who never regretted the opportunities of gain which he had lost and by which they had been enriched.*" When we remember that he was the first (we believe this is correct) to suggest the amelioration of the condition of the black races by colonizing Africa with liberated slaves, and that he condemned slavery in his "Philosophy," in a manner which undoubtedly hastened its decay; when we turn over his "Natural Theology," and bearing in mind that it was written amidst the severest bodily suffering, feel our hearts warm at his sympathy with happy life, and his evident zest in speaking of the goodness of Almighty God; when, in the Moral Philosophy, we observe the tenderness with which he has treated of all that relates to women,* and children, and the poor (see *passim* the chapter on Pecuniary Bounty), we begin to say—Here is a man we can love, despite his eccentricities and his want of elevation of character.

Nor is it an argument against our loving him, but rather the contrary, that he was not beloved of William Pitt and the third George, who refused to listen when Paley was named as well-deserving a mitre. "What—what—what?" said the bigamist and Protestant monarch—"What? Pigeon Paley? No—no—no!" and Pigeon Paley never became a bishop. We quote the immortal "pigeon" passage, together with the sly thrust with which the next chapter begins:—

OF RELATIVE DUTIES WHICH ARE DETERMINATE.

CHAP. I.—OF PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn: and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine

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make short sentences and "point high" as it is called?

Though not active in any of the ordinary pastimes of boyhood, young Paley was so cheerful a companion, and so full of dry drollery, that he was a great favorite at school. There, he did what other smart boys have done, introduced legal forms into some of the games, and presided himself over mock tribunals; a circumstance which is not without a special interest in his case, because it pointed to a forensic bent. In the accounts of his college career we get the lymphatic element again in two of its most common indications—*slovenliness* and *ungainliness*:—

The hilarity and drollery which Mr. Paley had manifested at school, did not desert him at the University. Thus his company was much sought, and the cumbrousness of his manner and the general slovenliness of his apparel perhaps contributed to increase the effect of his jocularity. . . . When he made his first appearance in the schools, he surprised the spectators by a style of dress very different from his ordinary habiliments. He exhibited his hair full-dressed, with a deep-ruffled shirt, and new silk-stockings. . . . Whatever might be his assiduity in those studies which the discipline of the University required, he had little of the appearance, and none of the affectation, of a hard student. His room was the common resort of the juvenile loungers of his time; and during the first period of his undergraduate-ship he was in the habit of remaining in bed till a late hour in the morning, and as he was much in company during the latter part of the day, many wondered how he found leisure for making the requisite accession to his literary stores.

It is curious to note how often your humorous fellow is awkward or a sloven. A friend of Sydney Smith—and he, too, belonged to the type we have named—used to say, "Smith, you always remind me of an *Athenian carter*." The truth is, the very same lymphatic *vis inertiae* which leads to inattention to such trifles as externals, contributes much to the drollery of what such individuals say. It is rarely that a *dry* humorist is eaten up with activity. But it is reducing poor Paley to the level of Paul Bedford to say, as is said above, that the "cumbrousness of his manner, &c., &c., contributed to increase the effect of his jocularity." It is not the "cumbrousness, &c.," so much as the quietness and apparent unconsciousness that makes *dry* humor. However, Paley evidently knew the importance of what Sam Slick calls "the becomins;" for is it not written that he "surprised the spectators" in the schools, by "hair full-

dressed, *deep*-ruffled shirt, and new (!) silk-stockings?"

We hope our readers, who may not before have seen the following anecdote of Paley, as told by himself, will enjoy it as much as we have always done and still do:—

I spent the first two years of my undergraduate-ship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside, and said, "Paley, I have been thinking what a d—d fool you are. I could do nothing probably were I to try, and can afford the life I lead: you can do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that, if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society." I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed a great part of the day and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five; read during the whole of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study; and just before the closing of the gates (nine o'clock) I went to a neighboring coffee-house, where I constantly regaled upon a mutton chop and a dose of milk punch. And thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became Senior Wrangler.

Delicious!—"I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I"—What? Instantly rose, seized my memorandum-book, and wrote out a pledge, signed with my own blood, to work twelve hours a day? Nothing of the sort! "That—I lay in bed *great part of the day*, and formed my plan!" This is the lymphatic man's way of doing a piece of business on which his fortunes turned. It reminds us of Nunez, in the hospital, bidding the Muses that "eternal adieu" in a copy of verses; or of the man who said he wouldn't swear any more, d—d if he would! But the best is to come. He allotted to each portion of time its peculiar branch of study, and constantly regaled, between eight and nine P. M., on a dose of milk punch and a mutton chop. "And thus"—Well, "and thus," he spent his days jollily as well as industriously, and grew stout? Not exactly. "Thus" (by means of said chop and milk-punch) he "became Senior Wrangler!" Henceforth, let no man tell us a royal road to learning is lacking. To become Senior Wrangler by means of this

comfortable, not to say exhilarating diet, is as nice as learning German by partaking of the renowned sausage of *Vaterland*.

Our object is not to give a memoir of Paley's life, but to present him to the general reader in his true colors. We are not concerned to say that he became tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, that he was "presented" with this rectory, and "collocated" to that, and eventually made Archdeacon of Carlisle by his affectionate patron Bishop Law. Nor that after being made sub-dean of Lincoln by the bishop of that diocese, he received a "heavy blow and great discouragement":—

When Mr. Paley proceeded to Cambridge to take his degree as Doctor of Divinity, in the *Concio ad Clerum* which he preached on the occasion, he unfortunately pronounced the word *profugus*, *profugus*, which was noticed by one of the University wits in the following epigram:—

*"Italiam falo profugus Lavinia venit
Litora.*

Errat Virgilius forte profugus erat."

Melancholy, is it not? However, "Mr. Paley" survived the slip in quantity, and did not take to his bed after this excruciating "epigram" from "one of the wits of the University." He became the father of four sons and four daughters, and actually married a second time. His preferments were of sufficient value to place him in a comfortable position, and he continued to take life easily, though neither idly nor unprofitably. For when he left Dalston, in Cumberland, for the benefice of Stanwix, near Carlisle, he gave these very practical reasons for the measure:—

"First," said he, "it saved me double house-keeping, as Stanwix was within twenty minutes' walk of my house in Carlisle; secondly, it was fifty pounds a year more in value; and, thirdly, *I began to find my stock of sermons coming over again rather too fast.*"

We can conceive Sydney Smith assigning just such reasons for such a step.

In all this we see nothing but a good-humored man, with much *savoir-vivre* and shrewdness. But when we note how dearly Paley was loved by a man like Law; when we find that "his second wife was a Miss Dobinson, of Carlisle, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, and whose worth he had long known," we begin to see more of the man. We think of Cowper's connection with Mrs. Unwin and Miss Perowne, and are reminded that this power in men of attaching

women for a length of time without either the actual presence or the imminence of passion, generally points to something sterling and sweet in the character. Then let us look again. We discover that, "*having in the Moral Philosophy represented tithes as injurious to the happiness of a people, he granted his own parishioners a lease of the tithes for life;*" and that, "though the produce of land was considerably augmented in price soon after this period, and the value of landed property in general experienced an extraordinary advance, *the growing prosperity of his parishioners and tenants was a source of unfeigned delight to Dr. Paley, who never regretted the opportunities of gain which he had lost and by which they had been enriched.*" When we remember that he was the first (we believe this is correct) to suggest the amelioration of the condition of the black races by colonizing Africa with liberated slaves, and that he condemned slavery in his "Philosophy," in a manner which undoubtedly hastened its decay; when we turn over his "Natural Theology," and bearing in mind that it was written amidst the severest bodily suffering, feel our hearts warm at his sympathy with happy life, and his evident zest in speaking of the goodness of Almighty God; when, in the Moral Philosophy, we observe the tenderness with which he has treated of all that relates to women,* and children, and the poor (see *passim* the chapter on Pecuniary Bounty), we begin to say—Here is a man we can love, despite his eccentricities and his want of elevation of character.

Nor is it an argument against our loving him, but rather the contrary, that he was not beloved of William Pitt and the third George, who refused to listen when Paley was named as well-deserving a mitre. "What—what—what?" said the bigamist and Protestant monarch—"What? Pigeon Paley? No—no—no!" and Pigeon Paley never became a bishop. We quote the immortal "pigeon" passage, together with the sly thrust with which the next chapter begins:—

OF RELATIVE DUTIES WHICH ARE DETERMINATE.
CHAP. I.—OF PROPERTY.

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of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, (and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool;) getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labor spent or spoiled, and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him and hanging him for the theft

CHAP. II.—THE USE OF THE INSTITUTION OF PROPERTY.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

George III. reminds us of Catholic Emancipation. Incidentally, we have Paley's opinion on this subject, and also on the Liberty of the Press. Bishop Law publishes some "Considerations" on the propriety of dispensing with the signature of the Thirty-nine Articles. To one of the Replies to this paper, Paley printed an Answer, over which we have clapped our hands in uproarious enjoyment a hundred times, so full is it of sly humor, while the logic and the style are as clear as the clearest meadow-brook:—

The next, the strangest, the only tolerable plea for "Subscription" is, "that all sorts of pestilent heresies might be taught from the pulpit, if no such restraint as this was laid upon the preacher." . . . We will here only take notice of one particular expedient suggested in the "Considerations," and which has often, indeed, elsewhere been proposed—namely, that the Church, instead of requiring subscription beforehand to the present or to any other articles of faith, might censure her clergy afterwards, if they opposed or vilified them in their preaching. The advantage of which scheme above the present is manifest, if it were only for this reason, that you distress and corrupt thousands now, for one that you would ever have occasion to punish. Our author nevertheless is "humbly of opinion that it is much better to take proper precautions beforehand." He must, with all his "humility," know that when it has been proposed to take proper precautions of the *Press*, by subjecting authors to an *imprimatur*

far before publication, instead of punishment after it, the proposal has been resented as an open attack upon the rights and liberties of mankind. The common sense and spirit of the nation could see and feel this distinction, and the importance of it, in the case of publishers; and why preachers should be left in a worse situation it is not very easy to see. . . . The exclusion of Papists is a separate consideration. The laws against Popery, as far as they are justifiable, proceed upon principles with which the Author of the "Considerations" has nothing to do. Where, from the particular circumstances of a country, attachments and dispositions hostile and dangerous to the State are accidentally or otherwise connected with certain opinions in religion, it may be necessary to lay encumbrances and restraints upon the profession or propagation of such opinions. Where a great part of any sect or religious order of men are enemies to the constitution, and you have no way of distinguishing those who are not so, it is right, perhaps, to fence the whole order out of your civil and religious establishments; it is the right at least of self-defence and of extreme necessity. But even this is not on account of the religious opinions themselves, but as they are probable marks, and the only marks you have, of designs and principles which it is necessary to disarm. I would observe, however, that in proportion as this connection between the civil and the religious principles of the Papists is dissolved, in the same proportion ought the State to mitigate the hardships and relax the restraints to which they are subject. . . . If we complain of severities, of pains and penalties, the answerer "cannot discover whom or what we mean," and lest his reader should, by a figure extremely well known in the craft of controversy, he proposes a string of questions in the person of his adversary, to which he gives his own peremptory and definitive "No." We will take a method, not altogether so compendious, but we trust somewhat more satisfactory. We will repeat the same questions, and let the Church and State answer for themselves. . . . This our author calls the Magistrate's "judging for himself, and exercising the same right as all other persons have to judge for themselves." For the reasonableness of it, however, he has nothing to offer, but that it "is no more than what other Churches, Popish, (too, to strengthen the argument,) as well as Protestant," have done before. He might have added, seeing "custom" is to determine the matter, that it has been "customary," too, from early ages, for Christians to burn each other for difference of opinion in some points of faith, and for difference of practice in some points of ceremony. . . . *What would any man in his wits think of this other argument if, upon the strength of it, they were to make a law that none but red-haired people should be admitted into orders, or even into churches.*

We commend this paper of Paley's to my Lord Shaftesbury. In the main, the battle of religious liberty is now won, but that need not diminish the interest with which we read what was written in the thick of the fight,

when, to use Paley's own words, "he who attacked a flourishing establishment wrote with a halter round his neck."

If some readers who have been kind enough to follow us thus far, are beginning to say that Paley was not the man they have hitherto taken him for, we beg their attention yet a little while to further disclosures. Was there not, we ask, a fund of genuine piety in the man who could, in his time and position, thus boldly, equitably, tenderly preach and teach of "the people called Methodists"? The passage is from the Sermon on *Seriousness* in religion:—

The turn which this levity usually takes is in jests and raillery upon the opinions, or the peculiarities, or the persons of men of particular sects, or who bear particular names; especially if they happen to be more serious than ourselves. And of late this loose, and I can hardly help calling it profane, humor has been directed chiefly against the followers of Methodism. But against whomsoever it happens to be pointed, it has all the bad effects, both upon the speaker and the hearer, which we have noticed; and, as in other instances, so in this, give me leave to say, it is very much misplaced. In the first place, were the doctrines and sentiments of those who bear this name ever so foolish and extravagant (*I do not say that they are either*), this proposition I shall always maintain to be true—viz., that the wildest opinion that ever was entertained in matters of religion is more rational than unconcern about these matters. Upon this subject, nothing is so absurd as indifference; no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity. In the next place, do Methodists deserve this treatment? Be their particular doctrines what they may, the professors of these doctrines appear to be in earnest about them; and a man who is earnest about religion cannot be a bad man, still less a fit subject for derision. I am no Methodist myself. In their leading doctrines I differ from them. But I contend that sincere men are not for these, or indeed, any doctrines to be made laughing-stocks to others. I do not bring in the case of Methodists in this part of my discourse, for the purpose of vindicating their tenets, but for the purpose of observation (and I wish that the observation may weigh with all my readers), that the custom of treating their characters and persons, their preaching or their preachers, their meetings or worship, with scorn, has the pernicious consequence of destroying our own seriousness, together with the seriousness of those who hear or join in such conversation; especially if they be young persons; and I am persuaded that much mischief is actually done in this very way.

Compare this with Sydney Smith's treatment of the subject of Indian Missions, and Scott's handling of the Covenanters, and we say Paley shines by the comparison.

We approach the question of Paley's "expediency." We shall soon dispose of it.

First, let us remember that, in the extract we gave from Henry's "History of Philosophy," which represents the current opinion of Paley among intellectual men, he is said to have *denied* the existence of a moral sense. *We meet this with a direct contradiction, and defy the production of the denial.* Paley dismisses the question as immaterial to his purpose: which it obviously was, for intuitions cannot be the subjects of logical proof, or the sources of rules; both which were essential elements in his plan.

His doctrine of "expediency" he states in these terms:

We conclude (therefore) that God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures. And this conclusion being once established, we are at liberty to go on with the rule built upon it—namely, that the method of carrying on the will of God concerning any action is, to inquire into the tendency of that action to promote or diminish the general happiness. So, then, actions are to be estimated by their tendency. Whatever is expedient is right.

This is the whole of the mischief; the whole of poor Paley's "damnable expediency" doctrine. Now, his object was not to determine what prompter to good actions exists in the human bosom, but to what logical touchstone actions of all kinds may be brought in order to the formation of general rules. Laying aside, therefore, all quibbling (and all poetry, such as Carlyle's well-known distinction concerning "blessedness," which is beautiful and glorious *as* poetry) about the meaning of the word happiness, and taking it to mean what an archangel would mean if he used it, we should be glad to know what better test of the quality of our action can be proposed than its "tendency"? We only refrain from saying emphatically, what *other* test? for this simple reason—viz., that if any one point be indicated with which *right must coincide* (though it may also coincide with others, and that point should not be the ultimate solution of the question—what is right?) the purpose of the logician is gained.

We, personally, believe in a Moral Sense, as Butler and Price believed in it. What we are concerned to say here is—I. That Paley did *not* deny its existence. II. That the tendency of actions is obviously the only test to which a logical process can be applied. III. That Paley's adoption of this idea constitutes the whole of his theory of "expediency," which has been the bugbear of transcendental small-

talk ever since it became the fashion to revile the "eighteenth century."

But how to dispose of Paley's definition of Virtue, in which he makes "everlasting happiness the motive"? First, let us note that Paley puts this definition in inverted commas, and without insisting upon it as absolute; following it up by beginning the next paragraph, "*According to which definition,*" &c. Secondly, Paley evidently considered himself shut up by his faith in dogmatic Christianity to this definition. Let him speak for himself. He is addressing "... those who complain of the scheme of 'uniting Ethics with the Christian Theology' (and maintaining that its sanctions are essential as motives to virtue). THE NECESSITY OF SUCH SANCTIONS IS NOT NOW THE QUESTION," says Paley. "If they be *in fact established*, if the rewards and punishments held forth in the Gospel will actually come to pass, they *must* be considered. Such as reject the Christian religion may lay the foundation of morality without it. But it appears to me a great inconsistency in those who receive Christianity, and expect something to come of it, to endeavor to keep all such expectations out of sight in their reasonings concerning human duty." Thirdly, That this borrowed definition (borrowed from whom we know not) was a matter merely of argumentative convenience, is sufficiently plain from Paley's throwing it aside without scruple, and taking the highest grounds possible as to the motives of human duty, in other parts of his works. If he had not hampered himself, for the sake of a point of form, with a definition of the hackneyed word *Virtue*, he would never have committed himself, even partially (he has done no more), to what is called the "Selfish System." The following passage from his "Sermon" on the *Love of God* will settle this point:

The purest motive of human action is the love of God. There may be motives stronger and more general, but none so pure. The religion, THE VIRTUE, which owes its birth in the soul to this motive, is always genuine religion, always TRUE VIRTUE. . . . It is the source of everything which is good in man. I do not mean that it is the only source, or that goodness can proceed from no other, but that of all principles of conduct, it is the safest, the best, the truest and the highest. Perhaps it is peculiar to the Jewish and Christian dispensations (and if it be, it is a peculiar excellency in them) to have formally and solemnly laid down this principle as a ground of human action.

We avow our belief, then, that WILLIAM PALEY was a heart-whole man fallen on evil

times, and that, nevertheless, he has been a public benefactor, whose name should not be slightly spoken. It rouses our gall, we say, to see the "earnest" disciples of teachers they do not comprehend, any more than they comprehend men like Butler and Paley, spitting upon this man's grave. We cannot understand how any honest reader can really read Paley, and not be a much wiser and better man for it, any more than we can understand how any judge of composition should not find him a model of clear, nervous English. We say, moreover, that the germs of the most cherished ideas of the institutional Moralists (the school to which we ourselves belong) are to be found in Paley; though if he had denied the existence of a moral sense, this would have been at the expense of his consistency.

Before parting with the subject,—in treating which we have only executed a labor of love we had many years ago promised to ourselves,—we must say one word about Paley as a Theologian: *i. e.*, we must say that his creed was evidently heterodox—for instance, it is plain he did not believe the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment. As a Biblical Critic, not as a Theologian, we consider him without a rival. It is of little consequence at this time of day to discuss the genuineness and honesty of the books of the New Testament, though in Paley's day it was of consequence. But, just setting that aside, we shall always beg to consider the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" one of the most ingenious and delightful books ever written. Readers may say, some of them at least—Who doubts it? Our reply is—*Who reads the book?* We assert that, to Christian, Turk, Jew, or Infidel, to read it is a rich intellectual treat; and urge that assertion because we want a larger public to enjoy the book. Next to the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," the most striking specimen of Paley's ability as a Scriptural critic is the Sermon on "*Caution recommended in the use of Scripture Language*," from which we take, for our last quotation, the opening paragraph. Paley afterwards proceeds to apply his observations to several leading theological topics with amazing shrewdness:—

It must not be dissembled that there are many real difficulties in the Christian Scriptures, whilst, at the same time, more, I believe, and greater, may be imputed to certain maxims of interpretation which have obtained authority without reason, and are received without inquiry. One of these, I apprehend, is the expecting to find in the present circumstances of Christianity a meaning

for, or something answering to, every appellation and expression which occurs in Scripture—or, in other words, the applying to the personal condition of Christians at this day, those titles, phrases, propositions, and arguments, which belong solely to the situation of Christianity at its first institution. I am aware of an objection which weighs much with many serious tempers—namely, that to suppose any part of Scripture to be inapplicable to us is to suppose a part of the Scripture to be useless, which seems to detract from the perfection we attribute to these oracles of our salvation. To this I can only answer, that it would have been one of the strangest things in the world if the writings of the New Testament had not, like all other books, been composed for the apprehension, and consequently adapted to the circumstances, of the persons they were addressed to; and that it would have been equally strange, if the great and, in many respects, the inevitable alterations which have taken place in those circumstances, did not vary the application of Scripture language.

We change our mind—one more quotation—"I seem," says Paley—

I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in anything in the world. The pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport, affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it.—*Moral Philosophy*, book ii., chap. 5.

There! We will quit you watching Expediency Paley, with a kindling eye fixed on a six months' cooing babe. Try if you cannot love this gentle "philosopher," and then go and read the monuments of laborious industry he has left.

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE INSURGENT POWER IN CHINA.*

If the reader will imagine a spot near the bottom of this page, at about an equal distance from the two sides, to be Canton; and a spot nearly at the top of the page, and a little to the right from the centre, to be Peking,—and if he will conceive of 1,000 miles in a direct line from Canton down in the south, to Peking up in the north, as a line separating between a vast continental territory stretching away to the left, and a great seaboard, bulging off, with irregular coasts, towards the Yellow Sea and the China Sea on the right, he will then have some idea of the track of those insurgent forces which have wrought so marvellous a revolution in China. The insurrection began in a province a little inland from Canton. The march of the revolutionists was from south to north, diverging some-

what to the right until they came to Nankin, a little more than half-way between Canton and Peking,—and from that point a great elbow march brought them into the neighborhood of Peking, and of the great boundary-wall of the empire. The march of the insurgents has been, as we have said, from south to north; but the line indicating that march consists of two great zig-zags: the first diverges slightly and irregularly from the west towards the east, and terminates upon Nankin; the second still ascends towards the north, but by a divergence westward; and the third consists of what seamen would describe as another "tack," inclining from the west towards the east, which brought the rebel force within a few days' march of Peking. These tracks have been mainly determined, as will be supposed, by the course of rivers, and by the positions of the principal cities. We never really understand the history of a country, but as we understand its geography. Events give their full meaning, and are lodged permanently in the memory, by means of their locations.

* 1. *Impressions of China, and the present Revolution, its Progress and Prospects.* By CAPTAIN FISHBOURN, Commander of the *Hermes*, on her late visit to Nankin. 8vo. Seeley and Co. 1855. 2. *North China Herald.* 3. *Friend of China.* 4. *Chinese Repository.*

The student of history cannot be too mindful of this fact. There are occurrences of which we become almost eye-witnesses by the aid of maps, and which remain obscure and almost unintelligible without such aid.

Concerning the early operations and conquests of the Chinese insurgents we have spoken in a former number.* Information has also been largely supplied on that topic by the newspapers, and by some separate publications. But affairs have now reached a point in the history of this movement, which seems to call for further inquiry as to its real nature and its probable results. The volume by Captain Fishbourne will afford us assistance in this respect, but not to such an extent as we had hoped—partly from the frequent omission of dates, and partly from the absence of the requisite information concerning some of the documents from which extracts are given. The substance of the book is valuable, and deeply interesting, but there is a great want of skill in the mode of presenting the material of which it consists. We scarcely expected an index,—we did expect a table of contents; but even that small assistance has not been furnished. Captain Fishbourne is, no doubt, skilled in his profession, but he is no adept in the art of making the contents of a book readily and pleasantly available.

The points, we apprehend, on which the public are now most desirous of obtaining distinct information in relation to this extraordinary movement, are the following—viz., the real causes of the rapidity and extent of the insurgent conquests; the alleged cruelties of these conquerors; the measure in which error and superstition are mixed up with the Christianity professed by them; the amount of Scriptural truth to be found among them notwithstanding these errors; the probable effect of their successes on the future of China; and the policy most expedient for Great Britain in relation to such a state of affairs.

I. The real causes of the rapidity and extent of the insurgent conquests will be more apparent, and less surprising, if we bear in mind the kind of cycle presented in the history of the powers and empires of the East through all time. In one memorable instance, the North of Europe sent its hordes down upon the South; and the rude fidelity and valor of the barbarian prevailed over the refined vices and effeminacy of the civilized man. With another such revolution Europe is

threatened at this hour. But the actual conquest of the Goths, and this threatened conquest of Russia, present the only parallel in European history to what has been the fixed course of affairs in Asia. The Tauric chain of mountains, stretching from Asia Minor to China, send their northern slopes back into the almost boundless plains of Mongolia and Tartary, and their southern slopes down into the more level lands of Syria and Persia, India and China. From the fastnesses of those mountains, or from the steppes beyond them, those adventurous hordes have descended who have crushed the corrupt empires of the South, one after another, and have assumed empire in their stead. The "shepherd kings"—heads of nomad, or wandering nations, mentioned in Holy Writ, were the precursors of the Attilas and the Zenghis Khans of later times. The rise of empires by means of such incursions has been sudden; the quick transfer from privation to luxury has brought speedy corruption in its train; and the descendants of such conquerors have soon shared the fate of the men whom their fathers had vanquished. It was one of these incursions which set up the present Tartar dynasty in China some two centuries since. As in many similar instances, great corruptness soon followed in the track of so sudden an accession to wealth and power; and now the decayed frame-work of the State is seen yielding to the pressure of the rude, but strong hand raised against it.

In this case, indeed, the migration is from south to north. But as in the founding of the old Persian empire, the nucleus of the new power has been supplied by a mountaineer, independent, and more hardy race, bordering on the doomed empire. The government of China has been so much a government by routine and opinion, that the Mantchoos have supposed they might govern without fear, and they have learnt to govern without mercy. As the consequence, when their day of trial came, there was no loyalty left in the people to fall back upon. Even their own troops, for the most part, have been more inclined to desert than to serve them. The great wall was expected to give them protection on the north, and the little cloud of the south was gazed upon for a while without the least apprehension. It is natural to despotic rule that danger should not be suspected until the judge is at the door. Few in such connections are forward to become the prophets of evil, or the bearers of evil tidings. The expansion, corruptness and weakness which have prepared the way for the fall of all the great

Asiatic empires, have prepared the way for the revolution now in progress in China. The oppressions and spoliations disposing the people to welcome change have been great; the power to resist it when it came has been small. The conquerors, like the Normans through the first century after the Conquest, are still, for the most part, a distinct race from the conquered, while the latter form the bulk of the empire.

In a manifesto issued by the insurgents in an early stage of their operations, they make their appeal to the patriotism of the Chinese on this ground:—

"The Mantchoos who, for two centuries, have been in hereditary possession of the throne of China, are descended from an insignificant nation of foreigners. By means of an army of veteran soldiers well trained to warfare, they seized on our treasures, our lands, and the government of our country, thereby proving that the only thing requisite for usurping empire is the fact of being the strongest. There is, therefore, no difference between ourselves, who lay contributions on the villages we take, and the agents sent from Pekin to collect the taxes. Why then, without any motive, are troops despatched against us? Such a proceeding strikes us as a very unjust one. What! is it possible that the Mantchoos, who are foreigners, have a right to receive the taxes of the captured provinces, and to name officers who oppress the people, while we Chinese are prohibited from taking a trifling amount at the public cost? Universal sovereignty does not belong to any one particular individual, to the exclusion of all the rest. And such a thing has never been known, as one dynasty being able to trace a line of a hundred generations of Emperors.

"The right to govern consists in possession."
—p. 62, 63.

The following passage shows how little the Mantchoo dynasty had to rest upon even in Pekin, their special home:—

"From a translation of a memorial submitted to the Emperor by Young-paon, censor and imperial inspector of the central part of the city of Pekin, and given in the *Gazette* for the 14th January of this year, we learn that the capture of that city, and the fall of the Tartar dynasty, is but a question of time. In this he states that only ten thousand dollars could be collected in the whole city in the month of December, 1853; that officers employed about the court, had been, from the spring of that year, inventing excuses to get away; that the rich inhabitants, with their households, to the number of three thousand, had removed; in every street nine out of ten houses were empty. The soldiers of the capital, whether belonging to Chinese or Tartar regiments, exist very much in name only, and, since the approach of the Insurgents, the best of these have been ordered off to the war, those which remain being only the un-servicable, together with those that have been

temporarily engaged to fill vacancies. On his tour of inspection, he found that numbers were deficient at every guard-house, and those on guard he found starving with cold and hunger, exposed to the wind and snow, in a most distressed and miserable condition. On examining the weapons piled up there, he found that the greater part were useless—horsemen darted through the gates as they pleased, and these men were unable to arrest them. When the roll is called, some run for their weapons, some for their jackets; they stand up for a moment, answer their names, then saunter off into their tents, or creep under their bed-clothes. Generally speaking, of late the practice has been to be all in a flurry when arrangements are to be made for defence; and to be very steady when ease or enjoyment are to be attended to. The rebels he states as being only seventy miles distant; and Shin-paon and Tsang-kih-lin-sin are by no means agreed in their views. According to the confessions of the spies, it appears that very many of the rebels have come to the capital, where they hire houses, and secretly endeavor to enlist persons in their cause. Moreover, it appears that at the different guard-houses there are a few watchmen placed, who are just sufficient to guard against petty thieves. These may be seen at the head of every street, with badges round their necks, and with lanterns stuck at the end of long poles, beating gongs as they go, in companies of ten, or it may be a hundred, like a parcel of boys playing about. Recently he has seen poor old women almost naked, bringing, with tears in their eyes, the cotton-wadded garments which they received in charity, to offer as money, in payment of the demand for taxes.

"The *Gazette* of the 17th of January, 1854, contains a report from the members of the cabinet, complaining of the publication of the above document; and that it was improperly printed, for which, and for some other alleged alterations from the original, the printer is called to account; and the censor himself is ordered to send up a clear account of the matter, evidently showing that the statement though unpalatable was too true.

"This statement bears the impress of truth, and it has been well said, that the mind of the reader is partly amused, and partly disgusted, with those complicated details of cunning deception and palpable cowardice, which mark the official reports of the insurgent army's progress, thus given from time to time in the *Pekin Gazette*, and stamp with the appearance of mad infatuation, the imperial acts and edicts of the last of the Mantchoo dynasty.

"Nothing could more truly show the total want of enthusiasm which exists at Pekin, than does this document quoted above; and if they are not popular there, where can they be supposed to be. It is quite clear that their fall would scarce be the subject of regret to a single Chinese."—pp. 329—332.

The state of affairs in Pekin was the state of matters everywhere, and suffices in great part to explain what has happened. From all we learn concerning the Mantchoo au-

thorities and the Imperialists generally, they are men who live in a region of craft and lies, devoid of patriotism, sunk in selfishness and cowardice; and, as commonly happens with cowards, they are most unsparing in their cruelties whenever the time comes in which vengeance may be inflicted without apparent danger. While the *Hermes* was at Amoy, an army of Imperialists, some 20,000 in number, such as they were, made preparations for retaking the town from a body of insurgents who had possession of it. But the great dependence of the leader of this force, who was the viceroy, and uncle to the Emperor, was on certain bands of pirates, who had been hired for the purpose. Several of the pirate chiefs were promoted to the rank of mandarins. The following is Captain Fishbourne's account of what came under his own observation:—

"On the first of October we had returned and found the Imperialists making nearly daily attacks from the land side, which they continued with occasional combined attacks from land and sea, until the place was evacuated by the Triads (insurgents) on the 11th of November. They were too great cowards ever to have taken it, and nothing could have been more contemptible than the whole affair, more especially on the part of the Imperialists, whose numbers must have been five times those of the rebels, and their military appointments and resources were proportionably better and greater. Any hundred of our men, with a field-piece, would have taken the place in a few hours at furthest.

"The Insurgents being without supplies of food or ammunition, determined to evacuate, which they did in open day, in comparative order and complete immunity from attack.

"The Imperialists were absolutely afraid to scale the walls, till the last rebel had left the citadel; nor is this a figure of speech, for many thousands of them retired, on finding that there were a few rebels still in the place, though the main body were in full retreat, and the whole soon followed; nor did the fleet and piratical junks approach on the sea-side until all the rebel vessels had left.

"Not but that these last could have done more, but they did not wish; being quite content to continue going through the form of fighting as long as the Imperial officers had money to pay them; and of course they only went into danger when they had no alternative.

"Having engaged pirates, the authority was committed to them, to sanction the atrocities that these would certainly commit; and, as if that were not sufficient, they encouraged them to more than they might otherwise be inclined to, for they promised them six dollars for each head they would bring in.

"On the entry of these savages, the first thing they did was to disperse in every direction in

search of heads—regardless of anything save that the people who possessed them should be helpless; it mattered not to them that they were equally infirm and unoffending: they had heads—these they wanted.

"All found were brought to the Chinese admiral, whose vessel was close to us, so we saw all that was passing. He then issued a mandate for their destruction. At first they began by taking their heads off at the adjoining pier; this soon was fully occupied, and the executioners becoming fatigued, the work proceeded slowly, therefore an additional set commenced taking their heads off on the sides of the boats. This also proved too slow for them, and they commenced to throw them overboard, tied hand and foot. But this was too much for Europeans; so missionaries, merchants, sailors, marines, and officers, all rushed in, and stopped further proceedings. The mandarins, executioners, staff, and all, took themselves off very quickly, for fear of consequences they could not calculate upon, but which they felt they had richly deserved: 400 poor creatures were saved from destruction; 250 of these were wounded—some with twenty, others less, but more dangerous wounds. Some had their heads nearly severed; about thirty died. The mandarins then removed their scene of butchery a mile outside the town; and during the next two days, after having obtained possession, they must have taken off upwards of 2,000 heads, or otherwise destroyed that number of people. For days bodies were floating about the harbor, carried out by one tide and brought back by another, each time not quite so far, so that finally they were only disposed of by being taken to sea. Many on whom sentence of death was not passed, had their noses slit or cut off; others the ears cut off, or nailed to a post in the sun, and subject to the injury and insult of the less ill-disposed persons.

"I could not fail to see that this treatment excited the sympathy of many of the passers-by; and, on one occasion, that the ill treatment of one of them nailed to a post, called down upon the individual an execration that made him instantly desist and walk off. The only feeling the brutal pirates evinced was that of disappointment at being deprived (as they said) by us of three thousand dollars.

"So little sympathy did the mandarins meet with, and so little could they depend upon their own twenty thousand soldiers, that they requested protection of our consul against the same pirates, who only sought payment in full of the terms previously agreed upon.

"The Consul fearing an indiscriminate plunder, that would eventually extend itself to English life and property, sent to the pirates to say that if they took any steps contrary to the wish of the mandarin, they would be sunk by our ships.

"Often during the operations, the poor people complained of the treatment of the Imperialists, and it was certainly pitiable to behold the needless destruction of property—needless if the Imperialists had been soldiers or men—such never

won or kept an empire; yet none of the Imperial forces are better."—pp. 308—311.

"The mandarins avowed, that after the government of Amoy was established, they meant to carry fire and sword through the surrounding districts, as the people were all tainted with revolutionary principles."—p. 312.

Such are some of the bad qualities on the part of the Tartar rulers of China, which have prepared the way for the reverses which have come upon them. What the better qualities are which have given such advantage to their opponents we shall see presently. Our latest accounts apprise us that large bodies of insurgents are encamped near Canton, and that the Imperialists are in the same position near Amoy. The rebels in both these districts are still for the greater part idolaters; even at Amoy they make no profession of Christianity. At Amoy, too, we regret to learn that the French have taken some part with the Imperialists. The English and the Americans have observed a wise neutrality. What explanation the French have to give concerning their departure from this policy remains to be seen. That the French priests and Jesuits are at the bottom of it is not to be doubted. The Nankin insurgents, under Tou-ping-wang and the Four Kings, consist of the original and the more hopeful force engaged in the movement; but even these have ceased for some time to add to their acquisitions northward. They were, in fact, much nearer Pekin a year ago than at present. But enough has happened to show that the past of China must be the past; its future must be something widely different, and will, we doubt not, be something much better. The Triads assail the empire on social grounds, and reveal its political weakness; the Nankin insurgents assailed it on religious grounds, and have revealed its weakness in that quarter.

II. But to what extent has the course of the insurgents been marked by the sanguinary? Accounts have reached this country which describe them as bent on exterminating the Mantchoo race, and as destroying them by thousands while casting themselves upon their mercy. But to judge correctly here, it is important to distinguish between the great leaders of the insurrection from the first and those who follow them, and other parties who have opposed themselves to the Government on grounds of their own. The insurrection commenced, as we have seen, in the latitude of Canton, but the original chiefs are soon found pursuing their course of victory several hundred miles higher up the

country. In the meanwhile the evacuated district in the south fell for a time, as the following passage will show, into quite other hands.

"In Canton," says the *Friend of China* for April, 1854, "we learn that:—

"Idolatry has much to answer for, how much it were impossible to say; but anything seems to be better than it. From Canton we learn that there are banditti at not a great distance from the city, committing fearful atrocities. It would appear that, in revenge for betrayal of some of their comrades, after plundering the houses of everything, young children have been caught and crucified by hundreds, in the sight of their agonized mothers, who, frantic, but powerless, have dashed their (*own*) brains out against the walls at the horrid sight. These fiends in human shape (some five hundred are spoken of as in one body) are distinguished by red scarfs across the shoulders; and the Canton government, "powerful" as it has been termed, is not able to exterminate them. This banditti, as they were at first called, have gradually grown into such a formidable body, that they have defeated the Imperialists, destroyed their camp, and driven them within the city of Canton, which is now in a state of siege by them. It has been stated, that these men have been stirred to rebellion by the Insurgents at Nankin, but of this there does not appear sufficient evidence."—pp. 322, 323.

What we know of the insurgents under Tae-ping-wang warrants us in saying that they would disown and execrate the wretches capable of such deeds. According to the latest accounts from Canton, this ferocious band would seem to have been dispersed, or to have been absorbed in the larger and better disciplined force now dominant in that neighborhood. But while the Imperialists of that city are men who could decapitate seven hundred persons at one time, on the mere suspicion of sympathizing with the rebels, it must not be expected that the rebels, heathens as they still are in those quarters, will go like lambs to their business.

Besides this "banditti" at Canton, there are the Triads, adherents to the "three principles"—brethren of the "short sword," as they are sometimes called—who were strong enough to possess themselves of Amoy, and who are also to be distinguished from the great body of the insurgents. The Triads, for the greater part, have ceased to be idolaters, but they have not adopted the religious views of the followers of Tae-ping-wang. The conduct, however, even of this party, has been just and humane, if compared with that of the Imperialists at the same place.

The banditti in the neighborhood of Canton has been confounded with the Triads of Amoy, but the latter have shown themselves men of another order. Concerning the reputed cruelty of the insurgents under Tae-ping, Captain Fishbourne thus writes:—

"It has been too generally believed that the insurgents were most sanguinary in their operations, and that like the followers of Mahomet, they propagated their faith (if this were possible) by the sword; this is belief in part founded upon the misrepresentations of the Imperialists, and partly, perhaps, upon their own proclamations, which stated that they would take the heads off the priests and Tartars.

"As to propagating their faith by the sword, this is not correct, they do not compel any to join them: but they will not admit any to fellowship unless they profess the same religion, commit to memory the same form of prayer, and observe the same daily rules of worship. The mere superscription of the Chinese character *shun* 'obedient,' over the door of a house, is held a sufficient token of the submission of its inmates, and they have refused numbers upon the grounds of their not making profession of the same faith.

"Their code of morals, chosen evidently from the Old Testament, and not suited to our habits or dispensation, is sanguinary, but is no doubt administered with justice and mercy as compared with any administration of law amongst the Imperialists; and it is probable that a law of such a character is necessary for the low and depraved state in which China is at present.

"Some of the statements of their conduct are evidently a little figurative; thus it was the impression that they destroyed all the priests. Now on visiting Silver Island—a celebrated shrine of idolatrous worship—we found the priests there, and they stated that they had not been injured; they were given books, and informed that they must allow their hair to grow—their practice being to shave their heads.

"The idols, it is true, were all destroyed; some of these must have been magnificent, made of clay, and forty or even sixty feet high. Those of wood or stone were defaced, and many thrown into the water.

"Golden Island was another celebrated place of idol-worship, and there also the temples had been defaced. We observed the same in the suburbs of Nankin. The hostility was to the idols much less than to the temples; but idolatrous emblems are always woven into these buildings in such a way that it is next to impossible to remove the evidences of idolatry and not injure the temple. The celebrated porcelain tower shared in some degree the general rage against idol-worship; for, though it does not appear to have been erected with reference to worship, but in commemoration of an individual, yet many of its ornaments were idolatrous; these, we were informed, were all destroyed, and as far as we could see with the aid of our glasses, the tower had been slightly defaced, though it was still

standing. Fire had been the agent used in Golden Island.

"Nor is it to be wondered at, that on awaking to a sense of the degradation their nation had been brought to by these priests and their idolatrous worship, they should be carried beyond the line of conduct which indifferent spectators would deem proper.

"The city of Nankin is a walled city, said to have contained half a million of inhabitants. Its walls are high, and extend twenty-one miles; but not more than a quarter of the indirect space was occupied with houses; and these for the most part new in one corner—the remainder being gardens and fields.

"It is said that the insurgents destroyed all the Tartars and their families to the number of twenty or twenty-five thousand. This I do not credit—not that I pretend to say what they would have done—but I think this is too much built upon the evidence of the boy-attendant of Lae's—intelligent though he was, and to be relied on, as far as his knowledge could enable him to speak. But the fact is, as I think, that the greater part was seized with the panic which appears to seize all on the approach of the insurgents, and had fled; for the houses gave conclusive proof that the city had not only been abandoned of its inhabitants, but that they had taken all their furniture and other removable property out with them; for had it been simply removed from the houses and thrown into the streets, we should have seen some remnants. It was quite remarkable how completely street after street and house after house were emptied, and with few exceptions. Again, we saw many people as we passed along, carrying back their furniture, as they did at Shanghai; confidence having returned. We saw a few houses sealed up, and from their appearance they were the houses of rich people; the silk looms also seem to have been left. These they would naturally suppose would not be injured by the insurgents; the more particularly as they had always studiously avoided anything that affected trade; and it is owing to this care that our export trade has been so little interrupted.

"Indeed, it is evident that the policy of Tae-ping and his followers, is to protect the people, but make war, even 'to the knife,' against the Tartar authorities."—pp. 174—178.

Both the mendacity and the cowardice of the Mantchoos render it highly probable that their accounts in regard to the cruelties of the revolutionists would be exaggerated.

III. It is beyond doubt that the Christianity professed by the insurgents is tainted with error and superstition. But *to what extent is this the fact?* We may now take it as settled that Hung siu-tsien, now known as Tae-ping, or Tae-ping-wang, who was at the head of this movement from the first, and is so still at Nankin, began his career as an insurgent under religious—we may say,

Christian influences. His youth was spent in study. In his riper years he became familiar with Christian books and Christian teaching in Canton and its neighborhood. The thoughtfulness thus awakened was strengthened by his reflexions and experiences in sickness; and the new doctrine, which had found a genial home in his own spirit, he began to preach to others. Many who knew something of the Christian religion appear to have been confirmed by his influence, and others to whom the doctrine was wholly new embraced it, or became thoughtful concerning it.

For a while the Mantohoo authorities were heedless of these proceedings. But as converts multiplied, and the stir became notorious, attempts were made to suppress the new opinions, and persecution goaded the men professing them into rebellion. The spark which was thus struck off in the neighborhood of Canton, kindled a flame which spread to the neighborhood of Pekin, shutting up the Tartar sovereignty to a mere corner of the dominions subject to it five years since.

But Tae-ping-wang is not now the only sovereign. He is still announced as the Heavenly or Celestial King, but subordinate to him are the Eastern King, the Western King, the Southern King, the Northern King, and the Assistant King. Tae-ping-wang, indeed, is said to be no longer visible. Some Europeans even doubt his present existence. But Yang, the Eastern King, acts in nearly all things in his stead. It is this man who has done most to mix error, and we fear we must add—religious fraud, with the movement.

The despotic sovereigns of the East do not submit to correction or control from their subjects. Their authority is said to be of divine origin, and only as the priest, through whom the divine may be supposed to speak, shall claim audience, is the earthly potentate prepared to listen. To submit in such case has been to submit, not to the human, but to the divine. Hence in ancient Egypt, and in all the ancient Asiatic empires, the priest-caste has furnished almost the only acknowledged check on the pretensions of royalty. The Chinese insurgents, however, have no priests. It is their boast that they do not need them. But in these circumstances the Eastern King, Yang, has assumed much of the authority of the old hierophants of Egypt, and of the magi of Persia, claiming to be received as inspired—or as one through whom the "Father" speaks, making known his will

to Tae-ping-wang for the good of all subject to his sway. We give an extract of some length from what is called an "Official Statement," which has been translated and sent to this country by Dr. Medhurst, touching these supposed revelations. Strange is what follows, but Great Britain and China are two worlds.

"On the morning of the 25th of December, 1853, being the day of worship, the Northern Prince, accompanied by the Marquis Ting-theen, the Minister of State, and other officers, came to the palace of the Eastern Prince, to pay their compliments and to deliberate on the affairs of Government. When the deliberations were completed, the Northern Prince, with all the officers, knelt down and exclaimed, 'May your highness the Eastern Prince enjoy felicity and repose!' The Eastern Prince then commanded the Northern Prince to return to his palace, and all the officers to repair to their official residences, after which the Eastern Prince retired to his inner palace. In a short time the Heavenly Father came down into the world, and summoned Yang-shway-heaou, Hoo-kan-keaou, Tan-wan-mei, and Sang-wan-mei, saying, 'Do all you young women come forward and listen to the commands of me, the Heavenly Father.' Yang-shway-keaou, together with the female chamberlains, then approached into the presence of the Heavenly Father, and, kneeling down, inquired, saying, 'Since the Heavenly Father has taken the trouble to come down into the world, we young women have all come forward reverently to listen to the Heavenly Father's sacred commands, and to solicit his instructions.' The Heavenly Father then manifested considerable displeasure, and for some time would not speak. The female officers implored, saying, 'The moving of our Heavenly Father to take the trouble to come down into our world is to be ascribed to the faults of his sons and daughters, whose transgressions are multiplied. We, therefore, earnestly beseech our Heavenly Father's forgiveness, and intreat the removal of his displeasure, for which we pray, and pray again, with all imaginable earnestness.' The Heavenly father then said, 'Since you little ones are sensible of your faults, do you immediately call your Northern Prince to come hither and listen to my commands.' The female chamberlains then replied, 'We will obey the Heavenly Father's sacred commands.' The female chamberlains then hastened out of the door of the second palace, and sounded the drum, announcing the descent of the Heavenly Father, and informing the male chamberlains that the Northern Prince had been summoned into his presence. The male chamberlains, in obedience to the orders given, went immediately to the Northern Palace to make this announcement. The Northern Prince then came to the Eastern Palace to listen to the sacred commands of the Heavenly Father, who had come down into the world. The Heavenly Father also commanded the female Minister of State, Yang-shway-keaou, and Hoo-kan-mei, say-

ing, 'Before the arrival of your Northern Prince I command you to take my sacred will, and announce it to your Eastern Prince, commanding him to go to Court, and inform your Lord, the Celestial King, that my appearance is on account of the impetuous disposition of your Lord the Celestial King. Since he is of the same nature with myself, he ought to be as forbearing as myself. In ruling over the empire, mildness is essential in everything. For instance, the female officers in the Celestial Court, assisting to manage the affairs of State, are very frequently unacquainted with matters of high import, and are, therefore, apt to do things out of due order; these must be kindly instructed with a liberality vast as the ocean, in order that their minds may attentively accord with the regulations of Government, and thus attend properly to their management. If they are treated with too much severity their minds will get into confusion, and they will not know what to do in order to carry out the Imperial commands. Their minds being unsettled, their frames will be agitated; and when one thing goes wrong, everything will fall into confusion. So that it is much better quietly to tell them what to do until they are versed in it, and they will then attend to it spontaneously. To instance, also, your young master, although his nature is originally good yet he must be occasionally instructed, and then he will not abandon the good dictates of his nature—which are always at hand—and fall into evil habits and practices which are foreign to his views and feelings. At present you must take advantage of his original goodness of nature, and, as you have opportunity, instruct him, that he may get accustomed to what is correct, and become an example to all the empire, that all the nations of the world may take pattern by him. When you see that his sayings and doings are in accordance with Celestial emotions, then you may allow him to say and do as he pleases; but, when you see that they are not in accordance with Heavenly emotions, you must control him, and not let him do just what he likes.' The female officers replied, 'We unworthy females will endeavor to comply with the sacred commands of our Celestial Papa.' The Heavenly Father again said, 'Yang-chang-mei and Shih-ting-lan have been for some time in the Celestial Court, attending to the affairs of State; moreover, these young women are relatives of two of the princes, and must, therefore, have their sympathies in unison with those of the royal family. With respect to the elder and younger Choo-kew-mei, they have also attained some degree of merit, and must be allowed to rest themselves and cease from labor. Whether, therefore, they remain in the Celestial Court of Tae-ping-wang, or whether they come over to the palace of the Eastern Prince, let them enjoy the ease and tranquillity becoming royal personages. It is also announced to be the Divine will that, if they are summoned into the Celestial Court, they will necessarily be daily near the royal person (of Tae-ping-wang), and, as Ministers waiting upon the Sovereign, they will have certain duties to perform which cannot be avoided;

but, as they are not to attend to public business, it is much better that they remain in the palace of the Eastern Prince to enjoy themselves, which will be in all respects more convenient. With respect to the business of the Celestial Court, there are matters of State which any one may attend to. Let some other persons, therefore, be deputed to attend to these.' The female officers replied, 'We are much obliged for the trouble taken by the Heavenly Father to come down into the world to instruct us; and, unworthy as we are, we will endeavor to comply with these injunctions, while we make known the sacred will of the Heavenly Father to the Eastern Prince.' The Heavenly Father again said, 'You comply with my injunctions, and all will be right. I shall now return to Heaven.' After the Heavenly Father had gone back to Heaven, the Northern Prince, accompanied by the Marquis Ting-theen and others, arrived at the outer gate of the Eastern Palace, and, not knowing that the Heavenly Father had returned to Heaven, they led forward all the officers to kneel down and pray, saying, 'We, your unworthy children, have frequently offended, so as to occasion our Heavenly Father to trouble himself, for which we earnestly beg our Heavenly Father's forgiveness, and that he would graciously condescend to instruct us his unworthy children.' Having finished the prayer, they continued kneeling on the ground, and commanded the male chamberlain to beat the drum, and cause the female chamberlains to announce their arrival. The female chamberlains, hearing the sound of the drum, came out from the inner palace to the front gate to see the Northern Prince, and informed him, saying, 'A short time ago the Heavenly Father gave himself the trouble to come down to earth; but he is now gone back to Heaven. We, therefore, request the Northern Prince and the Marquis Ting-theen to rise from their knees.' The Northern Prince then rose from his knees, and said, 'The Heavenly Father having graciously condescended to come down into the world, we should like to know what instructions he has left for us.' The female chamberlains replied, 'The sacred will of the Heavenly Father is to command the Eastern and Northern Princes, together with the officers, to go to Court. It is also commanded to the Eastern Prince to convey the sacred injunctions of the Heavenly Father to the Celestial King, ordering him to be more gentle in his disposition, and more indulgent towards others. He is also to give instructions to the heir apparent, and graciously to excuse four women of the court from the duties to which they have now to attend. The Eastern Prince, in obedience to the requisitions, is now about to go to court.' The Northern Prince said, 'Will you be kind enough to inform the Eastern Prince that I, the general, have come to pay my respects to him?' The female chamberlains announced this accordingly, when the Eastern Prince said, 'Since the Northern Prince has come, he may be told to enter my palace.' The Northern Prince and all the officers then entered the palace, and, kneeling down, exclaimed, 'May the Prince enjoy extreme longevity!' They also thanked the Eastern

Prince for his consideration, saying, 'We, your younger brethren, who are here to-day, are under obligations to the fourth elder brother for the arrangements which he has made, whereby we have attained to our present position. Now, also, the Heavenly Father has manifested his great favor by coming down into our world to instruct us, for which we cherish the most unbounded gratitude. Moreover, also, the brethren and sisters throughout the world have, in a similar manner, repeatedly experienced great favors at the hands of our Heavenly Father.' The Eastern Prince said, 'The Heavenly Father has indeed taken a great deal of trouble on our behalf; may you, my younger brother, and all the officers, be duly sensible of the Celestial favors.' The Northern Prince and all the officers replied, 'We shall endeavor to comply with your honorable commands.' The Eastern Prince again said, 'The Heavenly Father has made known his sacred will, commanding us all to go to court; we ought, therefore, to proceed thither immediately.' Having said this, he told them to wait a little, and the Northern Prince, together with the officers, knelt down and shouted, 'May your Highness enjoy abundant longevity! We beseech you, the Eastern Prince, tranquilly to ascend your sedan chair.' The Eastern Prince then commanded the Northern Prince and all the officers to go first to court. The Northern Prince was about to proceed thither accordingly, when he suddenly addressed the Chamberlain of the Northern Palace, saying, 'Do you quickly go to the sedan of the Eastern Prince, and request the favor of his instructions, as to whether we are first to go to the Hall of Audience, or to enter straight into the door of the palace.' The Chamberlain, receiving this charge, went immediately to the sedan of the Eastern Prince, and requested one of the servants of the Eastern Palace to obtain and communicate to him the wishes of his master. The servant said, 'The Eastern Prince is enjoying repose in the sedan, and I do not dare to disturb him.' The Chamberlain of the Northern Palace, hearing that the Eastern Prince was enjoying repose, did not presume to repeat the inquiry, but hastened back to inform the Northern Prince. The Northern Prince, hearing that the Eastern Prince was enjoying repose, hastily descended from his sedan and proceeded on foot to the middle of the road, where he knelt down and inquired, saying, 'Has the Heavenly Father troubled himself to come down into this world again?' To which the Heavenly Father replied in the affirmative, telling the Northern Prince to convey the sedan into the Hall of Audience. The Northern Prince replied, 'I will obey the injunctions of the Heavenly Father,' whereupon he hastily commanded the female officers of the court to inform the Celestial King of the circumstance; which done, he, together with the Ministers of State and the other officers, conveyed the sedan of the Eastern Prince within the gates of the palace. The Celestial King, Tae-ping-wang, having heard the message which the female officers brought from the Northern Prince, intimating that the Heavenly Father had taken the trouble to

come down into the world, hastily went on foot to the second gate of the palace, to receive the Heavenly Father. The last-named, on his arrival, was angry with the Celestial King, saying, 'Sew-tseuen! you are very much in fault; are you aware of it?' The Celestial King, kneeling down with the Northern Prince and all the officers, replied, saying, 'Your unworthy son knows that he is in fault, and begs the Heavenly Father graciously to forgive him.' The Heavenly Father then said, with a loud voice, 'Since you acknowledge your fault you must be beaten with forty blows.' At that time the Northern King and all the officers prostrated themselves on the ground, and, weeping, implored the Heavenly Father to manifest his favor, and remit the punishment which their master had deserved, offering to receive the blows themselves in the stead of the Celestial King. The Celestial King said, 'Do not, my younger brethren, rebel against the will of our Heavenly Father; since our Heavenly Father has of his goodness condescended to instruct us, I, your elder brother, can do no less than receive the correction.' The Heavenly Father would not listen to the request of the officers, but still insisted on the blows being given to the Celestial King; whereupon the Celestial King replied, 'Your unworthy son will comply with your requisitions; and, so saying, he prostrated himself to receive the blows. The Heavenly Father then said, 'Since you have obeyed the requisition, I shall not inflict the blows; but those women, Shih-ting-lan and Yang-chang-mei, must both be sent to the palace of the Eastern Prince, and stay along with the imperial relatives, to enjoy royal ease and tranquillity. There is no necessity for their aiding in the business of the State. The elder and younger Chow-kew-choo, having formerly attained to a degree of merit, may also enjoy ease and tranquillity. With regard to other matters, you can wait till your brother Yang-sew-tsing sends up his report.' Having said this, the Heavenly Father returned to heaven.

"The Northern Prince, with the rest of the officers, then escorted the Celestial King back to the palace, when the Celestial King said, 'The Heavenly Father having taken the trouble to come down to the world to communicate instruction, let us all, unworthy as we are, acknowledge the celestial favor.' All the officers then knelt down, and thrice exclaimed, 'May the King live forever! we shall comply with your injunctions.'—pp. 232—244.

Much follows to the same effect, in which Yang delivers various counsels to Tae-ping-wang, all as from the Heavenly Father for his guidance; and Tae-ping is made to praise his advices, saying, "Your observations, brother Tsing, are all important, and may be considered the specifics for managing families, governing countries, and ruling the whole empire." Tae-ping, indeed, proceeds so far as to speak of Yang as fulfilling the idea of the Comforter promised by Jesus; and, as

the not unnatural sequence, Yang has since assumed to be the Comforter—the Holy Ghost. A writer who visited Nankin in the *Susquehanna*, furnishes the following information in relation to this strange combination of the false with the true:—

"Whatever Hung-sew-tseuen (Tae-ping-wang) may mean by calling himself the brother of Jesus, it is but justice to say that no evidence was found of its being insisted on as an essential article of faith among the mass of his followers. No other person but the one above referred to made an allusion to it; and several officers who subsequently visited the steamer, when asked what was meant by it, professed themselves unable to give any information on the subject. They were so evidently puzzled, that it was plain their attention had never been called to the matter before.

"Each of the other kings has also assumed a high-sounding title, as appears from the following ode, given out 'by the favor of the Heavenly Father, the Heavenly Elder Brother, and the Heavenly King, that all soldiers and people under heaven may celebrate praises in accordance with it:—

'Praise the Supreme Ruler, who is the holy heavenly Father, the one only true God.

Praise the heavenly Elder Brother, the Saviour of the world, who laid down his life for men.

Praise the Eastern King, the holy Divine Breath (i. e. the Holy Spirit as used by Morrison), who atones for faults and saves men.

Praise the Western King, the rain-teacher, an high-as-heaven honorable man.

Praise the Southern King, the cloud-teacher, an high-as-heaven upright man.

Praise the Northern King, the thunder-teacher, an high-as-heaven benevolent man.

Praise the assistant King, the lightning-teacher, an high-as-heaven righteous man.

How different are the true doctrines from the doctrines of the world:

They are able to save men's souls, causing the enjoyment of happiness without end.

The wise with exultation receive them as their source of happiness.

The foolish when awakened may know by them the way therein.

The grace of the heavenly Father is vast, exceeding great without bounds.

He spared not his first-born Son, but sent him down into the world

To lay down his life for the redemption of our sins.

If men experience repentance, their souls shall ascend to heaven.'

"The last part of the hymn is taken from the *Book of Religious Precepts*. The name of the 'Celestial King' it will be observed, is omitted in the ode. Is it because he has forbidden its being so used? The second clauses of the stanzas relating to the Heavenly Brother and the Eastern King have been altered since the first publication

of the piece, by pasting a slip over the characters originally printed. Before the alteration, these clauses read respectively,

'An high-as-heaven hóly man,'

"And—

'An as high-as-heaven holy spirit.'

"The titles applied to these kings are no doubt mere empty names, without any specific meaning, and are not necessarily to be understood as implying a claim to super-earthly dignity.

"Whatever may be thought of such an ode among persons better instructed, there is the best evidence that it is not regarded as offering worship to the Kings mentioned. The uniform testimony at Nankin was, that none but the Heavenly Father and Heavenly Elder Brother were worshipped. The worship is very simple. Before each of the three meals an offering is placed upon the table, consisting of *three bowls of rice, three bowls of vegetables, and three cups of tea, or wine*. Then all join in a hymn, remaining seated, after which they kneel and offer a short prayer. There is preaching, as often as the proper authorities give orders for it. A large stage, erected in an open field, was said to be used as a pulpit on such occasions.

"Little evidence was found of religious culture, or of any just appreciation, by the mass, of the doctrines of Christianity. This indeed could not be expected; yet many of the multitude who visited the steamer could repeat the Ten Commandments as given in their books. In speaking of the Deity they invariably use the expression Tien-fuo, Heavenly Father."—*North China Herald*.

To most English readers this mixture of truth and untruth, of the wise and the foolish, will appear very strange. But there is childish simplicity, a harmless quietism pervading it, by no means in keeping with the cruel and sanguinary character sometimes ascribed to these people. The real marvel after all is, not that there should be such differences between the opinions and habits of these men and our own, as that the affinities between us should be such as we find them. The Christian influences which have reached them, and given them all the Christian truth and feeling they possess, have been so different, so limited, and we may add, so far erroneous, as to go far towards explaining the phenomenon presented in their recent history. One fact is very observable—they have had to depend much more on the printer than on the preacher. We remember it to have been a grave maxim with the late Dr. Morrison, when in this country some thirty years since, that the duty of the Church towards China for some time to come would be, not so much to preach, as to print. His feeling seemed to be, that

from the difficulties of the language, it was little that Europeans *could* do in the way of preaching, while they might hope to do great things by continuous and patient effort in printing, seeing that the Chinese were beyond all people a reading people. Since that time the press has been sowing its seed broadcast. We now see the effect, both in its good and in its not-good. Had it been possible to send forth the preacher more adequately by the side of the press, we should probably have reaped the good seed we now see without so large an admixture of tares. Captain Fishbourne touches with much intelligence on the different sources from which the fragmentary knowledge of the insurgents would seem to have been derived:—

"It appears to me that, though many causes contributed to its success, the main element in the movement was Christianity; and as I have said before, to the Protestant missionaries of all denominations inclusively, is due the credit of having propagated the knowledge and feeling from which it sprang.

"Even Gutzlaff's Chinese Union, though it was not satisfactory in all its members, or thorough in its teaching, deserves its praise.

"There can be no question but that it is Gutzlaff's translations of the Bible that they have; and it is more than probable that he circulated Bibles in Kwang-tong and Kwang-se in 1848, in which province the rebellion commenced.

"And the Anglo-Chinese papers stated from time to time, that members of the Chinese Union were amongst the insurgents, and even that the movement had been originated by them. This was given the readier credence to, because Gutzlaff had stated that there would be a revolution soon, though indeed others to whom he had stated this, understood him to mean that it would have its origin in secular motives. It is equally true, however, that Gutzlaff often said when people questioned the utility of his Chinese Union, or the fact that the missionaries were making any progress,—'Well, wait a little, and you will see the contrary.'

"There is a remarkable passage in the letter which was written by the two insurgent generals or chiefs at Chiang-Kiang-foo, in answer to a letter of Sir George Bonham.

"We remember, moreover, how, on a former occasion, we, in conjunction with Bremer, Elliot, and Wanking, (?) in the province of Canton, erected a church, and together worshipped Jesus, our Celestial Elder Brother: all these circumstances are as fresh in our recollection as if they had happened but yesterday.'

"This argues an early appreciation and acceptance of the truths of Christianity; and though the allusions to Christianity in these earlier proclamations that reached us in China were asserted, very generally, to be mere extracts from Christian tracts, I was satisfied from the first that they were writ-

ten by persons who better understood, and more appreciated the scheme of Christianity, than do the people constituting the mass of Christendom.

"Any Christian giving ordinary intelligence to the examination of these proclamations, and being uninfluenced by prejudice, would come to the same conclusion: for though they might have quoted from Christian tracts, unless they understood the subject, the weaving in of these extracts could not have been otherwise than incongruous, which it may be seen they are not; for though they contain error, it is not of such a kind.

"I would not be understood to say that the Roman Catholic missionaries have not contributed towards the general result; because everything that tended to question the truth of their whole system—philosophical, social, and religious, had that effect: but their influence was small in proportion; as they conformed or allowed conformity to heathen practices in their worship. Hence, the previously existing state of things would have gone on to the end of the chapter, had not a new, a Protestant element been introduced.

"Many of their missionaries compromised their position and creed, by the adoption of the dress, sometimes of the Buddhist Priest, sometimes that of a Chinese Literati: and the largest and most influential section, the Jesuits, permitted in their so-called convents the retention of many superstitious rites, in honor of Confucius and of their ancestors.

"The Dominicans and Franciscans had protested ineffectually against many of these concessions. They must now lament, that they had not been more earnest for the truth. The conduct of the contending parties is another evidence, if any were wanting, that there is something wrong in the moral condition of man, that he should be less earnest for truth than for error. Nay, in that he even rejoices in error, and continues to do so till too late!

"Huc and Gabet (I fancy of the Jesuit mission in China), in their Travels in Thibet, speak of the extraordinary similarity they observed in the dresses of the Lamas, to those of the dignitaries of their own church; so much are they so, and some of their ceremonies so much alike, that it would be difficult for any but the initiated to discern a difference, or not be persuaded, that if they be not the same, they must have had a common origin.

"Du Halde said that in his time, Buddhism was considered the counterpart of Roman Catholicism. It was difficult then to distinguish between them in the Chinese mind.

"After the dethronement of the last of the Ming Emperors, Youngtze, a grandson of the 13th of that dynasty, who was King of the capital of the province of Quey-chew, was proclaimed Emperor by the Viceroy of Kwang-se, and by the Generalissimo of the Chinese forces, who were both said to be Christians. For a time he held his court at Shau-king near Canton; but after four years of varied fortunes but ultimate failure, he retired into Kwang-se, then to Yun-nun, and finally to Pegu; upon which the Tartar Emperor

sent troops, with a threatening letter to the King of Pegu, who gave him with his whole family up: whereupon he was carried to Shau-king, near Canton, and strangled. His Queen and his mother, however, were sent to Pekin, and were treated with kindness; but they continued in the religion (Christian) which they had embraced. This was in 1624; and it is argued that they were Roman Catholics, and that if the Miou-tze were Christians, they must have been of that denomination: if so, they were so only traditionally, for they cease to be so now: the movement is essentially Protestant in its principles—that is, holding the Bible alone without tradition.

"Another important element in the early success of this movement, was the fact of its raising in the vicinity of the mountains, occupied by the Miou-tze a race of independent mountaineers, who never submitted to the Tartar, nor indeed to any yoke, or adopted their badges of slavery, or any custom indicative of it. There must have been some principles and some influences more than ordinary amongst them, to have kept them thus separate, in the midst of a people who seem to have had more than ordinary power to permeate and pervade other races; showing them to possess an indestructibility of race like the Jew.

"The ignorant always invent something strange but ridiculous to account for what they do not understand; and the settled policy of the court (to vilify all whom they cannot control) would account for the extravagant notions entertained of the simple mountaineers at Pekin. They call them wolf-men; they were outlawed, and no one allowed to intermarry with them, or even to buy from or sell to them.

"Of their real position and character we have much to learn, and it may be of the most interesting, not to say important kind, for it may be that, like the Jews at Kae-fung-foo, they have a copy of the Old Testament Scriptures, but have lost the knowledge of the character in which it is written; or that they may be like the Christians found by Dr. Buchanan, who have really copies of the Scriptures; as a Miou-tze informed us at Chiang-Kiang-foo—but only a very few, and because of having only a few, they were preserved with religious awe, and as a consequence, the people have only a general knowledge of their contents; so that only such meagre portions of the truth as may have been embalmed in their customs and traditions is current amongst them, revolting them from idolatry like the Jew, and predisposing them so towards Christianity, that when it was presented to them they met it with acceptance.

"If so, what a marvel is here as respects the moral government of the world—a train of causation carried forward from the eighth or twelfth century, when the light spread by the Nestorian Church was put out, and held latent, as it were, on the mountain-tops of this small spot in the far-west, ready to be lit up as a beacon-light on the advent of the first pure preacher of the Gospel—at the fulness of time—when China's day of visitation was fully come."—pp. 32—38.

Knowledge so received, and received by such a people, could scarcely have led to a different result. The work of the press was quiet, unobtrusive, much more so than the labors of the preacher could have been, and appears in consequence to have been left to its course until its appointed work was done. It may be doubted, too, as intimated by Captain Fishbourne, whether the professors of a much purer Christianity would have been the men to do the work which was to be done in this stage of Chinese history. It is very clear that men filled with the passive resistance and peace crotchets found among ourselves would not have been fitting instruments for the will of Providence in this matter; nor is it probable that the Chinese people would have been largely influenced by any system having in it less of a Chinese element.

IV. But we now come to the question as to the amount of *Truth to be found amidst so much Error*. In this inquiry, we of course pass by the insurgents in Amoy, and those about Canton. What political science these may possess, fitting them to become the nucleus of a better authority than that of the Tartars—which they are aiming to supersede—the future must determine. Of the insurgents about Amoy we know enough to be hopeful in this respect. Of those near Canton we have more reason to stand in doubt. In our solicitude for the better government and the better faith of China, our hopes turn toward Nankin, notwithstanding all the error and false pretension set forth there by the Eastern King.

One fact we wish to impress on our readers, viz., that the very errors of the Nankin insurgents seem to show that in regard to religion, they are in the main a self-taught people, and on that account the more likely to be sincere to the extent of their light. In most cases, Protestant missionaries have been disposed to insist that the Christianity of their converts should be of their own exact type. Hence it must be supposed that much of what has been received as Christian has been received more from accident, and as a matter of imposition, than as the effect of any living and personal conviction. Where no room is left for discrimination or selection, much that is adopted must be merely formal and conventional. But the Chinese insurgents have been under no such constraint. From this cause they have probably lost their hold on some important portions of truth. But the truth they have embraced we may reasonably regard as truth embraced

with that degree of personal feeling and conviction that will be favorable to its growth. Religion, where it is genuine, is a *growth*—it is not like our clothes, the one suit to be put off that another may be put on. The Christianity which has found its way among those people has become a real grafting on their proper selves, and the result is such as might have been expected. Natural as this reasoning may seem, it has not been natural to some people to reason after this manner. Many have been ready to persuade themselves that the Christianity professed by this remote and extraordinary people would be found to be very much such as we profess ourselves; and finding it to be considerably different, they are now almost prepared to say that it is no Christianity at all. Our author has some just observations on this subject.

"No candid mind examining the proclamations and publications of the Insurgents, but must come to the conclusion that there are stated in these, certain broad principles by which they should be judged as a party, and which should guide us in dealing with them, and should insure for them not only candid treatment, but an acknowledgment that they are what they wish us to believe them; and what they represent themselves to be,—brethren, as believing with us the great truths which have constituted the grounds upon which nations have been admitted into the great family of Christendom; and which form the strong line of demarcation that separates them from all impostors, with whom, sometimes, though not often, they are unfairly classed.

"They adopt Christianity, and this not simply in name, but after showing an intelligent appreciation of some of its most important doctrines, and having inculcated and yielded obedience to many of its precepts.

"They believe in one God and Father of all, and have expressed, if they have not formed a somewhat high (relatively) estimate of his attributes. Thus: 'The great God is a spiritual Father, a ghostly Father, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent; all nations under heaven are acquainted with His great power.'

"They believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world. Thus: 'Our heavenly Father, of His great mercy and unbounded goodness, spared not His first-born Son, but sent him down into the world, to give his life for the redemption of all our transgressions; the knowledge of which, coupled with repentance, saves the souls of men.'

"They invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit. 'I also earnestly pray then the great God, our heavenly Father, constantly to bestow on me thy Holy Spirit, and change my wicked heart: never more allow me to be deceived by malignant demons, but perpetually regarding me with favor, forever deliver me from the Evil One.'

"They believe that the Scriptures are a revelation from God;—they make them the test of truth, and rule of faith, and they do not put anything forward as of co-ordinate authority.

"They do not set forth any traditions like Israel of old, to make void the word of God.

"They do not attempt to invent a Bible, or add anything to, or take from, the word of God. We have thus a common standard of truth, though they, owing to education, and the difficulties of language, draw somewhat different conclusions, and unwittingly mix up much that is unsatisfactory and incongruous with their statements of truth;—but they, not perceiving this incongruity, publish it, and still insist that our religion is one, and that we are brethren. But is not this the case with many who have had infinitely greater means of ascertaining what that standard is—are there not many who are as wide, or nearly so, from the truth, far wider on some points, and yet we do not take that as a sufficient ground upon which to question their sincerity, or to refuse political intercourse?

"Their education has been such, so radically different from ours, that they cannot but reason and resolve upon any given statements somewhat differently from us, and yet may be equally sincere. These men must have made sacrifices, and run no ordinary risks, which is a proof of their sincerity, though it may not be necessarily of their possessing the truth;—no man acts against his instinct without a reason. It is no answer to this, to say, that it is not against their true interests—for it was against their temporal interest, the only one they recognized for a time: at first they were subject to persecutions, and some even to death. For this reason it were unwise to wish that they had been better instructed; it were also unwise, because had they been better instructed in the principles and precepts of Christianity, in all probability they would not have been found raising the standard of revolt. They would have submitted, and their heads would have been taken, as thousands had been in China before. The country would thus have continued hermetically sealed against enlightenment and Christianity.

"It has been wisely ordered otherwise, for though it were admitted for argument's sake that they had not introduced a single Christian idea, yet in commencing a political change, they have placed their country on the high way to civilization and truth, with its attendant blessings."—pp. 336—340.

The Tartar emperor, in one of his memorials, states that these people "are not to be compared with the vagabonds of any other sect," and that their contempt of danger, and readiness to die for their principles, causes wonder to his officers and people. Such a witnessing reminds us of the heathen testimonies concerning the first Christians. Captain Fishbourne says, very wisely, that there are many considerations to be kept in view in judging even of such pretensions as those set forth by Yang, the Eastern King.

"There is a general disposition to forget the low starting-point of all heathen, but especially the Chinese, and to argue that because all is not attained, nothing has been. It looks as if men could be candid upon all subjects but upon that of religion. There are extravagances in their writings when we attach our meaning to them, and when they are measured by the highest standard of excellence. But with what propriety can we attach our meaning to them ?

"Take, for instance, their most extravagant writings, those by Yang-sew-tsing, who I believe to be a consummate hypocrite ;—and if so, it is unfair to judge his party by him, or by his writings. He has been charged with blasphemy, I think, recklessly. Dr. Bridgeman, an American Missionary, and a Chinese student of thirty years, hesitates to say blasphemous ; because, he adds, 'I do not know what he (Yang-sew-tsing) means by the use of the title, ling, (that used by Morrison to designate the Holy Spirit.)' Another American, whose letter I give, with 'the ode' in which 'ling' is used, attached, says, and I think with justice, 'that they are mere high-sounding titles.'

"Yang-sew-tsing's religious opinions are but little removed from Unitarianism ; consequently, when he assumes the title of the Holy Spirit, he does not profess to claim the attributes of God the Spirit ; he does not appear to know 'if there be any Holy Ghost.'

"Had he meant to assume the title and dignity of the Holy Spirit, he would have assumed a superiority to Hung-sew-tseuen ; but this evidently he does not, as he frequently states his inferiority to the Celestial King, and the Celestial King's Son also.

"Again, if this ode were meant to be a doxology, and the enjoining its use as such were considered as inculcating the worship of those included therein ; this were to prove too much, and too little—for it would teach that neither the Celestial King nor his Son were to be worshipped, but the four kings and the assistant king were, equally with Yang-sew-tsing ; he as the Holy Spirit, and they as what ? this also proves that Yang does not claim to be the Holy Spirit, or superiority, but only priority over the other kings.

"Much of the revelation also by Yang, when seen from our point of view, and in the light of our knowledge, is excessively offensive ; still in these (except in the fact of stating that he had revelations), he does not contravene any statement of Scripture—he inculcates Christian virtues, if he means to inculcate anything. But as I have before said, I believe him to be an impostor. The character of the Emperor, in the eyes of the Chinese, is something so sacred and heavenly, that the pretence of a revelation from heaven was necessary to obtain Yang the power and influence he exercised over his sovereign ; but for this assumption he dared not have ventured to award forty stripes of a bamboo, and this could only have been designed to humiliate and rob Hung of his dignity ; he showed great cunning in not inflicting it. The whole scene is quite Chinese."—pp. 343—345.

All the nations of modern Europe have grown out of a state of heathenism into the condition which has constituted them the Christendom of the West. No man acquainted with the slow and uncertain steps by which those changes were realized, will be surprised to find that traces of the old heathen thinking and usage should be clearly observable among the revolutionists of China. The placing of three bowls of tea as before the altar of the Deity in their worship, is the retention of an old usage of a very innocent description, if compared with customs retained in worship by the early professors of the Gospel in Saxon Britain, and in the Germany of that period. If polygamy be tolerated by the insurgents in sovereign or subject, it is a grave error. On this point, however, we need other evidence than we have yet obtained. It must be remembered, too, that the men who began the movement, were the men in whom the religious element was the most powerful. But as these traversed China, another Europe in extent, and were dispersed over it amidst their constantly increasing followers, everything really Christian in the moving mass must have been more and more diffused and weakened, leaving but too much room for the appearance of many errors and mischiefs which the earlier and better informed insurgents would have avoided and discountenanced. China, it must be borne in mind, is a region of vast extent, and what happens in one of its provinces or nations must not be hastily supposed to be common to all its provinces and nations. The following lines are from a work called the *Trimetrical Classic*, in the hands of all who acknowledge the authority of Tae-ping, and we know not where to find anything more adapted to remind us of those simple and beautiful summaries of Christian fact and doctrine, which have formed the early faith of nations while passing out of a heathen into a Christian State:

- "But the great God,
- Out of pity to mankind,
Sent his first-born Son
To come down into the world.
His name is Jesus,
The Lord and Saviour of men,
Who redeems them from sin
By the endurance of extreme misery.
Upon the cross
They nailed his body :
Where He shed his precious blood,
To save all mankind.
Three days after his death
He rose from the dead,

And during forty days
He discoursed on heavenly things."—p. 357.

Many instances occur in the history of ancient and modern missions showing how the Gospel has loosed the tongue of man, and made him eloquent in the cause of his new faith; but we know of nothing in Christian history more significant and striking in this view than the scene described by Dr. Medhurst in the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—As everything regarding the Insurgents possesses a degree of interest at the present moment, I beg leave to send you the following account:—

"Having obtained admission into the city of the Shanghai this afternoon, I proceeded to one of the chapels belonging to the London Missionary Society, where I commenced preaching to a large congregation, which had almost immediately gathered within the walls. I was descanting on the folly of idolatry, and urging the necessity of worshipping the one true God, on the ground that he alone could protect his servants, while idols were things of naught, destined soon to perish out of the land; when suddenly a man stood up in the midst of the congregation, and exclaimed—'That is true, that is true! the idols must perish, and shall perish. I am a Kwang-se man, a follower of Thae-ping-wang; we all of us worship one God (Shang-te), and believe in Jesus, while we do our utmost to put down idolatry; everywhere demolishing the temples, and destroying the idols, and exhorting the people to forsake their superstitions. When we commenced two years ago, we were only 3,000 in number, and we have marched from one end of the empire to the other, putting to flight whole armies of the Mandarin's troops that were sent against us. If it had not been that God was on our side, we could not have thus prevailed against such overwhelming numbers; but now our troops have arrived at Teen-tsin, and we expect soon to be victorious over the whole empire.' He then proceeded to exhort the people in a most lively and earnest strain to abandon idolatry, which was only the worship of devils, and the perseverance in which would involve them in the misery of hell; while by giving it up, and believing in Jesus, they would obtain the salvation of their souls. 'As for us,' he said, 'we feel quite happy in the possession of our religion, and look on the day of our death as the happiest period of our existence; when any of our number die, we never weep, but congratulate each other on the joyful occasion, because a brother has gone to glory, to enjoy all the magnificence and splendor of the heavenly world. While continuing here, we make it our business to keep the commandments, to worship God, and to exhort each other to do good, for which end we have frequent meetings for preaching and prayer. What is the use, then,' he asked, 'of you Chinese going on to burn incense, and candles, and gilt paper; which, if your idols really required it, would only show their covetous

dispositions, just like the Mandarins, who seize men by the throat, and if they will not give money, squeeze them severely; but if they will, they only squeeze them gently.' He went on to inveigh against the prevailing vices of his countrymen, particularly opium-smoking; 'that filthy drug,' he exclaimed, 'which only defiles those who use it, making their houses stink, and their clothes stink, and their bodies stink, and their souls stink, and will make them stink forever in hell, unless they abandon it.'

"But you must be quick," he adds, 'for Thae-ping-wang is coming, and he will not allow the least infringement of his rules, no opium, no tobacco, no snuff, no wine, no vicious indulgences of any kind; all offences against the commandments of God are punished by him with the severest rigor, while the incorrigible are beheaded—therefore repent in time.'

"I could perceive from the style of his expressions, and from his frequently quoting the books of the Thae-ping dynasty, that he was familiar with those records, and had been thoroughly trained in that school. No Chinaman who had not been following the camp of the insurgents for a considerable time could have spoken as he did.

"He touched also on the expense of opium-smoking, 'which drained their pockets, and kept them poor in the midst of wealth, whilst we who never touch the drug are not put to such expense. Our master provides us with food and clothing, which is all we want; so that we are rich without money.'

"I could not help being struck also with the appearance of the man, as he went on in his earnest strain. Bold and fearless as he stood, openly denouncing the vices of the people, his countenance beaming with intelligence, his upright and manly form the very picture of health, while his voice thrilled through the crowd, they seemed petrified with amazement: their natural conscience assured them that his testimony was true; while the conviction seemed to be strong amongst them, that the two great objects of his denunciation—opium and idolatry, were both bad things, and must be given up.

"He spoke an intelligible Mandarin, with an occasional touch of the Canton or Kwang-si brogue. His modes of illustration were peculiar, and some of the things which he advanced were not such as Christian missionaries were accustomed to bring forward. The impression left on my mind, however, was that a considerable amount of useful instruction was delivered, and such as would serve to promote the objects we had in view, in putting down idolatry, and furthering the worship of the true God.

"Another thought also struck my mind; viz., this is a class of men that can with difficulty be controlled. They must, for a time, be allowed to go their own way. It may not be in every respect the way which we could approve, but it does not appear to run directly counter to our objects. In the meantime we can go on in ours, and inculcate such truths as they may forget, or state correctly what they fail to represent aright.

Thae-ping-wang may thus prove a breaker-up of our way, and prepare the people for a more just appreciation of Divine truth, as soon as we can get the Sacred Scriptures freely circulated among them. Ever yours truly, W. H. MEDHURST."

Yes, this is a class of men "that can with difficulty be controlled." So long as such a spirit is sustained within them, they are in the way to work out their own salvation, in their own manner, for this world and the next. How far Yang has been deceiver or deceived in his pretended revelations is doubtful. But the idea of the possession of the human soul by a good or evil spirit is one very familiar to the Chinese mind. The idea, moreover, of a revelation from the Deity to individual men, for the benefit of other men, is one of the most prominent in those Old Testament Scriptures from which the followers of Tae-ping have derived so many of their opinions and maxims. It is not to be doubted that the Eastern King would have it believed that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, has spoken through him; but that he intends anything beyond this remains to be proved. The difficulties of the Chinese language are so great as to leave this point obscure in the judgment of those Europeans who possess the best knowledge both of the language and the people. The Government at Nankin, it is said, have not less than four hundred men employed in printing Gutzlaff's edition of the Bible; and the copies are distributed free of cost as fast as they are produced. This fact is itself a marvel, and pregnant with marvels still greater. There is enough in the circumstances now mentioned to warrant us in suspending our judgment concerning rumors unfavorable to the character of these people, until we are sure that they have come to be something more definite than rumor. Much that has been reported in regard to them, and greatly to their injury, has proved to be false, or only partially true. The Imperialists, their opponents, are the most notorious liars in existence, and there is no form or measure of calumny that may not proceed from that quarter. Added to which, the emissaries of Rome are deeply chagrined on finding that the religious element in the revolution has proved to be so emphatically Protestant, and in the matter of lying the Jesuit and the Mantchoo may be classed together.

V. But *what is likely to be the influence of this movement on the future of China, and*

what may be said to be the policy most expedient for us in relation to that country?

In dealing with this question it behooves us to bear in mind that, great and despotic as the power of the Emperor of China is supposed to have been, the principles of local government, and in some respects of self-government, have found singular root and development among the people of China. The viceroys and principal authorities in the several provinces have received their appointments from the Emperor, and have been displaced purely at his pleasure; but there are many local organizations which those authorities have been required to use, not to ignore, still less to suppress. These organizations, existing from centuries past, consist of guilds, trade clubs, mutual benefit societies, and local and municipal arrangements, which give existence to local authorities more or less elective, and to a local militia intended to ensure the order and tranquillity of the district, and to be under its direction. The language of one of the Imperial proclamations touching this militia, sounds almost like that of some Anglo-Saxon king, addressed to the tithings and hundreds of his domain:—"In respect to the organization of the militia, this is a *measure of the people for their own defence* and the preservation of their families. Each village may form its own band, or several villages may unite to form one band. The expense may be defrayed by the gentry and head men, *taking it into their own management.*" Some fear is evinced lest the *union* of such forces should become dangerous:—"As to those who thus engage in self-defence rendering mutual aid, the moving about from place to place, which this would involve, would deteriorate the character of the men, and so promote a fresh disorder. Such, we are told, is the power and completeness of some of these organizations, that they have sometimes resisted the imposts levied by the imperial officers; and so great has been their moral power, that the executive has not unfrequently deemed it expedient to yield to their remonstrances. Through the instrumentality of this machinery the people have been wont to levy rates, and have been known to use the force raised and sustained by themselves for the expulsion of the recognized local authorities.

All candidates for office in China, as in Prussia, and some other continental States, have to pass a certain literary examination. This examination takes place in the sixty-four volumes called San-tsae-hoo, which are

in effect both the statute and common law of the empire. The effect of the stereotyped routine thus imposed is described as follows by Captain Fishbourne :—

"The Tartar, or Federal Government—for it was little more,—had very little power, except within narrow limits, as they were generally obliged to govern in accordance with these documents. That they had to do so was often a cause of great weakness, and always served to make their weakness manifest; for they seldom could originate or carry out anything that was really for the benefit of the people; there being always censors jealous of change to resist innovation.

"Never was a greater mistake than to suppose that the Tartar Government was strong. Absolute in its professed principles, and in some cases really so—placed over a country of enormous resources, its own proper resources were exceedingly limited, and its power for good and its independent influences so small, that it scarcely deserved the title of a government.

"The effect of this state of things has been fatal to the welfare of the people, and the remnant of power of the government—which, seeking to relieve itself from its difficulties and to increase its power by corruption, or by conniving at unjust exactions, so completely demoralized its *employés*, that all are corrupt together; the little power they had is lessened, all its servants are mercenaries, and their term of office will terminate with their means of corruption, which cannot be long, as the people are everywhere refusing payment of taxes.

"The people are indifferent, to a great extent, as to who are their nominal rulers; but this is because of their having these local governments, that affect them much more than their federal rulers possibly can; and they being indifferent, it seems quite impossible that the Tartars can again re-establish themselves in power."—pp. 374—376.

The question as to the possibility of restoring tranquillity to so vast an empire when once disturbed, is in part answered by the fact that order in China depends not so much on the central as on the local governments. From this cause, a change of dynasty may come, and leave the great framework of society untouched. It has been thus in the history of all the great Asiatic empires. Conquests which, viewed from a distance, have seemed to break down and demolish everything, have in fact issued in leaving everything much as it was, only placing the central authority in new hands. The people, on being allowed to hold on their course of life much as before, have remained passive under this change of masters.

That the Nankin insurgents will retain possession of that large portion of China which now owns their authority is hardly to

be doubted. If the Imperialists retain any hold on the great seaboard of China from Nankin to Canton, it can only be by means of hired pirates, or by aid, directly or indirectly, from America or Europe. Surely we may say that a power which can exist only as propped up by a mercenary banditti is a power that should be left to come to an end. But what if it should prove that this is a power which America, France, and England are prepared to uphold? If Jonathan should take this course, it would be another instance showing his readiness to become the ally of the despot for the pelf to be gained by it. If France so does, it will be to please her priesthood. Our representative there, Sir John Bowring, has already given signs of his leaning in this direction, by requiring English merchants to pay duties to the Imperialists, even where the Imperialists had lost all power of giving protection to the property from which the payments were to be made. For this whim he has been rebuked by the authorities at home, and his order has been rescinded. But Sir John is a *doctrinaire* Whig, and we are prepared for anything from the conceit and religious indifferentism too characteristic of the school to which he belongs. Buddhism, Romanism, or almost any other *ism*, is, we suspect, about as good in his view as an earnest evangelical protestantism. In his own liberal sympathies, or religious sympathies, we have little confidence—it is the state of things at home, and the probable reckoning there, that must keep him right.

It behooves America and the two Western Powers to look before they leap in this matter. They may aid the Imperialists in the sea-ports; but that is all they can do. They may sweep the long line of coast, but they cannot touch the interior, unless they resolve to go in and settle there, and convert it into a second India. The Imperialists are known to have but one feeling towards foreigners—the feeling of hate. The Nankin Insurgents are prepared to hail them all as brethren; and if any other condition of things should arise between them and this country, we trust that Sir John Bowring will be required to give a full and faithful account as to the cause of the change. From our latest information, it appears that Sir John has been collecting an unusual naval force at Canton, as if for the purpose of intimidating the Insurgents, and aiding the Imperialists in that quarter, after the manner of the French at Shanghai. According to the last accounts, Canton was still in possession of

the Imperialists ; but a large body of Insurgents are safely encamped near it, approaching its gates, and extending their hostilities to its very harbor. Shanghai, after being for more than twelve months in the hands of a band of Insurrectionists of the Triad class, has been vacated by them. This has resulted in part from their want of provisions, still more from the imprudent quarrel with them, and attack upon them, on the part of the French. The night before leaving the place, the Insurgents set fire to it in several parts at the same time ; at daybreak they left it leisurely, and in order, and only when they were known to have departed did the Imperialist chief and his pirate retainers venture to pass within the walls.

More than half of China is, to all appearance, irrevocably lost to the Tartar dynasty. The portion of it over which the new power at Nankin extends, if left to itself, and wisely dealt with, will come more and more under European influences, and cannot fail in consequence to grow stronger, while it is all but inevitable that the Tartar power will become weaker. Our best policy, and that of France and America, must be to keep as free as possible from any entanglement with the affairs of the belligerents, as such, until matters shall have assumed some settled shape. Above all, it behooves us to avoid the appearance of siding with the Imperialists, or of entering, for the present, into negotiation of any kind with them. Their exchequer is miserably empty, nor is it easy to see how it should be replenished, unless, after Sir John Bowring's fashion, we strain a point to help them in that particular. The corruption which characterizes their *employés*, from the highest to the lowest, and their habitual extortion and cruelty, have left them without real adherents in any class of the community. Scarcely a man is to be found who would be willing to sacrifice anything, or to brave anything, in their cause. As we have seen, hired pirates are the only force on which they can rely. While

even the Triads of Amoy and Shanghai, and latterly those of Canton, have acquired some character for moderation and integrity, if compared with their opponents. The force at Nankin evidently consists of men who are brave, and the secret of whose courage has been found in the fact, that they can trust each other in a manner which is new in Chinese history. If there be any certain lesson to be gathered from the past, it is not difficult to see on which side the scale must turn between such antagonists, if it should only happen to them to be left free from external meddling. The Chinese, moreover, are great fatalists, and the successes of the Insurgents have impressed them with the sentiment, that the time for Providence to bring its retribution on the Tartar dynasty has come.

For some time past the China trade has been almost confined to exports ; but it will be our own fault if this be continued much longer. It would be easy to induce the new powers to give us the full sweep of their noble rivers. The people are everywhere shrewd enough to see that the advantages of such intercourse to themselves would be great, even greater than to us. Easy, too, would it be to secure stipulations in favor of freedom in religion, as well as in trade, and to neglect this latter precaution, after seeing what religious influence has achieved in that country, would be a sin of omission of unparalleled enormity. There is no fear that France would secure such a stipulation, and America too ; but we are not sure that the "administrative" representative of this country would have any thought about the matter, unless the chance of a breeze at home as the consequence of neglecting it should loom in the distance. The great sea-coast of China, and the greater part of her inland territory will be open to European influence if the Imperialists fail, and the Imperialists must fail, if England will only resolve that they shall be left to their own resources.

From Chambers' Journal.

A CRIMINAL CASE IN RUSSIA.

It is now more than twenty years ago, that a Jew named Abraham, the son of Abraham, made his appearance one day in November at the office of Captain Ispravnitz, the head of the police in the district of Radomyset, in the province of Kiev. This Abraham, the son of Abraham, was a tavern-keeper, and, in fact, had the post-house at the little village of Semenowe-Lozy under his management. Like all other Jews, not only in Russia, but elsewhere, he was strongly averse to any regular agricultural pursuits, and consequently, in a country agricultural par excellence, was driven to the alternative of eking out his pittance in life by retailing spirits, jobbing horses, and making as much as he could of whomsoever the ill destiny of thirst, or hunger, or fatigue might lead to his wayside house.

When, therefore, Abraham, the son of Abraham, deposed before the head of police that Francis Salezy Krynszloft, lord-proprietor of the village of Semenowe-Lozy, a rich and respectable man, was an impostor who bore a false name, and had acquired his wealth and station by the most complicated system of roguery, the head of police gave evident signs of incredulity. He observed, at the same time, that an accusation of so serious a nature required the most irrefragable proof; and that the peril was great which he, Abraham, the son of Abraham, incurred in thus attacking a powerful and wealthy individual, who enjoyed the reputation of civic virtue and Christian charity. But Abraham, the son of Abraham, persisted, and gave substance to his accusation by the following recital:

"In the year 1800, there lived at Mozir a poor gentleman, who was a widower, and had two sons—Francis Salezy Krynszloft, and Joachim Krynszloft. Being without any means of existence, the three took service under Major Fogel, receiver of the taxes at Mozir. The father died at that town on the 26th of May, 1802, as can be proved from the public register of deaths. The elder son, Francis, entered the military service of Russia,

became captain in the regiment of dragoons of the Zver, and was killed at the battle of Borodino in 1812. An official communication of this glorious death was made to the authorities of Mozir. As to the younger son, Joachim—accused in 1814 of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleska, and, moreover, of having drowned the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of that lady—he was thrown into the prison-fortress, and arraigned before the criminal court. But in the course of his trial he died suddenly at Mozir, on the 12th of November, 1819.

"You see, your honor," added the Jew, "that there can no longer be a family of the name of Krynszloft: 'tis a dead race. Consequently, the actual proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy is either a spirit or an impostor."

Struck with the logic of this argument, and with the warmth with which Abraham, the son of Abraham, concluded his deposition, and half persuaded by the appearance of sincerity which pervaded the general tone and language of his informant, Captain Ispravnitz bethought him that the affair might be worth investigating, and despatched an officer to Semenowe-Lozy to commence the research.

To this officer, the lord-proprietor showed his family documents, and, among others, the register of his birth, with the name of Francis Salezy Krynszloft upon it, born at Mozir the 22d of September, 1777. This date exactly tallied with the age which the captain of dragoons, who was killed at Borodino, would, if still living, have attained. But in spite of the coincidence, the officer thought it his duty to conduct the lord-proprietor to Radomyset, where he was thrown into prison, and made the subject of an indictment.

The fact of a wealthy landowner being suddenly torn from his home, incarcerated in the public jail, and threatened with an inquisition which should prove him an impostor, both in rank and title, was sufficient to arouse the attention of the public. No one could imagine what possible cause the feigned

Francis Salezy Krynszloft could have had for assuming an extinct name, that had even no connection with the property. With the most minute precision were the facts of the case entered into by the authorities. More than three hundred witnesses were heard, and more than two hundred registers, civil and military, examined. Officers and soldiers who had served with the real Francis Salezy Krynszloft were brought from the army of the Caucasus, and even from the distant garrisons of Siberia, to prove his death at the battle of Borodino.

On all sides, the proofs of the death of the two brothers Krynszloft seemed established beyond a doubt. The lord-proprietor was therefore an impostor, and, as such, must be exposed before the public tribunal of justice, and punished according to his deserts.

Pressed on all sides by the evidence of these facts, the pretended Simon Pure at last made a full confession. He admitted that he was not entitled to the name he bore; but that he *was* entitled to that of Joachim Krynszloft, who was supposed to have died in prison in the year 1819, he firmly asseverated; and this view of the question he confirmed by the following recital:

"After the death of my father, I was in the service of Major Fogel. The major took kindly to me, and I soon became his secretary, his confidential servant, but never his confidant. I fulfilled to the letter all the orders he gave me; but I knew nothing of his projects and designs.

"At that time there lived at Mozir a very rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska. She had no children; and every one supposed she had left all her property to the Father Capuchins of Mozir. It was even added that a will to that effect had been executed by her; and people went so far as to name some of the most distinguished persons in the town as witnesses of her last dispositions. Rumor said that the will was contained in a little box, which the countess always kept under her pillow.

"Major Fogel contracted a lively friendship with the countess, and visited her house daily. This friendship grew into absolute confidence on the part of the lady; and to the great annoyance of the Capuchins, she finally abandoned to the major the management of all her affairs and property. With the countess lived a young orphan of great beauty; her name was Julia Krynewieska. At first sight, I fell desperately in love with her, and was happy in meeting with an equal return of tenderness; but the countess was

opposed to a marriage, and said that Julia was too young to think of settling in life.

"One day the major brought the countess some bottles of Tokay, which he represented as more than a hundred years old. The countess tasted it, and found it excellent. 'Then don't give any away,' said Major Fogel; 'but keep it all for yourself. Each of these bottles is a treasure; and I hope you will not give a drop to anybody—not even to Julia,' added he smiling.

"The countess followed his advice only too strictly. She got into the habit of taking every day, after her dinner, one glass of this exquisite wine; but from that moment she became an invalid, and her health, habitually so excellent, declined day by day, till at last she was forced to keep her bed. The major passed whole nights by her side, in rivalry with the Capuchins. Julia, who is now my wife, has told me that one night when the sick lady had dozed off, and the attendant monk had also subsided into a profound sleep, Major Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, took the little box which was under it, and abstracting a large paper, put in its place one of equal size; then replaced all things in their former state. In less than half an hour after, the countess awoke, and the major hastened to give her the medicine which the surgeon Isailoff had prescribed the evening before. But scarcely had the countess taken the draught, ere she was seized with convulsions, and gave up the ghost in horrible agony.

"I do not know whether Major Fogel suspected Julia of having witnessed, from the little side-chamber in which she slept, the evil action which he had committed; but he said, as though to pacify the grief with which the orphan gazed on the dead body of her benefactress; 'I take upon me to marry you to Joachim, and to give you a marriage-portion.'

"When the decease of the Countess Sero-Komoleska had been legally verified, the little box containing her will was opened. But to the great astonishment of every one, and particularly of the monks, the will—signed by the countess, and witnessed by four Russian functionaries of Mozir—made a general bequest of all the property of the deceased to Major Fogel, on condition that if, within three years, any heir to the countess should be found, all the subject-matter of her will should go to that heir, with the exception of one-fourth part, which should belong to Major Fogel. The property of the countess was valued at two million rubles.

"Five months had scarcely elapsed since the death of the countess, when there arrived at Mozir the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of the deceased. The right of this young man to the succession was a secret to no one, and Major Fogel knew it as well as we. He received the last and only heir of the countess with a great demonstration of friendship; nay, his kindness was all but paternal. He welcomed him to his own house, surrounded him with the most delicate and continuous solicitude, and provided with affectionate attention everything his guest desired.

"Unfortunately, the young Count Edmund in quitting Cracow, where he usually lived, had forgotten the certificate of the death of his father and mother, thinking that the titles and other documents he had brought with him would more than suffice to prove his identity. Major Fogel pointed out to him this deficiency in the family papers, but added at the same time: 'As to myself, my dear friend, I am convinced that you are really and truly the legitimate heir of the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but law requires great formalities, and it is necessary for us to submit to them.' The count at once admitted the justice of this remark; and a confidential servant was sent to Cracow to find the documents, without which the affair could not be brought to a termination.

"During the time which was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the messenger's journey, the major sought all possible means of amusing Count Edmund. I was his daily companion. Once, when we were going out shooting, the major gave me a fowling-piece, and said: 'Load it well, for Count Edmund will use it.' I loaded it as you usually do a fowling-piece, and yet the barrel burst at the first fire, and the count received a contusion on his cheek and his arm. Fortunately, the wounds were not serious, and the cure was speedy.

"On another occasion, the major bought a horse for the count—a horse which appeared very docile. The major had it saddled with his own saddle, and showed me himself that every part of the horse-gear was in perfect order. He then bade me accompany the count, who wished to take a ride into the country. But scarcely had we got beyond the walls of the town when the horse, which had appeared so docile, began to kick and rear; the saddle-girths broke, and the count, although a good horseman, fell and dislocated his arm. He might have been killed, for the road was scattered over with pieces of

rock and pointed stones. Again, however, the count escaped with a few bleedings and a little forced repose. Still, I thought there was nothing but fatality in all this. Said I to myself: 'There are persons who cannot change countries without exposing themselves to perils and tribulations of all kinds. Count Edmund is one of that sort.'

[Let me here interrupt the narrative of my deponent by remarking, that there is a general belief in Russia, to the effect that certain persons cannot change their country, nor even their dwelling-place, without incurring misfortune, sickness, or death. And this belief attaches the Russian peasantry more strongly to locality than any other agricultural population in Europe.]

"But suddenly a circumstance occurred which tore the veil from my eyes. One day the major, taking me aside, informed me in a mysterious manner that the count was making love to Julia, and intended to seduce her. This deceitful communication did not give me the slightest uneasiness; I knew the honor and delicacy which distinguished Count Edmund, and I felt sure of the virtue of Julia. But the conduct of the major turned my suspicions upon him, and I sought to clear up certain doubts. I commenced by examining the gun which had burst in firing. It was still in the house, and I became convinced that holes had been designedly made in the barrel in several places. I also succeeded in ascertaining that the horse which all but killed the young count, had been bought with the perfect knowledge that in town it was docile, while in the open country it became fierce and uncontrollable, even in the hands of the most experienced grooms.

"I would gladly have spoken out, but my servile condition prevented me from venturing. No one would have believed me: are men who have no social position ever believed? I was silent then, both to the young count and the rest of my acquaintances.

"We now went—the major, the count, and myself—to the country retirement of the deceased countess at Pynski, situated on the border of some huge marshes. Encouraged by the major, who never ceased telling us that we were young, and that pleasure ought to be our principal occupation, the count and myself often boated over the marshes in pursuit of ducks, which were very abundant there. I rowed, and the count shot. Nothing ever crossed the even tenor of our success, and I began to think that the fatality which hovered over the count's head was entirely gone. Even the result of my exami-

nation with regard to the burst barrel and the vicious horse was gradually effaced from my memory, and I no longer harbored a shadow of suspicion.

"One day, the major invited Count Edmund to pay a visit to a nobleman whose château was on the other side of the marshes. 'You will see there,' said he, 'one of the most magnificent monuments of the middle ages. Besides this attraction, and the beauty of its situation, the manor-house, which I am sure you will admire, possesses one of the most complete libraries in Russia.' This was enough to fix the determination of the young count, and he acceded to the major's proposition. Unlike most men of his years, the young count loved study nearly as much as pleasure; and his knowledge of art and literature rendered interesting to him everything that bore the aspect of grandeur or antiquity.

"In our passage over the marshes, it was agreed that we should have some sport among the wild-ducks; but the major not caring for this amusement, said he would join us on the other side of the water.

"The count and I took the same little boat we always used on our aquatic excursions. When in the middle of the marsh, our frail bark began filling with water. I saw the danger, and rowed hard for the shore. The count grew nervous—he could not swim. 'Do not stir, my lord,' I said; 'there is still hope!' He did not heed my counsel, threw himself about, and caused the boat to fill so quickly, that in a few minutes we were under water. 'Cling to the boat!' I cried; 'I am coming to you.' I tried to catch hold of him by the hair, but his terror prevented him from hearing me, and he struggled for the land. I soon saw him twenty or thirty strokes from me, battling with the waters: he appeared, and disappeared again; then finally sank to rise no more. With an effort I gained the shore, and called for aid. Some fishermen arrived, swept the waters, and at the end of an hour brought me the corpse of the unfortunate young count.

"I was stupefied; I scarcely comprehended the nature of the misfortune I had witnessed. The fishermen, less excited than myself, examined the boat, and to their great surprise, found that its keel was pierced in several places with a borer, and that the holes had been cleverly concealed by crumbs of black sarrazin bread. A gardener who lived on the border of the marshes added, that he had seen the major at dawn of day inspect the fatal boat with the most minute attention.

"Some one had gone in all haste to the major. He arrived. I then at length gave utterance, though in measured terms of indignation, to the suspicions which formerly beset me, and which had now revived in consequence of the last and irreparable misfortune; but the major, unrestrained by the moderation of my language, assumed the appearance of despair, assailed me with a thousand curses and maledictions, and had me manacled like a criminal, and sent to Pendiz: thence I was removed to Mozir, incarcerated, and treated in all respects as the murderer of the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleaska.

"The inquiry proceeded. I was amazed at such audacity in wickedness—at such perversity of human nature. I declared my innocence, I invoked every means for my defence; but a deaf ear was turned to all my cries. I learned that I was to be condemned to the utmost severity of the knout. The thought that I, a gentleman's son, should perish in such a manner! it made me shudder. I beseeched, and at last the jailer gave me some paper, and pen and ink. I addressed a petition to the 'Marshal of Nobility' at Mozir. In this petition I exposed the whole affair in its hideous fidelity. The sympathizing jailer, who began even himself to think me innocent, undertook to place my supplication in the proper hands. He succeeded, and three days after I learned that a fresh inquiry was to be set on foot.

"One night when, with eyes dilated and brain heated with feverish excitement, I was grasping mentally at the hope of acquittal, the door of my dungeon opened, and my accuser appeared.

"'Led by the attachment which I formerly felt for you,' said he in a muffled voice, 'I come to save you.'

"'Save me!' I exclaimed; 'it is very late.'

"'There is still time,' rejoined the major; 'but the moments are precious—you must not lose them in vain words. Again, I wish to spare you an infamous punishment and the tortures of the knout. Are you willing?'

"'Am I willing! O say, say!' cried I forgetting, in the invincible love of life which attaches to human nature, that I had before me the author of all my misfortunes, and that I was about to owe life, honor, liberty, to—a murderer!

"The major then told me I must feign sickness, and afterwards death. 'On your resurrection,' added he, 'you must take the name of your elder brother, he who was killed at the battle of Borodino.'

"That will be an imposture," said I.

"No, no!" answered the major. "Will it not, after all, be the name of your father and your family? The play enacted—and it only depends on you whether you enact it well or not—your brother's name assumed, I will provide for your fortune, and, believe me, it will not be a bad one."

"There is an old proverb which says: 'A drowning man will catch at the edge of a razor!' I was that man. I consented to everything. I complained, I feigned sickness. A doctor was called in, who, smiling, ordered me some potions. I asked for a priest; he came to confess me, and declared, as also did the doctor, that I was in great danger. The doctor, the priest, the jailer, were all in the secret. In short, they did not long leave me to counterfeit death before they put me in my coffin, and carried me to a chapel, whence the major delivered me in the night-time. Next day, I had the pleasure of beholding, from Major Fogel's window, my own burial performed with the usual funereal ceremonies."

"There you are, free at last," said the major, embracing me; "but I have still my promise to fulfil." Singular mystery of the human heart! that man, whose cupidity had twice led him to commit murder, wept as he pressed me to his bosom.

"The following day, the major gave me fifty thousand rubles, and married me to Julia, the ward of the deceased countess. A week after, I set out with my wife for Bessarabia, where I lived several years. Having learned the death of Major Fogel, I could not resist the desire of revisiting the home of my childhood. I returned to the district of Radomyset, and bought some domains whereon I intended to end my days."

Such was the deposition of the accused. It was duly signed by the deponent, who swore, with the usual ceremonies, that he had therein told the whole truth, and nothing but

the truth. Julia, the wife, confirmed the statements of her husband. By a piece of good luck, the gardener who had seen Major Fogel at the boat on the morning of the day on which Count Edmund was drowned, still survived, and was met with at Pendiz; and the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, also lived to give his share of evidence.

The four functionaries who had witnessed the substituted will of the countess, had been transported to Siberia for robbing the imperial treasury. It was unknown whether they were dead, or still living at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; but from the nature of their characters, it was not supposed that their testimony would be of much value.

The lord-proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy was acquitted, with an injunction that he should resume his old name of Joachim, and was completely re-established in his goods, honors, and dignities.

The tribunal of the government of Kiev confirmed the judgment of the inferior court; but in scarcely three weeks from his acquittal, Joachim Krynszloft breathed his last. Three daughters were the fruits of his marriage with Julia, and these are still living with their husbands in Bessarabia.

Of one thing we may be certain, from the perusal of this narrative, that in a country where wills may be so easily forged, and murders committed by the powerful with such impunity; where doctors, priests, and jailers may be so easily bribed, and justice so easily blinded—that in a country where, in one word, such circumstances as I have above described could take place in the manner they did, there can be little authority in the law to inspire confidence or to command respect—there can be little force in the threats of justice to deter the rich from committing crimes, when, if detected, they can so easily transfer them to the shoulders of the poor.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MEDINAH AND MECCAH.*

Few subjects can be more interesting than those which lift the veil from scenes hitherto wrapt in all but impenetrable mystery, owing to the difficulty of finding a Douglas "to bell the cat." A great portion of the interior of Arabia may be fairly termed a *terra incognita*. Centuries have passed since any European pilgrim except Burckhardt trod the Prophet's Sanctuary; and on many interesting points connected therewith a complete ignorance has long existed, owing to the incompleteness of the pilgrimage or the incapacity of the pilgrim.

Lieutenant Burton, who is already well known to the public as the author of works of travel, falconry, and language in the East, and in some of which the spirit of enterprise is strongly developed, has at length faced the difficulties and dangers of the journey, and presented us with two very interesting volumes; the third, which treats of Meccah, is promised in the autumn. The author says—

Being thoroughly tired of progress and civilization, curious to see with my eyes what others are content to hear with their ears—namely, Moslem's inner life in a really Mohammedan country—and longing, if truth be told, to set foot on that mysterious spot which no tourist had yet described, measured, sketched, and daguerreotyped, I resolved to resume my old character of a Persian wanderer,† and to make the attempt.

To accomplish his purpose the most perfect disguise was indispensable, for had the slightest suspicion arisen of his being a Frank when treading the forbidden ground, an infuriated mob would have torn him into a thousand pieces; he therefore embarked at Southampton as a Persian prince; and, although he does not mention the fact, we know from a fellow-passenger who was the

depository of his secret, that so effectual was his disguise, and with so much imperturbability did he preserve his oriental character, that some of his brother officers who were on board, and had been living with him at his club, were so completely deceived by the gravity with which he denied all knowledge of them, that at length they became quite satisfied the Persian Prince was not Lieutenant Burton.

Having been four years in England, he employed the fortnight occupied by the passage in habituating himself to some oriental customs, in which the slightest omission or mistake might cost him his life; among other customs he mentions drinking:—

Look, for instance, at an Indian Moslem drinking a glass of water. With us the operation is simple enough, but his performance includes no less than five novelties. In the first place, he clutches his tumbler as though it were the throat of a foe; secondly, he ejaculates, "In the name of Allah the compassionate, the merciful!" before wetting his lips; thirdly, he imbibes the contents, swallowing them, not drinking, and ending with a satisfied grunt; fourthly, before setting down the cup, he sighs forth, "Praise be to Allah!" of which you will understand the full meaning in the desert; and fifthly, he replies, "May Allah make it pleasant to thee!" in answer to his friend's polite "Pleasantably and health!" Also he is careful to avoid the irreligious action of drinking the pure element in a standing position, mindful however of the three recognized exceptions, the fluid of the Holy Well, Zem-Zem, water distributed in charity, and that which remains after Wuzu, the lesser ablution, &c.

The foregoing extract, which explains one among thousands of similar minute ceremonies, each indispensable to our pilgrim's safety, may afford us a tolerable idea of some of the minor difficulties our enterprising author had to encounter subsequently.

On arriving at Alexandria, his friend Mr. John Larking (so well known to all Egyptian travellers, and for so many years the able and respected British Consul at that port) received him hospitably at his house on the

* *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieutenant Bombay Army. London: Longman and Co. Two Vols. 8vo, 1855.

† The vagrant, the merchant, and the philosopher, amongst Orientals, are frequently united in the same person.

banks of the Mahmudiyah Canal, at which, he remarks—

The better to blind the inquisitive eyes of servants and visitors, my friend lodged me in an out-house, where I could revel in the utmost freedom of life and manners.

Our author next sent for a learned shaykh, so as to study more deeply the intricacies of the Moslem creed, to revive the recollections of religious ablution, and to complete his knowledge of the art of prostration. He also acquired some celebrity by a happy union of mystery and medicine; and after a month spent at Alexandria, he prepared to assume the character of a wandering dervish, and commence his travels. Obtaining a passport as an Indo-British subject, he proceeds to the Zabiti, or police magistrate, to get it countersigned. His description of the difficulties and delays of the officials, and of his hair-breadth escape of a sound cow-hiding, are very amusingly narrated. The countersign obtained, he kisses the hand of his host (Mr. Larking) with "humble ostentation," and starts off by the steamer for Cairo. He finds a brother officer on board, who abuses him freely for touching his elbow, thus paying a compliment to the completeness of his disguise. A merchant from Lahore is a fellow-passenger, and offers our author the hospitalities of his house at Cairo, which he accepts for a few days, and then takes up his abode in the Jemlaiyah, or Greek quarter, where he finds a friend, Haji Wali, who recommends him to give up all connection with Persia on the following substantial grounds:—

If you persist on being an Ajemi, you will get yourself into trouble: in Egypt you will be cursed, in Arabia you will be beaten as a heretic, you will pay the treble of what other travellers do, and if you fall sick you may die by the roadside.

For these cogent reasons our traveller decided upon assuming an Afghan parentage, born in India, and educated at Rangoon; in this disguise, Persian, Hindustani, and Arabic language would suffice, and the migratory nature of his early life would offer a very ready excuse for trifling inaccuracies in conversation.

Many of Mr. Burton's remarks evince a mind strongly orientalized on some points; thus, his delight at leaving England derives an additional charm from its removing him from "civilization and progress;" then again,

his remarks on slavery lead one to believe he is an advocate for its existence in the East, where the treatment of the slaves is infinitely more mild and liberal than in any of the old Spanish colonies or in the United States, the miscalled land of liberty, where they are daily "lengthening the cords, and strengthening the stakes" of slavery. In short, the convictions of his mind appear to be most clearly that the Eastern is only to be ruled by fear; the language possesses no word for gratitude, and kindness is sure to be ascribed to weakness. He practices largely as a physician at Cairo, where his friend Haji Wali catered for patients for him with great success. His observations on this topic are amusing:—

In Europe your travelling doctor advertises the loss of a diamond ring, the gift of a Russian autocrat, or he monopolizes a whole column in a newspaper, feeling, perhaps, a little for the use of a signature; the large brass plate, the gold-headed cane, the rattling chariot, and the summons from the sermon, complete the work. Here there is no such royal road to medical fame. You must begin by sitting with the porter, who is sure to have bleary eyes, into which you drop a little nitrate of silver, whilst you instil into his ear the pleasing intelligence that you never take a fee from the poor. He recovers; his report of you spreads far and wide, crowding your door with paupers. They come to you as though you were their servant, and when cured, turn their backs upon you forever. Hence it is that European doctors generally complain of ingratitude on the part of their oriental patients. It is true that if you save a man's life, he naturally asks you for the means of preserving it. Moreover, in none of the Eastern languages with which I am acquainted is there a single term conveying the meaning of our "Gratitude," and none but Germans have ideas unexplainable by words. But you must not condemn the absence of a virtue without considering the cause. An oriental deems that he has a right to your surplus. "Daily bread is divided" (by heaven), he asserts, and eating yours he considers it his own. Thus it is with other things.

When the mob has raised you to fame, patients of a better class will slowly appear on the scene. After some coquetting about "Etiquette," whether you are to visit them or they are to call upon you, they make up their minds to see you, and to judge with their eyes whether you are to be trusted or not; whilst you on your side set out with the determination that they shall at once cross the Rubicon; in less classical phrase, swallow your drug. If you visit the house you insist upon the patient's servants attending you; he must also provide and pay an ass for your conveyance, no matter if it be only to the other side of the street.

Salutations, &c., having been gone through, the inquiry about the state of your health ensues.

Then you are asked what refreshments you will take; you studiously mention something not likely to be in the house, but at last you rough it with a pipe and a cup of coffee. Then you proceed to the patient, who extends his wrist, and asks you what his complaint is. Then you examine his tongue, you feel his pulse, you look learned, and he is talking all the time; after hearing a detailed list of all his ailments, you gravely discover them, taking for the same as much praise to yourself as does the practicing phrenologist for a similar simple exercise of the reasoning faculties. . . .

Whatever you prescribe must be solid and material, and if you accompany it with something painful, such as rubbing unto scarification with a horse-brush, so much the better. Easterns, as our peasants in Europe, like the doctor to give them the value of their money. Besides which, rough measures act beneficially upon their imagination. So the hakim of the king of Persia cured fevers by the bastinado; patients are beneficially baked in a bread-oven at Bagdad; and an Egyptian at Alexandria, whose quartan resisted the strongest appliances of European physic, was effectually healed by the actual cautery, which a certain Arab shaykh applied to the crown of his head.

The following is a specimen of the style of an oriental prescription:—

In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, and blessings and peace be upon our Lord the Prophet, and his family, and his companions one and all! But afterwards let him take bees'-honey and cinnamon and album græcum, of each half-a-part, and of ginger a whole part, which let him pound and mix with the honey, and form boluses, each bolus the weight of a miskal, and of it let him use every day a miskal on the saliva (take it fasting on the first thing in the morning). Verily its effects are wonderful. And let him abstain from flesh, fish, vegetables, sweetmeats, flatulent food, acids of all descriptions, as well as the major ablution, and live in perfect quiet. So shall he be cured by the help of the King the Healer. And the peace . . .

When the prescription is written out, you affix an impression of your ring seal to the beginning and the end of it, that no one may be able to add to, or to take from its contents.

Our active-minded pilgrim, not content with medicine, dabbles a little in law matters on behalf of one of his companions; and here we fear his zeal has outstripped his judgment, for he brings a serious charge of mal-administration of justice against the consul at Cairo, in a case wherein his friend Haji Wali was concerned; but whatever other qualities Mr. Walne, the consul in question, may want, he is so universally admitted to be a just and righteous judge, that we cannot afford a ready assent to so serious an imputation.

There are some interesting details of Moslem life during the Ramazan, when (he observes) "for the space of sixteen consecutive hours and a quarter we were forbidden to eat, drink, smoke, snuff, and even to swallow our saliva designedly." The middle and lower ranks observe the duties most religiously, and of the many who suffered severely from total abstinence, he found but one patient who would eat to save his life; at the same time he remarks that the tempers get terribly soured, "the men curse one another, and beat the women. The women slap and abuse the children, and these in their turn cruelly entreat and use harsh language to the dogs and cats."

Those who are learned in ecclesiastical architecture will find an interesting account of the mosques in Chapter VI., but it deals too much in syncretisms, myriomorphoses, hypæthral, &c., to be interesting to the uninitiated. At the conclusion of the chapter the author expresses an opinion as to the universal hatred and contempt in which Franks are held by Egyptians, despite of all the external appearances to the contrary. He considers the French as standing highest in their estimation, an opinion which need not excite much surprise, when it is remembered how many of the greatest scoundrels from Malta and the Ionian Islands are included in the list of British subjects; but perhaps a further reason may be found in the fact that the French educate Frenchmen for the subordinate posts in the consular offices, whereas the British nation, penny wise and pound foolish, utterly neglects the advantages derivable from an oriental school, and fills the subordinate offices with Levantines, who, whatever virtues they may possess individually, are associated in the Egyptian mind with the mass of their rascally countrymen who infest the land.* Our author gives a curious interpretation of the compliment usually paid to a consul-general on the day of his presentation:—

It is usual after the first audience, for the Pacha to send, *in token of honor*, a sorry steed to the new comer. This custom is a mere relic of the days when Mohammed II. threatened to

* As a proof of the impropriety of employing Levantines, we quote the following from a note at page 187:—"Hanna Massara, dragoman to the consul-general at Cairo, in my presence and before others, advocated the secret murder of a Moslem girl who had fled with a Greek, on the grounds that an adulteress must always be put to death, either publicly or under the rose. Yet this man is an "old and tried servant" of the State."

stable his charger in St. Peter's, and when a ride through the streets of Cairo exposed the Inspector-General Tott and his suite to lapidation and an "Avanie." To send a good horse is to imply degradation, but to offer a bad one is a positive insult.

The following is an anecdote of the method adopted by the Pacha to establish a newspaper in Egypt:—

When Mohammed Ali, determining to have an "organ," directed an officer to be editor of a weekly paper, the officer replied that no one would read it, and consequently that no one would pay for it. The Pacha remedied this by an order that a subscription should be struck off from the pay of all *employés*, European and Egyptian, whose salary amounted to a certain sum, upon which the editor accepted the task, but being paid before his work was published, he of course never supplied his subscribers with their copies.

The Ramazan is always followed by a season of feasting, and our author being anxious to see a little of Albanian inner life, gets embroiled in one of their drinking bouts; he thus purchases his information at the expense of his reputation as a "serious person," and is advised by Haji Wali to leave Cairo at once, a step he loses no time in taking; and by way of ascertaining how far four years' life of European effeminacy had impaired his powers of endurance, he undertakes a forced march to Suez, a distance of eighty-four miles, upon a rough camel, called a dromedary by its owner, and seated upon a bad wooden saddle.

He thus describes his feelings in the desert:—

Your *morale* improves: you become frank and cordial, hospitable and single-minded; the hypocritical politeness and the slavery of civilization are left behind you in the city. Your senses are quickened; they require no stimulants but air and exercise; in the desert spirituous liquors excite only disgust.* There is a keen enjoyment in a mere animal existence. The sharp appetite disposes of the most indigestible food, the sand is softer than a bed of down, and the purity of the air puts to flight a whole cohort of diseases. Hence it is that both sexes and every age, the most material as well as the most imaginative of minds, the tamest citizen, the most peaceful

student, the spoiled child of civilization, all feel their hearts dilate and their pulses beat strong as they look down from their dromedaries upon the glorious desert. Where do we hear of a traveller being disappointed by it? It is another illustration of the ancient truth, that nature returns to man, however unworthily he has treated her.

The eighty-four miles' ride is attended by a considerable loss of epidermis, and our hajj reaches Suez lamenting the degeneracy which four years of civilized life had produced upon him; and the smarting effects consequent thereon doubtless heightened the coloring of the eulogy of desert life we have quoted.

Considerable difficulty attended our traveller in obtaining a passport which would enable him to proceed with those he had selected for companions, but thanks to the good offices and firmness of Mr. G. West, the vice-consul at Suez, he eventually succeeded, and embarked safely on board of his pilgrim boat, the poop of which had been engaged by our author and his friends. On the deck of the vessel were a party of Maghrabi (or Arabs from the western parts of Africa), a wild, dare-devil set of fellows, who finding themselves crowded, wished to locate a few of their party on the poop; this was of course resisted, and a general scrimmage ensued. The Maghrabi were armed with short sticks and daggers, the owners of the poop had a plentiful supply of "Nebuts" (ash staves as thick as a man's wrist, and about six feet long); armed with these formidable weapons, and raised several feet above their opponents, they manfully held their ground against superior numbers: nebutts rattled freely upon the cocoa-nuts of the Maghrabi, still they pressed onwards; at this critical juncture our hajj observing a heavy earthen jar, containing water, conveniently placed on the edge of the poop, weighing about one hundred pounds, and beneath which the thickest of the fight was going on, crept behind and rolled it down upon the human mass below; a few shrill shrieks were heard, various Maghrabi were observed rubbing sore places, the victory was won. In a few minutes more a deputation waited upon the victors, kissed their heads, shoulders, and hands penitentially, and peace was restored.

There is perhaps no part of the world where heat is more painfully felt than beneath a broiling sun in the Red Sea, nor is there any object of interest calculated to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its miseries; in fact, so utterly destitute of all attraction is it, that the author was re-

* Our author appears to have become deeply pilgrim, for we have known many travellers who enjoyed a glass of brandy-and-water in the desert, and we have ourselves often had recourse to the same beverage with infinite satisfaction during our eastern wanderings; he must therefore be writing as a holy man and a hajj.

duced to an accurate survey of the web of his cotton umbrella by way of distraction. It was therefore with no unnatural feelings of delight that he landed at Yambu, after twelve days' cramping and baking on these Jehennum waters.

Preparations for departure and bargaining for camels were speedily completed. From the description given the town appears to be uninteresting enough. The picture which he draws of the Arab shayk in travelling dress is very graphic and complete; among the arms which he carries it is curious to find the old Highland "skean dhu," or at all events a very near approach to it. He says—

Some men wear a little dagger strapped round the leg below the knee. Its use is this: when the enemy gets you under, he can prevent your bringing your hand up to the weapon in your waistbelt; but before he cuts your throat, you may slip your fingers down to the knee, and persuade him to stop by a stab in the perineum.

The reader, if desirous of performing a pilgrimage, may learn some of the difficulties and dangers to which he is exposed by consulting this same chapter (XII). Our pilgrim's party consisted of twelve camels, and they started from Yambu in the middle of July. The events recorded on the road are devoid of any peculiar interest, though the journey was attended with considerable danger, on account of the Harbi tribe of Bedouins, with the famous Saad, the Hill Robber, at their head. Resistance to these worthies seems, according to our hajj, a ticklish affair; if you catch them in the act of plundering you at night, and in resisting draw blood, a heavy sum for blood money will be required; and if you kill one of them in resisting, you run the risk of the whole tribe annihilating you. A small detachment of these mountain brigands attacked the caravan in one of the formidable passes through which they were necessitated to pass; the pilgrims burnt plenty of powder to conceal themselves, but the Albanian guard seemed to be the chief object of the Bedouin attack, and the skirmish ended with the loss of twelve men, besides camels and other beasts of burden.

On the seventh day they sighted El Medinah; all the party immediately dismounted, and the air was filled with pious and poetical exclamations, such as—

Oh! Allah! this is the haram (sanctuary) of the Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell fire, and a refuge from eternal punishment! Oh

open the gates of Thy mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy! Oh Allah, bless the last of prophets, the seal of prophecy, blessings in number as the stars of heaven and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste. Bless him, oh Lord of Might and Majesty, as long as the corn-field and the date-grove continue to feed mankind! Live forever, oh most excellent of prophets! live in the shadow of happiness during the hours of night and the times of day, whilst the bird of the tamarisk (the dove) moaneth like the childless mother, whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills Nejd, and the lightning flasheth bright in the firmament of El Hejaz!

After the desolation through which they had passed, when looking down upon the gardens and orchards around the sacred city, our author remarks—

I now understood the full value of a phrase in the Moslem ritual, "And when his (the pilgrim's) eyes fall upon the trees of El Medinah, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of blessings."

Having played the pilgrim, on remounting he took a rough sketch of the town, and extracted from his fellow-travellers whatever information respecting it they were capable of affording him. The following morning he completed his journey, having taken eight days to traverse 180 miles, a distance easily performed on camel-back in four, and upon a good dromedary in two days. As they approach the gate, an eager multitude is seen coming out to meet the caravan. Their friendly greetings are thus described:—

The Arabs show more heart on these occasions than any oriental people I know; they are of a more affectionate nature than Persians, and their manners are far more demonstrative than those of Indians. . . . Friends and comrades greeted each other regardless of rank or fortune with affectionate embraces, and an abundance of gestures, which neither party seemed to think of answering. The general mode of embracing was to throw one arm over the shoulder, and the other round the side, placing the chin first upon the left and then upon the right collar-bone, and rapidly shifting till a *jam satis* suggested itself to both parties.

Our author took up his quarters at the house of shayk Hamid, one of his companions in the caravan, and who had gone forward to receive the gratulations of his family and relatives, and to prepare for his guests. Pipes and coffee are invariably the first things offered to the visitor; the latter Mr. Burton praises very much, and considers superior to that made in Egypt, except such as

is found in the best houses. The following is his description of the method of making it :—

It is toasted till it becomes yellow, not black, and afterwards bruised, not pounded to powder. The water into which it is thrown is allowed to boil up three times, after which a cold sprinkling is administered to clear it, and then the fine light-dun infusion is poured off into another pot.

We must enter our protest against the high claims of Medinah to superiority in the making of coffee; first, if the bean be not beat into powder it will not clear effectually by the addition of cold water; and secondly, if to clear the coffee it be poured into a second pot before serving, all the *kaimak* or frothy cream on the surface is lost; and in Egypt the *kaimak* is justly esteemed the richest and softest portion, and always given in the greatest profusion to those whom it is sought to honor. Doubtless either plan is a wonderful improvement upon the poisonous clarifying systems adopted in Europe, by which all the acidity of the bean is carefully forced into the infusion.

One of the chief topics of conversation was furnished by the Holy War, of which they entertained some rather ludicrous ideas :—

The sultan had ordered the czar to become a Moslem. The czar had sued for peace, and offered tribute and fealty; but the sultan had exclaimed, "No, by Allah! El Islam!" The czar could not be expected to take such a step without a little hesitation, but "Allah smites the faces of the infidels." Abdul Medjid would dispose of the Moskow in a short time, after which he would turn his victorious army against all the idolaters of Feringistan, beginning with the English, the French, and the Aroam or Greeks.

The conversation of the children seems to have horrified our hajj; in short, he says it would have alarmed an old man-o'-war's man. He thus accounts for it :—

Parents and full-grown men amuse themselves with grossly abusing children almost as soon as they can speak, in order to excite their rage, and to judge of their dispositions. This supplies the infant population with a large stock-in-trade of ribaldry. They literally lisp in bad language.

The details of his visit to the mosque of the Prophet (Mesjid el Nabi) are full of interest to the curious: to the general reader they will have the charm of excitement, for they present our hajj within those sacred precincts where, had disguise been suspected, much less discovered, a thousand fanatics

would have torn him limb from limb. He thus describes his first impressions :—

The approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy *enceinte*, others separated by a lane, compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the Prophet's mosque, consequently as a building it has neither beauty nor dignity; and entering the Bab el Ramah (the Gate of Pity) by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple, the expression of a sublime idea; the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendor.

The mosque is a parallelogram about 420 feet by 340, and is erected on the spot where El Kaswa, the she-camel of the Prophet, knelt down upon his arrival after the flight from Meccah. The account of the mosque and of all the ceremonials connected with the pilgrim's devotions is very minute, and they must have proved a severe trial to the completeness of his Moslem disguise, especially when in the neighborhood of the tombs, at which, as Persians are sometimes in the habit of throwing dirt, the most scrupulous vigilance is exercised by the eunuch conservators. These tombs are the resting-places of Mohammed, Abubekr, Omar, and Fatimah. The graves of Abubekr and Omar are those which the Persians strive to defile by throwing in any abomination enclosed in a handsome shawl, under the pretence of an offering; if discovered, of course they are torn to pieces; but if they succeed and return to their native land, they become highly honored among their Shiah brethren. These tombs are enclosed in the Hujrah, or chamber so called from the circumstance of its having been Ayishah's room. This Hujrah is an irregular square of fifty feet, and is separated from the mosque by a passage, the Prophet having said, "Oh Allah! cause not my tomb to become an object of idolatrous adoration! May Allah's wrath fall heavy upon the people who make the tombs of their prophets places of prayer!"

It appears that the Moslem is as full of legends concerning holy places as the Romanist is at Jerusalem, where we remember having had pointed out to us a small hole in the wall of a house, which a Roman padre gravely observed was made by a corner of the cross striking against it while borne by

our Saviour; and by way of giving authenticity to the statement, they style the whole road or street *Via Dolorosa*. Our inquiring and observant hajj seems to consider the precise position of the Prophet's tomb as problematical as the assumed site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Above the Hujrah (Mr. Burton informs us) is the Green Dome, surmounted outside by a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. The glowing imaginations of the Moslems crown this gem of the building with a pillar of heavenly light, which directs from three days' distance the pilgrims' steps towards El Medinah. But alas! none save holy men (and perhaps odylic sensitives), whose material organs are piercing as their vision spiritual, are allowed the privilege of beholding this poetic splendor.

The city is built in the centre of a plain, which is girt round with granitic hills; the plain is called the Hudud el Haram, or the Sanctuary, and taking the town as the centre, it forms an irregular circular, with a diameter of from ten to twelve miles. It appears that down to the eighteenth century

The fortifications were walls of earth, built by order of Kasim el Daulat el Ghorî, who repopulated the town and provided for its inhabitants. Now the *enceinte* is in excellent condition. The walls are well built of granite and have blocks in regular layers, cemented with lime; they are provided with *marghal* (or *matras*), long loop-holes, and *shararif*, or trefoil-shaped *crénelles*. In order to secure a flanking fire, semi-circular towers, also loop-holed and crenellated, are disposed in the curtain at short and irregular intervals. Inside, the streets are, what they always should be in these torrid lands, deep, dark and narrow, in few places paved, a thing to be deprecated, and generally covered with black earth, well watered and trodden to hardness. The most considerable lines radiate towards the mosques. There are few public buildings. The principal Wakalahs are four in number; one is the Wakalat Bab Salam, near the Haram, another the Wakalat Jebarti, and two are inside the Misri gate; they all belong to Arab citizens. These caravanserais are principally used as stores, rarely for dwelling places, like those of Cairo; travellers therefore must hire houses at a considerable expense, or pitch tents, to the detriment of health and to their extreme discomfort. The other public buildings are a few mean coffee-houses, and an excellent bath in the Harat Zarawan, inside the town; it is far superior to the unclean establishments at Cairo, and borrows something of the luxury of Stamboul. The houses are well built for the East, flat-roofed, and double-storied; the materials generally used are a basaltic scoria, burnt brick, and palm wood. The best of them enclose spacious courtyards and small gardens with wells, where water-basins and date trees gladden the owners' eyes. The lat-

ticed balconies, first seen by the European travellers at Alexandria, are here common, and the windows are mere apertures in the walls, garnished, as usual in Arab cities, with a shutter of planking. El Medinah fell rapidly under the Wahhabis, but after their retreat it soon rose again, and now it is probably as comfortable and flourishing a little city as any to be found in the East.

Our author calculates the number of houses within the *enceinte* at 1,500, and those in the suburbs at 1,000. He subjoins the following note, obtained from Mr. C. Cole, H.B.M. vice-consul at Jeddah, as to the population, and which being obtained from official information, is probably as near the truth as it is possible to arrive at:—

The population of El Medinah is from 16,000 to 18,000, and the Nizam troops 400. Meccah contains about 45,000 inhabitants, Yamboos from 6,000 to 7,000, Jeddah about 2,500 (this I think is too low), and Taif, 8,000. Most of the troops are stationed at Meccah and Jeddah. In El Hejaz there is a total force of 5 battalions, each of which ought to contain 800 men; they may amount to 3,500, with 500 artillery, and 4,500 irregulars, though the pay rolls bear 6,000. The Government pays in paper for all supplies (even water for the troops), and the paper sells at the rate of 40 piasters per cent.

We are informed in a foot-note that there is—

Much debate concerning the comparative sanctity of El Medinah and Meccah. Some say Mohammed preferred the former, blessing it as Abraham did Meccah. Moreover, as a tradition declares that every man's body is drawn from the dust of the ground in which he is buried, El Medinah it is evident had the honor of supplying materials for the Prophet's person. Others, like Omar, were uncertain in favor of which city to decide. Others openly assert the pre-eminence of Meccah; the general *consensus* of El Islam preferring El Medinah to Meccah, save only the Bait Allah in the latter city. This last is a *juste milieu* view by no means in favor with the inhabitants of either place. In the meanwhile the Meccans claim unlimited superiority over the Madani, the Madani over the Meccans. . . . The climate of Medinah is celebrated for a long and comparatively speaking rigorous winter; a popular saying records the opinion of the Prophet, "That he who patiently endures the cold of El Medinah and the heat of Meccah, merits a reward in Paradise." Ice is not seen in the town, but may frequently be met with, it is said, on Jebel Ohod;* fires are lighted in the houses during the winter, and palsies attack those who at this season imprudently bathe in

* One of the hills bounding the plain, or sanctuary.

cold water. The fair complexions of the people prove that this account of the wintry rigors is not exaggerated.

Mr. Burton was there in the summer, and found the air dry. He also observes—

That the open plain prevents the faint and stagnant sultriness which distinguishes Meccah. The afternoons are close, but the nights and mornings are cool and dewy. At this season of the year the citizens sleep on the house-tops, or on the ground outside their doors. Strangers must follow this example with circumspection; the open air is safe in the desert, but in cities it causes to the unaccustomed violent colds and febrile affections.

The town is supplied with water by a subterranean canal about thirty feet below the surface; it is both sweet and wholesome.

Our hajj next appears in the character of a member of the College of Physicians, giving the reader an account of the diseases and medical treatment of the northern Hejaz. He observes that El Medinah has been four times visited by the *rih el asfar* (yellow wind, or cholera morbus), which is said to have carried off whole households. The worst attack, he informs us, was piously called the *rahmat el kabirah*, or the great mercy. The *Táún*, or plague, has never passed their frontier; although, according to Burckhardt, in A.D. 1815 Meccah, Yambah, and Jeddah suffered severely from it. They are sometimes visited with the small-pox, which

Appears to be indigenous to the countries bordering on the Red Sea. . . . In the town of El Medinah it is fatal to children, many of whom, however, are in these days inoculated; among the Bedouins old men die of it, but adults are rarely victims, either in the city or the desert.

The following account of the treatment for this disease is amusing enough :—

The nurse closes up the room during the day, and carefully excludes the night air, believing that as the disease is hot,* a breath of air would kill the patient. During the hours of darkness a lighted candle or lamp is always placed by the side of the bed, or the sufferer would die of madness, brought on by evil spirits or fright. Sheep's wool is burnt in the sick room, as death would follow the inhaling of any perfume. The only remedy I have heard of is powdered kohl (antimony), drank in water, and the same is drawn

* Orientals divide their diseases, as they do their remedies and articles of diet, into hot, cold, and temperate.

along the breadth of the eyelid to prevent blindness. The diet is *adas* (lentile),^o and a peculiar kind of date, called *Tamr el Birni*. On the twenty-first day the patient is washed with salt and tepid water.

Although inoculation has only lately been introduced among the Bedouins of the Hejaz, Mr. Burton states, on the authority of Niebuhr, that "in Yemen, a rude form of inoculation,† the mother pricking the child's arm with a thorn, has been known from time immemorial.

Ophthalmia, we are told, is rare; and in a foot-note to this observation we read that the similarity of the soil and the climate of Egypt to that of Upper Sindh, and the prevalence of the complaint in both countries, may assist us in investigating the predisposing causes. These are the nitrous and pungent nature of the soil, what the old Greek calls "acid matter exuding from the earth," and the sudden transition from extreme dryness to excessive damp checking the invisible perspiration of the circumorbital parts, and flying to an organ which is already weakened by the fierce glare of the sun, and the fine dust raised by the *Khamsin* or the *Chaliho*. Glare and dust alone seldom cause eye-diseases. Every one knows that ophthalmia is unknown in the desert, and the people of the Hejaz, who live in an atmosphere of blaze and sand, seldom lose their sight. Quotidian and tertian fevers are not uncommon in the summer, and if accompanied by vomitings are frequently fatal. Jaundice is thus treated :—

The sick man looks into a pot full of water, whilst the exorciser, reciting a certain spell, draws the heads of two needles from the patient's ears along his eyes, down his face, lastly dipping them into water, which at once becomes yellow. Others have "Mirayat," magic mirrors, on which the patient looks, and loses the complaint. Leprosy seldom attacks any but the poorer classes, and is considered incurable.

All wounds are treated by balsam or ointments; a cloth is tied round the limb and not removed till the wound heals, which amongst this people of simple life generally takes place by first intention. There is however the greatest prejudice against allowing

^o "This grain is cheaper than rice on the banks of the Nile—a fact which enlightened England, now paying a hundred times its value for *Revallenta Arabica*, apparently ignores."

† We have lately seen an account in the public press of a French physician employing inoculation with success for yellow fever in the West Indies.

water to touch a wound or sore. This last observation we leave to the consideration of all the myriad pathists of Europe, who seem agreed on the one point, that water is good for wounds. At the same time it is unquestionable that the climate and state of the atmosphere generally exercise a most powerful influence on the simplest remedies. We have seen a person who, after in vain drawing upon the highest recognized skill of Europe for two years and upwards, was restored to perfect health in two months by simply adopting the native cure, dry diet, in the native or Egyptian climate. Mr. Burton concludes his observations on these subjects with the following sentences, which we recommend to the consideration of all learned guinea-taking metropolitan practitioners.

In all cases of severe wounds or chronic diseases the patient is ordered off to the Black Tents, where he lives as a Bedouin, drinking camel's milk, a diet highly cathartic, for the first three or four days, and doing nothing. This has been the practice from time immemorial in Arabia, whereas Europe is only beginning to systematize the adhibition of air, exercise and simple living. And even now we are obliged to veil it under the garb of charlatantry—to call it a milk-cure in Switzerland, a water-cure in Silesia, a grape-cure in France, a hunger-cure in Germany, and other sensible names which act as dust in the public eyes.

Having lionized the city, our hajj proceeds on a pilgrimage to the Mosque of Kuba, the origin of which he thus details:—

When the Prophet's she-camel, El Kaswa, as he was approaching El Medinah after the flight from Meccah, knelt down here, he desired his companions to mount the animal. Abubekr and Omar did so; still she sat upon the ground, but when Ali obeyed the order she arose. The Prophet bade him loose her halter, for she was directed by Allah, and the mosque walls were built upon the line over which she trod. It was the first place of public prayer in El Islam.

He is accompanied by his faithful friend Shayk Hamid, and by a precious young Pickle of a servant, named Mohammed; arrived at the Palm Plantations, he makes the reader's mouth water with the following terse and graphic sketch:—

Nothing lovelier to the eye, weary with hot red glare, than the rich green waving crops and cool shade—for hours I could have sat and looked at it, requiring no other occupation—"the food of vision," as the Arabs call it, and "pure water to the parched throat." The air was soft and balmy; a perfumed breeze, strange luxury in El Hejaz,

wandered amongst the date fronds; there were fresh flowers and bright foliage—in fact, at midsummer, every beautiful feature of spring. Nothing more delightful to the ear than the warbling of the small birds, that sweet familiar sound, the splashing of tiny cascades from the wells into the wooden troughs, and the musical song of the water-wheels. Travellers—young travellers—in the East talk of the "dismal grating," the "mournful monotony," and the "melancholy creaking of these dismal machines." To the veteran wanderer their sound is delightful from association, reminding him of green fields, cool water-courses, hospitable villagers, and plentiful crops. The expatriated Nubian, for instance, listens to the water-wheel with as deep emotion as the *Roms des Vaches* ever excited in the hearts of Switzer mercenary at Naples, or "Lochaber no more" among a regiment of Highlanders in the West Indies.

We are told that there are one hundred and thirty-nine varieties of the date palm, each with its separate Arab name.

January and February are the time for the masculation of the palm. The "Nakhwali," as he is called, opens the female flower, and having inserted the inverted male flowers, binds them together; this operation is performed, as in Egypt, upon each cluster. The fruit is ripe about the middle of May, and the gathering of it forms the Arab's "Vendemmia."

Among various other fruits and vegetables, of which he furnishes a copious list and some interesting details, we find the "Shami," a species of pomegranate, almost stoneless, delicately perfumed, and as large as an infant's head. Those who have felt their tongues as rough as a piece of sun-dried beef picked from off a dusty road, will know how to appreciate a refreshing shami.

Having gone through the requisite devotions, and taken the necessary notes, our author returns to the city.

The description of the arrival of the great caravan from El Sham (Damascus), is at once stirring and life-like.

I arose in the morning and looked out from the windows of the *Majlis*: the Barr el Munakhah, from a dusty waste, dotted with a few Bedouins and their tents, had assumed all the various shapes and the color of a kaleidoscope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one field; and however jaded by sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the vivacity, the variety, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents, of every size, color, and shape, round, square, and oblong, open and closed, from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pa-

vilion of the Pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the harem, to its neighbor the little dirty-green *route* of the tobacco seller. They were pitched in admirable order; here ranged in a long line, where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound! Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere pony camels, jingling large bells, and bearing "Shugdafa," miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous "Takhtawan," or litters, borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedonins bestriding naked-backed "Deluls" (or she dromedaries), and clinging like apes to the hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer-looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbert sellers, and ambulant tobacconists crying their goods; country people driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamor through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; townspeople seeking their friends, returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes, devout hajjs jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tent ropes in their hurry to reach the haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water carriers, and fruit-venders fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well mounted party of fine old Arab shaykhs of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the "Arzah," or war dance—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their duck guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-colored rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears tufted with ostrich feathers high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents, with vain cries of "Ya Mohammed;"* grandees riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another, there the low moaning of some poor wretch that is seeking a shady corner to die in: add a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and—I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any word-painting of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.

Soon after the arrival of the caravan, we

find our hajj on his way to the Jebel Ohod and its holy places.

It owes its reputation to a cave which is said to have sheltered the Prophet when pursued by his enemies, to certain springs of which he drank, and especially to its being the scene of a battle celebrated in El Islam. . . . On the topmost pinnacle is the Kubbat Harun, the dome erected over Aaron's remains.

Superstition seems to abound in many of the holy places, at which our author is fain to laugh, but he adds, "shame prevents;" he gives his reasons by quoting Western follies equally ridiculous, from "Nottingham, whose eggs may not be carried out after sunset, to America with her snail telegraphs and spirit rappings." We must observe that his knowledge of "eggs" and "snail telegraphs" far exceeds our own, although we feel thoroughly convinced that no absurdity is too great for human credulity. Among the pilgrims upon the present occasion were about 1,200 Persians, and the violent abuse to which they were subjected, coupled with the wholesale manner in which they were mulcted at every door where they sought an entrance, must have made Mr. Burton rejoice that he had given up the Ajemi disguise in which he left England.

It appears that there are upwards of fifty holy places which the devout pilgrim should see if time permit, but our author having visited the saint's cemetery, was unable to delay sufficiently long to prosecute further personal inspection. His desire had been to go with a Bedouin guide to Muscat, a nice little jaunt of 1,500 miles; however, a bloody dispute between two tribes rendered the journey so dangerous, that he was obliged to give up the idea. Owing to a dispute with Saad the Robber, the Tayyarah or flying caravan was unable to proceed, and although it involved a long and tedious journey, our indefatigable hajj joyfully gave up the Darb El Sultani, or royal road, along the coast, which had been described by Burckhardt, to encounter the trials of the Darb el Sharki, where they would have to travel for days without seeing water, for, as he observes, "No European had as yet travelled down by Harun el Rashid's and the Lady Zubaydah's celebrated route through the Nejd desert." It is impossible to conceive a traveller of a more active mind than Mr. Burton, or one more peculiarly suited to the perilous task he undertook. The Geographical Society, under whose patronage the daring pilgrim started, certainly put "the

* Calling for "Mohammed" in the East is as likely to bring the servant as calling for "John" in England.

right man in the right place." So thoroughly perfect was his disguise, that at El Medinah they earnestly begged him to set up as a physician in the neighborhood of the mosque, where, as his friend told him, "thou wilt eat bread by thy skill, and thy soul shall have the blessing of being on holy ground." Again, as far as intellectual capabilities, he appears perfectly at home on all those points most valuable in a traveller. The information he affords on geographical topics, on the fertile subject of ethnography, on the manners and customs of inner oriental life, on Eastern ceremonies, on food, on diseases and remedies, &c., &c., exhibits a degree of general culture and observation of no ordinary nature; and the undisturbed composure with which he deliberately goes through his Moslem devotions, within those sanctuaries where the faintest breath of suspicion excited by one wrong movement or one false word would infallibly have subjected him to the fanatical vengeance of the whole city, evinces a character rarely to be met with. Nor must we forget the difficulty he experienced in keeping any journal at all, and the

severe tax on his memory which the hasty notes he took must have frequently involved. If there is any truth in phrenology, the organs of firmness, locality, memory, music, and language must be very strongly developed in our author, especially the former. A Gordon Cumming may be found again and again; the excitement of the chase and the love of desert life have had many followers "unhonored and unsung;" but where shall we see combined evidences of such patient study, and of such voluntary privation, in perpetual contact with those who, could they but penetrate the disguise assumed, would become immediate executioners?

We strongly recommend Mr. Burton's work as at once amusing and instructive, as written in a very agreeable and easy style, and as suited alike to the light and the learned reader; and we doubt not that those who peruse the first two volumes, will, like ourselves, look forward with great interest to his graphic account of the journey along the Darb el Sharki and of the hitherto unknown mysteries of Meccah.* H. A. M.

From Dickens' Household Words.

MADAME URSINUS, THE POISONER.

THERE are few subjects that present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection, that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, resentment of slighted attachment, blind jealousy, or revenge of injured honor, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Mammon, the basest spirit that

fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is worn for years, to cover the foul fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attraction and spiritual gifts; caressed, fêted, honored as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and the purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest to them.

Some of these modern Medeas have played the part of the fashionable, or the æsthetic; some, of the domestically amiable; some, of the devoted attendant on the sick and the suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow; smile blandly on us in our pains which she cannot take away, though she has the satis-

* The Appendix contains some curious extracts from the works of pilgrims in former days: Ludovicus Vertomannus, gentleman of Rome, A.D. 1503; Joseph Pitts, of Exeter A.D. 1680; Giovanni Finati, A.D. 1814.

faction of knowing that they will take us away ; and mix with taper fingers the opiate of our repose ! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength ; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts ; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministration was sought by people of much higher rank than her own ; she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practiced its cunning. At length in her four-and-fiftieth year she was detected, and arrested. In prison she walked amid the apparitions of all her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written ; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

All women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity,—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinctions of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison with that of watching the operation of some subtly lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchioness, but the princess of poisoners ; and yet it remained for Madame Ursinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a pietist, a writer of useful tracts, a poetess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers, she lived to the good old age of seventy-six, and died—lamented ; Brinvilliers, Zwanziger, and Gottfried, con-

feased that they were conquered by their crimes ; but Madame Ursinus, branded in public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that ; and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the reputation of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of the Prussian criminal court, a few fragments of the history of such a woman.

The widow of Privy-councillor Ursinus lived honored and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and her accomplishments, made her a centre of attraction in the society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment in all its appointments was perfect. We may imagine the sensation created by the news of her arrest.

Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the fifth of March, eighteen hundred and three, at the card-table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror in his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Ursinus betrayed no surprise or emotion. She put down her cards, begged the party with whom she was engaged at play to excuse the interruption, observing that it was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment.

She went, but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned to their consternation that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

• A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained in the preceding month of February of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and some days afterwards some medicine in raisins. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it ; and when his mistress, a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not eat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicions that there was something in the food which was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his mistress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found

a small parcel, with the ominous label—Arsenic.

The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recommended as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thankfulness, but took care that none of them should enter his mouth. He communicated his suspicions to the lady's maid, in whom he had confidence; and she quickly carried off the prunes to her brother, who was the apprentice of a celebrated apothecary. The apprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tested them, and found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered, that her husband and an aunt, to whose last days she had paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Ursinus was at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the marvellous became ravenous and insatiable. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done—a book, by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled the "Confessions of a Female Poisoner, written by herself," which was rapidly bought up and devoured, as the veritable confession of the Ursinus.

But, alas for the hungering and thirsting public, Madame Ursinus was not a lady of the confessing sort! she was a clever, far-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests for poisons were not then so well known as they are now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines were most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will; and so far Madame Ursinus was safe.

But, there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benjamin Klein had arsenic in them; and the Ursinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly, and fully. But then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good

could that do her?—he had no money to leave. No; her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love, had died of consumption; and she was disgusted with life. The splendor and gaiety which surrounded her were a hollow splendor, a wearisome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soul! of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young doctors are said to do in hospitals—made a few experiments on her patient, the unfortunate Benjamin Klein. She had given him the very minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautiously increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him any permanent harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her life have hurt the man. In society she had been noted for her sensibility—for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acuteness of her sympathies. That was all. As to the charges of having administered poison to her nearest connections, she treated the calumny with the utmost indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursinus was resolute in the protestation of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable non-plus.

And what really had been the life and character of the Ursinus? Sophia Charlotte Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so-called Baron Weingarten—who, as secretary of legation in Austria, had, under a charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weiss. Fraulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in seventeen hundred and sixty. While residing in her teens with an elder married sister, wife of the Councillor of State Haacke, at Spandau, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character and most exemplary life; but, unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or acquired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nineteen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf, and passionless. In fact, he was

a dull, commonplace, diligent, unimaginaive pack-horse and official plodder : most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business ; but just the last man for a lively, handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand he had his good qualities, even as a husband. He had no jealousies, and the most unbounded indulgence.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Berlin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Madame Ursinus soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogay. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candor, in one of her examinations before the magistrates, that she was made for domestic affection. That as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attachment, the privy-councillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life in her own way ; and there is a long letter preserved in the criminal records, which he himself wrote at her dictation, to the beloved Rogay, on an occasion when he had absented himself for some time, urging him to renew his visits, and that in the most love-like terms, the tenderest of which the old man underlined with his own hand.

But Rogay came not, he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspicion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away ; while she fawned on him she had killed him. But, here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillor Ursinus ; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him ; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender of him than she was. She called herself Lotté in her communications with him ; not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol.

But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast ? Madame Ursinus sate up with him alone ; she called not a single creature ; she hoped he would be better ; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after, followed as suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite alone with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpses were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were mummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers, and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchment, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet, the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case,—but apoplexy or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptom of poison.

So, instead of the pleasure-loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fate, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days in the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out ; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develop her powers of fortitude and of intellect, and she embraced it ; not only before the tribunal of justice, but in her whole conduct through the thirty long years which she continued a prisoner.

No sooner had she entered on her quarters in the prison of Glatz, than she set about writing an elaborate defence of herself. In

her room, which was the best the fortress afforded to its captives, and which she was allowed to furnish according to her pleasure, she placed a little table under the narrow window in the massy wall, and arranged upon it everything that was necessary for literary labor. She was surrounded by books: not only for refreshment of her mind, but for laborious research and instruction. In this defence at which she labored, for she was by no means satisfied with that of her paid advocates, she now discovered the uncommon abilities with which she was endowed. If any one had ever entertained a doubt of her powers of reasoning and calculation, of the clearness of her foresight, and the acuteness of her penetration, that doubt was here at once dispelled in the most convincing manner. She proved herself so profoundly vast in the law, that she now struck her legal advisers with astonishment, as she had done the judges on her trial. Her defence, which was addressed to her relatives, presented her in the new character of a masterly writer and legal scholar. This defence is still extant, and no defence of a murderer, not even that of Eugene Aram, is a more striking specimen of talent and of well-assumed virtue and virtuous indignation.

"Scarcely," she says, "can I call to mind, without the overthrow of my understanding and the utter prostration of my whole being, the accusation of being the murderer of my husband and my aunt. My innermost soul becomes worked with terror at the recollection of the moment when I was seized with all the horrors of death by the opened graves of my beloved relatives; when surrounded by all the pangs of a deadly cruelty, and pursued by the furies of a thousand-tongued imprecations, I heard myself cursed as the destroyer of those who sank so safely to slumber in my arms. Had Providence then heard the sole wish of my heart, the sole voice of my super-human anguish, that moment would have annihilated my life and my sufferings, and yet have flung the light of the sun on all the evidences of my innocence, which now, however, is made plain by other means.

"In vain have I been for ten long months pursued, martyred, broken to pieces, crushed in soul and body, by the reproach of that shamefully horrid crime, and exposed to all the contempt and malice of the public. In vain have the graves of my loved ones been opened, the repose of the dead violated, and proceedings taken in the first capital of Europe, in this age of knowledge and hu-

manity, under the eyes of the most amiable and kind-hearted of kings, that have no example, and with posterity will have no credence. In vain have I, unhappy one, been represented by inhuman writers as a monster and a terrible warning; in vain have I been painted, in the blackest and the most venomous of colors, as a lesson to my own, and a dark eternal memory to after times; in vain have I been a thousand times murdered and tortured,—the highest authorities, the clearest evidence, pronounce me guiltless."

In the prison she was allowed a female companion, and was often visited by distinguished strangers, whom so far from shrinking from, she was ever eager to see, never failing to describe her misfortunes in vivid colors, to assert her innocence and intreat their exertions for her liberation. Many of these, however, thought that the lot of the poisoner, who rustled in silk and satin over the floors of the fortress—compared with that of other convicts, who for some rude deed done in a moment of passion labored in heavy chains, welded to carts, or with iron horns projecting above their brows, sweltered in deep pits—had nothing in it of a severity which warranted an appeal to royal mercy.

But, in her seventieth year, the royal mercy reached her. She was liberated from prison, but restricted for the remainder of her life to the city and fortress of Glatz. Here she once more played the part not of a poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an aristocratic lady. She again opened a handsome house, and gave entertainments; and they were frequented! Nay, such was her vanity, that she used every diligence to draw illustrious strangers into her circle. An anecdote is related on undoubted authority, which is characteristic. At one of her suppers, a lady sitting near her actually started, as she saw some white powder on a salad which was handed to her. Madame Ursinus observed it and said, smiling, "Don't be alarmed, my dear, it is not arsenic."

Another anecdote is not less amusing. Immediately after quitting her prison, she invited a large company to coffee. An invitation to coffee by the poisoner, as she was called in Glatz by old and young, was a matter of curiosity, the grand attraction of the day. All went: but one individual, who had been overlooked in the invitation, out of resentment planned a savage joke. He bribed the confectioner to mix in the biscuits some nauseating drug. In the midst of the entertainment, the whole company were seiz-

ed simultaneously with inward pains and sickness, gave themselves up for lost, started up in horror, and rushed headlong from the house. Glatz was thunderstruck with the news, which went through it like an electric flash, that the Ursinus had poisoned all her guests.

Regardless of these little accidents, the Ursinus lived a life of piety and benevolence; so said the gaoler of the fortress, and her female companion. She sought to renew her intercourse with her sister, Madame von Hocke, saying: "We are again the little Yetté and little Lotté; our happy childhood stands before me." But the sister kept aloof, and the wounded, but patient and forgiving Ursinus, exclaimed: "Ah! that life and its experiences can thus operate on some people, by no means making them happier. God reward us all for the good that we have been found worthy to do, and pardon us our many errors!"

She died in her seventy-seventh year; and her companion declared that she could not enough admire the resignation with which

she endured her sufferings through the aid of religion. She left her considerable property partly to her nephews and nieces, and partly to benevolent institutions. A year before her death she ordered her own coffin, and left instructions that she should lie in state with white gloves on her hands, a ring on her finger containing the hair of her late husband, and his portrait on her bosom. Five carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed her to the grave, was found adorned with green moss, auriculas, tulips, and immortelles: an actual bower of blooms. When the clergyman had ended his discourse, six boys and six poor girls, whom the Ursinus had cared for in her lifetime, stepped forward and sang a hymn in her honor. The gravedigger had little to do; female friends, and many poor people to whom she had been a benefactress, filled the grave with their own hands, and arched the mound over it. It was a bitter cold morning, yet the churchyard could scarcely contain the crowd. And thus the poisoner passed away like a saint.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WOMEN IN TURKEY.

We were recently obliged, for our sins we presume, to wade through an absurd book called the "City of the Crescent," in which an interesting subject was so utterly spoiled by the mode of treatment and the clumsy admixture of truth and fiction, that we determined to take the first opportunity to try and rectify the erroneous impressions which it might produce upon our readers.

We generally form a very incorrect idea of the condition of women in Turkey. If they do not enjoy the same rights and privileges as their more fortunate sisters in Europe, and if their religion allows certain inequalities between them and man, which are daily diminishing, still, on the other hand, it is not true that they are reduced to the condition of servants, or possess no other rights than those granted them by the passing caprice of their master. In truth, the part played by the

wife in Mussulman society does not essentially differ from what it was for several centuries in Christian Europe. Without referring to the middle ages, when a husband was permitted to beat his wife, and even wound her, "provided that the wound did not go beyond an honest correction," let us only go back for two centuries, to the period when Molière was writing, and remember the exhortations of Arnolphe to Agnes. We shall find them not a whit less severe than those prescribed by custom and the Koran in Turkey. The wife is bound to implicit obedience and subordination: she remains standing in the presence of her husband, serves him at table, and salutes him at parting with the titles of Agha, Effendi, or Tchelebi. On the other hand, she enjoys a sovereign rule in the harem. She has the sole management of the household, brings up the children, and exer-

cises a strict surveillance over the servants and slaves. As examples of polygamy are extremely rare, either through the legal restrictions applied to the exercise of the privilege, or through the changes effected in morals, she asserts her authority uncontrolled. Even in a contrary case, her rights remain in tact, as the law obliges the man who marries several wives to give each a separate apartment, with a *ménage* proportioned to his means and the family of his wife.

The wife is not obliged to undertake any labors beyond the direction of the household. She engages in no trade: those employments which among ourselves are the exclusive property of women, are in Turkey undertaken by the men. Men keep laundries and embroidery shops; men, again, make the *antaris* and *feredgis*. Sowing and shirt-making are generally done by Jews and Armenians, and the harem slaves go and fetch the work when finished. Thus, then, the existence of woman in Turkey is entirely internal and domestic. Her part within the house is considerable. Without it is a nullity. She only gazes on the external world; or, if she approaches it, it is without mixing in it. Still tradition, manners, education, all prepare women betimes for this species of life. Betrothed generally when three or four years of age, married at twelve or thirteen, they pass from their mother's harem into that of their husband, resigned beforehand to a constraint which custom has rendered easy to them. The marriage is arranged between the parents without the knowledge of the young people. The latter are not even present at the ceremony: sometimes the husband appears among the witnesses, but the part he plays is quite passive. The parents or guardians stipulate in the name and with the consent of the betrothed, and draw up the contract in the presence of the Imam and the witnesses. The marriage receives no religious consecration. The Imam does not make his appearance as priest, but as a civil magistrate. He inscribes in his register the statement of the marriage, with the conditions agreed on by the various parties: the witnesses affix their seals, which serve instead of signature, and the connubial tie is formed by this simple inscription.

In Turkey, the husband dowers the wife: and, as we have said, must supply a separate establishment for each wife. So many wives, so many doweries must be furnished, so many suites of apartments, with their befitting furniture, carriages, servants, slaves, &c. Hence

it is not so easy as may be supposed, for the children of the Prophet to enjoy the latitude of the law. Few among them are rich enough to permit themselves the luxury of four wives; and those who could have four, finding that one is quite enough, the result is, that cases of polygamy are very unfrequent in Turkey. The Osmanli, too poor to marry, buys a slave, who serves him at once as wife and servant, and in this conforms with the text of the law: "The man who is not rich enough to marry honorable and believing women, will take slaves who are believers." If children are born to him, he has the power of legitimating them, and this act entails, on his death, the enfranchisement of the mother, nor can she be sold or given away in the interval.

There is nothing more simple or barren in incidents than a Turkish marriage. This is nearly what takes place: Esmè has reached her twelfth summer—she has been betrothed since her fourth year to Bekir, who is now eighteen; it is time for them to be united. Bekir does not know Esmè, or at least he has quite forgotten her features since the time when she came, a child, to visit his mother. Esmè, on her side, has retained a still more confused notion of Bekir; for this reason she begs her mother, before renewing the contract, to let her see once again his features. The mother consents, and one day when Bekir is visiting his future papa-in-law, Esmè looks in from behind a lattice. Bekir also is impatient to know the person who is to be his wife. His mother has repeatedly praised her beauty; but can he believe her, when her heart is set on this marriage? He therefore applies to some skilful and discreet old woman, generally a Jewess, whom he requests to make her way by some pretext into Esmè's harem, that she may see her and observe her closely. The ambassadress returns the next day or so, and does not fail to draw the most enticing portrait of the lady she has seen: a moon of beauty, teeth like pearls, eyes resembling two stars, the eyebrows two rainbows. Bekir thanks God and the Prophet; then he pours into the hands of the *duenna* a handful of *bechliqs*, and sends his future wife baskets or vases filled with flowers, fruit and confectionery.

The offering which we call the *corbeille de nocés* follows immediately on the signature of the contract. This *corbeille* consists chiefly of dresses and jewellery, with the addition of a looking-glass, and a pair of embroidered bath clogs. This present is *de rigueur*. Bekir receives in return linen and towels, em-

broidered in gold, silver, or silk. The members of the two families also interchange presents. Several days, frequently weeks, intervene between the signature of the contract and the celebration of the marriage. The time is employed by Bekir in the payment of the dowry: by the parents of the lady in getting her trousseau and wedding apparel in readiness.

The wedding lasts four days, from Monday morning till sunset on Thursday. The first night of the nuptials is fixed for that day, which is considered more propitious than the others, because of the conception of Mahomed. The wedding festivities in both houses are kept up by the men and women separate. They principally consist in banquets, the intervals being filled up with coffee, sherbet, confectionery, perfumes, and pipes. A grave hilarity presides over these meetings, which are enlivened at times by bands of jugglers and story-tellers. Relations and friends are invited to pass alternate days in the two houses, and the long and white sofas which adorn the selamlık and harem serve as beds for the guests by night. Each day is distinguished by a different ceremony. On Tuesday the lady's trousseau is carried in great state from her residence to that of her husband. On Wednesday evening she is taken to the bath, to which ceremony all the poor women in the quarter are invited. They, on arriving, deposit their ragged clothes in the first room, and find on quitting the bath a new dress, with a sum of money proportioned to the rank and fortune of the husband. In Turkey, charity is universal. On the next day, in the afternoon, the lady, accompanied by her mother, sisters, and servants, leaves her dwelling for that of her husband. The relations of both the families are assembled, the men in the selamlık, the women in the harem. The rejoicings, which are kept up till nightfall, terminate in a supper. At the hour of the fifth Namaz, the husband, after kissing the hand of his father, his uncles, his elder brothers, glides mysteriously into the harem, where Esmè is awaiting him, seated on a sofa, her head covered with a veil. On seeing her husband she rises, and while he is trying to take her hand, she raises his, and kisses it, in token of submission. Bekir is preparing to raise the mysterious veil, but the unlucky old woman is still seated motionless in a corner, like a statue in its niche. The old woman is thrust out, after some feigned reluctance, and the wife appears for the first time before the delighted eyes of her husband.

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But the lady is not always good-looking. An old effendi, very rich and very ugly, took unto himself a wife. The day after the marriage, the wife asked him to select those of her relations to whom she might show herself unveiled. "Show your face to whom you like," he replied, "only hide it from me!" "Bear with my ugliness," said the wife. "I have not sufficient patience for that." "Ah," she replied, "yet you ought have a good stock of that, as you have endured all your life the frightful nose I see before me."

The life of the women within the harem is monotonous, it must be confessed, and the occupation they find will not fill up their leisure hours. They do not read: they are poor musicians, and are not fond of needlework. Dressing, bathing, playing at school-girls' games, such as blindman's buff, going from one room to another, receiving visits round the *tandour*, are their most important avocations. The *tandour* is a species of square table, under which is placed a mangal, and it is then covered with one or two large carpets to maintain a gentle and regular heat. It is usually in a corner of the sofa; the Turkish women spend three parts of the day seated round it, and having the covering raised on their knees. These *tandours* are a very pleasant and useful invention, and the use of them has passed from the Turkish houses to the Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans residing in Turkey. But the favorite pastime of the Turkish ladies is bathing. The custom is obligatory on the Friday of each week; but on the other days it forms the staple amusement of the harem. Every house above the common rank has one or more bathing-rooms, luxuriously decorated. Others go to the public baths, where they have their meals brought, and frequently remain there half the day.

It is quite a mistake to believe that women in Turkey are devoted to imprisonment, as they were in ancient society, or even in our middle ages. The severity of the harem differs greatly from that of the gynæceum, or of the feudal castle. The streets of Constantinople are filled with women, some on foot, others in carriages, who are either going to pay visits, or to the bath, or to the bazaar. But you rarely see a woman alone, unless she belongs to the lower classes. When the wife of a pacha or effendi goes out for an airing, the whole harem accompanies her. The place of rendezvous, which varies according to the season and the day of the week, is generally a kiosk, a promontory on the sea-shore, or a picturesque spot near one

of the villages bordering the two banks of the Bosphorus, and forming the suburbs of Constantinople; for instance, the European Sweet Waters, Jener Bagtchi, Buyuk-déré, or the Valley of the Sultan. On leaving the caique or araba, the servants lay on the ground carpets, on which the ladies seat themselves in a circle. If there is a great concourse of visitors, a lattice, like those seen on the exterior of the windows, is put up before the party, as an increased precaution. The harems thus camp in a successive row. Kavasses, appointed to maintain good order, walk through the intervening spaces, and keep indiscreet persons at a distance. At a few paces off, beneath a plane-tree, a Cahvedji has established his perambulating apparatus, and furnishes the promenaders with excellent coffee at twenty paras the cup, including a glass of water and the necessary chibouque. Sellers of sherbets, the chekerdjis, players of instruments, Greek and Armenian dancers, occupy the remainder of the space, or walk about among the groups. Sometimes strolling comedians give representations: these are scenes, or rather improvised dialogues, like the *commedia dell' arte* in Italy. Turkish women are very fond of these scenes, which the actors accompany with gestures and pantomime, whose broadness is not at all repulsive to the ears and eyes accustomed to the coarseness of the Karaguez. When the performance is over they return to their favorite amusements: some regard themselves in small circular mirrors set in gold or silver: others tinge the ends of their nails with henna: others, again, with the amber mouth-piece of the long jasmin pipe-stick held lightly between their lips, their heads slightly bending on one side, remain motionless, and enjoy the delights of the Kéf.

Such is the usual life of the Turkish and Armenian women; for the customs of the two nations present, in this respect, a great degree of analogy. It is the same uniformity, the same regular and monotonous succession of toil and pleasure, the same vacuum, and the same *ennui*, we might say, if *ennui* could afflict beings almost entirely destitute of ideas, who have seen nothing, read nothing, compared nothing, whose mind never outsteps the narrow circle of sensual appetites and domestic affections, and who, once these wants are satisfied, live like the plants, on air, light, and sunshine.

The absence of intellectual life to be remarked among Turkish women, the effect of an utterly sensual education, the very constraint in which they live, might be supposed to develop among them a propensity

for gallantry, and give birth to a multitude of intrigues and romantic adventures. Nothing, however, is more rare, and this is the reason: The Turks, in their relation to the harem, display the most scrupulous delicacy. Such is the idea of sanctity which they attach even to the word, that uttering it is a sacrilege. At the present day, among the old Osmanli, it is contrary to the rules of good society to ask any one about the welfare of his harem: themselves, in those very rare cases, when they are obliged to allude to their wives or daughters, employ metaphorical expressions, and evince extreme care in the avoidance of the actual word. Thus, when a father wishes to announce the birth of a daughter, he will say "a veiled one has been given unto me: a mucafir (guest) has entered beneath my roof." We find among the ancient Greeks traces of this refined susceptibility as regards women. Among them, even to praise women was a species of moral brand. "The virtuous woman," says Thucydides, "is one who is never mentioned, either for good or evil." How could an Osmanli hit on the idea of making love to women not belonging to his harem? He even avoids looking at those he meets in the street. Melling, architect to the Sultana Khadidgè, sister of Sultan Selim, relates that he had free access to the harem of that princess, and that he talked with her women unveiled, while the officers of the palace who accompanied him only addressed them with downcast eyes or averted faces. With the Turks, "*videre est habere*," in the truest sense of the word.

Whether the women think on this subject like their husbands, is quite a different thing. Many among them would not be very vexed to be spoken of, even if it were in bad terms. Virtuous, in spite of their teeth, it is not the fear of the sin that restrains them, but the occasion which they want. All conspires, besides, to preserve the honor of families: the severity of the law, which punishes with death the adulteress and her accomplice; the urban police, vigilant guardians of morality; the very structure of the houses. Thus, there are no windows looking on the streets, no Spanish balconies; the windows are few, and carefully grated; and the garden where the women walk is not commanded by any neighboring window. If the walls are too low, planks are raised vertically upon them, converting the gardens into veritable pounds. Thus, then, the question of the virtue of the women, becomes a branch of architecture. Nor must we forget the muezzin, who, from

the summit of the minar, which he ascends four times daily to announce the hour of prayer, can see into all the adjoining houses and gardens. There is no tuft of trees too dense for his watchful eye. But the muezzin is the avenger, and not the accomplice of immorality. One day one of them perceived in an adjoining house the wife of a rich and powerful Agha entering secretly a kiosque, in which she had given a rendezvous to a young Armenian baker. Incapable of mastering his indignation, he denounced the sacrilege of which he was witness by mixing up with the formula of the Ezan the anathema against the faithless wife and the Ghiaur, her accomplice. All the quarter was up in arms. The neighbors collected, the women yelled, the dogs barked; at last the kavasses burst into the house, and gave over the two criminals to the justice of the Cadi.

Frequently have we heard stories of the *liaisons* between Turkish women and Europeans; but they are generally fictions. Bayle St. John, in his "Village Life in Egypt," has made a capital allusion to this, which we may be permitted to quote, although it refers to Cairo and not to Constantinople:—"Adventures of every kind are rare in Cairo; and as to the intrigues which some imagine themselves to have been engaged in, they are, so far as I know, ludicrous deceptions. There are a few 'ladies of quality' who are always falling in love with Franks, supposed to be gullible or rich; and So-and-So, who allowed

himself to be dressed as a woman, and nearly injured his spine by the exaggerated walk of a true Masriyeh, may be assured that the adventure was known beforehand in his hotel, and known all over Cairo the next day. The heroine was merely the common-place girl of the too-celebrated Stamboulina. Egyptian women certainly are, according to all accounts, licentious and prone to intrigue; and many of them have had affairs with Franks even during the months of Ramadhan. But if a person's taste lead him to these equivocal adventures, he must qualify himself by a very long residence in the country, and not merely don the national costume, but learn how to wear it—no easy matter—and, moreover, acquire a considerable knowledge of Arabic. As there is nothing, however, very interesting to observe in the manners of this class of women, with whom it is only possible to have stolen interviews of short duration, there is no compensating advantage for the risk."

We are bound to add, in conclusion, that we are indebted for the greater portion of these details to a very amusing work by Ubicini, called "*La Turquie Actuelle*" which has recently appeared in Paris, and gives most trustworthy accounts of the Turkish people—a nation which deserves a thorough study, from the possible fact that it will speedily be enumerated among the list of the lost peoples of Europe.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN EXCURSION TO POINT MANABIQUE, IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY A NATURALIST.

CAPE MANABIQUE separates part of the Gulf of Amatique from that of Honduras, and is situated at the furthest end of the Caribbean Sea, forming a portion of the district of St. Tomas of Guatemala.

In the first days of August, 1852, I hired a small guayro (coasting vessel of eight or ten tons burden), and taking advantage of the land-breeze, left the settlement of St. Tomas, and sailed pleasantly across the small but very beautiful bay of the same name. The day was splendid, but the heat oppressive, as the sun directed its burning

rays almost perpendicularly over us, and deluged us with caloric and light. We soon passed the outlet of the romantic bay of "La Graciosa," along whose banks the tropical forest grows to the water's edge, and mixes its evergreen foliage with the dark azure of the tranquil lake-like sea. Some trees, such as the rhizophora, with its stilted roots, and the stiff-leaved avicennia, their hanging branches washed by the rippling waves, often bore large heaps of delicious oysters. Number of small white egrets (herons) were perched, four or five together,

on the high roots of the mangroves, and here and there a savacon (caucroma), a sort of fishing-bird, with a wide, depressed bill, whose heavy, stupid, and mournful aspect contrasted with the airy lightness of the egrets, stood, with head drawn up between its shoulders, under the shade of a conocarpus. The whole scene was one of repose and solitary grandeur. The shore-vegetation makes room, further inland, to a heterogeneous forest, of a quite different nature, high above which may occasionally be seen the tufted top of the elegant cocoa-trees.

The manatus, or sea-cow, a kind of whale, which pastures on the sea-weed prairies as do cattle on our grassy meadows, is frequently to be met with in the bay of La Graciosa, and often ascends to a considerable distance into the small rivers which flow into the bay of St. Tomas. This animal was well known to the ancient buccaneers at the time these waters acquired the name of "Pirates Lagoon," under which they are to be found marked down on all the older maps of Central America.

We followed the whole coast, close to land, from Hospital Point to the extreme western angle of Cape Manabique, the deafening and shrill pipings of the cicadas, being now and then relieved by the hoarse, wild screams of the long-tailed macaws, which in small families were feeding on the fruits of the different kinds of trees. Sometimes also the loud cooing of some species of dove, or the barking song of a cuckoo, proceeding from the deep recesses of the impenetrable virgin forest, fell agreeably on our ears.

Night overtook us, and we spread our couches on deck. We sailed silently along, but I could not sleep. It was a fine, calm, warm, tropical moonlight night, such as those who have never witnessed cannot picture to themselves. Behind, a little to the east, I could distinguish, high against the sky, although many miles distant, the mountains of Omoa in Honduras, capped by light, silvery clouds; and to the west, the dark and bolder outline of Vera Paz. The rays of the moon were reflected with dazzling brilliancy from every little wave; and even Venus, shining with planetary glory, cast over the surface of the ocean a long streak of soft, glimmering light. I lay and gazed, and was in ecstasies at Nature's pictures, until sleep crept slowly over me, and then I dreamed of other lands, less beautiful indeed, but not less dear—of lands where, though the bitter winds and chilly fogs may freeze the body, the warm affections cast their

genial influence on the frost-bitten heart, and awaken in it the dormant faculties of hope, love, and friendship.

Next morning we anchored inside Point Manabique, lest our small craft should be cast ashore by the sea-breeze, which blows here daily with considerable violence from the north-west, as also to be out of reach of the strong marine current which runs along the whole outer coast of Cape Three-Points from north to south. This stream is caused by a portion of the great Gulf-stream, which, meeting the coast of Yucatan, defiles in an opposite direction, and, after sweeping along the shores of the Republic of Honduras, returns into the general current somewhere about Cape Graciosa Dios.

The low beach rendered landing an easy task, and we were soon in the rancho of an old and ugly herculean negro, known in the country far and wide by the name of "Tata Puss." This singular specimen of mortality is an unique human inhabitant of that part of the coast, and has lived there for many years, feeding on fish and wild fruits. He had the care of an immense heap of cocoanuts, destined for a merchant from Belize, and was mounting guard before his treasure with a rusty old sword and a ridiculous air of self-importance. We had a brief discussion with him before he would allow us to land on his domain; he even shammed showing signs of fight, but a glass of *agua ardiente* and the promise of an old shirt to cover his black nakedness, soon put us in his good graces. I was not a little surprised by hearing him address me in broken English; and on inquiry, I discovered that he had in his younger days served as a sailor in the British navy, and had actually been engaged at the battle of Trafalgar. I was much amused by his telling me, striking his breast violently, "Me gentleman-buckra; me Englishman; me no Spaniard; me no Carib; me no nigger; me true-born English gentleman."

It was the most curious specimen of an English gentleman I ever met with, as, soon after, he boasted of having eaten his own mother, and of having murdered a whole family of natives who had settled in his neighborhood. He was all over scars, received in fights and quarrels with the inhabitants of the nearest settlements; and, being covered with vermin, was certainly a most disgusting object. It made me feel queer when I looked at him and thought that "all men are brothers."

Point Manabique is a long, narrow slip of land, which has doubtless been gradually

formed by deposits from the rivers Mantagua and San Francisco, subsequently thrown up by the action of the waves. The soil of this territory is low and marshy, the outer or extreme edge alone being sandy. It is cut up by numerous brackish or fresh-water creeks and lagoons, in which wonderfully large crocodiles may be seen basking in the sun, or standing side by side along the banks like a long row of soldiers. These take to the water when approached, and are not to be feared when out of the water during daytime. The quite exterior beach, or that portion on which rises and falls the insignificant tide of those seas, is flat, bare, and tenanted only by some species of running crabs (*grapsus*), whose velocity when making a desperate rush for the water or for their burrows, demands no slight agility on the part of the naturalists, who has to scamper after them in order to cut off their retreat. Shells, seaweed, and coral are very scarce. This sandy beach is backed by the primeval forest, which is generally preceded by an arid, slightly raised, narrow zone, clothed by a low, stunted vegetation of grasses, among which are to be found a few trailing plants, and where *Cassytha filiformis*, so nearly allied to the common dodder, grows in profusion. The sandy portion of Point Manabique is the only practicable route for a pedestrian traveller, as the forest is a horrible, black and pestilential swamp, into which it is very dangerous to penetrate.

I walked on for many miles, taking occasional peeps into the thicket where it was not too dense to intercept my passage. The woods were formed of trees of very numerous kinds, growing sporadically, and without anything like a social species. Here were seen, next to one another, *Achra sapota*, with its sweet but rather insipid fruit; *Spondias* or *Jobo*; *Mammea*, or South American apricot; *Justicia*, with its purple blossoms; *Santa Maria*; *Anona muricata*, whose agreeably acid pulp is spoiled by a flavor of turpentine; *Sideroxylon*; *Bombax*; *Eremodendron*, or *leibas*, the giants of the forest; *Achras sapotilla*, from whose branches hung, often by hundreds, the curious pendulous nests of the orioles; mahogany, a noble tree; and many species of palms, some of gigantic size, others mere dwarfs. One very beautiful tree-fern, with most delicately pinnated fronds, also grew here. On the margin of the forest, in open spaces, might be admired the white flowers of *Kimenia*, whose smell the botanist Jacquin calls with truth "suavisimo;" the *Portlandia*, with its fine tubular

corolla; *Echites biflora*, and many others. Lianas, or vines, varying in size from that of a quill to that of a man's leg, hang and twine everywhere, and are tenanted by numerous monkeys and squirrels, and though beautiful to look on, are certainly very great plagues, obstructing the progress of the traveller, whose excursion is already no easy matter in the midst of large mouldering trunks of trees, poisonous snakes, stinging ants, and boggy ground. The only really useful species of Liana is the *Vitis Indica*, from whose stem, cut through, there flows out rapidly a considerable quantity of cool, tasteless, but very refreshing sap. It is common in this district, and easily recognized by its rough brownish bark.

On the way, I killed with my hunting-knife, or machetta, a pretty coendu or long-tailed porcupine, most likely the *Hoitzlacuatzin* of the old Spanish historian, Hernandez. It stood immovable on the branch of a large shrub near the water, and did not attempt to escape. The size of the animal was that of a rabbit; its spines were very short, of a fine straw color, tipped with black.

After walking for some miles in the burning sand, I reached the dwelling of a young Englishman, a Mr. Stevens, who had the direction of the gathering of cocoa-nuts on the whole territory of Manabique, for which purpose he employed a small gang of Spaniards, Negroes, Zambos, Indians, Llandinos, &c., the greater number criminals, who had escaped from the pursuit of justice by taking refuge in these solitudes. Above 150,000 cocoa-nuts are annually collected here. The life of Mr. Stevens is most arduous. He has to traverse, on foot, long tracts of untrodden forest, and to paddle alone, in small leaky canoes, along the coast; he is exposed to the assaults of his lawless workmen, to the attacks of wild animals, and to the continual bites and stings of numerous species of insects. Add to this the absolute want of society, of books, of papers, of letters, the danger of fever, the absence of medical help, and it will be easy to imagine the energy required to lead such a life, and the pleasure with which he offered me such kind hospitality as his palm-covered "casa" could afford.

I rested here for a few hours, and having made a repast on some fresh peccary, or wild hog of the country, and some tortillas, quite hot from the ashes, I bagged a few roasted plantains and resumed my peregrination. The habitation I left stands on or near to the spot marked down on the older

maps as *San Gil de buena vista*: it was here the first Spanish settlement in this country was established. No traces whatever of its existence are to be found at this day.

The beach, from this point onwards, presents a monotonous and dismal aspect; it is flat and sandy, and shows few signs of life. Now and then a brown pelican, flying heavily over the boundless ocean, or resting on some wave and looking like a distant canoe, or a bird of prey soaring high above the neighboring forest, or a few small sandpipers trotting along the pools, are the only moving things which divert the stranger's attention from the mournfully numerous remains of wrecks which are strewn along the whole of this inhospitable coast.

I travelled on for many miles, until tired and sorrowful at heart, I sat me down on a prostrate palm-tree. Around me lay scattered the cut masts of some large merchantmen, with fragments of rope and iron-work still attached to them, broken barrels, boards, honey-combed by the navy-worm, fragments of boats, loose oars, and even clothes-trunks, and water-worn articles of toilet. It was a melancholy picture of desolation. Before me was spread, far and wide, the expanse of the ocean; not a sail was on it, not a speck blemished its immensity. Behind me stood the dark and gloomy forest, from whose shade echoed neither the song of the bird nor the chirp of the insect; all around me was vast and silent; it seemed as if I had left this merry world of ours and had alighted on some abandoned or fallen planet; I felt so small, so weak, such an atom in creation at this moment! I was the only human inhabitant of this coast, the only lord of this domain: I reigned, as it were, over the death of nature, and yet I felt meek and had no pride about me. For the first time during my travels I was lonely; I wished some one were with me. I longed to be elsewhere; my imagination, exalted by the effects of my long exposure to the tropical sun, would have its own way. I saw the noble vessel, to which had belonged yon broken spars, drifting on the stormy sea; I saw it overtaken by the hurricane; I saw the drowning mariner clinging to it till he dropped into eternity; I heard the distant wailing of the mother for her son, who had never returned from sea, and the gnashing of the teeth of the greedy sharks, as they tore to pieces the lacerated body. And then the woods around me disappeared and were replaced by fields of waving wheat, and the desert ocean was covered by the white sails of pleasure-boats,

and I heard the sweet music brought to me by the evening breeze. The scene was beautiful and full of life, and I felt happy. How much longer I continued my reverie I know not, but I was suddenly brought back to my real situation by the distant rumbling of thunder.

There was I, thousands of miles from home and friends, half-savage and half-civilized; my feet and legs were bleeding, for I had worn out my last pair of moccasins two months before, and had now to walk barefooted; an old red poncho was slung across my shoulders; the rags of my tattered trousers fluttered in the wind; the skeleton of a Panama hat scarce hid my uncombed hair; my faithful rifle lay on my knees. Could this be I? No, it was the spirit of a naturalist.

Strange sounds now began to issue from the woods; the waves roared on the beach; the storm was rising fast, and night was coming on. I felt singularly excited. I laughed, and shouted aloud, for I was free, and a sense of unrestrained liberty, indefinitely pleasant, buoyed up my hopes and energies. I looked around me for shelter from the storm, which was increasing rapidly. By a wonderful chance, I discovered at some distance, an abandoned rancho. A walk of a few minutes brought me to it. Cocoa-nut gatherers had built this temporary shed some months previous; it consisted of sticks planted as Δ 's into the ground, covered with half-decayed leaves of the manaco palm. It was open at both extremities, and so low that I had to creep into it on hands and knees.

I lighted a pipe, and stretched myself on the threshold of my wild home, listening to the distant sound of the rain, which was pouring in cataracts over the forest, with constantly increasing tropical violence as it neared me. Thousands and tens of thousands of minute sand-flies (*simulium*), the true mosquito of the inhabitants of Guatemala, did not allow a moment's respite from their attacks. Swarms of them assailed me on all sides, and made me half frantic with their painful bites, and by getting constantly into my eyes, nose, and mouth. This plague alone would be sufficient to render the country uninhabitable to any white-skinned man.

Darkness came on. I was soon in the midst of the storm, and was reluctantly forced to creep into the rancho. The rain battered down with inconceivable violence. Flash after flash of the most vivid lightning rent the black sky, peal after peal of the most

terrific thunder deafened the ear and drowned the loud roaring of the rolling waves, as one after another they broke, in long phosphorescent streaks of lurid light, upon the beach. The wind was blowing a "chubasco," or stiff gale. I was wet through in less than five minutes, and felt chilly and weary. Now did I think with regret of the quiet pleasures of the comfortable fireside of home, around which, of a wintry evening, I was wont to sit with those I loved. All was now gloomy, both night and my yet darker thoughts. . . . The thunder, however, gradually ceased, but the rain fell heavily for some time longer. Then for a short while nothing was heard but the dripping of water from the leaves of the forest-trees, and the hoarse voice of the billows. One by one, the stars peeped out from behind the receding curtain which had veiled them. I also ventured out of my retreat and lay myself on the sandy beach to eat my supper, for I dared not sleep, through fear of being picked up by some roving jaguar or alligator. I was absorbed in reflection, when suddenly I perceived out at sea, within about half-a-mile off the coast, a large black mass advancing towards me. I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness which separated me from it, and clearly discerned a small light, or lantern, moving regularly up and down. I knew by this that it must be some ship sailing fast to destruction. Without losing a minute, I set fire to the rancho, and in a few seconds a column of flame was towering high up in the air, and casting a ray of light through the surrounding wilderness. My signal was perceived, and the vessel soon tacked out of sight. Many ships have of late years been lost on this coast; among others, two Belgian vessels, the *Constant* and the *Dyle*. I have no doubt the cause of these disasters is the action of the marine current before mentioned, and which is not marked upon the nautical maps in general use among seamen.

The coast, being very low, cannot be seen from any distance during the night, and although exact observations of latitude and longitude may have been taken during the day previous, the stream causes an unexpected deviation from the point steered for, and when at last the danger is apparent, especially if the north-west wind should chance to blow, the saving of the vessel is hopeless.

When I returned to St. Tomas, I found there the bark *Progrès*, from Antwerp. The captain had noticed my signal, and by the use of his glass distinguished me; he had come to the conclusion that I was one of the

native Caribs camping out for the night. I had nevertheless preserved him from certain destruction. I heaped up some wood on the fire, and determining on taking a few hours of repose, I cocked my pistols, rolled myself up in my blanket, and lay down. I had reckoned without the sand-flies and nocturnal sounds. Everything at first was still. The beautiful red, green, and yellow fire-flies were flitting by thousands through the air. Gradually a sort of humming sound reached my ear, proceeding from the depths of the forest. It swelled and waxed louder and louder as it seemed to approach me. Ten minutes more and I was in the midst of the most infernal concert that ever fell on human ears. The din and uproar were astounding. Thousands of tree-frogs occupied every tree in my vicinity, and probably for a hundred miles around me numbers of enormous toads of various species were crawling everywhere; geckos (a species of lizard) glided invisibly over my face and body; innumerable swarms of crickets, grasshoppers, and cicadas covered every plant in the Manabique territory. All these creatures seemed striving to outdo the others in the production of unearthly sounds. It was one immense accumulation of singular and inharmonious noises — of croakings, pipings, bellowings, stridulations, saw-sharpenings, chirpings, squeakings, chatterings. Imagine to yourself a million of voices raised simultaneously, with every variety of intonation and with unceasing perseverance, and you still have but a weak idea of the discord which that night drove sleep from my couch. From time to time the shrill cry of some knight-bird startled me as it silently hovered over me, and several times I distinctly heard the roar of a jaguar, roaming along the beach in search of the large turtles which at this season come to spawn in the dry sand. Hosts of sand-flies and mosquitoes assaulted me all night, and irritated me by the hopelessness of getting rid of them; scratching and slapping were of no avail, as those I thus destroyed with a sort of savage satisfaction were immediately replaced by new myriads. At last the long wished-for dawn appeared, and the sun rose rapidly above the horizon. The howling monkeys' saluted its presence by a terrific chorus, which echoed far and wide through the solitary woods, and crowned the wonderful vocal performances of this memorable night.

Having dozed for a brief period, I determined on taking a short hunt in the woods. After scrambling for some hours through a

dense thicket, in which I kept a sharp lookout for snakes, I was lucky enough to shoot a large black ape and a peccary, or wild hog. I returned to the beach with a portion of my game, and, kindling a fire, barbecued my breakfast, and ate it with a relish unknown to those who have never led a hunter's life. In the forenoon I reached the mouth of the Rio San Francisco, and finding it impossible to cross it without following up its banks for an unknown distance through a compact wall of prickly trees, I resolved on returning to Mr. Stevens's dwelling. Towards two o'clock in the evening I discerned a canoe, loaded with cocoa-nuts and manned by four Lladinos, sailing within two hundred yards of the coast. I called out to them to come and take me up, which they did. These men, with their dark uncombed hair hanging on their shoulders, black eyes, and brown sunburnt complexions, were clad in ragged shirts, and armed with the machetta and pistol, and formed a picturesque though piratical-looking crew. I was soon sound asleep at the top of the cocoa-nuts, rocking roughly on the waves, which were running high from the effects of the last night's storm. This nap was very nigh costing me my life, for on awaking I found that the men had picked up a small bottle of alcohol which I carried with me for the purpose of preserving objects of natural history, and, having taken it for rum, had emptied it down their throats. The consequence was that they were in a state of fearful intoxication. They positively refused to steer the boat, to paddle, or to take down sail, and our small craft was in risk every second of being swamped or capsized by the breaking of the sea. Seeing the imminence of the danger, I took hold of the rudder so as to keep before the wind, when one of the ruffians came up to me, cursing in Spanish, and told me he was captain, and would allow of no one interfering with the management of his canoe. I refused to relinquish my seat, on which he drew his machetta, and brandishing it furiously was about to strike me with it when I picked up an oar which lay next to me, and knocking him over, averted the danger; I then drew my pistol, and declared I would shoot the first man who dared to move. This intimidated them, and we now sailed on rapidly, reaching our destination before night-fall.

I passed a week under Mr. Stevens's hospitable roof, making daily excursions into the neighboring forest for the purpose of studying the plants and animals of this region.

Among the latter I found many which I had never met with before. The largest quadruped which lives here is the *dauta*, or tapir; it is frequently seen on the banks of the Rio San Francisco, and on all the rivers which fall into the Golbete and lake of Isabel. It attains the size of a small cow, but is inoffensive if unmolested, and of so timid a nature that it is seldom met with during the day. Its habits are nocturnal, solitary, and semi-amphibious; its flesh is very good. Some weeks later, when visiting the mahogany works at the head of the Rio San Marcos (at the foot of the mountains of San Gile), I was roaming in the forest, within half a mile of the camp, with no other weapon than my machetta and a butterfly net. The foliage was very dense, and the shade so great that it verged upon darkness. Lifting my head, I beheld before me a large black animal, sitting on its haunches, and watching me attentively. It was not above five-and-twenty yards off. I stopped short, and tried to distinguish its shape. My first impression was that it was a large bear. I was afraid to run from it, as it might have pursued me; so there I stood and there sat the beast for at least five long minutes. At last I called out "Booh!" whereupon it moved its head, but that was all. I now began to think of the stories the Indians had told me of a mysterious "man of the woods" (*hombre de la montana*) which dwelt in these solitudes, and I really began to feel uncomfortable. I determined that I never would wander into the forest again without fire-arms. I "boohed" again and again, but my man of the woods did not seem disposed either to attack me or to flee. As a last resource I threw my hunting-knife towards it, when it suddenly rose and took to its legs, dashing furiously through the tangled vegetation, to my no small gratification. I now saw that the animal was a tapir, and laughed at my own cowardice. I do not know which was the more scared of the two, but I hope I shall never again, when unarmed, meet another such great black fellow sitting on its haunches, in such ominous guise as this.

The jaguar (*tigre* of the natives) is very common on the Manabique territory; its foot-tracks are to be seen everywhere. It seldom attacks man during the day, unless wounded, and can be driven off at night by keeping up a fire, which it dares not approach. This animal attains a large size, and is very destructive to horses and cattle in the mahogany works. It howls dreadfully. The puma (*lion* of the inhabitants), although

a fierce and ravenous animal, is less to be feared than the jaguar; it is generally found lurking upon the branches of the larger forest trees, and feeds principally on monkeys and peccaries. It is equally common with the jaguar. It mews like a cat, but much louder.

Peccaries (*coche de monte*), known in British Honduras by the name of Warry, are exceedingly numerous. They resemble the common hog in appearance, and are fond of wallowing in the mud. Two species of them are found here: the one lives in herds, consisting often of from two to three hundred individuals; the other is found solitary or in pairs. The gregarious peccary is fierce and dangerous. When travelling through the woods, they can be heard at a great distance by the gnashing of their teeth, and the hunter then gets up into a tree, and awaits their passage to procure his supply of fresh meat. The flesh of the peccary is agreeable, but the dorsal glands, which secrete a foetid humor, must be cut out immediately after death, for if this be neglected, in the space of half an hour the meat is unfit to be eaten.

The agouti (*tapesquintil*) and the tailless

rabbit live in hollow trees, and are good food. They can be caught in the same manner as an opossum.

A fine species of deer is often met with, generally in pairs, in the less dense portions of the forest. I have shot in one morning's hunt, and without dogs, as many as eight of them.

The coati (*piassote*) lives in large herds, but it is difficult to kill, on account of its habit of keeping on the side of trees opposite to the hunter. Its size is that of a raccoon. It is extremely agile, and holds its food between its fore-legs, like a bear.

Squirrels (*cornejos*) of many kinds abound; some of these live sociably in large numbers, and are recognizable by a peculiar grunt, which they utter frequently.

The sloth and the ant-eater are scarce animals, but monkeys of many species are to be seen everywhere throughout this district. It is pleasing to behold their extraordinary agility when in a state of nature. The larger sorts are eaten by all the inhabitants of Central America. Monkey-meat is rather lean, but it is tender and well-flavored, and prejudice alone can rebel against its use.

J. M. D.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

No one ever worked the rich mine of human credulity so long and so profitably as Joseph Balsamo, better known by his assumed title of Count Cagliostro. From the records of the French police and the Roman Inquisition, we can glean the history of the greater part of his life; but many of the enigmas of his mysterious career will probably never be explained. He himself pretended that his first recollections were of the East—the land of mystery. He was brought up, he said, in princely splendor at Medina, attended by a suite of eunuchs and slaves, and instructed in all the occult sciences by a sage termed the wise Althatas. In his twelfth year, he went to Mecca, where he lived for three years with his uncle the cheriff. Thence he

started on his travels. In Egypt, he studied the lore of the priests, and received with delight the knowledge of the ancients, preserved in the Pyramids. In 1766, he made his appearance in Malta, where the Grand Master received him with distinguished honors.

Now, the truth is, Balsamo was born in Palermo in 1743, and at the age of thirteen, was sent to the convent of the Brothers of Mercy at Cartagirone, where he was committed to the tuition of the apothecary, under whom he acquired his first insight into the chemical and medical secrets he afterwards used so successfully. Expelled from the convent for irregular conduct, he commenced life on his own account in Palermo. Forgery seems to have been his first method of fraud.

Being an excellent penman, he counterfeited wills, papal dispensations, permits for monks to leave their convents at uncanonical hours, and even tickets for the theatres. At last he was compelled to abscond, for having cheated a silversmith of sixty ounces of gold by pretending to disclose a hidden treasure. He fled to Messina, and there joined a kindred spirit, a noted juggler, versed in Arabic and the languages of the East. Travelling with this companion in Syria and Egypt, Balsamo picked up that smattering of the Oriental tongues which proved so useful to him in his subsequent deceptions. At length, a ship, in which these two worthies were passengers, was driven by stress of weather into Malta; and Balsamo, learning that Pinto, the then Grand Master, was addicted to alchymical pursuits, introduced himself as the descendant of a Christian princess of Trebizonde; the juggler personating his tutor, the wise Althatas. The deception was completely successful. The Grand Master assigned them apartments in his palace, and they worked daily in his laboratory. In a short time, however, the juggler died; and Balsamo, inconsolable for the death of his tutor, left Malta, furnished with letters of recommendation from Pinto. Arriving at Rome, he was introduced to the pope by the Maltese ambassador; and shortly afterwards he married a woman named Lorenza, whose rare and singular beauty, combined with an extraordinary talent for intrigue and artifice, caused her to be an invaluable partner to such a man. About this period, assuming the title of Count Cagliostro, he commenced his travels, visiting every country in Europe from Spain to Russia. It appears that he actually must have possessed some medical skill. By prescribing for the poor gratis, and giving away large sums in charity, he became exceedingly popular wherever he went; but to the rich, he sold his miraculous pills and balsams at equally miraculous prices. He professed to be able to convert flax into silk, and received large sums of money from his dupes for disclosing the process, which, in all probability, was somewhat similar to that now known as Clausen's patent for making flax-cotton. He also, for a handsome consideration, converted small diamonds into large ones, by substituting paste counterfeits, which he was very skilful in making, for the real stones. He first arrived in London in 1776, and though then possessed of considerable wealth, did not succeed, as on the continent, in gaining admission into the higher circles of society. During his stay in London

at this period, he got involved in several lawsuits, and was committed to prison no less than ten different times. It appears that, with all his cunning, he became the prey of a number of low sharpers and solicitors, who, from his ignorance of English laws, habits, and customs, succeeded in fleecing him to no small extent.

One of those cases is curious. A Miss Fry entreated Cagliostro to tell her the number of a ticket which would gain a prize in a lottery, then about to be drawn. He at first refused; but her earnest entreaties prevailing, he took a cabalistical-looking manuscript out of his escritoire, and after making many and apparently very obtruse calculations, told her the fortunate number. She immediately purchased the corresponding ticket; and no doubt more to Cagliostro's amazement than her own, it actually turned up a prize. Numberless applications were then made to the count for fortunate numbers, but he steadily refused to make another calculation; but piles of bank-notes and costly jewels were given to the cunning countess, to induce her to worm the valuable secret from her husband. Miss Fry, not content with her first venture, presented Lorenza with a gold snuff-box, containing diamonds to the value of £294; but not being able to prevail upon Cagliostro to indicate another number, she caused him to be arrested for pursuing illegal arts, and entered an action for restitution of the box and jewels, which were ordered to be restored with costs. It forms a remarkable feature in human credulity, that at the very time this Miss Fry believed Cagliostro so prescient as to be able to tell her the number of an undrawn prize, she was actually engaged in swindling him herself. Being connected with a broken-down *roué* named Scott, she introduced him to Cagliostro as a Scottish nobleman. The sham nobleman was so delighted with the sham count, that he invited him down to his castle in Scotland, promising to introduce him to the highest personages in that kingdom. This being just what Cagliostro wanted, he eagerly snapped at the proffered bait; and as his noble friend was far from home, and short of cash, he lent him large sums to prepare for the journey. We need scarcely say, the money was never repaid, nor did the journey ever take place. In short, Cagliostro's ostentatious liberality and profusion, which on the continent introduced him to the first society, served only in England to draw around him a crowd of needy sharpers.

Disgusted with London, Cagliostro, after having been initiated into the mysteries of

freemasonry, went to Strasburg, where, by his liberality to the poor, he soon acquired an immense popularity. Assuming a higher flight, he now announced himself to be the Great Koptha, or head of a mystical system of Egyptian masonry, which he had been taught by the grand master of the order—no less a personage than Alexander the Great, who was still living, in dignified seclusion, in the interior of the Great Pyramid! As Joe Smith is said to have founded Mormonism on an unpublished religious romance, so Cagliostro is supposed to have founded Egyptian masonry on a mystical manuscript, written by one George Copston, a crazy Englishman.

Humiliating, yet not without its lesson, is a record of the absurdities believed at the instigation of an ignorant impostor, less than a hundred years ago. In his system of mystification, Cagliostro assumed, through his asserted angelic ancestry, to possess a certain authority over the angels, and declared that his mission was to raise the faithful to spiritual perfection, by a physical and moral regeneration. The method of acquiring this new birth was altogether material in its nature, and curious on account of its absurdity. The faithful could obtain a life independent of the body by means of the *materia prima*, or red powder, one form of the Grand Elixir; but it required the Great Pentagon to restore them to the state of innocence enjoyed before the Fall of man. The Pentagon was to be constructed by erecting a three-story building, on a mountain named Sinai. On the second floor, termed Ararat, thirteen masters were to pass eighteen hours a day, for forty successive days, in prayer, contemplation, and preparation of the virgin parchment, made from the skin of a new-born male Jewish infant. This being prepared the thirteen masters were placed in communication with the seven first created angels, who, stamping their seals upon the parchment, completed the Great Pentagon. The happy thirteen were now masters of all wealth, power, and wisdom; and each of them had the privilege, by mere adoption, of raising seven other disciples to his own happy state.

The physical new birth was more difficult to obtain, and the unpleasant process had to be repeated as often as every fifty years. The neophyte was to retire into the country, accompanied by a trusty friend, and there live in complete seclusion, paying strict attention to a certain prescribed regimen, for thirty days. On the seventeenth and thirty-second days, the patient was to be bled, and six drops of a white mixture administered, two

drops of which were to be taken every subsequent day, till the object should be attained. On the thirty-first day, he was to be put to bed, and given the first grain of the *materia prima*, which would cause a swoon of three hours' duration, accompanied with strong convulsions. On the thirty-third day, the second grain was to be swallowed, upon which delirium would ensue, and the hair and teeth fall out. On the thirty-sixth day, the taking of the third grain would be followed by a deep sleep, and the hair and teeth would grow again. On the thirty-ninth day, the novice was to be put into a bath, ten drops of the balsam of the Great Koptha were to be given him, and on the fortieth morning he would rise in the prime of youthful vigor, in which state he would continue for fifty years. This treatment could be renewed every half-century, until the regenerated attained the age of 5557 years, but no longer!

In the lodges of this system of Egyptian masonry, communications were established with angels and prophets. To effect this, a child was selected, and termed the dove. Cagliostro, laying his hand upon the dove, blessed and anointed it with the oil of wisdom. The dove was then taken into the tabernacle, and told to look steadfastly into a basin of water, where it would see an angel. The child would then address the angel, and receive corresponding replies, which were carefully recorded. During his trial before the Inquisition at Rome, Cagliostro confessed all his impositions but this common juggling trick, audaciously insisting that it was a gift from God, although he must have well known that a confession would have been less injurious to him than such a daring assertion.

If it were not a matter of history, the influence this artful rogue acquired over the minds of his followers, would be utterly incredible. They worshipped him for hours, lying motionless at his feet, and believed themselves sanctified by touching the hem of his garment. They wore his portrait in rings and brooches, and set up his bust in their houses with the motto *Divo Cagliostro*—the divine Cagliostro. About this period, Lorenza began to form female lodges of the mystical Egyptian masonry. She was then in the prime of youthful beauty, but by declaring that she was more than eighty years of age, and introducing everywhere, as her son, an accomplice, a captain in the Dutch service, who was not less than fifty, she obtained immense sums in money and jewels from credu-

lous old ladies, who wished to have their youth and beauty restored. By not remaining long in one place, but constantly travelling about, with a princely retinue of six carriages, for the purpose of establishing new lodges, their deceptions were the less readily discovered and exposed. At length, the first Pentagon was erected at Basle, and about to be opened with imposing ceremonies, when Cagliostro was summoned to Paris by his intimate friend the Prince Cardinal Rohan, to take a part in the well-known but mysterious affair of the diamond necklace, which implicated the name and fame of the unfortunate queen, Marie-Antoinette. On the discovery of this curious conspiracy, Cagliostro was sent to the Bastille, where he was confined for nine months, during which time the French parliament was deluged with petitions for his release, from men of the highest rank, who described him as a distinguished physician, prophet, and friend of the human race.

One of his replies, when examined by the attorney-general of France with reference to the necklace affair, is truly characteristic. Being asked by what right he assumed the name and title of Count Cagliostro, he replied :

"I have gone over all Europe by the name of Cagliostro : as to the title of count, from the education I have received, the attention paid to me by the Mufti Suleyman, the Cheriff of Mecca, the Grand Master Pinto, Pope Clement, and most of the sovereigns of Europe, you may judge whether that is not more a disguise to conceal what I really am, than a title of honor."

When liberated from the Bastille, being ordered to leave Paris, he went to Passy, followed by thousands of his dupes. He was then ordered to leave France, and when he embarked at Boulogne, immense numbers kneeled to receive his parting benediction. Arriving a second time in London, he immediately began to found lodges ; and being joined by Lord George Gordon, of No-popery notoriety, he soon acquired a multitude of followers. We meet with some curious notices of him in the newspapers of the period ; yet in not one of them, and we have looked through several files, do we see him denounced as a charlatan. It was not so in France. M. Mourand, editor of a Parisian newspaper, was a bitter enemy of Cagliostro, and lost no opportunity of exposing his fraudulent pretensions. Like a juggler of our own day, Cagliostro pretended that he was proof against the effects of the most potent poisons. He further stated, that the

use of powerful antidotes was so well known to the people of the East, that at Medina they fattened pigs with arsenic, for the purpose of destroying tigers. The pig, supplied with the antidote, was unaffected by the arsenic, though its flesh was so imbued with the poison, that when left in the woods, as a bait for a hungry tiger, the latter, of course, being unprovided with the antidote, died immediately after tasting the fatal food. Mourand having ridiculed this assertion, Cagliostro inserted a challenge in the *Public Advertiser*, in September 1786. It was to the effect, that each of them should stake 5,000 guineas ; that Mourand should breakfast with Cagliostro on a sucking pig fattened with arsenic, and whichever should be alive the next day, would win the stakes. Mourand wisely declined this invitation ; and the following epigram, among others on the same subject, was subsequently published in the *Advertiser* :—

If you expect me to breakfast, your greatly mistaken ;

I'll not eat your pig, but I'll save my own bacon.

Cagliostro gave a somewhat similar challenge in Russia. It appears, when at St. Petersburg, he had spoken disparagingly of the professional knowledge of the czarina's physician. The physician hearing of this, challenged Cagliostro to mortal combat ; but the latter declined, saying that an appeal to arms would only decide their courage and skill in the use of weapons, which was beside the question. The question was skill in medicine ; and Cagliostro proposed to decide it in the following manner :—He would make a pill, which the physician would swallow, and the physician should make a pill which he (Cagliostro) would swallow ; and whichever of the two combatants should be alive an hour afterwards, was to be considered the victor. The Russian refused ; but Cagliostro was immediately ordered to leave the territories of the czarina.

After remaining some time in England, Cagliostro again went to the continent, where he travelled about for a short period, till at last his evil destiny led him to Rome. There, being detected in founding lodges of Egyptian masonry, he was arrested, and committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition. After a long and very curious trial, which has been published, he was condemned to death ; but the pope commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life in the fortress of St. Leo, where he died in 1795. Lorenza was also sentenced to imprisonment for life in a convent of penitents.

Cagliostro, though small in stature, was well made, and had a dark but handsome countenance. When speaking in public, his voice and manners were exactly those of a noisy and ostentatious quack. He harangued his disciples with a drawn sword in his right hand, and principally spoke an incomprehensible jargon. In private life, however, he was lively and agreeable; and his great knowledge of

the world, and conversational powers, rendered him an agreeable companion. Some of his letters, written in Italian, to his wife, when he was a prisoner in the Bastille, are preserved in the British Museum. They relate principally to matters connected with his personal comforts, and are no great proof of his acquirements as a scholar.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NORTH AND THE NOCTES.

MAGA is fat, fair, and close on forty. Her disposition, now mild and motherly, was dashed in youth with a touch of acerbity, sometimes suddenly varying the sweetness of her aspect with a curl of disdain or a gleam of fierceness. Like Pallas, Britomart, Britannia, and other belligerent young virgins, she went forth glorying in her keen weapons and bright armor; she would strike an adversary's shield as Ivanhoe struck Bois-Guilbert's, with the sharp end of her lance till it rung again; and the foe thus challenged would, if a craven, cower out of sight, but if worthy of her steel, would meet her in mid career, and blows were struck with which not only the lists but the whole world re-echoed. Now she applauds with equanimity, and chides with tenderness. A certain Crutch, once the terror of evil-doers, after long leaning idle in the chimney corner, is become a treasured relic to be gazed on with reverence, but never more strong to support or swift to smite. Such forbearance, admirably according with the dignity of the matron Maga, and with the stateliness of her full-blown presence, has not been without ill consequences. All Cockaigne echoes with shrill voices like a marsh filled with frogs on a summer's evening. A cockney may no longer be called a cockney, nor a fool a fool, but each must be apostrophized in a polite periphrasis. The chivalry of periodical writing has lost some dash and brilliancy since the laws of the combat place buttons on the foils; the fiercer spirits miss the excitement of the game of earnest—meek men in spectacles

venture into the ring once sacred to the grim yet graceful athlete, victor in a hundred fights—the combatants pique themselves on being (ha, ha!) open to conviction, and fight in the courteous spirit of Aberdeen as War Minister, and Dundas at Odessa. The stream of thought, no longer vigorously impelled through the channel of partisanship, is diffused in wide pools over the flats of liberalism and toleration, where public opinion may hang, Narcissus-like, over its own reflection, but where there is none of the rush, the ripple, nor the cataract, that lent picturesqueness to the earlier course of the flood. Impetuosity has given place to a calm, where no breeze breaks the mirrored images. Not so when Maga, heavenly maid, was young.

Thirty years ago the world had far other objects of interest than now. That fine elderly gentleman, your father, sir, and that charming old lady, to whom you are equally indebted for your being, whose silvered hair beneath her cap lends beauty to wrinkles, and invests her faded countenance with the mellow richness and melancholy charm of the later autumn, remember a state of things which appears to us dim and distant as the golden age, or the time when the Saurians wallowed at Brighton. They remember an era previous to the Peace Society, when Brougham, to whom years have brought the philosophic mind, shone with fierce and fitful brightness in the Blue-and-Yellow, coruscating into the most eccentric and many-colored sparks—when Pam was young as well as gay—when the Whigs were acquiring in-

stead of losing confidence in Lord John—when Wordsworth's reputation as a poet was still matter of dispute—when Byron had just shot athwart the globe like a meteor, and vanished, leaving mankind still rubbing their eyes, dazzled with the glare—when the novels of Scott perplexed the world with the mystery of their authorship—and when Macaulay, the present poet, politician, essayist, historian, was alluded to as “a young gentleman who ought to make a figure in the world.”—(*Noctes*, p. 60.)

Well, in those times, from which we have steamed so far ahead, and to see which we look across an abyss deepened by volcanic political changes—Reform bills, Catholic emancipations, Education bills, Repeal of Corn Laws, French empires, and the like yawning fissures,—by revolutions in literature, heralded (not to mention portentous foreign apparitions) by the mournful shade of Tennyson, the genial sprite of Dickens, the dismal prophecies of Thomas Carlyle, and the impish ubiquity of cheap editions; and vast upheavings in science and art, whence have had birth railways, steamboats, photographs, electric telegraphs—there still existed a race of beings known to many in our land by the name of Tories, now recognized principally in fossilized specimens. If a man's heart were fine and his prejudices strong,—if he bore in the main features of his character distinct traces of relationship to the Bayards and De Coverleys,—if his natural refinement caused him to revolt at popular forms of government and their results—such, for instance, as the sad spectacle of a lettered and polished gentleman, proud as Coriolanus, suing, cap in hand, the mob for their most sweet voices—you had a specimen of the better type of Tory; and if to these elements were added scholastic learning, high intellect, rich humor, fine wit, and gorgeous imagination, you had a first-class man of that type. Place that man in a position where he mingles much and intimately with the most distinguished characters of the day, and where his duty no less than his taste impels him to be conversant with all questions of contemporary politics, literature, and art—let his opinions be conveyed in the form of dialogues between characters based in truth but colored by imagination, where philosophy and metaphysics, and public men and measures and poetry, all lightly and forcibly touched with the free hand of a master who can afford to sport with his brush, are relieved by an ever-shifting mosaic background of fun, pathos, and the most marvellous de-

scriptions of natural scenery—and you have the first broad idea of Christopher North and his famous *Noctes*.

In those days when you, dear lady, our own contemporary, with whom womanhood now approaching its high noon—say about half-past eleven—finds some of its early freshness replaced by the mellow ripeness of a sultrier hour, were sucking your coral or your thumb, while on the ceiling, in the wondering gaze of infancy, were fixed those eyes which have since done such dire execution in the breasts of three generations, including—first, the present old gentleman who at fifty, after having bemoaned for half his well-spent existence his lost love, charming Betty Careless, married to a rival about the time the Reform Bill was passed, conceived for you a second and enduring passion which he will carry to his octogenarian tomb; secondly, your nearer contemporary, now beginning to lose, in the practice of a rising barrister, the memory of that terrible evening ten years ago, when you civilly declined his proposals under the laurels, through whose leaves, gilded by moonshine, came the tender beams which showed the despair written in his unfortunate face; and thirdly, the sentimental individual who, in his short halt between Eton and Oxford, has succumbed at once to your experienced wiles, half-worrying, half-flattering you with his protestations that “disparity of age is nothing to a passion like his.” Well, when your ladyship was sucking your thumb as aforesaid (that thumb against which your last enterprising lover rubbed his nose in a futile attempt to kiss your hand), your ladyship's father and mother, and other grown-up relations and friends of cultivated and discriminating tastes, looked forward from month to month, with an eagerness of which you, inured to patience by a long course of intermittent and histical literature, doled forth by Dickens, Lever, Thackeray, and the periodicals, can have but a faint conception, to the publishing of the new *Blackwood*, in which some lively instinct forewarned them to expect a *Noctes* where North, Ticker, and the Shepherd, in Titanic sport and revelry, should gladden, inform, and divert their rapt audience with a pathos melting old Miss Backbite into benevolence, with vivid descriptions restoring to Mr. Omnium of the Stock Exchange a temporary boyhood, and with passages of mirth forcing the rusty corners of old Billy Roller's mouth to relax into a stern smile (the only one that had distorted that feature since the last rise in cottons), but which must be carefully skipt in reading the

article aloud to that charming consumptive patient in the cushioned chair, for fear of inducing hæmorrhage in the lungs by sudden fits of laughter.

North—Shepherd—Tickler—how real yet fantastic is the celebrated trio! Professor Ferrier is at pains in the preface to this new edition to assure us that their jovial meetings were purely imaginary, and that the festive scenes rose before the genial imagination of a solitary writer. We are very sorry to throw any discredit on the testimony of a man like the Professor, but we won't believe a word of it. We have, through faith, been familiar from early boyhood with that Blue Parlor. Other celebrated apartments may or may not have really existed. Whether Rizzio was or was not murdered in Holyrood—whether there was a secret chamber in the family seat of Bluebeard—whether the convention of Cintra was signed in the Marialva palace or the convent at Mafra, or on the head of a French drum, are all questions we leave antiquarians to decide, and will never draw pen for. But to tell us deliberately that those three philosophers, poets, and humorists, did not carry on their learned orgies periodically and habitually, among other places, in the Blue Parlor of a hostelry in Edinburgh, kept by one Ambrose, is an outrage on belief which, if successful, would go far to upset all confidence in internal evidence and written testimony. We expect to be told next that there is no Ettrick Forest; nay, that Edinburgh itself, with the old and new towns, Arthur Seat, Princes Street, and 45 George Street, is an imaginary city, which, like an unsubstantial pageant faded, leaves not a wrack behind.

The Shepherd occupies the lion's share of the conversation, his part in which reveals a character, odd, fine, and finished, with a great deal of self-conceit, breaking out not only in his discourse, but in his dreams; for in describing a vision he had of an unearthly Hallow-fair, there were there, he says, "chiefs from China, apparently, and the lands ayont the pole, who jogged ane anither's shouthers, and said, 'That's the Ettrick Shepherd.'" This vanity and some comic testiness serve to connect the man of genius with ordinary mortality, but the better part is all eloquence, of a kind at once minutely graphic and lavishly copious, giving appropriate utterance to the warmest sympathies with men and nature. Not very much does the Shepherd care for politics, except such as lie in the domain of plain common sense; not much does he trouble himself about philosophy, except the

untaught philosophy native to genius—but he is a poet and an artist, with the finest eye to appreciate both the common features of everyday life and the grandest expanse of landscape, and in describing these he shows a power of word-painting, beside which the Dutch representations of our day are stiff, laborious, and ineffective.

The Shepherd's vigorous power of expressing whatever comes uppermost, sometimes leads him into contradictions, or, at any rate, proves he can be equally eloquent on both sides of a subject. At page 1 he says:—

"I never dream between the blankets. To me sleep has no separate world; it is as a transient mental annihilator. I snore, but dream not. What is the use of sleep at all, if you are to toss and tumble, sigh and groan, shudder and shriek, and agonize in the convulsions of night-mayoralty? I lie all night like a stone, and in the morning up I go, like a dewy leaf before the zephyr's breath, glittering in the sunshine."

At page 275 a great revolution has taken place in his opinions respecting dreamless sleep and snoring:

NORTH.

I forget if you are a great dreamer, James?

SHEPHERD.

Sleepin or waukin?

NORTH.

Sleeping—and on a heavy supper.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir, I not only pity but despise the 'coof that aff wi' his claes, on wi' his nichtcap, into the sheets, doun wi' his head on the bowster, and then afore anither man could hae weel taken aff his breeks, snorin awa wi' a great open mouth, without a single dream ever travellin through his fancy! What wad be the harm o' pittin him to death?

NORTH.

What! murder a man for not dreaming, James.

SHEPHERD.

Na—but for no dreamin, and for snoring at the same time. What for blaw a trumpet through the haill house at the dead o' nicht, just to tell that you've lost your soul and your senses, and become a breathin clod? What a blow it maun be to a man to marry a snorin woman! Think o' her during the haill hinnymoon, resting her head, with a long gurgling snorting snore, on her husband's bosom!

Tickler is a fine old boy; which expression we use, not in its general and familiar sense, but intending to convey the idea of the uncommon union of an old head with a young heart. Of singular height, great activity, and with "een like daggers," and "maist amazin

appetete," (in which he is by no means unrivalled by his co-bon-vivants, whose powers of eating and drinking are not the least singular of their endowments), he manfully sustains his share in the conversation. His humorous speculations on the duties of a polygamist (p. 34) serve to show his comic vein, and, though the soberest and most discriminating of critics, he can sometimes give his fancy the fling, as when he describes how Malvina stole his breeches, at the beginning of Nox III.; and for his descriptive powers, take this little bit of landscape and water-scape:—

TICKLER.

The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly; and recovering itself from that headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep bright foaming current. Then what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks! How cheerful laughs the cottage pestered by the spray! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin! The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the Forest.—P. 52.

The idea of motion is conveyed in the flow of words in this passage as happily as in the celebrated lines where Ajax, "striving some rock's vast weight to throw," is contrasted with "the swift Camilla" scouring the plain.

But North—North of the *Noctes*—is but an adumbration of the complete Christopher. Unto us he hath a spell beyond his share in those festive meetings. First we knew and loved him, while we were as yet unbreeched, in his SPORTING JACKET, that remarkable garment about which so many memories cluster. Faithfully did we follow him in his career, from his first attempt at shooting swallows with a horse-pistol, to the moment, half-sad, half-exulting, when the adolescent Kit, leaning on his long single barrel, stands over the curlew, victim to his unerring aim, and grieves that its wild cry will be heard no more—from the capture of the baggy, out of whose maw he scoops the pin, and subsequently exults in the scales adhering to his thumb, to the death of the mighty salmon of the Tweed. Not unfruitful of results was that epoch in our literary life and opinions—first in the purchase of a rusty musket, whose lock was fastened to the brass-bound stock by a supplementary screw of great solidity and power, about the size of a linch-pin, which we got for five shillings from a poaching shoemaker and which was luckily

found under our bed and confiscated before we had blown ourselves to atoms at the first discharge—and secondly, in the secret production of a paper in the same style as that we so much admired, where, under the pseudonym of South, as having some magnetic relation to North, we set forth, in imitative phraseology, our own early initiation into rabbit-shooting, being accompanied in our imaginary sporting excursions by our parent, whom (he being of the nautical profession) we filially and periphrastically alluded to as "a son of the sea," thereby genealogically representing ourself as grandaon to the Ocean. Our diligence in prosecuting this secret and brilliant work was very praiseworthy. In dusky corners, where we were supposed to be acquainting ourself with syntax, under apple-trees in the orchard, and acacias in the shrubbery, it continued to expand, the death of each rabbit being chronicled with the minuteness of a hero slain before Troy, until one day at dinner we were blasted into nothing by hearing choice phrases of our own coining, existing only in the pages of this cherished production, bandied significantly round the table. The roots of our hair became suddenly instinct with fire, emitting sparks which we felt like a palpable halo of shame; our ordinary under-clothing seemed exchanged for the horse-hair penitential shirt of an early martyr; and the last sound we remember hearing as, with the conviction that we were discovered and betrayed, we subsided, glowing and tinkling, in our red-hot sand-bath, was the chuckle of the son of the sea himself at hearing his own historical appellation.

Next came Christopher on Colonsay, splendidly absurd in equestrianism, performing his involuntary circuits on his runaway steed round the great square of Edinburgh, at the fourth or fifth of which "there was a ringing of lost stirrups and much holding of the mane;" and the race he subsequently rode against Sitwell "in a saddle and holsters weighing about a couple of stone, which had originally belonged to the great Marquis of Montrose," of the truth of all which we were as firmly persuaded then as we still are of the existence of the Blue Parlor. Then those charming papers on Christmas Books, describing several varieties of young lady, each of whom we madly loved as she came forward to receive her gift-volume; and those slashing reviews, in which literary offenders were hoisted for punishment, and made to feel themselves, over and above the pain, in a situation as miserably ridiculous as a cul-

prits schoolboy, when the master in the old story-books said, "Take him up," he having been previously ordered to take something down, viz. the plural garment of tweed, do-skin or corduroy, which at ordinary times and seasons is buttoned over the blue jacket beneath which his heart now palpitates so wildly. The glee with which these scourgings were administered was of a tremendous kind, scarifying and scalping, yet depriving the subject operated on of the sympathy else due to his severe expiation, by the comic light thrown over his sufferings. The kettle is so dexterously adjusted to his unhappy tail, that, though you perceive the full terror of the victim, and know that, inevitably driven mad by the infliction, his career will be ended by a pitchfork under some hedge in a lane, counties off, you laugh in spite of yourself at his contortions, and join in the shout which greets him as he scours clattering by on his way to extinction.

And behind this many-sided mask lurked, half-seen, the Professor himself, the real man—the gipsy-queller, salmon-killer, grouse and red-deer shooter, scholar, critic, essayist, poet,—landing at one time a salmon, at another a sophism—now bringing down a black cock, now a political opponent—Wilson lending reality to North, North mystery to Wilson, the brilliant imposing whole silencing detraction, terrifying enmity, and inspiring admirers with reverence, till the combined name stood of foremost mark in Scotland.

Perhaps the most remarkable faculty of this remarkable man is his humor, a gift never bestowed in any high degree without great accompaniments in sufficient measure to constitute genius. The warrant which it gives of mental superiority, can never be forged. Other charms of style may be imitated—we may get sentiment, pathos, and wit, all Brummagem, to look very like the precious metals; but humor depends on inimitable, though universally recognizable, graces and felicities. The more laborious the copy the more signal the failure, and the aspiring impostor, instead of soaring in buoyant airy currents hither and thither, catching echoes of mirthful applause from below, looks more goose than eagle, when, after flapping his short wings on the edge of the eminence he has laboriously climbed to, he casts himself off with the grace of a cat in bladders, and flaps and flutters towards the ground, in what he thinks may pass for a flight, but what the aggrieved witnesses of his calamitous attempt know to be a dizzy and dismal tumble. In our days besides the numerous

pretenders, there are many genuine "professors of apprehension," as Beatrice calls them—men who can turn a jest neatly, and make you laugh for sentences together; but modern times have seen but three great masters of humor in England, triply gilding our boyhood with the bright light of merriment—Dickens, Sam Slick, and Christopher North. Of all the varieties of humor, none can be attempted with less hope of success than North's. It does not depend on odd turns of expression, or quaint incongruities between style and subject, but springs from the keenest sense of absurdity, ever open to the most eccentric images, and so completely under control, that with the wish to invest a thing or person with ridicule, the situation, position or action required for the purpose suggests itself at once; the business is done in a sentence, and place and dignity can no more stave off derision than King Solomon's throne, had he been compelled to sit on it in the cap and bells of a jester.

As an instance we will give a passage from page 141. They have been talking of the presumption of some writers on political economy whom they deride each in his own style:—

TICKLER.

About a thousand editors of pelting journals, and three times that number of understrappers "upon the establishment," think themselves able to correct the errors of Adam Smith. "We cannot help being surprised that Adam Smith," &c.; and then the dunce, shutting his eyes, and clenching his fists, without the slightest provocation, runs his numskull bang against the illustrious sage.

NORTH.

Adam never so much as inclines from the centre of gravity—while the periodical meal-monger, leaving only some white on the sleeve of the old gentleman's coat, which is easily brushed off by the hand, reels off into the ditch, as if he had been repelled from the wall of a house, and is extricated by some good-natured friend, who holds him up, dirty and dripping, to the derision of all beholders.

SHEPHERD.

It's perfectly true, that a' the newspaper chiefs speak out bauldly upon the principles and yellements o' the science—and though I'm wullin to alloo that there's some verra clever fallows amang them, yet oh! man, it's mair than laughable, for it's loathsome, to hear them ca'in that ower kittle for Sir Walter that's sae easy to themselves, wha write, in my opinion, a sair splutter in style, as to language,—and, as to thoct, they gang roun' and roun', and across and reacross, back'ards and forrits, out o' ae yett and in at anither, now loupin ower the hedges, and now bringin down the stane-wa's,—sometimes playin plouter into a wat place up to the oxters, and sometimes stumblin amang stanes,—now rinnin fast fast, like a jowler on the scent, and then sit-

tin down on a knowe, and yowlin like a collie at the moon,—in short, like a fou fallow that has lost his way in a darkish nicht, and after sax hours' sair and unavailing travel, is discovered snoring sound asleep on the road-side by decent folk riding in to the market.

Ridicule is a weapon as potent as it is difficult to wield; few the gymnasts that can effectively sway the trenchant blade without tottering overbalanced. What numberless shams and absurdities—Palmerston Administrations, poetastings, Peace Societies, Vienna conferences,—all peculiarly open to Christopherian assault, stalk about without meeting half the derision they deserve for want of a North!

Whether in light or serious mood, the prevailing quality of his mind is force. Whatever the subject, or whatever the vein in which he treats it,—whether reproducing a landscape, discussing a book, dissecting a character, or retracing the steps of some famous day's sport—the same power is apparent, impelling the stream of thought into the minutest ramifications of the subject, and making his lighter fancies resemble the relaxation of a jovial giant. Here, again, we have a quality impossible to simulate. Refinement of style may be attained by practice, so may logical clearness; and many men whom nature never designed for story-tellers, have lived to construct respectable novels and romances. The industrious Mr. Rabbit studies Scott, detects the principles he worked on, and with much mechanical skill produces, by the dozen, novels which, equally removed from genius and folly, shall lead the reader's attention onward, and leave him as dubious of the result up to the last page as when he perused *Waverley*. But practice, though it may enable a man to keep three balls in the air, or to fence well, will never give him the power to rend, like the Douglas, "an earth-fast stone," and "send the fragment through the sky." An ordinary writer can no more feign force of style than add a cubit to his stature; no more wield the weapons of North than bend the bow of Ulysses.

The value, nay essentiality, of these characteristics of force and humor in carrying out the scheme of such a work as the *Noctes*, in perpetually sustaining the ever-varying interest of the devious discourse, and touching the subject as it shifts with the bright relief of laughter, is at once apparent. Do but imagine such a work executed by some even of our best authors—think how, lost in the mazes of the plan, one would inevitably deviate into twaddle, another into prosing, a

third into elegant feebleness, a fourth into flippancy. Set some popular and really good writer, though lacking the aforesaid requisites, to work in this way, and do but think of his wretched efforts to wander back again to a beaten path out of bramble-bushes and dry wells, torn and bedraggled—of the smile at once hopeless and silly with which he would gaze round him from the dreary summit of some impracticable subject looking pleasant in the distance but leading nowhere, whence North would have descended with the graceful agility of harlequin vaulting through a flapped window, simultaneously giving old Pantaloon a whack that makes him stare again, and sends the audience into fits;—how the mistaken man would, under the impression that his readers were cheerfully following him, pursue his solitary way, on some favorite though broken-winded hobby, like Cruikshank's deaf postillion trotting away with the fore-wheels of the dislocated chaise, and leaving in the road the body of the vehicle with the enamored couple whom he was conveying to Gretna;—how, on instinctively becoming aware that he was disgusting his readers, and really had nothing to say worth saying, he would, in a playful attempt to amuse, gambol with the ease of a stout old lady with elephantiasis in both legs;—how, in short, after making it at every step more painfully apparent that he possessed not the multifarious requisites for the enterprise, he would at length, bewildered by frequent failure, stand stock-still, fatuous and open-mouthed, till some good-natured friend drew him by the coat-tails with gentle force from the melancholy scene.

Famous as the Professor's name was to our fathers, it is quite possible that the intelligent youth of Great Britain, or rather we will say of England, up to two or three and twenty years of age, are partially ignorant of it, or, at any rate, to many of them he is merely a great name: and as the name is a common one, such of them as are naturalists will, perhaps, on hearing of the republication of Wilson's writings, confound them with those of the eminent ornithologist, while the more devout among our young friends may imagine them to be religious works by the author of the *Sacra Privata*. But "*nolo episcopari*," says North—"Don't confound me with the bishop;" and as for the bird-fancier, keenly, it is true, has our Christopher studied ornithology, but it has been on a moor or a grouse mountain, double-barrel in hand, and with Ponto and Sancho for associates. Sportsman, poet, philosopher, hu-

morist, critic—as such was he dear to the last generation, and as such he reappears to the present. Let us introduce the characters of the *Noctes* to our dear young friend; Mr. North, Mr. Tickler, the Eltrick Shepherd,—our young friend, intelligent, appreciative, and reverential. Be seated, young sir. Tomorrow you shall give us thanks for the pleasant evening you have spent, floating on the stream of discourse with such companions, discussing works now classic, men now historical, and catching as you go breezes heather-scented, and glimpses of Highland lochs and glens in the mountains.

Or suppose now, if instead of enjoying an evening after this fashion, you accept any of the invitations to dinner sticking in the mirror over your mantelpiece, and go into real society, what there can you hope to find worthy of replacing these ideal jovialities? Of course, we begin by presuming you are not in love, because if you are, and the object of your affections is absent, you are absent also in the spirit, and the bodily appearance which sits at the table and passes for you, is a mere clod of the valley in embroidered waistcoat and coral buttons, incapable of relishing either the wit or the cookery, of being stimulated into vitality by conversation, curry, or claret; whereas, if she be at your side you think her teeming with wit passing the wit of women, though she should never have opened her mouth except to ask for mustard, while all the wearisome twaddle talked around you conveys a dim and delicious sense of social enjoyment and intellectual power; and you go away convinced that everybody agrees with you in thinking this is the most delightful dinner-party ever known, and little suspecting that the rest of the guests pronounce, with one voice, you, who were formerly thought rather amusing, to have become absolutely idiotic ever since you took that fancy for Fanny.

But we will suppose that, quite heart-free, and otherwise qualified for social give-and-take, you proceed to dine with some Mrs. Leo Hunter, who aims at making her menagerie a Holland House, and who, partly from private friendship, partly from respect to your literary talents, (you being suspected of writing in the poet's corner of the principal newspaper of your native county,) has invited you to meet some of the greatest celebrities of the day. That poet whose works first opened the latent vein of sentiment in your own mind—the novelist whose peculiar humor you find so congenial—and the great critic who, in praise or censure, seems to look

down from a monthly or quarterly eminence on these and all other master-spirits of the time, are to meet in harmonious rivalry; the critic starting subjects of discourse, which the novelist will treat in his own peculiar vein, with a fine bass accompaniment of deep feeling from the poet, and the critic coming in again at intervals to throw over the whole the charm of conversational skill; while you, sharp-set as Boswell, and twice as appreciative, will feast and batten on the intellectual banquet, and carry away fragments enough to make you the wonder and delight of the lesser circles in which you commonly revolve for the remainder of your natural life. Tremulously, yet hopefully, you enter the room and get through the introduction. Despite the disappointing appearance and manner of the three great men, you persist, during fish and soup, in practicing towards them the parasitical adulation which you intend for the homage due to genius; with the *entrées* you begin to suspect that the novelist cannot afford to be colloquially pleasant, and that the critic shines principally in print: the haunch settles the hash of both these luminaries; with the cheese vanishes the last lingering prestige which still illuminated the poet, whose silence, you at length unwillingly perceive, is quite as much owing to stupidity as shyness—and three stars have fallen out of the constellation Leo, never to reappear to your astronomical gaze. Not only do they refuse to be amusing themselves, but they turn on the efforts of others a damned disinheriting countenance, so that the only sally which, in your first exaltation, you attempted, was appreciated by nobody except your your hostess, an old lady in a turban, whose laugh ended in a choke; after her dubious recovery from which she remarked, apologetically, that you were “such a funny creature,”—an opinion which nobody responded to.

Or you have arranged to dine at your club—say the Rag—with Cutler and Keene, fellows, by Jove, who, though they choose to fritter away their fine powers chiefly in conviviality, might be anything they liked, sir! You order the dinner yourself. Julienne soup, soles, roast lamb, duck and peas, both just approaching puberty, and lobster salad, and jelly, all light conversational dishes, moistened with nothing but sparkling Moselle at dinner, and claret after, port, sherry, and Madeira being fulsome and oppressive. No thing can be finer than the fun for the first half-hour after dinner; tap after tap delivered with the right fencing grace; ministers, generals,

authors, and the press discussed with sportive sparkling wisdom, and all going merry as a marriage-bell, when that cursed question arose, nobody knows how, as to whether Grinder or Grubb wrote that article in the *Westminster*, which appeared, Keene says seven, Cutler eight, years ago. From that moment the demon of discord has it all his own way—the phantoms of Grinder and Grubb presently vanish in the wide field of debate into which the disputants wander, reasoning in circles, mistaking assertion for proof, shifting their ground, begging the question, losing sight of it altogether, and performing all the logic-defying feats which distinguish after-dinner argument, till, waking cold and with a headache about two in the morning from a temporary slumber, in which you had taken refuge with your face among the walnut shells, you find Cutler and Keene just leaving the club, and grimly bidding each other good-night with feelings of violent animosity, each persuaded that the other is the most obstinate ass in existence, and terminating in this agreeable manner the evening which you had intended should be worthy to be marked with a white stone.

If, instead of these futile attempts at social enjoyment, you eat your solitary steak quietly in your robe-de-chambre and slippers, after a couple of glasses draw your chair to the fire, which responds warmly and cheerfully to your persuasive poke, and opening the magic drab-colored paper boards, transfer yourself to Ambrose's, none of these disappointments can possibly await you. Nothing but the untimely extinction of the lamp, from failure of wick or bad oil, or some accursed moth smothering the flame of the candle with his ill-timed suttee, can disperse the genial assembly of fun and wisdom a minute before the end of the volume. The Shepherd is ever eloquent, North ever gracious, Tickler always responsive and sociable; and should the subject-matter of discourse flag for a page or two, you may skip, or even vault, in perfect security that you let slip no important thread of story in doing so, and are certain to land yourself in fresh fields of imagery, description, or criticism. This makes the *Noctes* especially eligible perusal for those avocations only permit them to read in snatches. We can picture to ourselves some high-minded clerk in the public offices, framed for better things, wending his way of a morning to Downing Street, where he has daily and hourly to do the bidding of the present ministry, like an Ariel, compelled to fulfil the behests of some damned witch or foul

magician, and enlivening the road by the recollection of such a passage as we are about to quote, perused at breakfast, that abstracted meal, where, absorbed in the book beside his plate, he had attempted to eat his egg without looking at it, daubing cheeks and chin horridly with the yolk, while the cat, after devouring on the love-embroidered cushion of a neighboring sofa his only mutton chop, returned to wash down the ill-gotten morsel by inserting her head in the cream-jug, and lapping up the contents unmolested. No social circle beams for him. London is a desert; but at Ambrose's there is an invisible chair where he may sit unnoticed and hear converse high.

Here is a bit of castle-building which a Richter-worshipping friend assures us is like a felicitous fragment of Jean Paul, idol of the Teutons. The Shepherd is describing a calm as a contrast to a storm he has first painted,—

SHEPHERD.

I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin' a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars, and broom and birks, and mosses maist beautifu' to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin' the face frae the cloudless sunshine!

NORTH.

A rivulet leaping from the rock—

SHEPHERD.

No, Mr. North, no loupin'; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion! No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff!

NORTH.

Tickler, pray make less noise if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulted wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a simmer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin' back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin' in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly, catches the airy voyager, and waits her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

TICKLER.

I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings—say rather, starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day.

NORTH.

Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

SHEPHERD.

Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the itherside o' that mossy stane. The melting dew quakes! Ay, sing awa, my bonnie bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himsel in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow donp o' him. I, too, feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain solitude.

NORTH.

Not with such a show of clouds—

SHEPHERD.

No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapors—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapor-steps, and its mist towers, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

The editor, who assures us that the Scotch of the dialogues is of the most classical description, has appended foot-notes explaining the hardest words. One consequence we foresee from the republication of the *Noctes* is the universal study of the northern dialect. French, German, and Italian masters will find their occupation gone. If it is worth while mastering the Teutonic gutturals to read Goethe and Jean Paul, why not devote a short space of attention to the language of the Shepherd?

Many of the topics have great interest just now; for instance, at page 77, the trio

discourses as follows on the power of war to afford fitting subject and inspiration to the poet:—

TICKLER.

True. But military war is much harder to conceive in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus though there are the highest qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry.

NORTH.

In Schiller's *Camp of Wallenstein* there is an individual life given to soldiers, and with fine effect. But I do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula, though the most like a continued separate life of anything we have had in the military way, comes up to poetry.

TICKLER.

Scarcely, North. I think that if any army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape, and acting in visible energy; and to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war. But then it could have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There could be no camp life.

SHEPHERD.

I don't know, gentlemen, that I follow you, for I am no great scholar. But allow me to say, in better English than I generally speak, for that beautiful star—Venus, I suspect, or perhaps Mars—in ancient times they shone together—that if any poet, breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular War, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the groundwork of poetry; and the passion with which the British charge the French is sufficiently intense, I suspect, to ground poetry upon. Not a critic of the French School would deny it.

Seldom has Mars offered to the Muses a more attractive spectacle than now, as he stands erect, and, strangling Plutus with his left hand, waves his right to Venus, who stretches her white arms lovingly towards him across the sea. What a soldier North would have made! What fiery valor, what chivalrous devotion, what energy of command! By soldier we mean general and commander-in-chief—or, if he held a lesser command, it should be the cavalry, and that entirely independent. He would advance from Eupatoria to cut the communications of the enemy with the same confidence as he used to invade Cockaigne, throwing out his skirmishers, covering his flanks, and always mindful of the commissariat. What a gleam in his eye when he caught sight of the marshalled hordes of the enemy on that wide

green horizon!—what a trumpet clearness in his word to charge!—what splendor in the rush, at once wild and majestic, with which he would lead the line of sparkling helmets and dark Busbies against the northern hosts, cleaving, repelling, and scattering them, and weary only of smiting when the foe no longer resisted but fled, crouching on the mane!—Elected unanimously to the chief command, he moulds Pelissier to his potent will—the weak point of the garrison is detected, and after a brief cannonade, hark!—the rush of the stormers and the cheer of Zouave and Guardsman charging along the streets of the captured city!—Then the gazettes and tributes of a grateful country—Sir Christopher North, G. C. B.—Lord North, Warden of the Cinque Ports—and so ascending from triumph to triumph, from honor to honor, till the population of Edinburgh throngs out to join in one wild uproar of applause in greeting Duke Christopher returning from the East.

Yes, he would have made a fine soldier, but more fitted to shine before Troy than before Sebastopol. Not in our days, or in our army, is the race to the swift, the battle to the strong. Perchance the North might not have been connected with any family in power, or perchance there might have been some adverse star in the ascendant at the Horse Guards, or some of those numerous causes which blight the military aspirant might have kept him back, while flippancy and incompetence were raised to the high places and distinctions, missing him, alighted on heads never meant for honor, till, wearied and soured—but no, North was too loyal for a grumbler. Maimed and obscure, but conscious of having done his duty, he might have lived through the war to retire on a stipend just capable of keeping him in wooden legs, and have beguiled the long leisure of lameness by writing the *Noctes* painfully with his left hand, his right having been long since disabled by a bullet in the trenches before the Redan. So, on maturely weighing both sides of the question, we will not regret that his paths were paths of peace.

No picture-gallery in the world contains scenery more varied and vivid than the pages of the *Noctes*. We know not what great master would have best rendered this Burning of the Heather—perhaps Rembrandt.

SHEPHERD.

Was you ever at the burning o' heather or whins, Mr. North?

NORTH.

I have, and have enjoyed the illuminated heavens.

TICKLER.

Describe.

NORTH.

In half-an-hour from the first spark, the hill glowed with fire unextinguishable by waterspout. The crackle became a growl, as acre after acre joined the flames. Here and there a rock stood in the way, and the burning waves broke against it, till the crowning birch-tree took fire, and its tresses, like a shower of flaming diamonds, were in a moment consumed. Whirr, whirr, played the frequent gor-cock, gobbling in his fear; and, swift as shadows, the old hawks flew screaming from their young, all smothered in a nest of ashes.

TICKLER.

Good—excellent!—Go it again.

NORTH.

The great pine-forest on the mountain-side, two miles off, frowned in ghastly light, as in a stormy sunset—and you could see the herd of red deer, a whirlwind of antlers, descending, in their terror, into the black glen, whose entrance gleamed once—twice—thrice, as if there had been lightning; and then, as the wind changed the direction of the flames, all the distance sunk in dark repose.

TICKLER.

Vivid coloring, indeed, sir. Paint away!

NORTH.

That was an eagle that shot between and the moon.

TICKLER.

What an image!

NORTH.

Millions of millions of sparks of fire in heaven, but only some six or seven stars. How calm the large lustre of Hesperus!

TICKLER.

James, what do you think of that, eh?

SHEPHERD.

Didna ye pity the tairs and paddocks, and aaks and beetles, and slaters and snails and spiders, and worms and ants, and caterpillars and bumblees, and a' the rest o' the insect-world, perishin in the flaming nicht o' their last judgment?

NORTH.

In another season, James, what life, beauty and bliss over the verdant wilderness! There you see and hear the bees busy on the white clover—while the lark comes wavering down from heaven, to sit beside his mate on her nest! Here and there are still seen the traces of fire, but they are nearly hidden by flowers.

A grand piece, like a storm by some great musician, where sunshine follows the thunder. So does Nature ever essay to hide the traces of destruction. We remember once, while pursuing a moose in the woods of Maine, over snow frozen to a hardness and smoothness unattained by Macadam, the tedious

track through that white world led us to the borders of a region swept years before by a fire in the forest. The stately pine, with its deep green canopy, the feathery pointed fir, with their flake-roofed bending branches, the deep hemlock swamps, where black foliage and stems and snow were huddled and heaped in a wild tangle, as of ebony inlaid on ivory—all vanished; and instead, there sprung from the undulating desert only the grim charred skeletons of trees, bare, spectral, and ominous, with black branches, like antlers, stretching against the gray sky, noiseless and motionless, though a breeze waved the living forest, and the pines, whispering as they bent and swayed to its wing, seemed to be telling the weird secrets of that ghostly scene, fit for lost spirits to wander in, forever desolate. A hunter, of a race of red skins well nigh extinct, leaned on his rifle, and told how, many years before, he, then a boy, had fled for life through these woods, pursued by the crackling roaring flames, which made the forest behind him one endless furnace, where trees glowed and shrivelled in a long perspective of shadowless fire, and before whose hot breath he dashed on in his race with red destruction towards the river below, and found shelter in its welcome waters. There he crouched, while there swarmed round him the wild beasts and venomous snakes of the forest, their savage instincts quelled in the fear of burning, and the flames spreading to the other bank, and darting down like fierce serpents, till he and all the other living creatures scarce dared to gasp at the surface for those breaths which scorched their vitals, formed an arch beneath which the river, reddened to a bright glow, flowed on in a long vista of terrible beauty. Yet even on this blasted spot the soil, scarred but not desolated, had re-clad itself in verdure, now hidden by the snow, except where the tops of the infant forest peeped through, and was in summer filled with birds and fruits and humming life.

We remember to have somewhere heard, read, or dreamed, a kind of lament, that such a genius as North's should have written itself on his age in such desultory characters, and should not rather, with labor and thought, have left some complete and magnificent literary edifice, constructed by stricter rules, as an enduring testimony of its powers. No reader and appreciator of the *Noctes* will experience such vain and shallow regrets. It is better to have the Kremlin and the Parthenon than two Parthenons,—and something like the northern structure, vast, various, emi-

nently picturesque, sometimes grotesque in its quaintness, often sublime in its savage grandeur, with dark corners of mystery, and nooks bright with sport and enjoyment, and always teeming with life and interest, is the monument left to the world by Christopher North. None but a mind of unequalled richness could venture to range, as his does, without other limits than the chances of discourse. Matters, the highest and the lowest, of recondite philosophy and everyday life, are connected by links slender, yet perfectly natural, and of quaint and various design, into a chain rich with ornaments. Every subject in turn, and all alike, are treated with the fulness and luxuriance generally bestowed only on some pet theme. Such evidence of rare power leaves nothing to regret. Novelists and dramatists must have some tambour frame of plot on which to embroider their characters and scenes—essayists must acknowledge the efficacy of rule and compass in enabling them to express the results of thought, reading, and experience; and on their ingenuity and constructive power often depends, in great measure, the success of their work. But when an author, taking us, like some genie, by the hand, leads us, with no apparent choice of path, through scenes now wild, now familiar—sometimes by dark glens and gloomy forests, sometimes through cheerful streets, where the common sights of daily life are suddenly bright with interest—away across wide moors haunted by the gor-cock and curlew, to the deep ravine where we are made to pause and listen to the waterfall before being taken into the cottage on its bank, and shown not only the faces but the hearts of its inhabitants—and then, with a heigh presto! off to Princess Street, where the passengers on the pavement have a new meaning in their ordinary faces—now saddened with a tale of pathos, now convulsed with laughter—we acknowledge a power which has more resemblance to inspiration than the spirit which dictates either brilliant romance or profound philosophy.

Now is Maga like some fair widow, who sees stalwart boys, blooming daughters, and laughing children of sweet promise, around her. Cheerful and bright, diffusing light through the household, and bringing pleasure to many a circle, she ceases not to remember him who was her pride, who has left on her mind, and the minds of her numerous offspring, the impress of his powerful spirit. The feelings with which, in moments sacred to memory, she reperuses the letters of her lost and wedded love—dwelling with fondness

on the well-known characters, her eyes blinded with tears even while her lips smile brightly, mirth broken by sighs, weeping dashed with soft laughter—are such as Maga ex-

periences in reviewing the writings and recalling the genius of North.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 1st September.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It would be somewhat mortifying, we suspect, to many of those who are generally considered "accredited" authors, were they to step out of the circle in which their claims are either recognized or disputed. Let them lay aside periodicals, avoid every one suspected of a taste for letters, hold no correspondence with literary friends or enemies, and to the rest of the community they will find themselves, to use an expressive phrase, "nobody." Those who are habitually in contact with the literary world can scarcely conceive, or are apt to forget, the amount of indifference and ignorance which prevails without. Mrs. Hemans complained of the oppressive weight of the popular ovations to which she was subjected; yet we have an idea that we could have introduced her to most respectable society, where she might have been quite at ease on that score. As for Elizabeth Barrett Browning, notwithstanding her prettily-bound volume being so common on drawing-room tables, greatest of female poets though she be, in the opinion of others besides Edgar Allan Poe, we think we could safely guarantee that she, as well as Messrs. Helps, Kingsley, Tennyson, and even the grim Carlyle himself, might appear almost anywhere without being troubled with any demonstration, respectful or otherwise. The subject of our present article may be ranked with the latter class, whose names, familiar as household words in the literary world, are comparatively unknown out of that charmed circle. In "The Scarlet Letter," Mr. Hawthorne bears humorous testimony to the truth of this, when describing his sudden change from literary habits and society to those of a custom-house. Notwithstanding his good-humored philosophy on the subject, we suspect this discovery

must have been rather tantalizing, after waiting so long for public recognition; though, to be sure, as we have said, setting custom-houses aside, the general reputation he has acquired is as yet, to say the least, limited. We lately saw a critique on him, assuming that the popularity of his works required that some voice should be raised against their deleterious influence. We hope the conscientious critic demolished the obnoxious democrat to his own satisfaction; but to the majority of the respectable readers of his publication, we fear he would be denouncing a man of straw. Undoubtedly, however, this as yet limited reputation is slowly but surely extending, and a few years will greatly change his relation to many other writers more favored at present. "The Scarlet Letter," which appears first to have procured for him a modicum of public attention, has been, in some measure, the means of drawing out of obscurity his other works—those, too, on which we conceive much of his future reputation will rest. The fallen leaves of past years have kept their green through all seasons of neglect, and now begin to be visible, as other once flaunting, now withered, weeds are swept away.

With not a few points of resemblance to recent English and American authors, Hawthorne has yet many peculiarities of his own, so nicely characterized that we cannot think of anything like a complete prototype to him in literature. Now, the quaint, still humor of his thoroughly English style, reminds us of Washington Irving; now the delicate, imperceptible touches of Longfellow become apparent; now the calm, genial, effortless flow of Helps. We have often fancied, also, that we could detect a resemblance to John Foster, but we suspect, were

we to attempt a comparison of parallel passages, it would turn out to be rather imaginary. There is a tendency, no doubt, in both, to pry into all the odd nooks, and corners, and dark places of the mind; but the firm, strong, practical nature of Foster never suffers him to carry this beyond a certain point, and always shapes his researches to some masterly conclusion, while Hawthorne often runs riot in the pursuit from mere apparent wantonness. Yet, undoubtedly, it is this ruling feature of Hawthorne's mind that invests his writings with much of their peculiar charm;—producing extravagant and overdrawn description in some; in others it is the zest and spirit of the whole. In reading the works of Macaulay or Bulwer Lytton, there is often a disagreeable consciousness that all is splendidly got up; but with Hawthorne all seems to flow from the heart, and *apropos* of this, we may remark, that it is a pretty fair test, in most cases, of an author's sincerity, if his reader recognizes, or thinks he recognizes, some thought of his own—some thought, probably, he could never adequately express in his own language—that had flitted across his mind in casual musings. We believe people are often unconsciously swayed by this feeling in the choice of an author for their favorite; feeling, if not seeing, with Alton Locke—“Here is one who can put our own thoughts into language for us.”

Like almost every original author, Hawthorne occasionally verifies our great dramatist's remark about vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself and falling on the other side, giving utterance to the veriest drivel, such as scribblers of the lowest order could hardly be guilty of perpetrating. It would be hard to say how many readers he has lost who have had the misfortune to take up, say the “Twice-Told Tales,” and opened with “Tales of the Province House,” or “The Three-fold Destiny.” Even in the “Mosses from an Old Manse,” which abounds in unmistakable evidences of his genius, abundance of pieces might be cited which would require the utmost stretch of charity to pass by. To a critic of the Lord Jeffrey genus, in want of something to prey upon, Wordsworth's poems would hardly be more valuable in the way of affording scope for very piquant abuse. For our own part, we are inclined to be more good-natured, rather leaning to Poe's opinion, that the effusions of the mind of a man of genius may be compared to a series of ascents and descents, while those of one less highly gifted are more

akin to a level, on which hypothesis we are disposed to forgive the descents in consideration of the ascents, and to be much better pleased with a book the half of which is nonsense, and the other half, as Christopher North would have said, “glorious,” than with one which is all very good, and has nothing to fall in raptures with from beginning to end.

Were we particularly anxious to impress a reader favorably with Hawthorne at starting, we do not think we could succeed better than by directing him to take up the “Mosses from an Old Manse,” and begin at the beginning, when, if he did not go to the end of the first article, we should certainly pronounce him an incorrigible dullard. We remember our own first introduction to Hawthorne's works most vividly. We had just returned, in a very improper and contemptuous frame of mind, from hearing a dreary lecture on the mighty progress of this great scientific nineteenth century, addressed to a philosophical institution, and found the “Mosses” awaiting our critical opinion. We took it up carelessly, expecting to be further provoked by some vile Yankee twaddle, and cannot say how agreeably we were disappointed. How breezy and wholesome the picture of the old manse, the river, the woods, and the garden, compared with the sickening, rounded periods about the advancement of science and the improvement of the human race, the “jabber about education” (to use Mr. Helps' expressive words) and moral trainings, which had been falling like lead on us so long! It was a renewal of the sensation we felt when first, in the calm of an autumn noon, reposing on a bank of moss, with a canopy of bright green leaves above, through which an occasional glimpse of the clear blue sky was caught, we turned over the magic pages of Tennyson, and fancied we saw the fairy-footed Olivia sporting by the tall oak beside us, or yonder little hillock to be where “Claribel low lieth.”

To the merits of the “House of the Seven Gables,” the most pleasing and complete of Hawthorne's tales, an adverse critic, in our opinion, unconsciously pays a high compliment, when he complains that the author seizes on the reader by the button, as it were, and, like the Ancient Mariner, compels him to hear the story to an end, which, after all, turns out to be no story at all—that is to say, there is no grand *denouement*, no long a-missing marriage-certificate is discovered, nor is any hitherto supposed plebeian elevated to patrician rank. An original idea, truly, to censure an author for contriving so to rivet

your attention that you must read his book through, even though, as the saying is, there is nothing in it! What would we have given for such an attracting influence in the pages of some of those tales of stirring interest, thrilling incident, sparkling dialogue, masterly plot, &c., over which we have yawned in our conscientious wish to falsify the popular belief that critics read no farther than the title-page of the book they demolish? "The House of the Seven Gables" may be very faulty as a story, and we certainly would not recommend it as a model to apprentice fiction-mongers; but as we have abundance of good story-writers, and, judging from the past, will have till doomsday, we think such an author as Hawthorne may be allowed to let his genius find its own vent, and diverge as often as it pleases from any path it may ostensibly follow. "The House of the Seven Gables," we venture to say, would have wanted the best part of its attractions, had the author rigidly repressed the promptings of his luxuriant fancy, and closely pursued the even tenor of his narrative, even though the plot and winding-up had been exciting enough to please our fastidious censor.

As might be expected from Hawthorne's peculiar idiosyncrasy, he possesses, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of indicating by imperceptible shades the approaching event long ere it is announced, like the hush becoming stiller and stiller as the noiseless battalions of clouds creep denser and denser together before the storm. Bulwer Lytton has often attempted this delicate descriptive feat, but has been little more successful than in writing verses (for the latter, see "The Pilgrim of the Rhine"). Only the pen that flung that strange, terrible gloom over the closing scenes of "Bleak House" could rival the incidental touches immediately antecedent to the death of Judge Pyncheon.

"The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne's most popular book, by the way) has the same button-seizing power; but as the narrative is made up of more excitable materials, its interest is of a much more intense and even feverish nature; and we would not say, but that if made acquaintance with at the witching hour of midnight, some of its principal characters might, to a very imaginative reader's eyes, bleared with the hissing gas or long-wicked candle, appear squatted around in ghostly conference. It is, certainly, open to the charge of encouraging a taste for the "morbid and horrible;" and after fairly getting out of its weird fascinations, and entering on the introduction to which we have already

alluded (and which, of course, falls to be read last), it is, to use Coleridge's style of comparison, like leaving a heated theatre for an open lawn on a breezy night in May.

"The Blithedale Romance," one of Hawthorne's most recent publications, lies more open than any other to unsparing and well-deserved ridicule—in the characters especially: one being inflated to bursting with about as much success as the frog of old; another insipid; another wofully wishy-washy; and the hero of the tale himself, who tells the story in the first person, an impertinent sort of eavesdropper. Perhaps the very undignified character of the latter, Mr. Miles Coverdale, may be accounted for on the supposition, that as the author evidently intends him to be understood as his mouthpiece, his anxiety to avoid anything like egotism may have led him astray. Yet, with all drawbacks, there is hardly one of his works we could read over with more pleasure than this eccentric production, which professes to be a romance founded on the author's own youthful experience, setting forth how, as one of a band of Socialists, he attempted to commence the work of regenerating the world by laboring with his "brothers and sisters" on a model farm. The mode of life at this new Arcadia is the great charm of the book, for Hawthorne can hardly fail to delight when he catches a glimpse of nature. To use his own words, he speaks of her "like the very spirit of earth imbued with a scent of freshly-turned soil." In his sketches and essays, American scenery comes before us in all its rich luxuriance and unfettered gladness—no trim shaven lawns and hedges, and as little of that intolerable sublimity so tiresome in Alpine and classic scenery; but the forest-paths, and slow-sailing river, with trees standing up to their knees in its waters, and rivulets dancing with wayward round and babble amid tangled underwood. The farm-house at Blithedale, and its surrounding fields and woods, linger in our recollection as a picture of perfect seclusion, combining something of the quiet stillness of English scenery with the untrammelled freedom of the woods, though we miss that feature of the former alluded to by our great master of landscape:—

"— An English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pasture, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored;
A haunt of ancient peace."

The rest of Hawthorne's works consist principally of tales and sketches; and in

these, notwithstanding his filial love for the pleasant, tangible realities of earth, and the shafts he occasionally aims at transcendentalism and mysticism, allegory is frequently employed, with masterly effect, to give life to his conceptions. His most brilliant and finished effort of this kind is "The Celestial Railroad," in which the mantle of Bunyan appears to have descended on him with a double portion of his spirit—the quaint, nervous simplicity of the prince of dreamers blending with his own rich vividness of descriptive power, and quiet under-current humor. Our worthy philosophical institution-lecturer could hardly have supposed the science, even of the nineteenth century, capable of achieving such a commodious and comfortable mode of transit to the celestial city, in which, instead of trudging along the road, the pilgrim is borne on the breath of steam, with the memorable burden stowed away in the luggage van. As in most other railways, a tunnel is necessary, and the reader may compare the following account with the modern pilgrim's passage through the Dark Valley, with Christian's terror-struck gropings among satyrs and hobgoblins:—

"Even while we were yet speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine; not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus, a radiance has been created even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests forever upon the valley—a radiance, however, hurtful to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader ever travelled through the Dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track—a catastrophe, it is

whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it; but it proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping-place. The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan, truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions, has designated in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal regions. This, however, must have been a mistake, as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces, horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreath itself,—and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep, shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming themselves into words almost articulate—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did.

"The engine-bell rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps as before. But sometimes in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and impression of individual sins or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there—these were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the Dark Valley I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well nigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream."

Most of Hawthorne's other allegorical compositions sound as incomplete half utterances, hinting but vaguely at the meaning intended to be conveyed, though we are not sure if we

should call this indefiniteness a defect—the power of negative suggestion thus displayed being often perfectly magical. Yet we cannot say that allegory is made much more attractive to us by Hawthorne than by his predecessors; and, as with them, the degree of pleasure corresponds in great measure to that in which the sense of allegory is lost. We remember when our worthy pastor broke up our childish enthusiasm for starting direct on Christian's pilgrimage; by "explaining" the "Pilgrim's Progress" in connection with the notes, our interest sensibly diminished; and so with the "Faëry Queen," when we found that Sir Guyon was a mere emblem of holiness. We must confess a preference for an humbler vehicle of instruction, the idea of which, probably suggested by Æsop's pithy apothegms, appears to be of German origin, and has been employed with the happiest effect by some of our own writers. We need only instance Bulwer Lytton's inimitable sketch in "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," showing how the fox lost his tail: and Helps' fable of the lions, who made an attempt at Socialism in "Friends in Council." It is pleasant enough now and then to step out of the material world; but we do not like to be incessantly reminded that all is unreal, mist and shadow. The mind craves a firmer foothold, and prefers swallowing downright impossibilities, if presented with an unblushing air of veracity, and imbued with a sufficient tinge of the *vraisemblable*. This has not escaped Hawthorne; and he has very happily embodied ideas in this form in one or two papers, telling his tale as if perfectly prepared to vouch for the authenticity of the whole. "The Artist of the Beautiful" is a fine instance of this; and the moral conveyed loses none of its effect, that the reader is left to find it out for himself. In another narrative on this principle, however, as might be expected from Hawthorne's constant tendency to overleap his object, he goes too much astray, we fear, for the most devoted idealist.

Perhaps, on the whole, the walk in which Hawthorne most excels is in that blending of the essay, sketch, and tale, for which we have no definite term as yet—a style which seems so careless and easy, but which is perhaps the most difficult of all, and one we would defy any of our artificial writers to acquire—Macaulay, for instance, notwithstanding all his brilliance and nerve. One of Hawthorne's dreamy reveries, clothed in the glittering array of Macaulay's rounded, nicely balanced sentences, would be as supremely ridiculous as an idyl of Tennyson's

"done into" Popeian heroic measure. A volume of Hawthorne's compositions of this nature, selected from his works, and cleared from all surrounding rubbish, would be a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, worthy to take its place beside "Companions of my Solitude." There is one paper in his "Mosses from an Old Manse" which would have made the fortune of any ordinary literary aspirant—original, so far as our memory serves us, in conception, and rivalling the happiest efforts of Goldsmith and Irving in execution. "P.'s Correspondence," as it is styled, purports to be a letter from a friend of the author's, whose intellect being partially disordered, jumbles together past and present, living and dead, and is a great traveller, without stirring from the white-washed, iron-grated room to which he is confined, meeting in his imaginary wanderings a variety of personages who have long ceased to be visible to any eye save his own. Thus, in this letter, Mr. P. imagines himself in London, and gives his friend a most interesting and edifying account of the various distinguished men long in their graves, to whom he has been introduced. He found, it appeared, Lord Byron looking older than he anticipated, though, considering his former irregularities of life, not older than a man on the verge of sixty might reasonably look. To those who recollect the Byron of Moore's "Life," the following will be rich:

"The noble poet's reconciliation with Lady Byron is now, as you are aware, of ten years' standing; nor does it exhibit, I am assured, any symptoms of breach or fracture. They are said to be, if not a happy, at least a contented, or, at all events, a quiet couple, descending the slope of life with that tolerable degree of mutual support which will enable them to come easily and comfortably to the bottom. It is pleasant to reflect how entirely the poet has redeemed his youthful errors in this particular. Her ladyship's influence, it rejoices me to add, has been productive of the happiest results upon Lord Byron in a religious point of view. He now combines the most rigid tenets of Methodism with the ultra doctrines of the Puseyites; the former being perhaps due to the convictions wrought upon his mind by his noble consort; while the latter are the embroidery and picturesque illumination, demanded by his imaginative character. Much of whatever expenditure his increasing habits of thrift continue to allow him, is bestowed in the reparation or beautifying of places of worship; and this nobleman, whose name was once considered a synonym of the foul fiend, is now all but canonized as a saint in many pulpits of the metropolis and elsewhere. In politics Lord Byron is an uncompromising Conservative, and loses no opportunity, whether in the House of Lords or in private circles, of denouncing and repudiating the

mischievous and anarchical notions of his earlier days. Nor does he fail to visit similar sins, in other people, with the sincerest vengeance which his somewhat blunted pen is capable of inflicting. Southey and he are on the most intimate terms. You are aware that some little time before the death of Moore, Byron caused that brilliant but reprehensible man to be ejected from his house. Moore took the insult so much to heart, that it is said to have been one great cause of the fit of illness which brought him to the grave. Others pretend that the lyricist died in a very happy state of mind, singing one of his own sacred melodies, and expressing his belief that it would be heard within the gate of Paradise, and gain him instant and honorable admittance. I wish he may have found it so."

Mr. P. has also the gratification of being introduced to Shelley, now reconciled to the Church of England, and at the time superintending the publication of a volume of discourses treating of the poetico-philosophical proof of Christianity on the basis of the Thirty-nine Articles. But for a few unmistakable Hawthorneisms, which peep out here and there, we could almost accept the epistle as the genuine effusion of Mr. P.

There is one other work of Hawthorne's in a totally different vein, which we must not pass by in concluding, though we should not have regretted its non-publication very much—his "Life of General Pierce, the American President." We could not help thinking it a pity, as we perused it, that such parties as Whigs and Democrats existed, or at all events that in his zeal for the latter he should have been led to step so far out of his own sphere, and descant on patriotism, the union, anti-and-pro-slavery, in a style bordering somewhat on that of the stump orator. Occasionally, no doubt, faint reflections of his former self may be detected, but these partake in some measure of the character of features distorted in the bowl of a spoon. We certainly should never have expected to find an apologist for slavery in the enthusiastic believer in the world's onward progress and social regeneration, and the amiable volunteer laborer on the Pantisocratic farm. Yet he tells us that his hero, the general, "loved his whole, united, native country better than the

mistiness of a philanthropic theory," and therefore opposed the abolition of slavery. With this sentiment Mr. Hawthorne strongly sympathizes; and though he does not commit himself to a decided pro-slavery declaration, the line of argument which he adopts, in the attempts to reconcile himself and others to its continuance, is a notable instance of self-deceiving inconsistency; for we presume he does not question the human relation which negroes bear to their taskmasters. But we must not part from him in ill-humor on this account, remembering how De Foe, Dissenter and pillory occupant as he was, makes Crusoe talk of slaves, and how John Newton, after his conversion, was for some time captain of a slave-ship, having previously, if we mistake not, tasted the miseries of slavery himself. Only we hope, for his own sake, Mr. Hawthorne will in future give no more political lucubrations to the world. It is evident that dealing with the dry, practical doings of life is not his forte, and the field over which his genius can range is so wide and varied that we can well dispense with any excursions beyond it.

In the desultory remarks we have been making, we must not be understood as putting forward any claims for Hawthorne to rank as a model anything. Exceptions of every kind may be taken to his works, which, though perhaps *sans peur*, are certainly not always *sans reproche*. But withal he is a man of genius, and as such without any further "peroration" we leave him to our readers. We are quite conscious that we have not done anything like justice to his peculiar genius; but we must excuse ourselves in the words of one of his American critics, who remarks that it "presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the remote sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis—

'And no speed of ours avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.'

SYDNEY SMITH.—Sydney Smith had once to go to Court, and this is his description of what occurred:

"I found my colleague Tate, the other day, in his simplicity, consulting the Arch-deacon of Newfoundland what he should wear at the levee—a man who sits bobbing

for cod, and pocketing every tenth. However, I did worse when I went, by consulting no one; and, through pure ignorance, going to the levee in shoe-strings instead of shoe-buckles.

"I found to my surprise, people looking down at my feet. I could not think what

they were at. At first I thought they had discovered the beauty of my legs, but at last the truth burst on me, by some wag laughing, and thinking I had done it as a good joke. I was, of course, excessively annoyed to have been supposed capable of such a vulgar, unmeaning piece of disrespect, and kept my feet as coyly under my petticoats as the veriest prude in the country, till I could make my escape; so perhaps, after all, I had better have followed my friend's example."

MR. GORDON CUMMING'S EXHIBITION.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Gordon Cumming, the lion-hunter, opened a new dioramic exhibition at his rooms in Piccadilly, which was explained by him in a lively and familiar style. The views of the diorama, and the smaller pictures shown upon an easel, have been admirably executed by Messrs. Haghe,

Philips, Leach, and Harrison Weir; and some of the landscapes appeared remarkably perfect. Mr. Cumming's manner and address are simple and straightforward, and carry conviction of the substantial accuracy of his interesting statements. He vindicated himself from the accusation of wanton destructiveness, by observing that the flesh of the animals which he killed, even of the toughest old elephant, afforded acceptable food to the hungry natives who followed him, and that, as for the lions and leopards, he was performing a useful public service in relieving the country from their terrible presence. The hides, horns, skulls, and tusks of the different sorts of beasts which were slain by Mr. Cumming during his five years' campaign in South Africa, were to be seen around the room, as good evidence of the reality of his perilous achievements.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE enterprising house of MASON BROTHERS, has lately issued a few works of fiction of unquestionably superior order: *Ruth Hall*, already famous for its literary ability and its pungent satire, is in some respects a remarkable work. It is very unequal—the first part greatly surpassing, in the animation and skill of its delineations, the narrative of events which composes the latter part. It displays consummate art in depicting characters—bringing out, with a few sharp strokes, lineaments that can never be forgotten, and imparting a life and individuality worthy of Dickens himself. With the moral influence or design of the work we have no disposition to meddle. On all accounts, it is inexcusable; but no obliquity of intention can blind the reader to the evidences of genius and extraordinary power which the work discloses.

A very different, but still very able work is *Olle; or, The Old West Room: the Weary at Work and the Weary at Rest*. Turning upon the fortunes of a little friendless orphan, it presents a picture of exquisite purity and great pathos. The style has a naturalness and grace well fitted to the general tone of the story, and a moral aim that enlists the reader's admiration and respect. Without exciting incidents, and dealing only with the experiences of the poor, it nevertheless has a genuine interest, and enforces a deep and beautiful lesson.

The *Rag Picker* is another work of decided merit, and seeking much the same general end, though by means of characters that less touchingly appeal to the reader's sympathy. It is a painfully absorbing narrative, well conceived and well executed.

Cone Out Corners is a temperance tale full of wit, sarcasm and the sharpest hits. It describes common life in New England with the homely fidelity of Hogarth and the sharp satire of Swift. It evinces powers which must make their possessor famous if he chooses.

MR. REDFIELD has published a *Journal of the Japan Expedition*, by Lieut. Spaulding, which will be read with interest at the present time. Having access to all the movements of the squadron, the book contains a complete record of the negotiations by which Japan was opened to the commerce of the world, besides presenting very readable and instructive sketches of this singular people.

The same house issues also a striking work, entitled, *The Life of an Eastern King*, which purports to be an account of a residence of an English merchant in the kingdom of Ouda, in some capacity which attached him to the person of the king. It is very frank and unambiguous in its revelations, and gives an interesting and apparently accurate insight into the interior of an Oriental court.

THE MESSRS. CARTER have recently published a work of rare merit, entitled, *The Christ of History*. An attempt to prove from the simple incidents of the Redeemer's earthly life that he was superhuman and divine. The peculiarity of the work consists in the rigidly inductive process of the argument, and the admirable candor with which it is conducted.

They have also issued a pleasant fireside story, *The Family at Heatherdale*, which unites an impressive moral with an engaging story.

Mrs. Stephens, the author of the striking and very successful work *Fashion and Famine*, has published another work of similar character, entitled, *The Old Homestead*. Its scene lies in New York, and its interest turns upon the sufferings and triumphs of a charming little orphan, which Mrs. S. has painted with great tenderness and beauty. It is exceedingly interesting as a tale, and displays much more art in its construction than its predecessor. It has every element of popularity, and we doubt not it will have abundant success. (BUNCE AND BROTHER.)

Among the recent issues and announcements of the English press we find but few that are noticeable.

Meteorological Essays of Francis Arago.

Westminster and other Historical Sketches, by W. D. Arnold.

Memoirs of Joseph Rene Billot, with a Journal of his Voyage. 2 vols.

Little Willie, by Margaret Brewster, the sensible author of *Work and a Plenty* of it.

Victoria, Past and Present, by Robert Caldwell.

A new edition of *Chaucer*, edited by Bell.

Embassies and Foreign Courts, a History of Diplomacy, by a Roving Englishman.

A reprint of *The Female Life among the Mormons*, by an Elder's Wife.

Patriarch, or the Family, its Constitution and Probation, by Rev. Dr. Harris.

A Translation of Hegel's *Subjective Logic*.

General Klapka's History of the War in the East.

Recollections of Russia, by a German Nobleman.

A reprint of Stanhope Burleigh.

Revelations of a Poor Curate, by W. Wicken- den.

Mrs. Trollope's new novel, *Gertrude*.

It is understood that the two volumes of Macanlay's *History*, so long expected, will be published before Christmas. They were in press some time ago, but on the discovery of some important documents, the fourth volume was withdrawn and almost entirely re-written.

A new edition of Lord Brougham's works is now in progress of publication.

Dickens has announced a new serial novel.

The entire works of Prof. Wilson are in process of publication, under the editorship of Prof. Ferrier. The first volume contains part of the *Noctes*, and is very favorably received. The whole edition will extend to twelve volumes.

It is now denied that Mr. Stanley is editor of the *Quarterly*. It is edited by Rev. Whitwell Elwyn.

The Director of the Academy of Music has received, per Atlantic, the original engagements, duly signed, by the following artists:

1. MLLA. DERLI-PATANIA, Prima Donna, from the Italian Opera in Madrid.

2. SIGNOR SALVIANI, first Tenor, from the Grand Theatre of *La Pergola*, in Florence.

3. SIGNOR CASPANI, first Bass, from the Italian Opera in Milan.

4. MLLA. VENTALDI, Seconda Donna and Contralto, from the Italian Opera in Bologna.

The company at the Academy is now one of the strongest that can be gathered together by any manager. It possesses three Prime Donne, three Contralti, two first Tenors, three Baratoni, three Bassi, and a magnificent Orchestra and Chorus, numbering upwards of one hundred competent individuals. The entire number employed exceeds two hundred persons.

The Prophet and the Huguenots are ready, and will be produced on the arrival of the artists. The scenery and costumes are entirely new, and very costly. In fact, the *mise en scene* will be most gorgeous, and far eclipsing, in splendor, anything attempted heretofore.

MILITARY LITERATURE.—American papers are remarking on the absence of all literary effort in the Crimea, and are therein noting—very much to their own glory—a characteristic difference between the surroundings of an American and of an English army. The contrast is fair. The self-laudation is not unjust. Our readers know that when the Yankees marched into Mexico they carried with them a printing press, and published a newspaper along the line of invasion. Across prairies, through dangerous passes, over mountain ranges, sometimes on mules, oftener on men's shoulders, occasionally in wagons—travelled press, paper, type and ink—editors, contributors, and pressmen—fighting, foraging, writing, working onward. Infinite were the uses of the press. It carried orders through the camp. Every morning the soldier read in it the story of the previous day. It anticipated the gazettes. It disseminated orders of the day; it perpetuated the gossip of the camp; reflected public opinion in the army; made known every want; supplied every information; exercised, inspired, and animated every heart. Had the Americans been in the Crimea, they would have had daily papers at Balaklava, Eupatoria, Yenikale, and Constantinople; and these papers reflecting the humors, incidents and life of the camp—would have ranked among the best historical documents on the war. As it is, our soldiers in the Crimea are indebted to the London Journals for authentic information of what occurs in the camp itself, and within a mile or two of their own tents. Jonathan is far ahead of us in some respects.—*Athenæum*.

A DANISH TRANSLATION OF BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—To Mr. Bancroft, and through him to American literature, the compliment has recently been paid of a Danish translation of his *History of the United States*, three volumes of which have already appeared in Copenhagen, the first in 1853, and the second and third in 1854. A good deal of interest in the history of our country and her institutions is felt in Denmark, which the appearance of this translation cannot fail to augment. The Danish work bears the title, "*De forenede Staters Historie, fra Opdagelsen af det Americanske Fastland, af George Bancroft. Oversat af Chr. Wulff*." We understand that Mr. Wulff is a man of great accomplishments and perfect knowledge of the English language; he has the highest admiration for the progress of freedom in America, and his labor in his excellent translation has been one of enthusiasm and love.

M. ROLLE, author of two esteemed works, "*Histoire des Religions de la Grèce*," and "*Recherches sur le culte de Bacchus*," has just died at a very advanced age. He was a noted antiquary, and was for some years librarian of the city of Paris.

M. DE QUATREFAGES, member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, has been nominated Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History in that city, in the room of M. Serres.

At a sale of autograph letters in London, recently, a characteristic note from Benjamin Franklin brought one pound nineteen shillings. It ran:—

"Mr. Strahan: You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy and I am
Yours, B. FRANKLIN."

THE chair of the practice of medicine in the University of Edinburgh is at present vacant, in consequence of the resignation of Dr. Alison, who has long occupied a place in the very highest ranks of the medical profession in England. Dr. Alison has been connected with the University of Edinburgh for thirty-seven years. He is a brother of Sheriff Sir Archibald Alison, the celebrated historian of the last European war.

AMONG the new works announced by the principal London publishers, are the following:

Memoirs of Lieut. Bellet, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas in Search of Sir John Franklin.

The Greek New Testament, edited from Ancient Authorities, with Various Readings, and the Latin Version of Jerome, by S. P. Tregelles, LL.D., of which a Prospectus and Specimen Pages of the Work are issued.

Historical Cities of Eastern Europe. Four Lectures, illustrative of the Past and Present of Turkey, Russia, Austria, Hungary, and Poland; with a Fifth Lecture on the Character and Career of Nicholas, late Emperor of Russia, by Washington Wilks, author of "A History of the Half Century," &c.

The Crimean Enterprise; What Should have been Done, and What Might be Done, by Capt. Gleig, 92d Highlanders.

The Food of London; a Sketch of the Past History, Chief Varieties, Sources of Supply, Modes of Production, Probable Quantities, Means of Transport, and Machines of Distribution of the Food and Beverages for a Community of two millions and a half, by George Dodd.

Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution; originally contributed to the "Quarterly Review," collected and arranged by the Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker.

A View of the Brazil, seen through a Naval Glass: with Notes on Slavery and the Slave Trade, by Edw. Wilberforce, late of H. M. Navy.

An Outline of the Constitutional History and Existing Government of the British Dependencies; with the Orders in Council, Statutes, and Parliamentary Documents relating to each Dependency, by Arthur Milla, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language; a new edition, founded on that of 1773 (the last published in Dr. Johnson's lifetime), of which the Text will be verbally and literally given, with the incorporation of the new matter contained in Dr. Todd's Edition, and with numerous other emendations and additions, by R. G. Latham, M.D., in 3 vols. 4to.

A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847; comprising Reminiscences

of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period.

History of England and France under the House of Lancaster; with an Introductory View of the Early Reformation, by Lord Brougham. Second edition.

Catharine; or, Egyptian Slavery in 1852, by W. J. Beaumont, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Lives of Distinguished Scientific Men; to which are prefixed, Arago's History of My Own Life, and Humboldt's Preface to the collected Works, translated by Baden Powell, F.R.S., Rear-Adm. W. H. Smyth, and R. Grant, Esq., M.A.

Mr. Ruskin is again at work as an Illustrator of the genius of Turner. Some drawings by the great master of landscape—twelve in number, but not equally finished—representing the Harbors of England—are in Mr. Ruskin's hands for critical elucidation. The scenes are crowded with boats, as in Turner's "Coast Scenery;" and the circumstance has supplied the commentator with an unworn and picturesque topic—the history of boat-building in relation to Art in all ages. The work, we understand, is likely to appear in the autumn.

Besides the sum of 5,000*l.* given to Captain M'Clure for his Arctic services, a further sum of 5,000*l.* has been voted to his officers and crew, and 800*l.* for the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir John Franklin and his companions, which will be placed, very appropriately, in Greenwich Hospital.

Science has sustained a loss in the death of the naturalist, Dr. George Johnston, which took place at Berwick-on-Tweed, on July 30th, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He is known by his works on various branches of natural history.

M. A. Dumas has been appointed by the French Government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the South of France.

Sir John Herschel has been elected Foreign Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Sciences, the place having become vacant by the death of M. Gauss.

Mr. Thackeray is announced in the list of lecturers at the Mercantile Library Association, New York, for the winter season. His lectures will be prepared specially for the United States. His subject is "The Four Georges,"—an excellent subject in such peculiar hands.

A young naturalist, Mr. N. H. Mason, whose acquirements are certified by some of our highest authorities, is about to visit the Azores, Madeira, and the Canary Islands for the purpose of scientific research. Mr. Mason has already made himself familiar with Madeira, and his object is to make extensive collections of shells, plants, insects, and other specimens of natural productions—for institutions and for private collections.

A new work, entitled "Modern Pilgrims," by the author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," is in press and will be published early in October next. *The Rochester American* answers the query: *Who wrote Peter Schlemihl?* by stating that the author's name is GEORGE WOOD, a native of Massachusetts; but who has been a resident of Washington for many years.



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1855.

From the Westminster Review.

THE LONDON DAILY PRESS.*

"It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges," says Elia, in his pleasant gossiping *Essay on Newspapers*, "to trace the first little bubbleings of a mighty river,

'With holy reverence to approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient
song.'"

But Charles Lamb's remarks did not go quite so far back into the history of newspapers as any reader not familiar with the quaint style of Elia might have anticipated from so grand an opening. All he proposed to do was merely to call up sundry reminiscences of his own early labors as a contributor of "witty paragraphs" to the *Post*, the *Albion*, and other morning papers, at the end of last century. Instead of poring over that portion of Dr. Burney's curious old file of dumpy quartos, ranging from 1632 to 1703, in which "the first little bubbleings of a mighty river" may be traced, he confined himself to what he could remember of the newspaper press as it existed in that golden age, when Coleridge and he spent such

pleasant evenings in the little smoky parlor at the Cat and Salutation Tavern, Newgate street, and when James Macintosh, a briefless barrister, was writing high-flown philosophical leaders for the *Oracle*.

Up to 1839 (when Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, exposed the forgery) the world was led to believe that the first English newspaper appeared in 1588. "We are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the prudence of Burleigh for the first newspaper," says Mr. Disraeli, in his "*Curiosities of Literature*." "The epoch of the British Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which were printed when the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during a moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information." Unfortunately for all these fine speculations, it has been ascertained that *The English Mercurie*, which Mr. George Chalmers first discovered on the shelves of the British Museum, and which was said to have been "imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1588," was a forgery, for which the second Earl of Hardwicke appears to be answerable. Those

* 1. *The Fourth Estate*. By FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT. London. 1850.

2. *The Times*. 1788—1855.

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who wish to know more about the matter, will find ample details in "A letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq., on the reputed earliest printed newspaper, *The English Mercurie*, 1588. By Thomas Watts, of the British Museum."

This forgery being disposed of, one naturally inquires whether more recent inquiries have set the question at rest as to when the first printed newspaper made its appearance in this country. Mr. Knight Hunt, in his "Fourth Estate," speaks confidently as to the precise year in which this remarkable event took place. "There is now no reason to doubt," he says, "that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets of our time was published in the metropolis in 1622; and that the most prominent of the ingenious speculators who offered the novelty to the world, was one Nathaniel Butter." As the printing press had then been at work in England for a century and a half, Caxton having established himself in Westminster Abbey in 1471, and as manuscript newsletters had been current for many years previous to 1622, one cannot help wondering that the inventive wits of that age should have been so slow in finding out this excellent mode of turning Faust's invention to profitable account. Butter's journal was called—*THE WEEKLY NEWES*, a name which still survives, although the original possessor of that title has long since gone the way of all newspapers. The first number in the British Museum collection bears date the 23d of May, 1622, and contains "news from Italy, Germanie," &c. The last number made its appearance on the 9th of January, 1640; a memorable year, in which the *Short Parliament*, dismissed by King Charles "in a huff," after a session of three weeks, was succeeded by the *Long Parliament*, which unlucky Charles could not manage quite so easily. That the only newspaper in England, after having contrived to live for eighteen years, should not have been able "to extend its circulation and improve its position," as the organ of some party or other during that stirring age, does not say much for the quidnuncs of 1640.

It was nearly a century after *The Weekly Newes* made its first appearance, before a daily newspaper was attempted. When weekly papers had become firmly established, some of the more enterprising printers began to publish their sheets twice, and ultimately three times a week. Thus at the beginning of last century we find several papers informing the public that they are

"published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning." One of the most respectable looking was entitled, *The New State of Europe, or a True Account of Public Transactions and Learning*. It consisted of two pages of thin, coarse paper, very inferior to the worst American newspaper of the present day, and contained altogether about as much matter as there is in a single column of the *Times* of 1855. The custom at that period was to publish the newspaper on a folio or quarto sheet, two pages of which were left blank to be used for correspondence. This is expressly stated in a standing advertisement in *The New State of Europe*, in which the names of certain booksellers are given "where any person may have this paper with a blank half sheet to write their own private affairs." The *Tatler*, which was first published in 1709–10, in the newspaper form, and which frequently contained items of foreign intelligence, makes a similar announcement to its readers.

The late Mr. Knight Hunt, in his contributions towards a history of newspapers, called "The Fourth Estate," commits the very strange blunder of post-dating the origin of the daily newspaper no less than seven years. After referring to various transactions during the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, in which Parliament and the Press were at war with each other, he remarks that—"The many circumstances which had stimulated the productions of journals, had not up to this period induced the appearance of a *daily* paper. That was a step in advance, reserved for the reign when the victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift, created a mental activity in the nation which could not wait from week to week for its news. Hence, the appearance of a morning paper in 1709, under the title of the *Daily Courant*." What a pity the writer of these finely-turned sentences did not take the trouble of looking over the file of old newspapers in the British Museum, before he let them go forth to the world! Had he done so, he would have found that the first number of the *Daily Courant* was published on the 11th of March, 1702, just three days after the accession of Queen Anne; and that, previous to its appearance the nation had no need to "wait from week to week for its news;" as there were several tri-weekly newspapers then in existence similar to the one we have already mentioned.

Mr. Cobden's *beau idéal* of a newspaper is, a collection of news from all parts of the world, without any impertinent remarks in the shape of editorial note or comment. The "author" of the *Daily Courant*, as he styles himself in the prospectus of that journal, appears to have anticipated the member for the West Riding in his limited notion of what a newspaper ought to be. In that announcement, which occupies nearly one-fourth part of the first number, he says:—

"It will be found from the Foreign Prints, which from time to time, as occasion offers, will be mentioned in this paper, that the author has taken care to be duly furnished with all that comes from abroad in any language. And for an assurance that he will not under any pretence of having private intelligence, impose any additions of feigned circumstances to an action, but give his extracts fairly and impartially; at the beginning of each article he will quote the Foreign Paper from whence it is taken, that the public seeing from what country a piece of news comes, with the allowance of that Government, may be better able to judge of the credibility and fairness of the relation. Nor will he take upon himself to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate only matter of fact; supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves.

This is Mr. Cobden's precise definition of a newspaper. He looks upon leading articles as only calculated to mislead. As a general rule, editors are either ignorant or unprincipled, in his estimation, and therefore he would abolish that department altogether. A plain recital of facts, as well authenticated as possible, is all that he would like to see given by any broadsheet. Not a word of comment or explanation ought to be offered by a mere editor. All such "impertinences," as the *Courant* styles them, Mr. Cobden would reserve for members of Parliament, whose peculiar province has been most daringly encroached upon of late years by the Fourth Estate.

As regards the form and size of the new journal, the "author" condescends to give the following information, with a growling remark at the impertinence of the *Postboys*, *Postmen*, *Mercuries*, and *Intelligencers* of that day:—"This *Courant* (as the title shows) will be published Daily, being designed to give all the Material News as soon as every Post arrives, and is confined to half the compass to save the Public at least half the Impertinences of ordinary Newspapers."

In addition to the Prospectus we have quoted, the first number of the *Daily Cour-*

ant contains only nine paragraphs, five of which were translated from the *Harlem Courant*, three from the *Paris Gazette*, and one from the *Amsterdam Courant*. They all relate to the war of the Spanish Succession then waging, or to the attempts making by diplomatists to settle the affairs of the Continent at some kind of Vienna or Utrecht Conference. After adhering for several weeks to the strict rule of giving only one page of news, and those entirely foreign, the *Courant* begins to show certain symptoms of improvement. The number for April 22, contains two pages of news and advertisements, including the following scrap of domestic intelligence, which, however, is only a hearsay:—"London, April 22. We hear the Marquess of Normanby is made Lord Privy Seal." The alteration in the getting-up of the *Courant* was owing to a change of proprietorship. The paper had now come into the hands of "Sam Buckley, at the Dolphin, Little Britain," and he being a shrewd, practical man of business, the rigid Cobden method of conducting a daily newspaper was given up, having doubtless been found to work rather unpromisingly as a commercial speculation.

Growing bolder by degrees, the new "author" ventures to throw the *Harlem Courant* overboard in some numbers. Thus we find him, a few months later, instead of filling his two pages with meagre humdrum quotations from French and Dutch journals, dashing into foreign affairs in the following sensible style:—

"The descent of the Duke of Ormond in the Bay of Cadiz being the most considerable enterprise that the English have undertaken abroad for the last hundred years, we cannot doubt but that the public will be better pleased with a description of that island and city, which may be of some use for the clearer understanding of the advice that is come already and that is further expected from thence; than with any that we could draw out of the last Foreign Prints and Newsletters, even tho' we had not given already what is most material in them."

This is followed by a very interesting description of the place, and a plan of the city and fortifications of Cadiz, something after the manner in which such plans are given in the *Illustrated London News* and other picture newspapers of the present day.

Mr. Samuel Buckley, who continued to publish and conduct the *Daily Courant* for many years, was a notable man among London publishers, as we find from various references to him in the fugitive literature of

that age. In 1714, a writer in the *Monitor*, in giving a sketch of certain newspapers flourishing at that period, and of the "authors of the various prints," speaks of "Mr. Samuel Buckley, the learned printer," in the same list with "Mr. Leland, a Socinian heretick, Mr. Collins, a Free-thinker, and Mr. Steele, a gentleman born." Mr. John Dunton also, to whom we are indebted for so much information relating to "The Trade," in the early part of last century, gives the following character of the man who established the first daily newspaper:—

"He was originally a bookseller, but follows printing. He is an excellent linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian tongues, and is master of a great deal of wit. He prints 'The Daily Courant' and 'Monthly Register' (which, I hear, he translates out of the foreign papers himself). * * *

"By a liberal education, he has been softened to civility, for that rugged honesty some rude men profess is an indigested chaos, which may contain the seeds of goodness, but it wants form and matter; yet *Buckley* is no flatterer neither; but when he finds his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informs him; nor yet shall some few errors cancel the bond of friendship, because he remembers no endeavors can raise man above his frailty. He is a thoughtful man, but not in the least exceptious; for jealousy proceeds from weakness or guilt, and *Buckley's* virtues quit him from all suspicions. In a word, he is a generous friend, yet he is as slow to enter into that title as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige because an extraordinary virtue did first unite. *Buckley* is a great master in the art of obliging; yet he is neither effeminate nor a common courtier. The first is so passionate a doater upon himself, he cannot spare love enough to be justly named friendship; the latter hath his love so diffused among the beauties, that he has none left for his own sex. He is engrossed in a world of business, as is seen by his writing and printing a 'Daily Courant' and 'Monthly Register'; yet he is not accustomed to any sordid way of gain. He is a sober, honest man, and just to a nicety. He never exacts of either author or bookseller; and if his servants mistake but a word in an advertisement—I speak what I found by him—he will print it again for nothing. As *Buckley* is a person of general learning, of strict justice, of obliging carriage, of great diligence, and of generous friendship; so he is also a critic in all these, as is seen by his frequent and ingenious answers to 'Mr. Review': yet when he looks on other men's errors, he values not himself virtuous by comparison; but examines and confesses his own defects, and finds matter enough at home for reprehension. And, indeed, every good man sees enough in his own breast to damp his censuring others. Or if any Athenian might sit as a judge upon other men's writings, it is Mr. *Buckley*; for he has many perfections that no other newsmong-

er can pretend to. In a word, his *Daily Courant* is an abridgment of all news, as his life is of all virtues; and, as he orders the matter, is a sort of universal intelligence. Then, Sam, be thinking of the great horse; for if the *Courant* flies as it has begun, it will soon overtake the *Postman* in fame and riches; and less could not be expected, for *Buckley*, besides his admirable genius and critical learning, is a person of extraordinary judgment, which always governs the heats of his imagination, and makes even his silence considerable, so that to war with Mr. *Courant* would be a daily improvement in all literature; but he writes and prints too much to be at leisure for Paper Duels. Then, Sam, good-bye to ye; for (as De Foe is your enemy) your fame is so ticklish a point I shall leave it, and desire the world would take a fairer draught of Mr. *Buckley's* character from the living original, to be seen every day at the Dolphin, in Little Britain."

Making due allowance for Mr. John Dunton's florid style of eulogy, there can be little doubt that Mr. Samuel *Buckley* has a right to be classed amongst the most notable "gentlemen of the Press." He appears to have possessed that rare union of good qualities which is indispensable to the founder or conductor of a successful journal. In almost every instance, where a newspaper has won for itself a high position or a wide influence, it will be found that its success has been mainly owing to the strong individuality and sagacity of its founder, its proprietor, or of some one who has occupied the editorial chair for many years. We have numerous illustrations of this in the history of the London and provincial press. The *Morning Chronicle*, for example, under Mr. Perry and Mr. John Black, though not equal to many of its rivals in point of circulation, won for itself a far greater influence among the Liberals of Europe during the first quarter of the present century, than any newspaper had possessed up to that period. More recently, the *Spectator*, which has been conducted by its present editor for more than a quarter of a century, has shown how great a power is sometimes wielded by a single pen. Among provincial journals, the *Leeds Mercury*, under the late Mr. Edward Baines, M.P.; the *Scotsman*, under Mr. J. R. Macculloch, its first editor, and Mr. Maclaren, who succeeded him; and the *Manchester Guardian*, founded by the late Mr. John Edward Taylor, are chiefly indebted to those men for the very great influence they exercise throughout Scotland, and the manufacturing districts of England.

In his anxiety to give the most important political intelligence of the day, Mr. *Buckley*

did not always consult the temper of the Court or the wishes of the Government. Thus we find, in the journals of the House of Commons, complaint made that the editor of the *Daily Courant* (April 7, 1712), had ventured to print the Memorial of the States-General—a most flagrant offence at that crisis, when the public mind had become rather inflammatory, in consequence of the daily discussions regarding the negotiations which ended in the Treaty of Utrecht. After some discussion, the publication was declared to be a scandalous reflection upon the resolutions of the House; and “Mr. Hungerford having reported that Samuel Buckley, the writer and printer of the *Daily Courant*, had owned the having translated and printed the said Memorial,” the Sergeant-at-arms was directed to take the delinquent into custody. We do not find that any punishment was inflicted on “the learned printer” for his indiscretion. The House adopted some strong resolutions against the licentiousness of the Press, and there was a good deal of talk about the necessity of some “remedy equal to the mischief:” but, as Swift remarks, with reference to the affair, in his “History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne,”—“there has always hitherto appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the Press, whether from the inconveniences apprehended from doing too much or too little, or whether the benefit proposed by each party to themselves, from the service of the writers towards the recovering or the preserving of power, be thought to outweigh the disadvantages.”

A more insidious blow was aimed at the liberty of the Press in that session, by the imposition of a stamp duty of a halfpenny on every printed half sheet or less, and a duty of one shilling on every advertisement.

The Spectator, which, like *The Tatler* and *Guardian*, was originally published in the form of a daily newspaper, did not view the tax in that odious light. In the number for Thursday, July 31, 1712, the last day of the unstamped press, Addison refers to the new impost in the following facetious passage:—

“This is the day on which many eminent Authors will probably publish their last Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Historians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to subsist under the weight of a Stamp and an approaching Peace. A sheet of Blank Paper that must have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate anything to the Public, will make its way

in the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a Stamp, and the Improbability of notifying a bloody Battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin Folios, which have, every other Day, retailed to us the History of *Europe* for several Years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a Pun, calls the present Mortality among the Authors—*The Fall of the Leaf*.

“I remember upon Mr. Baxter’s Death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, *The last Words of Mr. Baxter*. The title sold so great a number of these Papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, *More last Words of Mr. Baxter*. In the same manner I have Reason to think, that several ingenious Writers, who have taken their leave of the Public in farewell Papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another Form, and with a different Title. Be that as it will, it is my Business, in this Place, to give an Account of my own Intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the Motives by which I act, in this great Crisis of the Republic of Letters.”

His first intention, he says, was to give up writing hebdomadal papers, “as an author cashiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to operate within these Four and Twenty Hours.” His bookseller had informed him that it would be necessary to raise the price of *The Spectator* to 2d., the tax on a whole sheet being 1d.; and this advance in price he was afraid would greatly lessen the number of subscribers. On second thoughts, however, he made up his mind to go on in spite of the hundred per cent. of duty on the produce of his brain; and the principal reason which moved him to that conclusion was his belief that the tax was given for the support of Government. He had enemies who would pervert whatever he did, and “they might ascribe the laying down of this paper to a spirit of malcontentedness.” After stating that he would glory in contributing his utmost “to the Weal Public,” he says—“If my country receives five or six pounds a-day by my labors, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a Member. It is a received maxim, that no honest Man should enrich himself by Methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives; and by the same rule, I think we may pronounce the Person to deserve well of his Countrymen, whose Labors bring more into the public Coffers than into his own Pocket.” This calculation of “five or six pounds a-day,” as likely to result from the penny stamp, shows that the average daily circulation of *The Spectator*, even after it had reached its 445th number, and with Ad-

dison and Steele as its principal writers, was not more than 1200 to 1500. But *The Spectator* was addressed to the educated classes; and, therefore, was not likely to obtain so great a number of readers as newspapers did, which, as a writer of last century remarks, had by that time become "part of the reading of all, and the whole of the reading of most persons."

Addison's anticipation of a great mortality among authors, from the imposition of so oppressive an impost upon the Fourth Estate, was fully realized. Swift, writing to Stella, in the following year (1713), says: "Do you know that all Grub-street is ruined by the Stamp Act?" A large number of weekly journals were killed off at once, while those which survived were necessarily rendered more open to Court and Government influence. In 1724, we find by a list laid before Viscount Townsend, in which the politics of the papers were indicated, that "Buckley, Amen-corner, the worthy printer of the *Gazette*," is mentioned as "well-affected to King George." Nothing is said of the *Daily Courant*, which ultimately fell into other hands, and declined greatly from its former thriving position. Instead of that goodly show of respectable advertisements—the best criterion of a healthy newspaper—which filled its "back-page" in the days of Mr. Buckley, those tests of public confidence and support gradually dwindled down to a beggarly list of three or four in each number. Reduced to so low a condition, it appears to have sold itself to the Ministry of that day; at least we infer so, from a passage in the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the conduct of the Earl of Orford. It is there stated, that "no less than fifty thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as *Free Britons*, *Daily Courants*, *Gazetteers*, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741."* What sum was paid to the *Daily Courant* is not mentioned; but we may conclude that it was not enough, seeing that the paper expired, or, as the usual phrase goes, "was merged" in the *Daily Gazetteer*, in 1735.

With the exception of the *Daily News*, the whole of the morning newspapers now existing date from the latter half of the last century. The *Morning Chronicle* was found-

* From the year 1707 to 1717, the expenditure of secret service money amounted to £277,444. In ten years of Walpole's Ministry it swelled to £1,447,736.

ed by William Woodfall, as a Whig organ, in 1769. The printer, reporter, and editor of this new journal, which was destined to fill so important a place in the annals of journalism, was endowed with a remarkable memory, by the exercise of which he was enabled to give his paper a distinguished character for the accuracy and fulness of its parliamentary intelligence. He is frequently confounded with his brother, Henry Sampson Woodfall, who was no less distinguished as the printer of *The Public Advertiser*, in which the letters of Junius first appeared. Woodfall's successor as editor of the *Morning Chronicle* was James Perry, under whom the paper rose to a position such as no journal had previously attained in this or any other country. The *Morning Post* dates from 1772; but beyond the fact of its having numbered Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and several other eminent men, in the list of its contributors, the history of the paper, though extending over upwards of three quarters of a century, presents nothing prominent. The annals of the *Morning Herald* are equally uninteresting. It was started in 1780, by the Rev. Mr. Bates, who seems to have been a member of the church militant, as he was always quarrelling with somebody. In spite of his cloth, he fought no less than three duels; but it does not seem that he lost sight of the main chance through all his squabbles, as he is said to have ultimately sold the *Herald* for a considerable sum.

The *Times*, which was founded by John Walter, of Printing-house-square, grandfather of the present proprietor, was later in making its appearance than any of the three newspapers we have already named. The first number was published on the 1st of January, 1788, little more than a year before the commencement of the French Revolution, and was a continuation of the *Daily Universal Register*, which had been established by Mr. Walter a few years previously. Unfortunately, the file of newspapers in the British Museum for that period is very imperfect. In the volumes for 1789, for instance, there is only one number of *The Times*—the one published on May 7. It consists of four pages, the first and last of which are filled with advertisements of a very business-like character, leaving the two inside pages for news, correspondence, market intelligence, &c. The first is devoted to a brief summary of the parliamentary business of the previous evening. Then follows a leading article, of some twelve or fourteen lines, announcing that "the new arrangements in the Cabinet,

which have been for some time under consideration, are for the present suspended." The domestic and foreign news is then given, the following paragraphs of which will show how that department was conducted when Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth were lads at school:—

"Yesterday [May 6, the very day after the opening of the States-General] his Majesty took an airing on horseback round Windsor Little Park."

"The Princess Royal's Paintings are spoken of as possessing high merit—she has copied many of Gainsborough's drawings with fine effect.—In Music, Princess Elizabeth takes the lead."

"It is confidently said that the Turks have refused all overtures for an accommodation."

"A Russian fleet is fitting out at Sebastopole, consisting of 7 ships of the line, and 22 frigates, from 44 to 28 guns, besides a number of smaller vessels."

"Several readers of this paper wish to know on what authority the porter at Kensington Gardens refuses the admission of company to walk there, in the day-time, on Sunday."

"A refusal was made at the S. E. gate, on Sunday, to a Lady and Gentleman, and although several persons were walking in the gardens at the time. If the servant behaves without proper authority, it is to be hoped he will be reprimanded."

"AN IMPORTANT APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.—A very important question, proposed by a Society of Merchants, is to be debated at Coachmakers' Hall, Foster Lane, THIS EVENING, for the purpose of collecting the opinion of the public on the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The question is couched in the following terms—viz., 'Would not the abolition of the Slave Trade be yielding to the principles of mistaken humanity, and highly injurious to the interests of the country?' Without intending to detract from the merit of similar institutions, we must allow Coachmakers' Hall to be the most popular assembly in this country. From the importance of this subject to the character, honor, and commercial interest of the nation at large, several divines, and other distinguished characters who have written for and against the Slave Trade, are expected to be present, and take part in the debate."

There is something very amusing in this strong recommendation of a mere debating club as "the most popular assembly in this country." Supposing *The Times* to be correct, the place must have improved considerably in character from the time of Dr. Johnson, who is represented by Boswell as speaking rather disparagingly of the meetings held at Coachmakers' Hall.

For the first twelve or fourteen years of its existence, *The Times* does not appear to have attracted any great share of attention. John

Walter the First was a sagacious, hard-headed, pains-taking man; well calculated to lay the foundations—broad, firm, and sure—of a journal which was destined to exercise so powerful an influence not only in the affairs of this country, but in those of the whole civilized world. In his animadversions on the conduct of "the highest personages in the land," he more than once brought himself under the lash of the severe libel law of that day, and suffered imprisonment accordingly. It was not, however, till his son, the late member for Berkshire, became sole manager, that the youngest of the morning papers began to assume that fearless and independent tone which it has ever since maintained. Previous to his accession to office, *The Times* had been accused of making itself the organ of Government, although we cannot find any more substantial evidence of its having been so, than the bare fact of its lending all the aid it could to the measures of the Ministry of that period. It must be confessed, however, that the daily Press, during the war, laid itself very much open to the charge of venality. Bad as the newspaper world may still seem to those who measure it by an ideal standard of perfection, instead of making the same allowance for its errors and failings as we do for those of humanity in general, it cannot be denied that we have made a very considerable advance since the time when Leigh Hunt described the Daily Newspaper Press in the following terms:—"When a person wishes to establish a daily paper, he looks about for a set of patrons; and as the State for years past has been divided into Pittite and Foxite, it has hitherto been the custom to apply to one or other of these parties for their custom and recommendation: the choice was determined in some small measure by inclination, but principally by connection and chance, and from that moment the fidelity of the proprietor to his employers was to be altered by no change, either of measures or ministers, or public opinion; in short, by no change but one—that of private interest. As the fidelity, therefore, was too wilfully blind to the errors of its party to get a character for disinterestedness, so the alteration was too sudden and violent to do away the character for selfishness; and in every change, whether of interest or proprietor, the alteration regarded nothing but the object of praise or blame; there was no change in obstinacy, in scurrility, and in want of principle; the dog had altered his cry or his master, but he would still go any length, and fetch and carry any rubbish, for the sake of

a picking; he was still a servile and selfish beast. Such have been the origin and the system of the leading papers for the last forty years; and such is their general conduct at present. When people fancy they are reading the real opinions, and gaining by the experience of the periodical writers, they little imagine that the writers have nothing to do with the matter; that it is the profits only and not the opinions, which belong to the proprietor and his hirelings: and that the men who are the constant praise of the writer, are, in point of fact, the writers of the praise. When these gentlemen are in place, their paper abuses everybody out of place, aggrandizes our successes by sea and land, and makes light of our disasters, and enjoys in return the publication of the Government advertisements, and the first-fruits of what is called official intelligence—that is, the first chit-chat about plans which are probably never put in execution, the power of uttering falsehoods ‘upon authority,’ and the means of delaying the publication of ‘unpleasant foreign’ intelligence: when the patrons are out of place, the paper abuses everybody in place, aggrandizes our disasters by sea and land, makes light of our successes, and acts altogether the part of a *political Methodist*, sending everybody who differs with it to the devil, and denying that there is any salvation for the world, except in the adoption of its opinions.”

This was written in 1809, and may be taken as a fair sample of the prevailing opinion about the Daily Press among the Radicals of that day. It is so far consolatory, however, to find that this sweeping condemnation of the daily newspapers was not altogether without exception. In a subsequent part of the same paper, where Mr. Hunt speaks of the wretched style of “the Leading Article,” which, he says, “is dismissed with as much carelessness, or with as much ignorance of style, as if it were to be read nowhere but in the alehouse or the court,” he contrasts that class of journals with “the most independent papers, *The Times* and *Statesman*.” They “are written with the best spirit, and the public will be pleased to hear, that in proportion to their independence they have risen and hurt their rivals.”

Leigh Hunt’s character of the Daily Press was adopted by Mr. Windham, in the following year, as a faithful description of the real state of things, but without making an exception in favor of *The Times*, or any other journal. In the discussion on Mr. Sheridan’s motion for the suspension of the Standing

Order of the House for the exclusion of strangers, Mr. Windham, after referring to a statement in a certain newspaper which affirmed that some of its contemporaries were in the pay of Government, drew the most sweeping inference from that admission—“What did this prove—not the value or actual importance of papers—but it clearly showed that, if Government could have them in their pay, then papers were liable to be bought and sold—and that the Press, which had been thought in this country the palladium of its liberty, was always to be purchased by the highest bidder. He did not know any of the conductors of the Press; but he understood them to be a *set of men* who would give into the corrupt misrepresentation of opposite sides; and he was therefore determined not to lend his hand to abrogate an order which was made to correct an abuse [the publication of the debates]. He now saw that it led to consequences of a most mischievous tendency—no less than to change the character of a representative Government, which presumed confidence in the representative body, into that of a democracy, in which everything was done by the people; and led directly to that despotism which had so lately desolated other countries.” This wholesale condemnation of the Press, which reminds one of the tone assumed by the Peace-party at the present day, was provoked, not so much by any remarkable evidence of venality on the part of the newspapers as by its very general exposure of the gross misconduct of the Duke of York and other high functionaries. As in the case of the present war with Russia, public opinion was so strong for the time that it overpowered the ordinary party bias of Ministerial and Opposition journals. They all united in exposing the delinquents, and for doing this good service, brought themselves under Mr. Windham’s indiscriminate censure.

The sweeping manner in which the charge of venality was made—representing every daily newspaper in London as ready to sell itself to the highest bidder—called forth an indignant reply from John Walter the Second, then sole editor of *The Times*, in which he gives some interesting details relating to the attempts made by Government to purchase the support of that journal. After a modest and manful apology for coming forward in so unusual a manner with a personal explanation, he says—“The joint proprietor and exclusive manager of this paper, became so in the beginning of the year 1803, and from that date it is that he undertakes to

justify the independent spirit with which it has been conducted. On his commencing the business, he gave his conscientious and disinterested support to the existing Administration—that of Lord Sidmouth. The paper continued that support of the men in power, but without suffering them to repay its partiality by contributions calculated to produce any reduction whatsoever in the expense of managing the concern; because, by such admission the editor was conscious he should have sacrificed the right of condemning any act which he might esteem detrimental to the public welfare. That Administration therefore had, as he before stated, his disinterested support, because he believed it then, as he believes it now, to have been a virtuous and upright Administration, but not knowing how long it might continue so, he did not choose to surrender his right of free-judgment by acceptance of obligations, though offered in the most unexceptionable manner.

“This Ministry was dissolved in the spring of 1804, when the places of Lord Sidmouth, Lord St. Vincent, &c., were supplied by Mr. Pitt, Lord Melville, &c. It was not long before the Catamaran Expedition was undertaken by Lord Melville: and at a subsequent period, his lordship's practices in the Navy Department were brought to light by the Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry. The editor's father held at that time, and had held for eighteen years before, the situation of printer to the Customs. The editor knew the disposition of the man whose conduct he found himself obliged to condemn, yet he never refrained a moment on that account from speaking of the Catamaran Expedition as it merited, or from bestowing on the practices disclosed in the Tenth Report the terms of reprobation with which they were greeted by the general sense of the country. The result was as he had apprehended. Without the allegation of a single complaint, his family was deprived of the business, which had been so long discharged by it, of printing for the Customs—a business which was performed by contract, and which, he will venture to say, was executed with an economy and a precision that have not since been exceeded. The Government advertisements were at the same time withdrawn.”

This affair was alike honorable to Mr. Walter and disgraceful to the Ministry of that day. An attempt was made to atone for the injustice at a subsequent period. When the Grenville Administration was

formed, in 1806, after the death of Mr. Pitt, the proprietors of *The Times* were requested to give in a statement of the loss they had sustained by the withdrawal of the Custom House business. “Various plans were proposed for the recovery of it; at last in the following July (1806), a copy of a memorial to be presented to the Treasury was submitted to the editor for his signature; but believing, for certain reasons, that the bare reparation of an injury was likely to be considered as a favor, entitling those who granted it to a certain degree of influence over the politics of the journal, the editor refused to sign or to have any concern in presenting the testimonial. But he did even more than this; for finding that a memorial was still likely to be presented, he wrote to those from whom the restoration of the employment was to spring, disavowing on his part (with whom the sole conducting of the paper remained) all share in an application which he conceived was meant to fetter the freedom of that paper. The printing business to the Customs has, as may perhaps be anticipated, never been restored.”

Such conduct as this on the part of a mere journalist was not to be endured, and accordingly every effort was made by the Government officials to prevent *The Times* from obtaining early information relating to the progress of the war. To such an extent was this petty system of warfare carried, that, at one period, *The Times'* packages from the Continent were always stopped by Government at the outports, while those for the Ministerial journals were allowed to pass. The captains of foreign vessels were asked by a Government officer at Gravesend if they had papers for *The Times*; if they had, all such were regularly stopped. The Gravesend officer, when explanation was demanded, said he would willingly transmit the foreign papers to *The Times* with the same punctuality as he did those belonging to the other newspapers, but he was not allowed. After repeated applications on the subject at the Home Secretary's Office, Mr. Walter was informed that he might receive his papers as a favor from Government. This, of course, implying the expectation of a corresponding favor from the editor in the spirit and tone of his publication, was firmly rejected; and “he in consequence suffered for a time (by the loss or delay of important packets) for this resolution to maintain, at all hazards, his independence.”

Had *The Times* been a party organ, either

a Pittite or Foxite, these attempts of the Government to render it subservient to the Ministry of the day would have been ~~trans-~~puted from one end of the kingdom to the other. But the great object which the late Mr. Walter seems to have kept steadfastly in view throughout the whole of his editorial career, was to steer clear of all parties. By taking this independent course, *The Times* has frequently been exposed to much abuse and misrepresentation, but it is every day becoming more and more evident, that to this cause, not less than to the great ability with which it has been conducted, has the "leading journal" been indebted for the high position which it now occupies.

Towards the end of the war, and for many years after its close, it was the fashion among the liberal party to abuse *The Times*, in a very wholesale indiscriminate manner, as a mere huckstering journal, animated by no higher motive than a desire to make as much money as possible. This was the view taken by Mr. Hazlitt, who gave the following character of it in 1823 :—

"*The Times* newspaper is, we suppose, entitled to the character it gives itself—of being the 'Leading Journal of Europe;' and is, perhaps, the greatest engine of temporary opinion in the world. Still it is not to our taste—either in matter or manner. It is elaborate, but heavy; full, but not readable: it is stuffed up with official documents, with matter-of-fact details. It seems intended to be deposited in the office of the Keeper of the Records, and might be imagined to be composed as well as printed with a steam-engine. It is pompous, dogmatical, and full of pretensions; but neither light, various, nor agreeable. It sells more, and contains more, than any other paper; and when you have said this, you have said all. It presents a most formidable front to the inexperienced reader. It makes a toil of pleasure. It is said to be calculated for persons in business, and yet it is the business of a whole morning to get through it. Bating voluminous details of what had better be omitted the same things are better done in the *Chronicle*. To say nothing of poetry (which may be thought too frivolous and attenuated for the atmosphere of the city), the prose is inferior. No equally sterling articles can be referred to in it, either for argument or wit. More, in short, is effected in the *Morning Chronicle*, without the formality and without the effort. *The Times* is not a classical paper. It is a commercial paper—a paper of business, and it is conducted on principles of trade and business. It floats with the tide: it sails with the stream. It has no other principle, as we take it. It is not ministerial; it is not patriotic: but it is *civic*. It is the lungs of the British metropolis; the mouthpiece, oracle, and echo of the Stock Exchange; the representative of the mercantile interest. One would think so much gravity

of style might be accompanied with more steadiness and weight of opinion. But *The Times* conforms to the changes of the time. It bears down upon a question, like a first-rate man-of-war, with streamers flying, and all hands on deck; but if the first broadside does not answer, turns short upon it, like a triremed galley, firing off a few paltry squibs to cover its retreat. It takes up no falling cause; fights no up-hill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual. It is 'ever strong upon the stronger side.' Its style is magniloquent; its spirit is not magnanimous. It is valiant, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turn round with the whiff and wind of some fell circumstance, *The Times*—the renegade, inconstant *Times*—turns with them! Let the mob shout, let the city roar, and the voice of *The Times* is heard above them all, with outrageous, deafening clamor; but let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper, no echo of it is ever after heard in *The Times*. Like Billy Bottom in the play, it then 'aggravates its voice so, as if it were a singing-dove, or it were any nightingale.' Its coarse ribaldry is turned to a harmless jest; its swelling rhodomontade sinks to a vapid commonplace; and the editor amuses himself, in the interval before another great explosion, by collecting and publishing, from time to time, affidavits of the numbers of his paper sold in the last stormy period of the Press.

"*The Times* rose into notice through its diligence and promptitude in furnishing Continental intelligence, at a time when foreign news was the most interesting commodity in the market; but, at present, it engrosses every other department. It grew obscene and furious during the Revolutionary War; and the nicknames which Mr. Walter bestowed on the French ruler were the counters with which he made his fortune. When the game of war and madness was over, and the proprietor wished to pocket his dear-bought gains quietly, he happened to have a writer in his employ who wanted to roar on, as if anything more was to be got by his continual war-whoop, and who scandalized the whole body of disinterested Jews, contractors, and stock-jobbers, by the din and smothering with which, in the piping time of peace, he was for riveting on the chains of foreign nations. It was found, or thought at least, that this could not go on. The tide of gold no longer flowed up the river, and the tide of Billingsgate and blood could no longer flow down it, with any pretence to decency, morality, or religion. There is a cant of patriotism in the city; there is a cant of humanity among hackneyed politicians. The writer of the LEADING ARTICLE, it is true, was a fanatic; but the proprietor of the LEADING JOURNAL was neither a martyr nor confessor. The principles gave way to the policy of the paper; and that was the origin of the *New Times*."

Considering that this was written thirty-two years ago, most people will be astonished to find how closely the abusive portion of

it resembles the popular notion of *The Times* at the present day. The vulgar theory regarding the politics of that journal is, that its proprietors care for nothing but their profits; that being, as Mr. Hazlitt represents it, "a paper of business," it is "conducted on principles of trade and business." What Mr. Bright affirmed the other day, regarding journalists in general, that "they care more for the sale of newspapers than for truth," is assumed to be the only guiding principle of *The Times*. Hence, as we are told, "it takes up no falling cause; fights no up-hill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual." The only question with the conductors of it is, to find out which course will increase the circulation most rapidly. Whatever brings most money into the treasury is held to be "the good cause," and is defended accordingly, so long as it is profitable.

Now, without going back to the earlier history of *The Times*, to which Mr. Hazlitt refers, although that alone would furnish facts enough to demonstrate the fallacy of his conclusions, let us inquire how far the popular notion of the unprincipled character of *The Times* is based on fact. Everybody remembers, or has heard of, its very remarkable change of opinion soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, when it gave up the Whigs, and became the unflinching supporter of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Who can forget the furious storm of Whig and Radical abuse with which Mr. Walter and his editorial staff were assailed when the change first became manifest? That a journal which had taken the lead in the agitation for the Reform Bill should all at once turn round and oppose the wishes of those by whom "that first instalment of their rights" had been obtained, was deemed a most unpardonable offence. What everybody exclaimed against was the monstrous inconsistency of the leading journal. Up to a certain date, it had been as loyal an organ of the movement as the most zealous democrat could desire. A few months later, it was using all its eloquence to show that the country would go headlong to ruin if the Government were left in the hands of the Whig-Radical coalition. And yet, as Mr. Carlyle incidentally remarks in his "Life of John Sterling," when speaking of this eventful epoch in the history of *The Times*, the inconsistency was more apparent than real. "If he (Captain Sterling, then principal writer in *The Times*) marched along, ten thousand strong, in the time of the Reform Bill, indig-

nantly denouncing Toryism and its obsolete, insane pretensions; and then if, after some experience of Whig management, he discerned that Wellington and Peel, by whatever name entitled, were the men to be depended on by England,—there lay in all this, visible enough, a deeper consistency, far more important than the superficial one, so much clamored after by the vulgar. Which is the lion's-skin; which is the real lion? Let a man, if he is prudent, ascertain that before speaking;—but, above and beyond all things, let him ascertain it, and stand valiantly to it when ascertained!"

Looking back calmly to that "storm-and-pressure" period, with its strong party hatreds and violent anathemas of all who opposed the popular will, as the worst enemies of the human race, we cannot help admiring the indomitable courage with which *The Times* fought its desperate up-hill battle. Loud were the charges of renegadism, bribery, and want of principle, with which its name was associated in every Liberal newspaper, and at every gathering of Whigs or Radicals throughout the United Kingdom. Nor were the charges of bribery confined to mere vague statements of its having sold itself to the enemy. Persons pretending to be on the most intimate terms with Mr. Barnes, the editor, affirmed that that gentleman had received numerous bribes from Louis Philippe, Mehemet Ali, and other foreign potentates. One gentleman, who professed to be a writer of foreign articles to *The Times*, affirmed that he had seen a receipt in the office of that journal for the sum of 5,000*l.*, paid by Louis Philippe to the establishment, for services rendered to him by its conductors. Of course, these charges were implicitly denied by the leading journal, nor did it always keep within the bounds of philosophic calmness in repelling the calumnies with which it was assailed. In general, however, its demeanor was far superior to that of the Whig officials and their underlings, who displayed a most unwarrantable degree of rancor in their attacks upon their formidable opponent. Mr. E. J. Stanley, for example, in addressing his constituents, during the brief Peel Administration, in the early part of 1835, charged it with having "disgraced the public Press by the prostitution of its powers." *The Times* was not content to remain silent under so gross a charge, though couched in a vague expression. In commenting upon the speech of Mr. Stanley, it dared him to "say or insinuate that this paper has, directly or indirectly, ever received one farthing's worth

of wages or consideration for any line it has ever taken in politics, or with ever so remote a reference to the opinions it has promulgated since the dismissal of the Whigs." The challenge was not accepted; but the slander was too profitable for the Whig Opposition of that day to be abandoned merely through want of evidence. For several years *The Times* was held up to public scorn by the Liberal press as the incarnation of all that was base and sordid; and the people of England, believing the assertions of the Liberal press, revenged themselves on "the apostate journal," by forswearing the perusal of it.

As the distinctive die for newspapers did not come into operation till the end of 1836, we are unable to give the precise circulation of *The Times* in any year previous to that date. But taking that paper and the *Evening Mail* together, as they appear in the returns, we find very conclusive evidence of the extent to which Mr. Walter was made to suffer, for having dared to fight an up-hill battle against public opinion. During the ten years from 1821 to 1831, the circulation of *The Times* increased upwards of 50 per cent. After the passing of the Reform Bill it fell considerably, and at one time was even said to have sunk below the *Morning Chronicle*. In 1833-35, the three London papers having the highest circulation were—*The Times*, *Morning Herald*, and *Morning Chronicle*, the number of stamps issued to these three journals having been as follows:—

	<i>Times</i> .	<i>Morning Her.</i>	<i>Morning Chron.</i>
1833	3,671,491	2,602,000	1,568,392
1835	2,744,994	2,249,000	1,958,500

Had the proprietors of *The Times* been looking merely to the shop till, as they are charged with having always done, they would surely have found out that they were on the wrong side before they had suffered so great a blow as this comparison shows. If Mr. Hazlitt's description of its fickleness had been correct, now was the time for it to change back to its former opinions. "It is valiant, swaggering, insolent," says the sparkling essayist, "with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turn round with the whiff and wind of some fell circumstance, *The Times*, the renegade, inconsistent *Times*, turns with them." Where was the proof of this in 1834-5? The proprietors of *The Times* must have seen their circulation diminishing from week to week. "The vulgar hubbub," which they are represented as watching with sordid, obsequi-

ous anxiety, was loud and angry in its denunciation of the course which they had adopted. Taking the vulgar, mere shopkeeper view of the matter, they were evidently on the losing side, for the Tory *Herald* had also been falling in circulation, while the *Liberal Chronicle* had gained considerably.

Nor will it explain the matter a whit more satisfactorily, on the vulgar hypothesis, to assume that even if the circulation did suffer for a while, there must have been some compensation in an increase of advertisements, seeing that the mercantile and trading classes tended more to the Conservative than to the Whig-Radical side. Here also, however, the stubborn figures in the Parliamentary Returns refuse to accommodate themselves to that plausible view of the question. Taking the same three London newspapers, to which we have already referred, we find that the following sums were paid by each of them, respectively, for Advertisement Duty, in the years 1833-5:—

	<i>Times</i> .	<i>Morning Her.</i>	<i>Morning Chron.</i>
1833	£12,555	£6,916	£2,389
1835	7,946	4,704	3,100

The reduction in the amount of duty paid by *The Times* during these two years, represents a decrease in the nett income from that source of not less than £20,000 per annum, in addition to the loss sustained from the diminished sale of newspapers, which must have been very large, as the profit on each copy was much larger than it is at present.

And now, after looking into this interesting epoch in the history of *The Times*, so far as it is visible from the outside, it will enable us to understand the matter rather better if we take a glimpse behind the curtain, in order to see how the "Arch-Apostate" bears himself in the midst of all the turmoil and opposition he had to encounter. Such a glimpse we are fortunately enabled to take by the aid of Mr. Carlyle. In his "Life of John Sterling,"—son of "The Thunderer of Printing-house-square," as our readers will remember,—after some notice of Captain Sterling and his connection with *The Times*, "especially in those years, 1830-43," he gives the following invaluable narrative:—

"Connected with this matter, a remarkable note has come into my hands; honorable to the man I am writing of, and, in some sort, to another higher man; which, as it may now (unhappily for us all) be published without scruple, I will not withhold here. The support by Edward Sterling and *The Times*, of Sir Robert Peel's first Ministry,

and generally of Peel's statesmanship, was a conspicuous fact in its day; but the return it met with from the person chiefly interested may be considered well worth recording. The following letter, after meandering through I know not what intricate conduits, and consultations of the mysterious entity whose address it bore, came to Edward Sterling, as the real flesh-and-blood proprietor, and has been found among his papers. It is marked, *Private*:

"(Private.) TO THE EDITOR OF *The Times*.

'Whitehall, April 18, 1835.

"Sir,—Having this day delivered into the hands of the King the Seals of Office, I can, without any imputation of an interested motive, or any impediment from scrupulous feelings of delicacy, express my deep sense of the powerful support which that Government over which I had the honor to preside received from *The Times* newspaper.

"If I do not offer the expressions of personal gratitude, it is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to the character of a support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle. I can say this with perfect truth, as I am addressing one whose person even is unknown to me, and who, during my tenure of power, studiously avoided every species of intercourse which could throw a suspicion upon the motives by which he was actuated. I should, however, be doing injustice to my own feelings, if I were to retire from office without one word of acknowledgment; without at least assuring you of the admiration with which I witnessed, during the arduous contest in which I was engaged, the daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability to which I was indebted for a support, the more valuable because it was an impartial and discriminating support!

"I have the honor to be, Sir, ever your most obedient and faithful servant, ROBERT PEEL."

"To which, with due loftiness and diplomatic gravity and brevity, there is answer, draft of answer, in Edward Sterling's hand, from the mysterious entity so honored, in the following terms:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., ETC.

"Sir—It gives me sincere satisfaction to learn from the Letter with which you have honored me, bearing yesterday's date, that you estimate so highly the efforts which have been made during the last five months by *The Times* newspaper, to support the cause of rational and wholesome Government which his Majesty had entrusted to your guidance; and that you appreciate fairly the disinterested motives of regard to the public welfare, and to that alone, through which this Journal has been prompted to pursue a policy in accordance with that of your Administration. It is, permit me to say, by such motives only that *The Times*, ever since I have known it, has been influenced, whether in defence of the Government of the day, or in constitutional resistance to it; and indeed there exists no other motives of action for a Journalist, compatible either with the safety of

the Press, or with the political morality of the great bulk of its readers.

"With much respect, I have the honor to be, Sir, &c., THE EDITOR OF '*THE TIMES*.'"

"Of this note, I do not think there was the least whisper during Edward Sterling's lifetime; which fact also one likes to remember of him, so ostentatious and little reticent a man. For the rest, his loyal admiration of Sir Robert Peel,—sanctioned, and as it were almost consecrated to his mind, by the great example of the Duke of Wellington, whom he revered always with true hero-worship,—was not a journalistic one, but a most intimate authentic feeling, sufficiently apparent in the very heart of his mind. Among the many opinions liable to three hundred and sixty-five changes in the course of the year, this in reference to Peel and Wellington was one which never changed, but was the same all days and hours. To which, equable, genuine, and coming still oftener to light in those times, there might one other be added, one and hardly more! fixed contempt, not unmingled with detestation, for Daniel O'Connell. This latter feeling, we used often laughingly to say, was his grand political principle, the one firm centre where all else went revolving. But internally, the other also was deep and constant; and indeed these were properly his two centres,—poles of the same axis, negative and positive, the one presupposing the other.

"O'Connell he had known in young Dublin days; and surely no man could well venerate another less! It was his deliberate, unalterable opinion of the then Great O., that good would never come of him; that only mischief, and this in huge measure, would come. That, however showy and adroit in rhetoric and management, he was a man of incurable commonplace intellect, and of no character but a hollow, blustering, pusillanimous, and unsound one; great only in maudlin patriotisms, in speciosities, astuties,—in the miserable gifts for becoming Chief *Demagogos*, Leader of a deep-sunk Populace towards its Lands of Promise, which trade, in any age or country, and especially in the Ireland of this age, our indignant friend regarded (and with reason) as an extremely ugly one for a man. He had himself zealously advocated Catholic Emancipation, and was not without his Irish patriotism, very different from the Orange sort; but the '*Liberator*' was not admirable to him, and grew daily less so to an extreme degree. Truly, his scorn of the said *Liberator*, now riding in supreme dominion on the wings of blarney, devil-ward of a surety with the Liberated, all following and huzzaing; his fierce gusts of wrath and abhorrence over him,—rose occasionally almost to the sublime. We laughed often at these vehemences; and they were not wholly laughable; there was something very serious and very true in them! This creed of Edward Sterling's would not now in either pole of its axis, look so strange as it then did in many quarters."

The strong dislike which Captain Sterling entertained towards "the then great O," as

Mr. Carlyle calls him, was a prominent feature in the leading articles of *The Times* in those years, provoking, as might naturally be expected, the most furious invective on the part of Mr. O'Connell. Throwing the abusive part of the discussion wholly aside, it is impossible to deny that *The Times* generally had the best of it in the formidable attacks it made upon the O'Connellism of the Melbourne Administration. This was what galled the Ministerial Press most severely. It is true that the *Morning Chronicle*, which had become a thorough-going Melbourne organ by that time, laid great stress upon the personal abuse of Mr. O'Connell, but that could easily have been endured, had the party not felt ashamed of the extent to which they were indebted for support to Mr. O'Connell's devoted phalanx. In the first trial of strength between the followers of Sir Robert Peel and their opponents, when the new Parliament assembled in 1835, it was clearly shown by *The Times* that the latter were indebted for their majority to the advocates of Repeal. On the question of the Speakership, the English and Scottish votes alone would have left the supporters of Mr. Abercromby in a minority. For the small majority which they were enabled to claim, they were indebted to Mr. O'Connell; and for that valuable service he received the most unbounded praise from the Liberal press. In those days the true nature of the alliance between the Whigs and Mr. O'Connell was not so well understood as it is at present. One of the most unpardonable sins of *The Times*, therefore, in the estimation of all ardent Liberals, was its daring to denounce the weakness and want of principle displayed by the Whig Administration in the means it took to secure the votes and goodwill of the Irish Brigade. Now that the influence of Mr. O'Connell has utterly died out, and that public opinion has gradually come round to the views held all along by *The Times*, few persons will believe that party feeling could ever have so far distorted the real facts of the case as to represent that journal as the worst enemy of Ireland, simply because it exposed the dangerous quackery of Mr. O'Connell, and the mischievous weakness of a Government depending on him and his followers for its existence.

The "up-hill battle" of *The Times* lasted several years after 1835. Even so late as 1838 it was made to suffer in its pecuniary interests for not accommodating itself to the popular cry, while the *Morning Chronicle* was rewarded for its support of the Whig Ministry by so great an increase of circulation as

to bring it within a very short distance of *The Times*. That was the second year after the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty from 3½d., to 1d. Under the influence of the reduced price, the sale of the *Morning Chronicle* rose rapidly, while *The Times* was only able to maintain its ground, as will be seen from the following comparison of the number of stamps consumed by the two papers in 1837-8:—

	<i>Times</i> .	<i>Morning Chronicle</i> .
1837 . .	3,065,000 . . .	1,840,000
1838 . .	3,065,000 . . .	2,750,000

Had *The Times* remained stationary for another year, and the *Morning Chronicle* merely gained one-third of the increase which took place in 1838, the latter journal would have been the highest in the list of London newspapers. But the tide had now turned in favor of *The Times*. The following year witnessed its rapid increase of circulation, and the equally sudden fall of the *Chronicle*. From 1835 to 1839 the weakness of the Whig Administration became more and more manifest every session; but it was not till 1839 that the perseverance of "the leading journal" began to be rewarded. In that year the circulation rose from 3,065,000, at which point, as we have seen, it had stood for two years, to 4,300,000; while the *Chronicle* declined from 2,750,000 to 2,028,000. In ten years later, 1849, *The Times* had risen to 11,300,000—an increase of 7,006,000; and by the stamp returns for the first half of the present year, the circulation of *The Times*, as will be seen from the following table, has greatly increased since that period:

Return of the Number of Newspaper Stamps issued to each of the following London Newspapers for the first six months of 1855:—

<i>Times</i>	9,175,788
<i>Morning Advertiser</i>	1,034,618
<i>Daily News</i>	825,000
<i>Morning Herald</i>	554,000
<i>Morning Post</i>	465,000
<i>Morning Chronicle</i>	401,500
<i>Globe</i>	540,000
<i>Sun</i>	378,000
<i>Standard</i>	202,000

Instead of forming little more than one-fourth of the total circulation of the London Daily Press, as was the case a few years after the passing of the Reform Bill, *The Times* now monopolizes nearly three-fourths of it. From 2,744,000 in 1835, it has mounted to 18,350,000 in 1855, supposing

the latter half of the year to equal the first half—an increase of nearly six hundred per cent. A large portion of this increase has been at the expense of the other daily newspapers, as the aggregate circulation of the London Daily Press has not kept pace with the increase which has taken place in the consumption of newspapers throughout the country generally. During the last thirty years, the total circulation of the London Daily Press has not increased much more than sixty per cent., while the total consumption of newspapers in Great Britain for the same period, is not less than three hundred per cent. above what it was at the former period. When Lord John Russell brought forward his motion in favor of Parliamentary Reform, in 1822, he referred to the increased circulation of newspapers as an argument for the extension of the suffrage. There were at the time, he said, no less than 23,600,000 newspapers circulated annually in the United Kingdom, which was more than double what the consumption had been thirty years previously. Of these 23,600,000, the London daily journals sold not less than 14,000,000 or about sixty per cent. of the whole. At present, in spite of the enormous sale of *The Times*, the aggregate circulation of the London Daily Press does not form more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole of the newspapers consumed annually in the United Kingdom. This difference in the relative proportion of the London Daily Press to the aggregate circulation, is chiefly owing to the more rapid increase of London and provincial weekly newspapers, especially the latter class. The fact is interesting to the politician and the statesman, in so far as it serves to show the strong Anglo-Saxon tendency to individualization, as opposed to the Gallic love of centralization. We have no means of comparing the Paris and provincial circulation of newspapers; but it would surprise us very much to find the French provincial newspapers forming anything like the same proportion of the aggregate circulation as they constitute in Great Britain.

When Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of *The Times*, was examined before the Select Committee on Newspaper Stamps, he was asked, among other questions, how it happened that *The Times* was preferred to other newspapers, even by the working-classes? His answer seems to have been dictated by modesty rather than common sense. "The other papers," said Mr. Morris, "in point of tone, are perhaps as good, only perhaps *The Times* has got the ear of the

market; and there is a prestige attached to its name, and they take it in preference to *The Chronicle*, or other daily papers, though these papers are just as good." Now, this is too modest by half, and does not in the slightest degree explain the secret of *The Times*' success. Mr. Morris talks of "a prestige attached to its name," but of what avail was anything of that kind in 1833-8, when it was fighting its arduous battle against O'Connellism and the Melbourne Government? If the manager of *The Times* had ever read the address of the late Mr. John Walter to the electors of Berkshire in 1834, he would have found a much better reason for the preference which the working-classes have for that journal. In that address, Mr. Walter, after referring to certain charges brought against the sincerity of his Reform principles, very shrewdly remarked, that "It is not talking about Reform that constitutes a Reformer, but the rendering positive service to those who, under the old system, had but few advocates, and but little means of making their wants known. This is the capacity in which I hope always to show myself a genuine Reformer." This was no mere electioneering clap-trap. No one who has paid any attention to the way in which *The Times* has been conducted, apart from its political character, can have failed to notice that it pays more attention to the wrongs and sufferings of the unrepresented portion of the laboring-classes than any other paper in the kingdom. This has always been a feature in its columns, and we have no doubt that this has contributed in no small degree to the popularity which it has so long had among those whom Mr. Morris terms "the common people."

But the main cause of the wonderful success of *The Times*, during the last sixteen years—for it is only since 1839 that it has risen so far beyond all competition—has been its faithful adherence to the rule laid down by the late Mr. Walter, of keeping itself clear of all party connections. By taking that course, it not only cut away all chance of rising into favor on a sudden popularity through the success of this or that class of politicians, but exposed itself to much obloquy and misrepresentation for its alleged want of principle, seeing that it advocated neither the one side nor the other of any great question, on mere party grounds, but dared to "condemn any act detrimental to the public welfare," irrespective of the men who formed the ministry of the day. This was the cause of its being exposed to so much

persecution from the underlings of Government in the early part of its career, and of its receiving so little credit or sympathy for those sufferings from either the Whig or the Tory party. Had the "Gentlemen of the Press" at that period been able to rise above trade considerations, or party feeling, they would have admired the downright honesty of Mr. Walter in refusing even the semblance of Government patronage in any shape; and the indomitable courage with which he struggled against the disgraceful attempts of Ministers to destroy the property he had created by his enterprise, because he refused to make his paper a party organ. Had *The Times* attached itself to either side, it would have been safe from persecution, as the understanding which then existed between the leaders of the two aristocratic parties would have prevented the infliction of such injustice as it was made to suffer. It was only in the case of a Pariah journal, which refused to swear allegiance to Pitt or Fox, or any of their successors, that the Government could thus venture to act with impunity. How thoroughly the bias of party feeling had deadened all sympathy among the literary men of that day with the efforts made by *The Times* to defend the independence of the Press, may be seen from the way in which Mr. Hazlitt speaks of the marvellous efforts of Mr. Walter to obtain the earliest news from the seat of war. "*The Times* rose into notice," he says, "through its diligence and promptitude in furnishing Continental Intelligence, at a time when foreign news was the most interesting commodity." Not a word is said about the courage displayed by the editor of *The Times* in contending, single handed, against the insidious efforts of Government to thwart his carefully planned schemes for making that journal the best authority on foreign affairs. Mr. Walter's exertions to obtain foreign intelligence were, as he himself informs us, in the statement to which we have already referred, "of a magnitude to create no ordinary anxiety in his mind respecting their result; yet from the period of the Sidmouth Administration, Government from time to time employed every means in its power to counteract his designs, and he is indebted for his success only to professional exertion and the private friendship of persons unconnected with politics." But what did Mr. Hazlitt care for all that? *The Times* had been one of the most zealous advocates of the war against Napoleon, the god of his idolatry, and had even urged the imprisonment or

banishment of the dethroned Emperor. Toward a journalist guilty of such crimes it was impossible for him to show any sympathy.

We make no apology for having devoted so much space to the history of a newspaper which is now universally recognized as the leading organ of the public in this country. Some of the causes which have contributed to raise it to that proud eminence we have endeavored to trace. A more powerful cause, perhaps, than any of those we have indicated, has been the gradual dislocation of parties since the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, in 1841. Let any one compare the leading articles of the newspapers of the present day on the Russian war with those of the Ministerial and Opposition journals during the first twenty years of the present century, and he will be struck with the change which has taken place. Party politicians who have grown gray in the service of either the one or the other of the two aristocratic parties by whom all the honors and influence of office are monopolized, may look back with fond regret to the spirit-stirring contests of which the Newspaper Press was made the arena—

"In their hot youth, when George the Third was King;"

but if individuals have lost a perennial source of interest and excitement by the decline of party feeling, and the disgraceful conflicts springing out of its tyrannical sway, the public has gained immensely by the change. Speaking of the London Daily Press at large, we cannot say that it has benefited in an equal degree. One striking result of the altered state of public feeling has been, the decline of influence and circulation among those journals which indulge most in strong party feeling. This is placed beyond all possibility of contradiction by the Newspaper Stamp Returns. On reference to them, we find that the Ultra-Tory *Standard* has gradually declined from a circulation of 1,500,000 in 1835, to one of 404,000 in 1855; while the *Morning Chronicle*, which, after serving the Whigs too faithfully for half a century, became the organ of the Doctrinaire Peelites, and fought their battle with great ability up to a recent date, has sunk from 2,750,000 in 1838, to 803,000 in 1855. The *Daily News*, on the other hand, which is quite as free from party bias as *The Times*, and much more chivalrous—not resting satisfied with being merely a reflex of public opinion—

stands higher in the list than all the remaining journals, with the exception of the *Advertiser*, which is chiefly indebted for its larger circulation to the fact that it is the property of the Victuallers' Association.

That *The Times* may have been rewarded beyond its merits of late years for the persecution it endured at a former period, is not at all unlikely. The public are very apt to go to extremes in such cases. Making every allowance for that tendency, however, it must be admitted that the "leading journal of Europe" is well entitled to the gratitude and support of the people of England, for the services it has rendered during the last two years, in vindicating the cause of civilization against its direst enemy. So long as there was any chance of war being averted, *The Times* used its influence in support of Lord Aberdeen. For doing so, it incurred much odium throughout the period of negotiation. Loud and angry were the charges of Russian bribery and influence with which it was assailed by its contemporaries, for pointing out the difficulties we must prepare to encounter in going to war with Russia for Turkish independence. No member of the Peace Society could have asked the conductors of that journal to go farther than it did in 1853, in trying to persuade the people of England to consider well what they were about, before embarking in a war against the greatest military power in Europe. In taking that unpopular course, it exhibited its usual Conservatism. But, the decision once made, *The Times* has shown no faltering or half-heartedness in its advocacy of the great cause in which the nation has embarked, or in its support of those statesmen who have shown the most resolute determination to prosecute the war with vigor. True to its original maxim of "measures, not men," it has become the warm panegyrist of Lord Palmerston, because it finds him the only one among our leading statesmen who appears to comprehend the greatness of the task he has undertaken, and who has shown himself determined to carry out the wishes of the people of England. When the Aberdeen Government seemed careless about carrying on the war, or blundered in the management of it, owing to the distraction of internal divisions, *The Times* gave eloquent utterance to the strong, united, national voice, and the result was the abscission of the Peace members of the Cabinet. What might have been done to betray the public interest for Whig or Peelite purposes, by means of a party Press, had such an agency been available,

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may be conceived by those who have studied the history of party conflicts in this country. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, neither the Manchester nor the Oxford section of the Peace party could find an organ possessing influence enough to give them the slightest chance of making party feeling a substitute for public opinion, as in the "good old times." Because Mr. Laing is anxious for peace, he complains that "the country is governed by *The Times* newspaper." He ought rather to say that the Government is governed by public opinion acting through that journal. Those who wish to change the action of the present Administration with regard to the war, ought first to try what they can do in operating upon the public mind. Till they have done that successfully, it is useless to rail at the autocracy of *The Times*.

Indeed we are disposed to welcome a despotism which wields its power—not through the mechanism of external laws, but by appeals to the judgment and feelings of the people. We only mourn that the achievements of this autocracy do not evince a consciousness of the great and solemn responsibilities which attach to the exercise of such a mighty influence as that which is now exerted by *The Times*. If, when Hungarian liberty was in the balance against Austrian oppression and Russian bayonets, *The Times* had thrown the weight of its advocacy on the side of right, how different might have been the present position of Europe! To trample down human freedom on the plains of Hungary was not only in itself a monstrous irreparable wrong, which neither the Government nor the leading journal of England ought to have witnessed without the most vehement protestations; it was also preparing the way for the invasion of the Turkish Principalities. Who will venture to affirm that if *The Times* had spoken the right words at the right time—if it had made use of its vast power to rouse the people of England to active sympathy with the struggling Hungarians before it became too late—that we should not have been saved from the terrible war in which we are now engaged? Again, how much precious time has been lost, how much our energies have been cramped and nullified, what sins of omission were committed by the Allies in Turkey, and even by the Turks themselves under our influence, in deference to Austria! Austria, between whom and ourselves there is not, and cannot be, politically speaking, a single bond of sympathy, has been courted and implored as

though she held the destinies of Europe in her hands. If, instead of preaching up and defending this costly folly, in which our successive cabinets have persisted, *The Times* had from the first seen and denounced it, Austria would not now be secretly boasting the possession of the Principalities as the price of her wretched selfishness and perfidy. Now the great journal has discovered and freely confesses its immense mistake. But such mistakes are something more than errors of judgment; those who commit them have no steadfast faith in truth. Here, as it seems to us, is the weak point in *The Times*: it too often adheres to a short-sighted expediency, and exhibits a general distrust of abstract right and the fundamental principles

of justice: and is, moreover, the reflex rather than the originator of public opinion. We are painfully sensible of the extreme difficulty of combining in the same journal pecuniary success and lofty morality. The one is an essential of existence; it is safer to wait for the other until its presence be demanded by the public at large. But *The Times*, with a circulation of 18,000,000 a year, can well afford to put aside all questions of temporary pecuniary success, to become the exponent and champion of principles *versus* expediency, to show that expediency is indeed not expedient if it does not coincide with the right, and to be no longer the mere reflex and echo of popular thought and will, but its source and guide.

From the London Review.

THE BRITISH GENERAL POST-OFFICE.*

UPWARDS of twenty-three centuries ago, a series of mounted couriers might be seen hastening at full speed along the road which led from the Grecian Hellespont to the royal town of Susa. For each day of the journey a fresh messenger was ready, who, having received the King's commands, started off, despite of heat by day and darkness by night, through all weathers, until the capital was reached. The last of their number found the citizens exulting over the anticipated capture of Athens, and the city decked with joyful garlands and sacrifices; but his message changed the scene into one of mourning for their countrymen, and anxiety for their Monarch. He told of the complete discomfiture of the Persian Expedition, and the total rout of Xerxes at the battle of Salamis. Such was the event to which we are indebted for the first historic mention of "the Post," which occurs in the romantic chapters of the "Father of History." Strange it seems to ourselves, who are so accustomed to its conveniences, and would suffer so keenly from

their interruption, that the Republics of neither Greece nor Rome appointed any such means of communication at home or abroad. No established post, arriving at stated intervals, acquainted Atticus with the news of Rome, or with his friend Cicero's views on existing politics; and the letters of the great orator to his intimate friends, which school-boys suppose to have descended for their peculiar annoyance, were either carried by the hand of an especial messenger, or, more generally, "favored" by a friend. Despotism called "the Post" again into existence; and we find it mentioned in the Code of Theodosius; whilst the vast extent of Charlemagne's Empire required, and is said to have enjoyed, its aid.

So short is the ancient history of a service of which the benefits are now so universally experienced. Even when it existed at all, it was rather a public horse-post for messages than a conveyance for letters; so that, in our acceptance of the term, the Post-Office is a modern invention. As no department of the public service brings its advantages more immediately before all classes of society, we propose, with the aid of the small Blue-Book before us, to give a rapid sketch of its past

* First Report of the Postmaster-General, on the Post-Office. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1856.

history, and an account of its present condition and working.

The first public conveyers of letters in England were the common carriers, who began to ply regularly with pack-horses about the time of the Wars of the Roses. So early, indeed, as the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, we find "Haste, Poste, Haste," on the backs of private letters; and in 1548 the charge for post-horses was fixed by statute at a penny a mile. The first establishment of a Letter Post by Government was in the reign of James I., who set on foot a Post-Office for letters to foreign countries, "for the benefit of the English merchants." It would seem that foreigners resident in this country had been in the habit of appointing their own Postmaster; and the English accused them of detaining their letters, and so getting an unfair advantage of the markets.

The age of the Stuarts was rich in monopolies, and the sale of offices; and we accordingly find Charles I. assigning the office of Postmaster of Foreign Posts in reversion, and strictly enjoining "that none but his then Foreign Postmasters do hereafter presume to exercise any part of that office." The route between London and Paris was fixed in 1636, by convention between Charles I. and Louis XIII., by way of Dover and Calais, and thence through Boulogne, Abbeville, and Amiens. In the same reign, the first post for inland letters was established.

"The King issued a Proclamation, in which he recites that up to that time there had been no certain communication between England and Scotland: wherefore he now commands his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road."

It is at the same time ordered, that bye-posts shall be connected with many places on the main line, to bring in and carry out the letters to and from Lincoln, Hull, and other towns. A similar post to Chester and Holyhead, and another to Exeter and Plymouth, are to be established; and it is promised that, as soon as possible, the like conveyance shall be organized for the Oxford and Bristol road, and also for that leading through Colchester to Norwich. The rates of postage are fixed at twopence the single letter for any distance under eighty miles; fourpence up to a hundred and forty miles; sixpence for any longer distance in England;

and eightpence to any place in Scotland. By a subsequent Proclamation of 1637, it is ordered that no other messengers, nor foot-posts, shall carry any letters, but those alone which shall be employed by the King's Postmaster-General, unless to places which the King's Posts do not go, and with the exception of common known carriers or messengers particularly sent on purpose, or persons carrying a letter for a friend. (Pp. 9, 10.)

From this time, the Post-Office may be considered to have become one of the settled institutions of the country.

Of course the patriots loudly condemned the exclusive privilege of carrying letters assigned to the Post-Office; and we may, without much lack of charity, believe that its establishment was as much due to the expectation of a profitable revenue, as to any keen regard for the public accommodation.

Under the Commonwealth, however, men and master had changed places, and its former opponents not only confirmed the postal monopoly, when subject to the Commons, but promptly put a stop to all attempts at its infringement. Cromwell keenly appreciated the advantages of being made acquainted with what was going on in all parts of the kingdom, and assigned as a motive for a more general system of Posts, "that they will be the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." At the Restoration this enlargement was confirmed; and the statute, 12 Car. II., c. 35, being the first strictly legal authority for the establishment of the Post-Office, has been called its "Charter." Great was the opposition and loud the clamor against William Dockwra, who set up a Penny Post for the conveyance of letters and small parcels about London and its suburbs in 1683. It was alleged that the scheme had been planned by the Jesuits, and that the bags were filled with Popish plots. Despite this calumny, Dockwra persevered, until his success excited the envy of the Government. This was the commencement of the London District Post, of which Dockwra was subsequently appointed Comptroller, and which, until last year, (1854,) existed as a separate department of the General Post-Office. No wonder that constant complaints were made against the monopoly enjoyed by the Post-Office, and that, despite all the royal proclamations in its favor, its violation was of constant occurrence, when we learn the way in which the service was performed:—

"The riders who carried the mails on horses—

back from place to place, were wont to carry letters and bring answers for a hire, which assuredly never profited either the farmers (of the revenue) or the Crown. The Surveyor, who made a journey yearly to every Postmaster in England, says on this head: 'At Salisbury found the post-boys to have carried on vile practices in taking the bye-letters, delivering them in this city, and take back the answers, especially the Andover riders. Between the 14th and 15th instant, found on Richard Kent, one of the Andover riders, five bye-letters, all for this city. Upon examination of the fellow, he confessed that he had made it a practice, and persisted to continue in it, saying he had no wages from his master. I took the fellow before the Magistrate, proved the facts, and, as the fellow could not get bail, [he] was committed: but pleading to have no friends nor money, desired [as] a punishment to be whipped, and accordingly he was to the purpose. Wrote the case to Andover, and ordered that the fellow should be discharged, but no regard was had thereto; but the next day the same rider came post, run about the city for letters, and was insolent. The second time the said Richard Kent came post with two gentlemen, made it his business to take up letters; the fellow, instead of returning to Andover, gets two idle fellows, and rides away with three horses, which was a return for his master's not obeying instructions, as he ought not to have been suffered to ride after the said facts was proved against him.'

"There is a spice of malice in our Surveyor, but his book is throughout both amusing and instructive. He complains bitterly that the 'gentry doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get into liquor, which stopes the males.' That it did not take much to 'stopes the males,' we may gather from the fact, that when Mr. Harley (Lord Oxford) complained that an express to him had been delayed, the Postmasters-General replied, that it 'had traveled 136 miles in 36 hours, which is the usual rate of expresses.'"

Even the Crown couriers were with difficulty prevented from delaying on the road; and it was customary for each Postmaster to endorse on the dispatch the hour of its arrival at his post-house, to have some check upon the bearer's loitering propensities. Nor were the foreign letters better cared for. Whilst French privateers scoured the seas, the packets from Dover, Harwich and Falmouth, were badly built, and ill-suited to the service. The art of misbuilding ships with the public money is not, it would appear, confined to our own times; for the Postmasters-General—

"Resolve to build swift packet-boats that shall escape the enemy; but build them so low in the water, that shortly afterwards 'we doe find that in blowing weather they take in so much water, that the men are constantly wet all through, and can noe ways goe below to change themselves, being obliged to keep the hatches shut to save the

vessels from sinking; which is such a discouragement of the sailors, that it will be of the greatest difficulty to get any to endure such hardships in the winter weather.'"—Page 57.

In some other respects, however, a better provision was made for these unfortunate sailors. Each packet carried a surgeon on board; and the Rev. Hippolite Luzany, Minister at Harwich, was paid a salary for attending to them when on shore, and for "doing their offices of birth, marriage and burial;" whilst a code, drawn up with the nicest discrimination, assigned smart-money for injuries received in the service.

The following list, selected by Mr. Jendamaer, the Chief Examiner, from the Agent's Letter-Book, will give some idea of the consignments with which the Postmasters were troubled during the war, and for whose safe delivery they were held responsible:—

"*Imprimis*.—Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass.

"*Item*.—Some parcels of cloth for the clothing Colonels in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments.

"*Item*.—Two maid servants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.

"*Item*.—Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities.

"*Item*.—Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal.

"*Item*.—A box containing three pounds of tea, sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen Dowager of England at Lisbon.

"*Item*.—Eleven couple of hounds for Major-General Hompesch.

"*Item*.—A case of knives and forks for Mr. Stepney, Her Majesty's Envoy to the King of Holland.

"*Item*.—One little parcel of lace, to be made use of in cloathing Duke Schomberg's regiment.

"*Item*.—Two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador of the Crown of Portugal.

"*Item*.—A box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal.

"*Item*.—A deal case, with four fitches of bacon, for Mr. Tennington, of Rotterdam."

Really, with all these cares upon them, and what with scolding an agent once, because 'he had not provided a sufficiency of pork and beef for the Prince;' again, because 'he had bought powder at Falmouth, that would have been so much cheaper in London;' again, because 'he had stirred up a mutiny between a Captain and his men, which was unhandsome conduct in him;' again, because he has not ordered the 'Dolphin' to sail, though the wind is marked westerly in the wind journals, whereat the Postmasters-General 'admire;' what with bringing Captain Clies to trial, 'for that he had spoken words reflecting on the Royal Family, which the Postmasters-General took particular unkind of him;' and reprimanding

another for 'breaking open the portmanteau of Mons. Raoul, (a gentleman passenger,) and spoiling him of a parcel of snuff; what with purchasing new vessels, stores, and provisions, and ordering the old ones to be sold *by inch of candle*;'—with all these cares, one sees that our Postmasters-General had enough to do."—*Blue Book*, pp. 58, 59.

With such a system we are prepared to find that the Post-Office yielded but a small profit. The different branches into which the service was divided, of foreign, inland, cross, and district posts, the revenues of which were to be paid to different quarters, tended greatly to the confusion of the accounts. The Deputies, or local Postmasters, were wont, in doubtful cases, to escheat the postage to their own use, "as being fearful of injuring either party, by giving it to one or the other." So that, whilst the total income for 1837 was upwards of £94,644, what is now called the "net produce" was only £76,192,—a sum not equal to that now derived in one year from the commission on money-orders, or to the present net produce of the single town of Liverpool:—

"One little bit of detail of the Inland Expenditure of this year (the year before the Revolution which placed William of Orange on the throne), is vouchsafed to us:—

"Paid to Edward Lock, of Hounslow, for a man to deliver letters at the camp, £4."

"When we consider for what purpose the camp lay at Hounslow, how many plotters it contained, how great an issue hung on the loyalty of its inmates, and how deeply interested these inmates were in the result of the struggles going on around them, we may feel sure that a man has seldom carried for £4 *per annum* a load of letters so interesting as those which fell to the charge of Edward Lock's agent."—Page 54.

Two other principal reforms may be noticed before the introduction of the penny rate of postage. The first was the adoption of a better system of cross posts, by Ralph Allen, in 1720. He obtained a lease of them from the Government, with a view to their extension, and, in consequence of his alterations, realized

an annual profit of £12,000; which he lived to enjoy for forty-four years, and which he spent in hospitality, and in works of charity. The other, and still more important, reform was effected by Mr. Palmer, in 1784. Observing that when the tradesmen of Bath (where he resided) were particularly anxious about the speed and safety of a letter, they were in the habit of sending it by the coach, he proposed that the mails generally should be carried by the passenger coaches, that they should be under the protection of trusty guards, and that they should be so timed as to arrive in London, as nearly as possible, at the same hour. After considerable opposition, his plans were carried out, and an immediate increase of speed, from three and a half to six miles an hour, was the result. This rate was further accelerated, when Macadam's mode of road-making became general, until the mail-coaches of this country, travelling at the average rate of ten miles an hour, including stoppages, became the boast of our countrymen and the admiration of foreigners.

It is time we began to speak of the existing state of things, which may be considered to date from the year 1840, when the penny rate was first carried into effect. The immediate increase in the number of chargeable letters was prodigious; rising from 76,000,000 in 1839, to nearly 169,000,000 in 1840; and this last account is but little more than a third part of the number to which they have now attained. This enormous stream of circulation is kept in motion by means of "railways, mail-coaches, stage-coaches, steam-boats, omnibuses, mail-carts, and mounted and foot messengers," by whose aid packets are dispatched and received daily in almost every part of the country, and in the most important towns twice a day, or oftener.

We proceed to describe the work done by the Post-Office in 1854. The number of chargeable letters delivered in that year in England, Ireland, and Scotland, was 443,000; the proportion belonging to each country being exhibited in the following table:

	Number in 1854.	Increase <i>per cent.</i> on number in 1853.	Proportion of Letters to Population.
England	358,000,000	About 8½	About 19 to each person.
Ireland	41,000,000	" 2	" 7 "
Scotland	44,000,000	" 8½	" 15 "
United Kingdom }	443,000,000	" 8	" 16 "

This is an increase of more than 23,500,000 over the total number of chargeable letters in 1853. Added to this, 53,000,000 newspapers passed through the London Office alone; besides those which were transmitted through the post in other parts of the United Kingdom, and which may at a moderate computation be taken at 12,000,000 more whilst of book packages no less than 375,000 passed through the London Office.

It is estimated that the average weight of inland letters is about a third of an ounce each; that of a newspaper, three ounces and a half; and the book parcels are reckoned to have weighed each ten ounces. The Post-Office must therefore have conveyed no less than 23,645,440 lbs.' weight of letters, newspapers, and books in the course of the past year. Exclusive of conveyance by steam-vessels and boats, and not counting the walks of letter-carriers and rural messengers, the whole distance over which the mails are now carried within the United Kingdom is nearly 57,000 miles per day, or upwards of 20,000,000 of miles in a year.

As the inland letters, including official correspondence, averaged a third of an ounce, they may fairly be reckoned, including the envelopes, at a full-sized sheet of letter paper each. If these sheets were spread out side by side, they would cover 8,898 acres, or 111 square miles; and if arranged in a line 12 yards wide, they would stretch for 8,898 miles; so that they would extend from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama, would cross all Central America, from south-east to north-west, to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and then, rising through the United States and Canada to the boundary of North America, would thus traverse the whole of the West-

ern hemisphere, and still have a trail of 500 miles left to cross the island of Newfoundland. If, instead of being thus arranged in a line, our letters were laid one upon another, although they were no thicker than an ordinary sheet of paper once folded, they would form upwards of 3,500 columns as high as the Monument.

But, vast as these numbers appear, far greater results may reasonably be expected. The proportion of letters to the population of England, in 1854, was about nineteen to each person. But this is much below the proportion in the metropolis, where the greatest facilities are already existing; and as extensions and improvements are made in the rural districts, there will doubtless be a great addition to the total number. We shall speak presently of the extensions made last year; but in support of these remarks, we may observe that about 103,000,000, or nearly one quarter of the letters delivered in the United Kingdom, were delivered in London and its suburbs; so that the average for the London district, taking the population at 2,500,000, rises from about nineteen to forty each person.

The business done in the Money-Order Office exhibits a like increase on the amounts of former years. This branch originated in 1792; but, in consequence of the high rates of commission, it was comparatively little used, and even in 1841, the year after the reduction of the commission to 3d. and 6d. for sums not exceeding £2 and £5 respectively, the total amount of the money-orders issued in the United Kingdom was less than £961,000. The following table shows the numbers of money-orders issued in 1854, with other particulars:—

	No. of Money Orders issued.	Amount.	Profit after deducting Expenses.	Proportion of Money-Orders issued to Population.
England & Wales. }	4,621,296	£ 8,957,135 16 1	£ 16,658	1 to about 4 persons.
Ireland	409,625	690,809 4 7	loss 790	1 " 15 "
Scotland	435,323	814,466 15 8	670	1 " 7 "
United Kingdom }	5,466,244	10,462,411 16 4	16,538	1 " 5 "

In comparing the amount for which money-orders were issued, with the sum which is returned as having been paid, we find that nearly ten thousand pounds remained unclaimed at the end of the year. It seems extraordinary that so large an amount should

be wanting owners; but the following quotation from Mr. Dickens's "Household Words" will show that even this small sum gives very little idea of the carelessness of the public:—

"Upon an average three hundred letters per day pass through the General Post-Office totally

unfastened, chiefly in consequence of the use of what stationers are pleased to call 'adhesive envelopes.' Many are virgin ones, without either seal or direction; and not a few contain money. In Sir F. Freeling's time the sum of £5,000 in bank-notes was found in a 'blank.' It was not till after some trouble that the sender was traced, and the cash restored to him. Not long since, an humble Postmistress of an obscure Welsh town, unable to decipher the address on a letter, perceived, on examining it, the folds of several bank-notes protruding from a torn edge of the envelope. She securely enclosed it to the Secretary of the Post-Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who found the contents to be £1,500, and the superscription too much even for the hieroglyphic powers of the 'blind clerk.' Eventually the enclosures found their true destination.

"It is estimated that there lies, from time to time, in the Dead-Letter Office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some £11,000, annually, in cash alone. In July, 1847, for instance, only a two months' accumulation, the post-haste of 4,658 letters, all containing property, was arrested by the bad superscriptions of the writers. There were bank-notes in them of the value of £1,010, and money-orders for £407 12s. But most of these ill-directed letters contained coin in small sums, amounting to £310 9s. 7d. On the 17th of July, 1847, there were lying in the Dead-Letter Office bills of exchange for the immense sum of £40,410 5s. 7d."—Vol. i., p. 10.

The Money-Order Office is now one of the most profitable departments of the Post Office, as the actual profit resulting from it rises very rapidly with an increase of the sums which are paid into it. For whilst, in 1850, the profit upon £8,494,498 10s. 7d. was only £3,236, the profit, in 1854, upon £10,462,411 16s. 4d. was as much as £16,538; so that, although the increase in the amount of money-orders from 1850 to 1854 was but 21½ *per cent.*, the increase of profit derived in 1854 was 500 *per cent.* over that obtained in 1850.

We pass from the Income of this branch to some account of the General Revenue and Expenditure, as given in the Report. We must remark that the statements under this head do not profess to be strictly accurate, as the receipts are partly the result of estimate, "although it is believed that any error which may exist is so slight as to be scarcely appreciable." Under the head of "Expenditure," it is still more difficult to ascertain the exact cost of our postal system, inasmuch as the packet service is mainly under the superintendence of the Admiralty; and as the contracts are framed with a view to the performance of duties for that Board, the payments which they make are not included. Against this must be placed the

charge for transmission of newspapers, which is paid into the treasury of the Stamp-Office. In 1854, the Gross Revenue was as follows:—

	£
Letters, Book Packets, &c. . . .	2,597,700
Commission on Money-Orders . . .	91,300
Total	<u>£2,689,000</u>

being an increase of nearly £98,000, or about 4 *per cent.*, on the gross receipts of 1853.

EXPENDITURE.

	£
Salaries, Pensions, &c. . . .	730,000
Buildings	23,000
Conveyance of Mails:	
By Railways	364,000
" Coaches, Carts, &c. . . .	162,000
" Packets	17,000
Miscellaneous	117,000
Total	<u>£1,413,000</u>

being an increase of about £39,000, or nearly 3 *per cent.*, on the expenditure of 1853.

The Total Net Revenue, therefore, was £1,276,000; which is an increase of about £68,000, or nearly 5 *per cent.*, on the net revenue of 1853.

Hard work and bad pay used to be thought the lot of all, save a few superior officials, who were engaged in this branch of the public service. The quotations given by Mr. Scudamore show that the Deputies in "the good old times" used to grumble sorely about the lowness of their salaries, and were constantly presenting various excuses for the non-payment of arrears. "Indeed, to be in arrear was the normal condition of Deputy Postmasters." Whilst the Deputies starved, some in the Inland Office fared much more sumptuously:—

"There was an 'Alphabet Keeper,' who had £40 a year for instructing young officers; but not, it is to be presumed, for teaching them their alphabet. Then there was Thomas Hornsby, who had £20 *per annum* as watchman, and £80 *per annum* for lighting fourteen lamps, which must surely have been very difficult to light, as a man might well undertake even to light fourteen lamps, and find the material into the bargain for £80 *per annum*."

The man who hoisted the colors from March, 1761, to June, 1764, had £6 7s. Drink and feast money to the clerks was allowed, amounting to £100 a year; and Mr.

Henry Porter had £50 *per annum* for taking care of the candles.

Those times have passed away from Her Majesty's servants of the Post-Office: but in this department, at any rate, they have not been succeeded by either incompetent or indolent officers. Before the admission of any person, a Report is required respecting his age, health, character, and acquirements; whilst all applicants for appointments in the London Office are subjected to an examination. These arrangements for securing competent officers are much assisted by a recent regulation, which provides that "provincial Postmasterships, of which the salary is not less than £175, will henceforward be conferred upon meritorious officers of the department, and not upon strangers;" and by the establishment of the general principle, "that every superior appointment is to be filled, as far as possible, by promotion from below, and that regard will be had to no other claims than those of meritorious conduct and proved good service."

Whilst, however, these very desirable alterations are being made to improve the position and prospects of the officers, we find that changes of no less importance are in the course of being carried out in the internal economy, to increase its efficiency. These have been mainly effected in the departments of the Receiver and Accountant-General, and of the Comptroller of the Money-Order Office; and the Report bears ample witness to the readiness with which both Superintendents and Clerks submitted to the extra labor and attendance which these improvements involved. The Receiver and Accountant-General's Offices have been amalgamated at a great saving of expense and labor; whilst, in startling distinction from the old system of arrears, Postmasters are now required to deliver *weekly* accounts. The Chief Examiner has given so clear a description of these changes, and one which shows us so much of the inner working of our subject, that we quote it at length:

"When it is considered that, under the old system, each Postmaster's account was rendered to him quarter by quarter, and usually three months in arrear of the quarter for which it was rendered; that at any intermediate period the condition of a Postmaster's account could only be estimated, and that too with the greatest uncertainty and risk of error; that each Postmaster was credited quarterly with a gross sum for salaries, wages, and allowances, and that no vouchers for the proper disbursement of that sum were demanded of him, so that, in fact, (as was afterwards proved,) many Postmasters received credit

for sums which they did not distribute, and were indeed themselves at times unconscious of the wrong so done to the revenue: and when, finally, it is remembered that this dilatoriness in the rendering of the accounts to the Postmasters, whilst it left them always ignorant of the real state of their affairs, entailed a corresponding dilatoriness in the rendering of their balances, whereby not only many of them may have been tempted to use the public money, but also a much larger capital was required for carrying on the business of the Post-Office:—when all these things are taken into account, and when on the other hand we consider the new system, by which each Postmaster renders his account week by week, with all its proper vouchers for every receipt and every payment, and showing the revenue left in his hands at the close of each week to be the smallest possible sum, it will be allowed, I think, that few Government offices have witnessed a change so great or so beneficial.

"Every week there are received in your Office the accounts of 565 Postmasters and 526 Receivers, and these 1,091 accounts are all examined and adjusted within the week in which they arrive; in one week, also, they are all entered in the Bookkeeper's Office. The examination of the Postmasters' accounts for one week entails the inspecting of 80,000 letter bills and 5,500 receipts for various disbursements: but when the accounts for the last week in the quarter are examined, there are upwards of 12,000 receipts for payments made.

"The examination of these accounts is performed by ten of your officers, who have each 56 accounts, 8,000 letter-bills, and 550 or, at the end of the quarter, 1,200 receipts to inspect. I should not be treating these ten officers fairly, if I did not remind you, that I have seen thirty officers employed in the same duty, or, rather, a similar duty, falling short of the present duty by several items of work which I have found it necessary to impose.

"It is but fair to add, too, that the entry of these 1,091 weekly accounts in the Abstract Ledgers is effected by three officers of the Bookkeeper's branch; whereas, (and I say it without the least desire to disparage those by whom the duty was formerly done,) I have seen five officers engaged on it during the official hours, with the assistance of eight other officers for two hours *per diem*.

"I now proceed to those branches of duty in which, heretofore, there was a double action of the Receiver-General and the Accountant-General, and in which very important improvements have been effected.

"The examination of accounts, and the preparation of the salary bills and payment warrants generally, which formerly gave employment to two officers in the Secretary's department, three in the Accountant-General's Office, and one in the Receiver-General's Office, do not now give full employment to three officers in my branch of your department; one of the three being rarely so employed, save on the periodical payment of salaries.

"The distribution of postage-stamps to Postmasters and Letter-Receivers formerly gave em-

ployment to one officer in the Secretary's department, one in the London District Office, one in the Accountant-General's Office, and two in the Receiver-General's Office; but it is now effected by two officers in the Cashier's branch of your department. I may add here, that since the 1st of October we have reduced the number of consignments of stamps to Letter Receivers from 1,100 per month to 800 per month, and we have reason to hope a still further reduction will take place.

"It was incumbent on the late Receiver-General to send stamps (on receipt of the requisitions of the London District Office) in frequent consignments of small quantities to the Letter-Receivers, of whom several were in the habit of having a small consignment on each of four or five consecutive days. They are now supplied, as the Postmasters have long been, with a certain stock, which is made up for the greater number of them on the first day of each month, when we have not to consign stamps to Postmasters, and for certain of the larger offices on the Friday in each week, when, also, we have to consign no stamps to Postmasters. Formerly, too, each Receiver applied for stamps as he pleased, without stating what he had in hand, and with but small reference to the state of his account. Now no Receiver has stamps sent to him unless he forwards a detailed return of his stock in hand; and against the preparation of this return many of the Receivers, who were not in the habit of dealing quite fairly by the stamps which came into their possession, for a time struggled very hard: but, by patient perseverance, the whole body have at length been brought to a regularity and uniformity of practice to which they had long been strangers.

"The Revenue Cash Account, the Vote Cash Account, and the Money-Order Cash Account, which were formerly kept in duplicate in the Receiver's-General's Office, and the Accountant-General's Office, are now kept singly in my branch of your department; so that there has been effected a reduction of half the labor formerly bestowed on these accounts."—Pp. 69–72.

"In the quarter ending June 30th, 1854, there were employed in the Receiver-General's Office	19 officers.
In the Accountant-General's Office	45 "
And also in the latter office, as extra clerks,	14 "
"If we consider, also, that in this quarter certain officers were paid for 7,032 hours of extra work upon the accounts, we shall, by dividing that number of hours by 6, the number of hours in an official day, and by 78, the number of days in the quarter, have an additional force of	15 "
Making in all	93 "

"In the quarter ending December 31st, there were employed in your office only fifty-one officers; from whom no extra attendance was ever

exactd. During the first-named quarter, no holidays were allowed. During the last, eight officers had leave of absence, each for a period of three weeks; thirteen had leave for a period of one fortnight; and four had leave of absence for periods exceeding a week, but less than a fortnight."—Pp. 71, 73.

To this we may add, "that every person in the London Office will henceforward be allowed an annual holiday, varying in duration from a fortnight to a month, without any deduction on that account from his salary."

So much for the improvements effected in the interior working; let us now direct our attention outwards, and see how far the public has been benefited during the last twelve months. Since January, 1854, the number of post-offices was increased by 515, making the whole number at present 9,973; more than double those existing when the penny rate was established in 1840. Most of the new offices were opened in the rural districts; and to their further extension we may look for a great increase in the number of letters in future years. Free deliveries have been, besides, established last year at 1,242 places, where none had hitherto existed, and improved in 245 more, including most of our important towns. Day mails from London have been granted to fourteen additional towns, a day mail to London to four such towns, and an additional day mail to London to three towns. In other places inconvenient hours have been changed; whilst to Scotland and Ireland has been afforded increased communication with their capitals. To these improvements we may add accelerations in Ireland, and the establishment of the first travelling post-office in that country. Measures have also been taken for increasing the speed of the night mails from the metropolis to every part of the United Kingdom.

We should naturally have expected that the Post-Office would have derived the same advantages from conveyance by railway, as the general public have done, in increased punctuality and cheapness. The fact is, however, quite the reverse. An immense additional expense has been incurred. For instance, in 1844, the Post-Office received about £200 a year from the coach proprietors for the privilege of carrying the mails twice a day between Lancaster and Carlisle; whereas, at the present time, the same service performed by the railway costs the Post-Office about £12,000 a year. Indeed, generally speaking, the Railway Companies seem

to be greatly wanting in the performance of their contracts, although they receive very high remuneration. The London and Brighton line forms an honorable exception, as they spontaneously offered the use of all their trains between London and Brighton for the conveyance of mails, without any further charge. And latterly arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, and other northern and midland lines, which enable mails to be sent by all the trains, on the payment of a fixed sum annually. Still, there are two considerable deficiencies, which the public convenience requires should be supplied. One is the want of better arrangements for obtaining railway services on equitable terms: the other, the lack of any available means of enforcing punctuality in the arrival of the mails. Now, with regard to the first of these points, we are by no means disposed to join in the too general demand for impossibilities from the Railway Companies. We are inclined to think that they are often somewhat harshly treated. They are expected to provide trains at once rapid and cheap, well appointed and carefully guarded, and yet at rates which are not sufficient to cover the expense which such excellence involves. But it certainly is not too much to require that they should convey the mails at rates which give them a fair, and not an extravagant, profit; and that they should afford every facility for a service in which the whole public is so deeply interested. We want ample accommodation, and are willing to pay a fair price. The question is one, no doubt, of considerable difficulty, as is evinced by the "disproportionate and unequal" rewards which have been at different times assigned. But we cannot but think that if the Railway Companies met the Post-Office in a fair spirit, and made a clear statement of the expense which they must incur for conveying the mails, a form of contract might be mutually agreed upon, so drawn up as to admit of extended application, as circumstances might require. With regard to punctuality of arrival, there would probably be more difficulty, as many unavoidable causes might delay a train which had been appointed to travel at a quick rate. The Report certainly gives us the impression that the blame lies chiefly with the Railway Companies; for when the Postmaster-General proposed a system of mutual penalties, under which, according as the cause of delay in any case rested with the Company, or with the Post-Office, the party in fault should pay a fine to the other, and even offered in

addition to give a premium in every instance in which a mail-train arrived at its appointed time, every one of the companies declined acceding to the arrangement. The cause of irregularity is the undue enlargement of the passenger or other traffic sent by the mail-trains; and it certainly appears strange that when, to obviate this irregularity, an offer was made to incur the expense of a special train to convey the letters from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, the railway authorities thought fit to reject it.

The influence of the war has been felt in two ways by this department, as the transport of troops and stores caused the removal of many of the mail packets from their stations, whilst the presence of our army and fleets in the Baltic and Black Seas called for new lines of communication with this country. How severely the existing arrangements were disturbed by the first cause, may be gathered from the fact, that no fewer than twenty-eight steam-ships, belonging to Companies which contracted for the conveyance of the chief foreign and colonial mails, were withdrawn for the service of the war; and these, of course, were the most powerful and efficient in their fleets. This happened, too, at the very time when negotiations were in progress for a monthly mail to Australia, to which it not only put a stop, but even made the former regular service dependent upon temporary engagements with sailing vessels. The question then arose, How were the mails to be conveyed to Turkey? We had no British mail-packets in the Mediterranean; the high rates through France and Austria were serious impediments to the employment of their vessels; whilst the scarcity of shipping made a British mail from Marseilles to Constantinople impossible. The French Government, however, established a communication at first six times a month, and more recently twice a week; and our gallant ally, the Emperor, very liberally offered to convey letters to British soldiers and seamen at the same rate as is charged to the French troops, by which the postage was reduced to threepence for each quarter-of-an-ounce letter prepaid, and twopence for each newspaper. On reaching Constantinople, the correspondence was placed under the control of the Commanders of the Forces; and,—

"To insure, as far as possible, a prompt delivery of the correspondence on its arrival at headquarters, and a regular dispatch of return mails to this country, an experienced officer of this department was selected, with the approval of the Secretary of War, to proceed to Turkey as Post-

master of Her Majesty's Forces; and three Assistant Postmasters, together with seven letter-sorters, have since been dispatched from England to aid him in his duties.

"If doubt has anywhere existed as to the ability or inclination of our soldiers and seamen to avail themselves, in the midst of their trials and hardships, of the means of sending and receiving letters, it has been completely set at rest by the extent to which the mail service through France has been made use of.

"Since the arrangement has been in force,—about eight months,—more than 282,000 letters have been forwarded from England to the seat of war in these mails; and more than 325,000 have reached this country by the same route.

"To these numbers must be added the many letters which have been sent at the rate of a penny each by the occasional opportunities of direct ships, of which no accurate return can be given, but which may be safely reckoned at not less than 10,000 outwards, and 2,500 homewards, monthly.

"Upon the whole, the correspondence of our forces in the East presents an average of 45,250 letters dispatched to, and 43,125 received from, the seat of war in each month; a result as gratifying in respect of amount, as those portions of it which meet the public eye generally prove to be in respect of spirit, intelligence, and feeling."—Pp. 29, 30.

A weekly communication was also established between this country and the Baltic fleet; a bag of letters from England being dispatched to arrive at Dantzic every Friday, on which day a steamer was appointed to bring the mails from the Baltic fleet. Whilst punctuality and speed have been thus attained, the postage has been considerable in amount, from the letters becoming chargeable to the rates of Prussia and Belgium, on their passage through those countries.

For the reasons above mentioned, this Report contains but little information concerning our Colonial and Foreign Posts; and a great portion of the space devoted to the latter is occupied by a dispute between the English and American authorities, with the details of which we shall not trouble our readers. With the exception of India, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and Van Diemen's Land, a low and uniform rate of sixpence has been adopted; and in these excepted Colonies any such arrangement is dependent upon the will of the Colonial Legislature. The importance of this reduction will be more apparent when we remember that the old higher rates carried letters to the shores only of the Colony; whereas the present charge covers its transmission between any part of the United Kingdom, and any part of the Colony. With the exception

of Victoria, Van Diemen's Land, and South Australia, the book-post is now in operation with every important Colony, and with most of the minor ones.

With regard to our postal relations with foreign States, we find liberal arrangements and facilities afforded according to the enlightenment of the Government with which we have to deal. With France, from a varying rate of 8d. or 10d., we have a uniform rate of 4d. the quarter-ounce for prepaid, and a double rate upon unpaid, letters. This, as the Report observes, is less than the eighth part of the postage between Manchester and Lyons twenty years ago. Some progress has been made in negotiations for a reduction of postage with Sardinia. Whilst letters may be conveyed for half the former rates (for 6d. instead of 1s.) to China, and for 1s. instead of 2s. 7d. to Monte Video, Spain, true to her character, disappoints the expectations which had been formed of her; whilst Portugal gives no encouragement "to expect that any material improvement of the postal arrangements with that country will be effected at present."

There is, however, every reason to anticipate that further facilities will eventually be afforded for international postal communication. Since the adoption of the penny rate in Great Britain, foreign Governments have had their attention called to the subject; and of the thirty-two countries cited in the Report, there are two only, Sweden and Ecuador, in which no material movement has been made since 1840. In twenty-three countries postage-stamps have been introduced. In Russia, Spain, and Chili, the lowest rate has been reduced to sums between 2d. and 4d.; in France, the United States, Bavaria, Hanover, Portugal, Sardinia, and Brazil, the lowest rate is more than 1d., but less than 2d.; whilst in Belgium and Denmark it has been fixed at the same *minimum* with our own. Russia and Brazil will not convey unpaid letters; and in twelve other countries prepayment, though not compulsory, is encouraged, by an increased charge upon unpaid letters. It is very difficult, however, to carry on our comparison any further, or to ascertain clearly what the financial results have been in foreign lands. Receipts, expenses, and profits arising from passengers, are generally mixed with those relating to letters. In some instances, as in the United States, no expense is incurred for delivery, and the charges of railway conveyance are still more variable. But, taking these circumstances into consideration, we find that in eighteen countries

the gross receipts are quite equal, and in two others nearly equal, to what they were before the reduction. In three the profits are nearly as large, and in nine the former amount has been fully regained.

The dazzling proposal of an Ocean Penny Postage is not touched upon in the Report, but we think that enough may be gathered from its pages to show the great improbability of its adoption for many years to come. Security, rapidity, and punctuality are requisite, in addition to cheapness, before any considerable increase in circulation can be permanently maintained. To secure these effectually, a very large addition must be made to the number of our mail-packets, and that at very high rates. But even under existing circumstances, the expense of conveying letters to foreign shores greatly exceeds the revenue derived from them: and the excess of expenditure over income would be proportionately increased with an increase in the number of packets employed, even if the additional number of letters called into circulation by the reduction of the rate of postage should bring up the receipts to their present amount. But we think there are strong reasons for doubting whether this latter result would ensue. Under the best systems of navigation with which we are at present acquainted, the interval which must elapse between the dispatch of a letter, and the arrival of a reply, would be too long to admit of any such extraordinary addition to the contents of the mail-bags. Any one who considers his own correspondence only, will at once see how much of it is composed of trifling notelets, of advertisements from tradesmen who are anxious to push their business, and of a thousand little items, which would probably never have been committed to paper at all, but for the conveniences which the penny rate affords. But such an employment of the Post-Office would be quite out of the question for communicating with our distant Colonies, or with our brethren in the Western hemisphere; rapidity of transmission and a speedy answer being quite as essential to their existence as cheapness.

Of the importance of these *desiderata* for our Inland letters, the Post-Office authorities are well aware, and are constantly endeavoring to shorten the time occupied in the conveyance and delivery of letters. For this purpose they suggest that the public should assist them, by providing letter-boxes at the outer doors of their houses, by posting all letters and newspapers as early

as possible, and by making the address legible and complete, giving the name of the post-town; "and if there be more than one town of that name in the Kingdom, (but not otherwise,) adding that of the county." These suggestions may at first appear trifling; but we must recollect that the neglect of them occasions, in every instance, some slight delay; and the repetition of such delays, over and over again, tends very seriously to retard the general distribution.

A still more serious cause of confusion and difficulty is the faulty nomenclature of our streets in large towns. In London there are about Fifty King Streets, fifty Queen Streets, sixty John and William Streets, and upwards of forty New Streets; many of the latter being anything but what their name implies. The distinguishing, too, of streets of the same name by the addition of such adjectives as Old, New, East, West, Upper, Lower, Great, Little, &c., is highly objectionable; as omissions and mistakes are constantly occurring by which the delivery of important letters is delayed. Again—

"Irregularity in the numbering of houses is one of the greatest hindrances to the delivery of letters, and should be remedied as soon as possible, not only for official purposes, but also for the benefit of the public, who frequently suffer great inconvenience by the delay or non-delivery of letters, which would otherwise have reached the persons for whom they were intended. These irregular numbers may generally be traced to the following causes: In the construction of new streets, the building of houses may commence at both ends, and on each side at the same time. The four corner houses are sometimes all called 'Number One.' The other parts of the streets may be afterwards built by different persons, who now can give to their houses whatever names they may think proper. One may prefer Albert Terrace, another Wellington Place, and a third, wishing to preserve the family name, will call his houses Smith's, Taylor's, or Bacon's Cottages, as the case may be. Each set of houses having a Number One, will cause seven houses in the same street to be of the same number. Irregular numbers are also sometimes occasioned by the carelessness or ignorance of the persons who inhabit the houses; an instance of which came under my notice, while going round with a letter-carrier to survey one of the districts in the eastern part of London. On arriving at a house in the middle of a street, I observed a brass number 95 on the door, the houses on each side being numbered respectively 14 and 16. A woman came to the door, when I requested to be informed why 95 should appear between 14 and 16; she said it was the number of a house she formerly lived at in another street, and it (meaning the brass plate) being a very good one, she thought it would do for her present residence as well as any

other. If," continues the Inspector, "the removal of such anomalies could be effected, there can be no doubt that the service and the public generally would be materially benefited."

We should think not; and why should not the municipal authorities be empowered and required to take the necessary steps for their removal? We boast of being the first commercial nation in the world; we spare neither pains nor expense in the transmission of our correspondence; and yet are content, with unaccountable apathy, to endure such hindrances, which a very little trouble might easily remedy. If the powers were but once definitely conferred, a certain number of officers, and pots of white paint, would effect the whole required revolution.

We cannot refrain from mentioning some more of the "Suggestions to the Public." Complaints are constantly being made of letters and parcels which are alleged to have been either mis-sent or delayed, without the requisite information being furnished with regard to all the facts of the case. In many instances no account is rendered as to the person by whom, or the time when, or even the office at which, the missing article was posted: the waste of the time of the Post-Office servants is thus added to the impossibility of redress. In an army of twenty-one thousand servants there will, almost of course, be dishonest and negligent individuals; but a thorough investigation very frequently shows that the blame attributed to them rests really in other quarters. Of this the following examples are given:—

"The publisher of one of the London papers complained of the repeated loss in the Post-Office of copies of his journal addressed to persons

abroad. An investigation showed that the abstraction was made by the publisher's clerk; his object apparently being to appropriate the stamps required to defray the foreign postage. In another case, a general complaint having arisen as to the loss of newspapers sent to the Chief Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the investigation led to the discovery of a regular mart, held near the Office, and supplied with newspapers by the private messengers employed to convey them to the post. Again, very recently, a man was detected in robbing a newsvender's cart, by volunteering, on its arrival at the entrance of this Office, to assist the driver in posting the newspapers. Instead of doing so, he walked through the hall with those intrusted to him; and, upon his being stopped, three quires of a weekly paper were found in his possession."—P. 44.

The public are also requested to remember that a considerable time is almost always necessary before alterations can be carried into effect. The different lines of communication are so exceedingly numerous, and so very dependent upon one another in their working, that any ill-considered change would be liable to cause a dislocation of the machinery, and the whole must be kept in order by a careful and gentle hand. Even when inquiries have been made in every quarter, and suitable arrangements for the various intersecting lines have been planned, there may be existing contracts to be terminated, and new ones to be entered upon, possibly fresh modes of conveyance to be supplied. All these duties necessarily require high ability, diligence, and precision, on the part of those to whom they are intrusted; and the combination of an immense number of them must fall under the management of any person who is not possessed of very considerable administrative ability.

WEAVING BY ELECTRICITY.—An invention that promises to create a revolution in the manufacture of silks, linens, cottons—in fact of all woven articles—has just been perfected here, and a specimen is now on its way to the Paris exhibition. This is the electric loom, invented by Cavaliere Bonelli, inspector of telegraphs in the Sardinian States. Some time since I noticed to you his application of electricity to the jacquard loom, whereby he was enabled to dispense with cards, and much of the manipulation neces-

sary for the old system of weaving; but in the more perfected specimen now about to be exhibited, the inventor has added steam power to supersede manual labor, so that one intelligent workman may attend to many machines at the same time, and the operation of making all kinds of patterns will be as easy, cheap, and expeditious, as printing and knitting in different patterns is also performed with similar instruments.—*Turin correspondent of the Times.*

From Chambers' Journal.

MEYERBEER AND HIS MUSIC.

THE life of Giacomo Meyerbeer, now the most illustrious of living composers for the operatic stage, is one which should convey a hopeful and valuable lesson to those who labor in the cause of art. By no *coup de main* has he won the command of all the great Opera-houses of Europe; by no lucky chance or clever audacity has he risen to the highest eminence known to his especial vocation; but by a career of extraordinary application, by patient elaboration, and an incessant exacting particularity almost without a parallel in the history of *maestri*. For forty years has he been climbing the mountain-steep; and now, in the fulness of days, he stands upon the Olympian height—his purpose achieved, his "own idea" so wrought out and impressed upon the world, that the Meyerbeerian Opera is now a distinct and colossal feature in musical art, completely *sui generis*, and apart from comparison or imitation. To all aspiring artists, the spectacle of a composer rising step by step, in spite of competition and obstruction, and after repeated failures, to the very highest pinnacle of fame and popularity, cannot but be encouraging and stimulating. Especially to English composers would we point out M. Meyerbeer as an example on account of his loyalty to his own original ideas. The great cause of our weakness in English Opera, lies in the fact that our composers, from Arno down to Bishop, and from Bishop to Balfe, have based their conceptions upon Italian and German models, so that it cannot be said that there is a school of English Opera in existence. But Meyerbeer would always be Meyerbeer, whether writing for the German, Italian, or French stage; and notwithstanding that he commenced his career at a time when the world was ravished with the fascinating strains of Rossini, he kept faith in his own theory, clung to it, worked for it, waited for it, until at length he has secured for it an audience which embraces every city in the world where there is an Opera-house.

It must not be forgotten, however, that much of the excitement at present existing with regard to Meyerbeer is the result of

fashion. That excitement will be modified in course of time, when the composer will be more correctly appreciated. However little his music may enter into that general vogue which has been gained by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Weber, his grand operas will live as great master-pieces, as perfected and elaborate chefs-d'œuvre.

As we are not aware that any memoir of Meyerbeer has been published, the following few particulars, gleaned from various sources, may not be uninteresting at the present time:—

Giacomo Meyerbeer is the son of a rich and well-known Jewish banker of the same name, or, as it has been otherwise stated, James Beer; and was born in Berlin, in the year 1791—so that he must be now about sixty-four years old. At a very early age, he manifested a strong predilection for music, and while still very young, attracted much attention by his talents as a pianist. His love for the divine art appears to have been encouraged by those who superintended his progress in life. When only nineteen years of age, he was placed under the tuition of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, once the detested and ridiculed of Mozart, an old school-teacher of counterpoint, but still a musical *doctrinaire* with a theory of composition of his own. In this position, he became the fellow-pupil of one of the most glorious geniuses the world has ever produced—the unique expositor of German romantic Opera, Carl Maria von Weber. It appears that the two students—"acolytes of immortality," to use a phrase of Goethe's—became greatly attached to each other. Pursuing their studies with enthusiasm, they worked together, sharing the same room, and participating in congenial ambitions. Two years after Meyerbeer had become a pupil of Vogler, the abbé closed his school, and made a tour through Germany for a twelvemonth with his pupils, at that time four in number. Under his direction, Meyerbeer produced at Munich his opera of *Sephtha*, the libretto by Schreiber. The young composer was as yet, however, too faithful a disciple of the old contrapunt-

tist. His work did him credit as a student, but there was nothing in it to bewitch the ears of the public. The opera failed. His second attempt, *The Two Caliphs*, another exercise of ingenuity and scholarship, met, in the first place, with a similar fate. This was a comic opera, and was produced both at Stuttgart and Vienna, but with no success. Weber, whose friendship for his fellow-pupil was still nobly sustained, and who neglected no opportunity of assisting his career, exerted himself to rescue this work from perdition. Owing to his influence, it was afterwards performed at Prague, under the name of *Abmalek, or Host and Guest*, and under its new form and auspices actually met with considerable success.

The veteran Salieri—who, in his younger days, had, like Vogler, been the contemporary and competitor of Mozart—advised the young composer to visit Italy, for the express purpose of cultivating a taste for melody. This counsel he followed, and made a sojourn in the immemorial land of song.

In 1817, he produced at Padua an opera entitled *Romilda à Costanza*, of which, however, we know nothing more than the name. In 1819 *Semiramide Reconosciuta*, the libretto by Metastasio, was brought out at Turin—of which also we know nothing. For the great Opera-house of La Scala, at Milan, he wrote *Margherita d'Anjou*; and for the same theatre, *L'Exile di Granata*, which was produced in 1823. None of these works, however, whatever degree of success they might have won at first, have been able to keep the stage. But the next in chronological order was a great step in advance, and presents the first work which made a marked and wide-spread impression—namely, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, which was produced at Venice in 1825. This caused a complete *furor*, and seems to have almost turned the heads of the enthusiastic and impassioned Italians. It contains some charming music, and among other things, one delicious little chorus, "Nel silenzio!" the beautiful melody of which is popular to this day all the world over.

Besides these works, M. Meyerbeer composed two which have never been performed—namely, *La Porte de Brandebourg*, written for the Berlin stage, and *Almasor*, written for the Roman theatre, but never played, on account of the sudden illness of Madame Rossi the prima-donna.

Il Crociato is the last opera which M. Meyerbeer composed for the Italian Opera. He seems to have been satisfied with his success on that field, and to have resolved upon

trying his powers in the province of French grand Opera. He followed, in fact, a course of close competition with Rossini. Having, by the unequivocal success of *Il Crociato*, established himself as his rival on the Italian stage, he followed him to the Grand Opera (the Académie) of Paris. M. (now of world-wide celebrity as Dr.) Veron was then the director of the Académie. Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* had been produced, and all the world was humming those enchanting melodies of the green hills of Tyrol, and the bewitching *airs de ballet*, and talking about the immortal "Suivez-moi!" which, since Duprez lost the compass of his glorious voice, has never been given with such electric brilliancy as by the Tamberlik of our own day. At this time, when the star of the Italian composer shone with such meridian brightness, M. Meyerbeer resolved to contest the ground with him. Six years after *Il Crociato* was produced, he brought forward his *Robert le Diable*, a grand opera on the scale of the Académie, a work on which he had bestowed almost incredible care and pains. The success of this most romantic and exciting of operas was immense. Amidst the acclamations that greeted its most original snatches of melody, its impassioned scenes, and stirring and extraordinary choruses, Signor Rossini quitted Paris, declaring that he would never write another bar for the stage. Unfortunately he has kept his word. Passing most of his time at Bologna, leading an eccentric life, he has provoked the patience of the world by studiously keeping aloof from the field on which he had won a name and fame which will endure as long as there are minds and hearts to appreciate the sweetest melodies and the richest style of vocal part-writing which any theatrical composer, excepting Mozart, has yet attained. And the provocation has been all the more intolerable, since, from time to time, the "hermit of Bologna" has put forth fugitive works—now a *Stabat Mater*, and now a few choruses—which have proved to demonstration that he still possesses as strongly as ever those glorious gifts which so charmed the last generation as to give color and justification to the mot of Talleyrand: "At present, I and Rossini govern the world."

Robert made the fortune of the lucky Dr. Veron.

Following up this grand success, M. Meyerbeer still further clenched his hold upon the public by the production of *Les Huguenots*, still regarded as his greatest work, which took place at the Académie in 1836.

This, undoubtedly, is one of the most extraordinary productions with which the public has ever become acquainted through the operatic stage. For seven or eight years, M. Meyerbeer was busy over it. The result is a wonderful exhibition of artistic ingenuity and dramatic coloring. The excitement it occasioned even surpassed that produced by *Robert*. The work incontestably contains some of the grandest music in the whole operatic *répertoire*. Twelve years after this, the now illustrious maestro brought forth his third grand opera, *Le Prophète*, on the same boards, in 1849, after being in rehearsal more than a year—a characteristic speciality of the composer's exacting deliberation and inexorable conscientiousness. The immense success of this production must be still fresh in the memories of all readers who take any note of musical affairs.

Having, by these remarkable successes in works of the highest pretension, won a leading name in Italian Opera and French romantic Opera, M. Meyerbeer turned his conquering gaze towards the Opéra Comique—the domain, as it has been properly styled, of Boildieu, Auber, and Halévy. Here, again, he has been triumphant. In 1854, at that most brilliant of theatres on the Boulevard Italian, he brought forth his latest work, *L'Etoile du Nord*. It was performed one hundred times uninterruptedly, and alternately brought forward with no less fortunate results in the chief musical cities of Germany and France; and now during the present season in London, at the Covent Garden Opera, where the enthusiasm of an audience of dilettanti compelled the composer to cross the stage twice amidst applause ovations, which, perhaps, have never before been equalled so far north of Milan as this.

Here, for the present, is the culmination of a busy and indefatigable career of upwards of forty years.

With regard to M. Meyerbeer's music, its besetting peculiarity is its unintermittent dramatic character. His operas are great master-pieces as *wholes*. With the exception of the fine scena, "*Robert, toi qui j'aime*," the romance, "*Quand je quittais la Normandie*," the scena, "*Va, dit-elle*," and or two other pieces, none of his compositions find their way into the programmes of popular concerts. You will find a score of *morceaux* by Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, to every one of Meyerbeer's, notwithstanding that the latter has now for many years been at the head of existing operatic composers. The reason lies in his intense and perpetual

dramatic coloring. A *terzetto*, a *quartetto*, or a chorus from *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, or *L'Etoile*, detached and performed at a concert, would be about as uninteresting an affair as an extracted chapter of *Guy Mannering* to a reader who knew nothing of the story. Meyerbeer's music can only be heard in the theatre, in connection with the incidents and scenery of the drama. There is nothing of empiricism in his operas—he writes nothing for the music-shops. The situations and passions set forth in his libretto have his concentrated attention. To portray these with the utmost possible fidelity, seems to be his sole aim. He has certainly never courted popularity by means of catching-ballads and easy choruses, but has always worked like an artist having ideas and a theory of his own, and resolute to achieve their development.

Yet, he is not without the power of writing melodies, beautiful and engaging, simply as melodies; witness the chorus "*Nel silenzio*" in *Il Crociato*—the romance "*Quand je quittais*" in *Robert*—the first romance of "*Raoul*" and the *airs de ballet* in the *Huguenots*—the beautiful chorus "*Ecco già il se Profetti*," the aria "*Sol pianto il ciglio versur*," and the famous march, in the *Prophète*, not to mention many other examples. The melody in each of these *morceaux* is original, flowing, or piquant, and possessing that attribute of popularity which exhibits itself in music haunting our ears long after we have heard it. The closeness with which M. Meyerbeer adheres to his text, makes his compositions appear patchy when heard in a detached form; and the indifference with which he frequently interrupts the course of a beautiful melody, when the sentiment of a line of poetry excites him, has been remarked by every hearer of his works. There is no doubt that the effect of early training has something to do with this peculiarity. Those who have read the memoirs of Mozart, must remember how, in one of his letters to his father, he grumbles about the music of the Abbé Vogler, declaring that he "goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head;" and that though one should discover, now and then, "an idea that is *not bad*," yet no sooner is the discovery made, than the composer starts off into something else, and disappoints expectation. This was between twenty and thirty years before Weber and Meyerbeer became pupils of the abbé; but though each of them has proved the possession of genius, of which their teacher never made any manifestation, yet it is very possi-

ble that his theory of composition tended towards the development of that peculiar style of writing in which great effects are produced by abrupt changes of key. Weber was always so felicitous in this expedient for effect, as to render it highly popular; and to this day he has a host of imitators, especially among the German *lied* writers. M. Meyerbeer, however, is, after all, not a Weber; though it is very possible that his grand operas, from their individuality, largeness of structure, and completeness of elaboration, may live as long as the incomparable *Freischütz*.

To conclude—we do not believe the name of Meyerbeer will ever be a household word amongst us. He has written for the theatre alone, and in the theatre only shall we be able to hear and admire him. For our home amusement, our social practice and displays, we are still left to the songs, duets, trios, and quartettos of Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, and Weber—that is, if our taste inclines us to the music of the Italian and German masters rather than to that of our own, as the writer of these remarks confesses is the case with himself.

From Dickens' Household Words.

PETER THE GREAT IN ENGLAND.

THERE was to be seen till lately in the Palace at Hampton Court, a fine full-length portrait of a beardless young man (intentionally beardless), in armor, with a broad and vigorous expression of face, with large eyes that betray a fixed determination of purpose, and, I must add, a liking for strong drinks. I refer to the portrait of Peter the Great, which Sir Godfrey Kneller painted for King William the Third during the brief visit of three months which the Czar paid to England in the exceeding sharp and cold season of the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight. Kneller was never happier than in this picture. He knew his strength; and in the background—a sea-scape (as painters affect to call such things)—he obtained the assistance of the younger Valdervelde, a master in the treatment of maritime matters. This picture is now, I believe, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert took it away during the visit to England of the late Emperor Nicholas; but his royal highness, now that the case is altered, may perhaps think proper to return it to its old quarters.

Peter was in his twenty-sixth year when he first set foot in England. He had been learning ship-building at Amsterdam, and his visit to England was for no other avowed purpose than that of improving his mechanical skill by steady labor in our naval dock-

yards. He came among us with the approbation of King William the Third; houses were hired for him and his rough retinue, and paid for by the king.

His first London lodging was in Norfolk Street, in the Strand, then a newly-built street, and one of the best inhabited streets in London. Some red brick houses of Peter's time still exist. His second house—I might almost call it his country house—was at Saye's Court, in Deptford, on the banks of the Thames, contiguous to the Royal Dock-yard—then in the tenancy of Evelyn, author of the *Sylva* (now better known by his memoirs), but recently sub-let by him to no less a person than the bluff and brave Admiral Benbow.

The chief native attendant of the Czar bore a name that has lately become familiar enough in English ears: he was called Prince Menzikoff. His English attendant was Osborne, Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards the second Duke of Leeds. The marquis was a naval officer of talent and distinction; and this selection by the king was in every way appropriate.

His visit was one of entire privacy, and consequently without those courtly ceremonies attending his arrival which usually accompanied the visits of kings and emperors and their ambassadors. He came to this

country from the Hague with Vice-Admiral Mitchell, and arrived among us on Tuesday, the eleventh of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven—eight. His arrival was soon made public, but the privacy of his visit was still as far as possible maintained. On the day after his arrival he went incognito in a hackney-coach to Kensington, to see William the Third and his court at dinner—dining in public being then a custom still lingering about royalty. On the following day he called on the Marquis of Caermarthen in Leicester Square, then an invalid, having hurt his leg at the fire which, only a week before the Czar arrived among us, ceased to make Whitehall the palace of a sovereign. On the Friday following he received a visit from King William the Third. It was a private visit, made by the king in the coach of the Earl of Romney, the brother of Algernon Sidney, and the handsome Sidney of De Grammont's Memoirs. The Czar accompanied the king in Lord Romney's coach as far as Whitehall, where he stepped into his own carriage, and, attended by the Guards, went in his robes to the House of Peers. The penny-a-liner of the time, from whom we derive these particulars, adds: "His Czarish majesty was there, it is said, incognito." But this I see reason to doubt.

Peter the Great, while in England, was as shy and unwilling to be seen as Peter the Wild Boy. He was present at a ball given at Kensington by King William in honor of the birthday of the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen; or rather he may be said to have seen the ball, for his shyness confined him to a small room, from which he could see without being seen. When he saw King William on his throne in the House of Lords (a sight he had expressed a particular wish to see), it was not from the gallery nor from below the bar of the house, but from a gutter in the house-top, from which he was enabled to peep through a window into the house. He retired from this unpleasant point of view sooner, it is said, than he intended; for he made so ridiculous a figure (says Lord Dartmouth, who was present), that neither king nor peers could forbear laughing.

He was taken to all our London sights at that time of any moment. To the lions and armories in the Tower; to the monuments and wax figures in Westminster Abbey; to Lambeth Palace; to the masquerade on the last night of the Temple revels; and to the two theatres in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens. He was chiefly attracted by the Tower and the performances at Drury Lane. The

wild beasts and implements of war were adapted to his rougher nature, while the charms of a Miss Cross, the original Miss Hoyden, in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, and the first actress who had Miss prefixed to her name in play-bills, were so engaging that the rough Czar of Russia became enamored of her beauty. Of this Miss Cross the story is told in the *Spectator*, that when she first arrived in the Low Countries, she was not computed to be so handsome as Madame Van Brisket by nearly half a ton. There is a fine old mezzotinto which still preserves to us the beautiful features that won the youthful heart of Peter the Great.

He did not speak English, nor is he known to have been at all desirous of learning it. Few of his sayings have therefore been preserved. Three, however, have reached us. He told Admiral Mitchell that he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Czar of Russia. To King William he observed, "If I were the adviser of your majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and to convert St. James's once more into an hospital." When in Westminster Hall, he inquired who the busy gentlemen were in wigs and gowns; and being told they were lawyers—"Lawyers!" said he; "why, I have but two in my whole dominions, and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home."

The Marquis of Caermarthen was very attentive to the wishes of the Czar. On Tuesday last (records the penny-a-liner of the period) the Marquis of Caermarthen treated the Czar of Muscovy in a splendid manner. He took him to Chatham to a launch, and to Spithead to a naval review. They went to Spithead by the old Portsmouth road, and returned the same way, resting at Godalming for a day, where (at the King's Arms Inn, in the High Street) they had two meals: breakfast and dinner. The bills of fare on the occasion have been preserved by Wanley, the learned keeper of Lord Oxford's library. They were thirteen at table (an uncomfortable number), and twenty-one in all. At breakfast they had half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, nine quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner they had five ribs of beef (weight three stone), one sheep (weight fifty-six pounds three-quarters), a shoulder of lamb, and a loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret. Here is a bill reminding us, by its locality and rabbits, of Mary

Tofts, who has given an unhappy celebrity to the pleasant little post-town of Godalming in Surrey. I have often wondered if the story of the Czar's two meals was remembered by the Emperor Alexander when, in eighteen hundred and fourteen, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, he passed through Godalming to Portsmouth, to return to the capital of the Czar Peter.

There was a natural curiosity among the English people to see a sovereign from so remote a country as Muscovy; and Overton, the printseller (he is immortalized by Pope), took advantage of this desire, and borrowing a plate from Holland of the effigies of his Czarish majesty, immediately worked off sufficient impressions to satisfy the public. Other proofs of his popularity have been preserved. A song in praise of the Czar of Muscovy was performed on Thursday, the tenth of February, in the Music Room of York Buildings, the Hanover Square Rooms of the then London; and the History of the Ancient and Present State of Muscovy, by Abel Roper, was advertised to be published this term—the lawyer then, as indeed long after, materially regulating the London season.

I have discovered the name of the opera which the Czar went to hear. It was Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess*, or the History of Diocletian, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, made by Betterton, the great actor. It was a new opera. The music was by Purcell, the dances by Mr. Priest, and the scenes, machinery, and clothes were costly and effective. It was a perfectly successful piece, and there was enough in it to attract the Czar, to whom everything of the kind was an entire novelty.

A new entertainment was advertised for Thursday, the seventeenth of February, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven—eight. It was at Exeter Change, in the Strand, and was called (corruptly enough) *A Redoubt* after the Venetian manner, "where," continues the advertisement, "there will be some considerable Basset Banks and a variety of other entertainments." No person was to be admitted without a mask. Tickets were to be had at the well-known chocolate-houses, Ozinda's and White's, and the entertainment was to begin exactly at ten o'clock at night. Peter came from Deptford to London to see this Venetian importation; but he found it suppressed with six constables at the door to prohibit the performance. To relieve his disappointment—so a Mr. Bertie writes to

Dr. Charlett of Oxford—he fell to drinking hard at one Mr. Morley's; and the Marquis of Caermarthen, it being late, resolved to lodge him at his brother-in-law's. Here (and still with the Marquis) he dined the next day—drank a pint of sherry and a bottle of brandy for his morning draught; after that, about eight more bottles of sack, and so went to the playhouse.

There was a cordial at this time fit for the closet of any person of quality, and very popular, if we may believe the public advertisements, called *Nectar Ambrosia*, the highest cordial—we are assured by the proprietor—that ever was made in England. It was prepared from the richest spices, herbs, and flowers, and drawn from right Nantz brandy. On Wednesday, the ninth of February, the author of the new cordial called *Nectar Ambrosia*, so much in vogue of late, presented the Czar of Muscovy with a large bottle of it curiously wrought in flint, which his Czarish majesty very kindly accepted, and he, the prince, and the rest of his nobles very highly approved of it. The proprietor was Mr. John How, living in Ram's Head Yard, in Fenchurch Street; a man no doubt of many trades, for I find that he was the publisher—in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine—of Ned Ward's *London Spy*. Ned himself afterwards kept a public-house, and may have had a finger in the concoction of the *Nectar Ambrosia*, that so took the Czar. This celebrated compound was sold in bottles, price two shillings and one shilling each, and in glasses of two pence and one penny each. The newspapers inform us, that the Czar afterwards sent for a quantity—highly approving of it.

There was a great meeting while Peter was in England, and at which he was expected to have been present. This was the Newmarket meeting, then the centre of attraction for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and other kindred pursuits. Led horses for the Czar—the papers report—had been sent to the palace. The king was there, attended by five dukes, eleven earls; by barons, baronets, knights, and squires. There was much that was attractive. The famous Yorkshire horse, backed by Mr. Boucher, was to run against Mr. Frampton's Turk. The distance was four miles—the weight that each was to carry was ten stone, and the stake five hundred pounds. Among the earls was a great captain, the future Duke of Marlborough. Lord Godolphin also was present—whose name, through his famed "*Arabian*," is known to thousands who never heard of the

Godolphin ministry, nor Sid Hamlet's rod, made immortal by Dean Swift.

There was one person whom the Czar (while in England) expressed a wish to meet, and that was Edmund Halley, the great mathematician and astronomer, whose practical acquaintance with the variation of the compass and the courses of the tides he rightly thought were matters of great importance. Halley spoke German fluently, and Peter was pleased with the conversation of the illustrious Englishman.

Religious enthusiasts sought eagerly to see this ruler of barbaric millions. The Quakers were, of course, the most pressing. William Penn (he lived in Norfolk Street) had an interview with him. The brother-in-law of Robert Barclay (the apologist) managed to converse with him on Quaker tenets, and to obtain his acceptance of two copies of Barclay's book. A teasing question was put by the Czar to Barclay's brother-in-law. "Of what use can you be in any kingdom or government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?" The Czar was inclined to look upon them as Jesuits, but altered his opinion, and, with his attendants in the English costume of the time, attended a Quaker meeting in White Hart Court, in Gracechurch Street: in that court where, only a few years before, Fox, the founder of the sect, had died. His presence was recognized, and, to avoid the gaze which he could not endure, he left before the meeting was over.

When Peter was in England the see of Canterbury was filled by Tenison—the same Tenison who, as vicar of St. Martin's had preached a sermon of forgiveness at the funeral of Eleanor Gwyn. Peter paid a visit to the prelate at Lambeth, and, having expressed a wish to be informed as to our religion and constitution, the Archbishop, with the approbation of the king, selected the Bishop of Salisbury. No better man could have been chosen. The Bishop of Salisbury of that time was Gilbert Burnet, who had written the History of our Reformed Religion, the same divine who administered consolation to the death-bed of Rochester, and contributed religious comfort to Russell in the cell and on the scaffold.

Burnet had good interpreters, and had much free discourse with him. He found that he was subject to convulsive motions over his body, and that his head seemed to be affected by them; that he was not wanting in capacity, and had a larger measure of knowledge than his education had led him to expect. He found him a man of a very hot

temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion, raising his natural heat by frequent recourse to brandy, which he rectified himself. His turn was for mechanics; and nature—so thought the bishop—seemed to have designed him rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He was resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live with them. He was desirous to understand the doctrine of the Church of England, but did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy. The bishop adds—and this, perhaps, is the most important portion of what he has related about Peter—"He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire."

Here we have explained the policy which Russia has been pursuing secretly, but sometimes openly (now openly enough), since Peter learned to build ships at Deptford. Little, perhaps, did the Czar imagine that this policy was, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, to cost the country in which he was learning the arts of aggression, a fleet in the Baltic, a fleet in the Black Sea, and an expedition into the Sea of Azoff. Nay, that to repel his attack on the Turkish empire, France and England should join their forces for the first time; and that the existence of Turkey as an empire would be fought for, as it now is (a world-wide fact), before the greatest stronghold of Russia or of any nation, ancient or modern.

The Czar liked brandy and Ambrosia, and he liked a strong mixture called "pepper and brandy." The Marquis of Caermarthen often joined him in his orgies. But what told on the Czar Peter—perhaps from its frequency—is not known to have been injurious to the English marquis. Peter was at this time subject to convulsive motions of the body, that seemed, as I have already related, to affect his head. But the English were deep drinkers, especially our sailors, and the marquis was an English admiral—so, indeed, was Benbow, another of Peter's companions during his three months' visit to England. Peter should have known (we fear he did not) the most distinguished admiral then alive—Admiral Russell, who defeated the French off La Hogue, for which he was created Earl of Orford, and who is said to have mixed the largest bowls of punch ever made. One was dug in his garden at Chip-

peaham in Cambridgeshire, the other he made at Lisbon.

There is still to be seen in Little Tower Street, in the City of London, a public-house (recently refronted) bearing the sign of the Czar's Head. This was the favorite resort of Peter when in London. Hither he would come from Deptford after his labors in the dockyard, and his watching the changes which the artificers of the yard were making in a yacht called the Royal Transport, which King William had presented to him, with permission to make such alterations in her as he considered necessary. He came from Deptford to London in a small decked boat, which he assisted in working to Tower Stairs. After the orgies he delighted in, he was not, I fear, very well fitted to pilot the boat on their return down the river to Deptford; but the Thames was not then lashed and troubled by large and small steamers and boats of every description, which now crowd her waters from London Bridge to Blackwall. He may have concluded his nights at the Czar's Head.

King William was not inattentive to the Czar. He made him a second visit, at which an odd incident occurred. The Czar had a favorite monkey, which usually sat upon the back of the Czar's chair. As soon as the king was seated, the monkey jumped somewhat angrily upon him. The "great Nassau" was disconcerted, the whole ceremonial discomposed, and most of the time—Lord Dartmouth, who tells the story, assures us—was spent in apologies for the monkey's behavior.

The Czar is said to have enjoyed his visit to England, but it was high time for him to return. He had been apprehensive of his sister's intrigues, and a confirmation of his suspicions hurried him away. On Monday, the eighteenth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, he went to Kensington, to take leave of the king. "He thanked his majesty for the kind entertainment and honor he had received in his majesty's dominions, and for the fine ship he had presented him with." On the same occasion, Peter made a present to his majesty of "a fine ruby of very great value." On Wednesday, the twentieth of April, he dined at Wimbledon with the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Danby, so celebrated in the reign of Charles the Second, and the father of his friend the Marquis of Caermarthen. On his return to Deptford the same night, he found "very fine music to divert and serenade him." This was the last night he spent on shore. On Thursday, the twenty-

first of April, he set sail from Deptford, for Holland, under convoy of two men-of-war—the York and the Greenwich—and three yachts, commanded by Admiral Mitchell. He was detained for some days by contrary winds, but at last left England, which he was never to see again. He landed at the Hague, sending the Royal Transport yacht to Archangel, from whence (so it is said) he was to carry it by land to the river Tanais. Lord Caermarthen accompanied him as far as Chatham, to whom, however, he did not say farewell without conferring a favor—and one of moment. This was the right of importing tobacco into Russia. In the first year he was to consign three thousand hogsheads, in the second five thousand, and afterwards six thousand hogsheads yearly. What the marquis made by his monopoly no one has told us.

His physician he left behind him for two months, that he might see Oxford, Cambridge, and Bath, and took with him two boys from the mathematical school founded at Christ's Hospital by King Charles the Second, and what the newspapers of the time describes as "the famous geographical clock made by Mr. John Carte, watchmaker, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex Street in the Strand; which clock tells what o'clock it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising or setting throughout the year, its entrance into the signs of the Zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the horizon, with several other curious motions." This Peter bought, but the price is not named.

When Admiral Benbow returned to his house at Saye's Court, great was his consternation at finding the unnecessary damage that had been done to it by Peter and his retinue; still greater was the consternation which the author of *Sylva* expressed when he saw the state to which his far-famed garden had been reduced. Benbow complained to Evelyn, and both Benbow and Evelyn memorialized the lords of the Treasury for compensation for the injuries done. Their joint memorials were referred to the surveyor-general of works, Sir Christopher Wren, and to his majesty's principal gardener, Mr. London, the earliest English gardener of any reputation whose name has reached us. Both reported strongly in favor of the claims for compensation. Evelyn received, "in compensation for the damage done to his house, goods, and gardens, at Deptford, by his Czarish majesty and his retinue while they resided there," the sum

of one hundred and sixty-two pounds seven shillings; and Admiral Benbow received, "for like damage done to his goods," the sum of one hundred and thirty-three pounds two shillings and sixpence. The payments were made by the paymaster of his majesty's works, and are included in his account. The indoor habits of Peter and his retinue were, it appears from the estimate of damages, filthy in the extreme.

In the garden at Saye's Court was what Evelyn himself calls an impregnable holly hedge, four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet thick. This fine holly hedge was a source of delight to Peter and his retinue. They made it a point of attack, and were accustomed to amuse themselves by endeavoring to drive a wheelbarrow through it. Peter himself was sometimes in the barrow. Such is the received story, which I can now confirm by Benbow's claim for compensation: his estimate for damages including the sum of one pound for three wheelbarrows broke and lost.

Evelyn was prepared for some damage to his house. "There is a house full of people," his servant writes to him, "and right nasty." The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected here this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The king pays for all he has."

London, the gardener, divided his report (it is dated May ninth, sixteen hundred and

ninety-eight), under, "what can be repaired and what cannot." The marrow of his report (it is now published for the first time) is as follows:

1. All the grass-work is out of order and broke into holes by their leaping and showing tricks upon it.
2. The bowling-green is in the same condition.
3. All that ground which used to be cultivated for eatable plants is all overgrown with weeds, and is not manured nor cultivated, by reason the Czar would not suffer any men to work when the season offered.
4. The wall-fruit and standard fruit-trees are unpruned.
5. The hedges and wilderness are not cut as they ought to be.
6. The gravel walks are all broke into holes and out of order.

The several observations were made by George London, his Majesty's gardener, and he certifies that to put the garden and plantations in as good repair as they were in before his Czarish majesty resided there, will require the sum of fifty-five pounds.

GEORGE LONDON.

Great damages are done to the trees and plants, which cannot be repaired, as the breaking the branches of the wall-fruit trees, spoiling two or three of the finest true phillereas, breaking several hollies and other fine plants.

Any inroad of the Czar Nicholas and all the Russians upon Europe would leave Europe much as the Czar Peter and his retinue left the house and garden at Deptford of the learned and refined John Evelyn. I can hear the laugh of Peter, as with brute force, stimulated by drink, he drove the wheelbarrow, with Prince Menzikoff upon it, into the prickly holly hedge, five feet in thickness.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.—Died, on the 18th Sept., at his residence, in Durham, aged 50 years, James F. W. Johnston, Esq., F.R.S., and professor of chemistry in the University of Durham. The scientific productions of this gentleman have secured him an extensive reputation. On the continent and in America his works are as highly appreciated as at home. His attention was especially devoted to the cause of scien-

tific agriculture, and perhaps no individual in this country has done more to substitute a system of enlightened cultivation for one of mere routine farming. His talents, however, were too versatile to extend themselves in one department of exertion. Amongst his other productions we may mention his "Notes on North America," and his "Chemistry of Common Life." The latter work is fresh in the memory of the public.

From the Eclectic Review.

TWO YEARS IN AUSTRALIA. *

UNTIL very recently, the Australian colonies were almost entirely unknown amongst us. They were associated with the habits of a penal settlement rather than with commercial speculations or social life. The discovery of gold, however, has invested them with new interest. The scene has suddenly changed. Vast crowds have emigrated, in the hopes of sharing in the wealth discovered; and the tide of emigration has flowed on and increased its bulk so rapidly, that time has not been allowed for earlier disappointments to cool the ardor or to stay the progress of later adventurers. The markets of the Australias have, in consequence, been glutted; emigrants as well as merchandise have been poured into the colonies too rapidly; no adequate provision existed for the vast crowds which arrived weekly, nor was there a demand for a tithe of the goods with which commercial enterprise stocked the colonial markets. An unexampled state of things has consequently ensued, out of which a large amount of good may ultimately flow, but from which, in the meantime, bitter disappointment and much suffering must accrue.

A new state of things has hence resulted, to which nothing analogous exists within our experience. We look in vain to the past for anything similar to what the Australian colonies present, and it will be well if we are wise enough to improve the lessons now taught, and to gather from the many evils that have arisen, those rules which educe order from confusion, and the restraints and virtues of social life from the recklessness, intemperance, and debauchery which are so extensively prevalent. Several works on the Australian colonies have recently appeared, which have done much to disperse the mists enwrapping them, and we have begun in consequence to catch a glimmering of their actual state. It is lamentable to see how, as

in other cases, official reports from the Australias have sometimes served to mislead. It is no great marvel that it should be so. Our colonial appointments are, in most cases, regulated by any consideration rather than personal fitness. The "loaves and the fishes" are distributed as rewards for political partisanship rather than as remuneration for services to be rendered. The parties receiving them, ignorant of their work, and indisposed to its performance, are necessarily dependent on others, whose reports are naturally colored by selfish and sinister considerations.

Many of our readers will probably remember the marvellous reports sent home by Mr. La Trobe, the governor of Victoria. Thousands were induced by them to leave their native country, yet, when they were seen pouring into the colony in vast shoals, this same gentleman asked Mr. Howitt, "What are all these people coming for?" to which the latter naturally replied: "To gather the gold that you tell them lies everywhere and all over the country." "Surely," says our author, "never were there such Arabian Nights' stories as those of M. La Trobe's despatches. He rides up to Mount Alexander, and the first two men that he sees at work he pauses to watch. In two hours he sees these men dig out five pounds' weight of gold! He sees other two men wash out of two tin dishes of earth, I think, eight pounds' weight of gold! He pokes the moss away from the foot of a tree, and picks up a piece of gold! He sees gold everywhere; and winds all his wonders up by declaring in his despatch, that 'the whole country is of the same character.' After this, is it not rather cool to profess astonishment at the avidity of the millions at a distance to witness some of these miracles of affluence for themselves?"

Notwithstanding, however, all which has been done to communicate to our people a correct knowledge of the character and resources of the Australian colonies, much remains to be effected. We know only the outline; see only the more prominent points of the case. A few instances of marvellous suc-

* Land, Labor, and Gold; or, Two Years in Victoria: with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land. By William Howitt. Two Volumes. Post 8vo, 21s. London: Longman & Co.

cess were trumpeted abroad, but the ten thousand failures, the wretchedness, disease, and death, which awaited the great body of the emigrants, were unknown. Here and there we heard of a gold-digger who went out in poverty and returned with wealth; but the wasted frames, the broken hearts, and the demoralized passions, which the gold mania engendered, were not passed before us. We saw the few bright gleams, but the thick darkness was never revealed.

In the meantime, the more healthy and animating features of colonial life were unheeded. The beauties of its scenery, the varieties and habits of the natural world, its climate, the fertility of its soil, its economical prospects, its commercial and political future, were unheeded; stayers-at-home, like those who rushed to its distant shores, saw but one idol; were swayed by one passion only. The love of gold took possession of men's minds, and such was its intensity that, in many cases, every other passion was sacrificed.

Mr. Howitt's work is admirably adapted to correct this enormous evil. It supplies fuller and more reliable information on the gold-diggings of Australia than has previously been communicated, at the same time that it betokens the keenest sympathy with a thousand other topics suggested by Australian life, and a deep sense of the gigantic evils which obstruct the progress of the colony, and prevent for a time its full development. Mr. Howitt's two volumes are amongst the most interesting we have ever read. They evince a freshness and buoyancy and fulness of life; a keen relish of natural scenery; a hearty appreciation of difficulties, with a clear perception, in many cases, of the mode in which they may be mastered; a generous temperament, combined with prudent forecast; a sympathy with humanity, however degraded, with an *ideal* not lightly attained, but to be constantly striven after. But we must not detain our readers from the work itself, and we shall, therefore, proceed to lay before them some of its statements, from which they will be better able to judge of its value.

Our author arrived at Melbourne in September, 1852, and was soon in the midst of the confusion, extortions, and wretchedness which have broken down the spirits of many emigrants. The charges at Melbourne were perfectly monstrous, and we hope that they are by this time more moderate than when Mr. Howitt landed. The freight from London to Melbourne, he tells us, was three pounds per ton. From the ship to the wharf,

eight miles, it was thirty shillings. At the wharf heavy fees are charged, and for cartage to the town an enormous rate is levied; so that, Mr. Howitt, says, "the whole cost of transferring your effects from the vessel to your lodging is actually more than of bringing them the previous 13,000 miles, including the cost of conveying them from your house to the London docks." The charge for cartage to the diggings is on a similar scale, the lowest rate being about one pound per ton per mile. In the town, everything is on a similar scale. In the shops about three hundred per cent. on the prime cost is charged; and such are the crowds pouring into the country, that most exorbitant charges are made for lodgings. Four, and even six pounds a-week are paid for two small rooms, wretchedly furnished; whilst a couple of empty rooms, of the very meanest description, let, we are told, for two pounds a-week. The price of land in and about Melbourne is proportionately high. That which in the neighborhood of London would be thought dear at one or two thousand pounds per acre, was realizing from four to six thousand pounds. Mr. Howitt tells us:—

"Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts, as having recently been sold, with a garden, for £10,000 or £12,000, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above £2,000. Little houses, in the town which in London, in good streets, would let for £40 a year, here let for £400. My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than £70 a-year each, or £150 together; he lets the two for £1,200. And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs £120 a year, for which the modest sum of £2,000 a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home."—Vol. i. p. 16.

As the price of land enters largely into the value of a thousand other things, and is itself affected by the monstrous system which obtains, we shall venture on another brief extract illustrative of the evil:—

"The land allotment mania bids fair to surpass what it was previous to the disastrous 1842. A piece of land bought a few months ago for £120 was resold for £1,120. Every day the same thing occurs. A short time since a house and garden were bought for £4,000, and would have been dear at that price in London, and to-day they were resold for £12,000. Thus, whatever be the value of gold elsewhere, it is here only of one-third the value it was a few months ago. That which now requires twelve thousand sovereigns, then was purchasable for three thousand. The prices of all things are in proportion. Flour is now £36 per ton, and is expected shortly to

be £40. Bread, the 4lb. loaf, is now 2s; hay is £40 per ton, actually more than sugar! Oats, 15s. per bushel; we have ten bushels in our cart, which cost us £4 in London. All tools and the like, which we brought out with us, are £100 per cent. higher, whilst long mining boots, for which we paid £1 15s., are here worth £9 per pair. A could sell his Minié rifle for £30. Butter is 8s. per lb.; cabbages 1s. each; cauliflowers, 2s 6d.; onions, 8d. per lb. B could sell his house and garden—a good house, it is true, with stables and greenhouses—for £12,000. The government rents a flour steam-mill in the town for barracks, which cost £6,000 building, for £4,500 a year.”—Ib. p. 24.

Mr. Howitt speedily found that the purchases he had made in England were utterly unsuited to their proposed ends. His cart was sold as unfitted for the country which he had to travel, and the harness was thrown aside as so much rubbish.

“Besides this, the tools of hardware,—shovels, picks, dippers, working cradles, &c., which had been puffed off to us in London as being on the true California principle, we should have been infinitely better without. The cradles, like the harness, were the laughing stock of the diggers; and many of our fellow-travellers broke theirs up and burnt them. Indeed, whoever proposes to make a journey to the Australian diggings, if he be wise, will load himself with nothing in England except it be a good light, waterproof tent, and a patent Ransom’s cart, with narrow wheels. All that he wants he can procure of the true construction, much better, and in the end more reasonable, *on the diggings*, sparing himself the most serious labor of trailing them up the country. The wisest man is he that has the lightest load.”—Ib. p. 61.

In Melbourne one of the greatest nuisances encountered is the dust. Whenever the north wind prevails, the dust-storm is unbearable. The air is then darkened by it; “sometimes in summer it is so thick that you cannot see your hand before you. . . . In the streets you cannot walk without a veil over your face, or your eyes and mouth are speedily filled.”

The increase of population in Melbourne and the colony generally is unprecedented in the history of our dependencies. In 1851, the population of Victoria was 95,000, whilst in 1852 it amounted to 200,000. The increase of Melbourne was still more marvellous. In 1851 (only eighteen years after its commencement), it contained 23,000 inhabitants, whilst in 1852 they numbered 80,000, being an increase in one year of 57,000.

The value of the imports in 1851 was

£1,056,000, whilst the exports were £1,124,000, and in 1852 the imports were £4,044,000, and the exports £7,462,000.

The discovery of gold in Australia is very recent. The rearing of sheep, with a view of supplying the English wool market, was the previous occupation of the colonists. A large capital was invested in this traffic, and it was found to be highly remunerative. The ruin of this branch of commerce was predicted when the existence of gold was first ascertained. The squatters were loud in their forebodings, but the result has been the reverse of what they anticipated. On this topic our author says:—

“The flocks are better shepherded than ever; for when there were plenty of shepherds, they used to pen their flocks regularly: now, as they have but one shepherd to one flock, he camps his flock, that is, he assembles it near his hut at night, and there it lies quietly till morning. It is found that this suits the flocks amazingly. They are not crowded together as in a fold of hurdles. They get some food often in the night, and they are stronger and better. The cry has raised the wool-market at home, and the squatters have kept it up as long as they could, by pretending that the flocks are diminished by want of proper shepherding, and that the amount of wool will be naturally diminished. It is all fudge. The flocks are just as numerous, as healthy, and as productive of wool as ever, as the exports of the wool will prove. Sheep have risen, in consequence of the demand at the diggings, from 7s. to 15s. and £1 per head. Cattle have risen in like proportion; and horses, which used to be worth some 30s. a-head in the bush, are now driven down to Melbourne, and sold for from £40 to £100 each. In fact, the squatting stations are now, on an average, quadrupled in value. It is true that most of the squatters were alarmed at first by the gold discovery; and some actually in their panic sold their stations at any price they could procure. But a very little time sufficed to show that this idea was erroneous. This very station on which we now are was offered, with all its sheep, for £20,000 to a neighbor. He took a week to consider of it, and not closing, the holder of it demanded £30,000, and directly after, £40,000. That is the effect of the gold on the squatters.”—Ib. p. 141.

Much has been said respecting the climate of the Australias. It has generally been described in highly favorable terms; indeed, the language sometimes employed has been far too poetical to carry conviction to thoughtful and reflective minds. There is undoubtedly an absence of some of the diseases prevalent at home, but on the other hand there are ailments from which we are happily exempt. In August our author

speaks of a scorching sun following immediately on the rains of winter.

"We are keeping a daily observation of the thermometer,—having a small portable one of the Messrs. Bennett's, chronometer-makers, of Cheapside, which we carry along with us, and so have always at hand. Now it hangs outside the tent, and will show results different to any yet published. On the morning of July 31st it stood at 31°, that is one degree below the freezing point. It had been much lower in the night, for there was strong frost. At 7 o'clock, half an hour after sunrise, it had risen in the sun to 40°; at 9 o'clock to 75°, or within one degree of summer heat; and at 10 o'clock to 78°, two degrees above summer heat. At noon it was at 81°; and this, too, in winter: while the tables kept by government, and published by writers who paint the climate and country not as they are, but as they wish people to believe them, never allow the mercury to descend lower than 45°; so that there could never possibly be any frost; and, in fact, my brother, Richard Howitt, whose work on the colony I have found the most faithful yet published, was severely attacked in the colonial newspapers, for saying that he had seen ice. On the other hand, they tell you that the thermometer rarely, and only in hot winds, ascends above 95° in summer! These statements are really disgraceful; for the mercury, you see, will rise in a winter's morning, in a few hours, to nearly that height, paying no regard whatever to government or to these writers. The cold from the Antarctic, and the sun in these latitudes, cause, in their contest, these violent changes."—*lb.* p. 380.

Cramp and paralysis are said to be very prevalent, and the dogs especially are affected by the latter. "You cannot be a day in Melbourne without noticing the enormous quantity of dogs lying about the streets, and a great number of these are so paralytic that they can scarcely move, particularly in their hinder parts." Our author himself experienced the annoyance. "The moment," he says, "I take the pen up, the fingers cramp together; and it is only by a constant and determined struggle, sometimes for hours, that I can conquer it." On the whole, Mr. Howitt pronounces the climate fine and genial. "Van Diemen's Land," he tells us, "is the coolest; New South Wales and South Australia are generally warmer than Victoria; but Victoria during the summer months gives you rather the climate of Spain than the promised one of Devonshire."

But our readers must be introduced to some of the gold diggings. Let them accompany Mr. Howitt to Spring Creek, which he visited in December, 1852. We can only give very brief extracts from his description, but our judgment fails us, if the picture

which he draws serves to strengthen the desire of any of our readers to be co-workers with the men whose occupation it describes. Spring Creek runs into Reid's Creek, which is situated three or four miles below it. About 20,000 people were believed to be at these diggings, and 13,000 ounces of gold were sent down to Melbourne by the last escort. Speaking of these diggings, Mr. Howitt says:—

"No language can describe the scene of chaos where they principally are. The creek, that is, a considerable brook, is diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course is dug up; then each side of the creek is dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they can possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that is thrown out. These holes are some round, some square, and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they have been dug out. They are, in fact, pits, and wells, and shapeless, yawning gulfs, not three or four feet deep, as in the tempting accounts from Mount Alexander, but from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these earth has to be drawn up in buckets; and some wind them up with windlasses, rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others haul it up with blocks and pulleys; others, and the greater number, merely with their hands. The diggers themselves generally ascend and descend by a rope fastened to a post above, and by holes for their feet in the side of the pit.

"Many of these holes are filled, or nearly so, with water, filtering from the creek. It is black as ink, and has a stench as of a tan-yard, partly from the bark with which they line the sides of their holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers are working away, thick as ants in an ant-hill. You may imagine the labor of all this, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water.

"The course of the creek is lined with other diggers washing out their gold. There are whole rows, almost miles, of puddling-tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold is thrown into the puddling-tubs—half-hogsheads—and stirred about with water, to dissolve the hard lumps, when it is put through the cradle, and the gold deposited in the slide of the cradle, then washed out in tin dishes. It is a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had washed out in the course of the day 1 lb. weight of gold, others, 5 or 6 oz.: and so most of them had some golden result."—*lb.* p. 171.

In another part of his description he speaks of men working under a broiling sun up to their middle in water, and adds,—"If any one at home asks you whether he shall go to the Australian diggings, advise him first to go and dig a coal-pit; then work a month at a stone-quarry; next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least

fifty feet deep ; and finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a bog twenty feet deep ; and if, after that, he still has a fancy for the gold-fields, let him come ; understanding, however, that all the time he lives on heavy unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as india-rubber."

This is about enough to temper the eagerness with which thousands of our countrymen have rushed to the *New El Dorado*. But the government established at these diggings increases the evil vastly. Mr. Howitt gives several instances of official tyranny and corruption, for which we should gladly find room did our space permit. We must, however, content ourselves with referring to his volumes, merely saying, that if only one-half of what he alleges be true, we need not be surprised at the resistance with which the colonial authorities have recently met. Anything more short-sighted or absurdly mischievous than the system established cannot well be imagined. The viciousness of it is so monstrous that a remedy must be speedily devised. The whole amount of taxation raised from the squatters does not exceed £20,000, whilst the diggers pay upwards of half-a-million. Yet nothing has been done by the government to facilitate the transit of the diggers, to economise their resources, or to contribute to their comfort. "There are no bridges, no roads, no anything ; the colonial government of Victoria appears to have no idea but the single one of—taxation, and no feeling but of grasping all they can get. Any one found on the diggings without a license in his pocket, though he may have one in his tent, is summarily fined from three to five pounds, and if he complains is handcuffed without ceremony.

"If," says Mr. Howitt, "there wants reform generally in the colony, there want enormous reforms in the gold-fields. The whole of the government in them is a pseudo-military system, and most repulsive to an English eye. The commissioners sport a semi-military uniform. They have each a regular trooper riding after them on all occasions. The mounted police are in reality regular armed troopers. The magistrates are the judges, and decide everything without a jury, in the style of a court-martial. Numbers of horse-police and foot-police are constantly scouring the gold-fields and the roads, man-hunting, and are constantly marching poor wretches up to the camp for lack of licenses. That is their great business. While they keep one eye shut to grog-shops, for which they are notoriously paid, they have the other always open to catch any poor devil without a license. You may undermine the

roads in quest of gold, sell grog, or break the laws in any sort of way, but you must furnish revenue ; and you hear every day of atrocities perpetrated in enforcement of it, which, were they done in Hungary or Russia, would rouse the indignation of all Europe. The diggings would be a strange sight at home, if they could be, by some Arabian Nights' magic, suddenly set down before you ; and not the diggings only, but other parts of this colony."—Vol. ii. p. 20.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must give another extract from Mr. Howitt's volumes, which, though somewhat longer than our space permits, is so illustrative of a digger's life, that it must not be omitted. The desperate competition which exists on the various gold-fields, inclines the more adventurous to look out for new scenes where larger gains may be made. Many are consequently employed in surveying the country, with a view to the discovery of gold deposits. These movements are conducted with the utmost possible secrecy, in order to prevent pursuit. From the Ovens Diggings Mr. Howitt determined to steal away, in the hope of lighting on some unexplored field. His scouts were sent forward, but had not proceeded far before they fell in with a man belonging to a substantial miller named Mutch, who was tracking a bullock-dray belonging to one Braidy of Albury, a well-known and experienced gold seeker. Joining this man, they continued their vocation.

"At length they came up with a loaded cart, also on the track of the bullock-dray. Very soon after they overtook two Yankees on foot with their swags on their backs, and also on the same chase. Two bearded fellows they were, who had more the look of Poles or Hungarians, but whose intonation left no doubt of their nationality. They declared they would dog the dray to the world's end if necessary, saying that they had heard that the proprietors of this party had brought twenty pounds' weight of gold with them. The country was covered with hop-scrub up to their very heads, so that these Yankees could follow very near to the pioneer dray, unseen.

"As there appeared no likelihood of the dray moving on with those spies after it, our scouts rode on to some distance to explore the country, and on returning found the original dray, the cart, another bullock-dray which had come up also, and the two Yankees, all camping for the night near each other. The original dray people declared that they had provisions for three months, and would not move a step further while the others remained. There they lay watching each other, and endeavoring to tire each other out ; the followers declaring their determination to follow, and the leading party protesting that it would not lead, and that even were

it to go on, the rest would find the road over rocks, precipices, and streams, such as they had little idea of. The others responded that, where they could live, they could too; where they could pass, they could. Thus our party left them, like chess-players watching for the next move, and returned home.

"Yesterday we went to the tent of Mutch the miller, and learnt that the parties we have described had continued to lie in the bush for two days, obstinately watching each other. On the third morning, before daylight, the original bullock-dray party had put in practice a clever dodge. While it was dark they had sent off two pack-horses and the most able of their party towards their destination. They knew that the ground being dry and hard, it would be more difficult to track the horses than the loaded dray. The dray remaining just where it was, and all having been conducted with wonderful quietness, the departure of a portion of the party was not discovered for some hours; and then, indeed, there was a running, and a hunting, and an excitement!

"The remainder of the other party had secretly sent in the night to the diggings for other horses, which they had ridden to and fro in the scrub, so as to confound the traces of those which had gone forward. And now, as the other parties eagerly began to pore over the ground on all sides, to make out the foot-prints of the pack-horses, it was found that they had set off in quite a different direction to that which the dray had been pursuing, and had made such a zig-zag route till they got upon the hard stony ranges, that all were thrown out by it. Meantime, the people of the dray themselves quietly collected their bullocks and drove back to the diggings, followed by all their pursuers except the two Yankees. They coolly declared that they would never quit the search after the pack-horses till they found them; and like two Indians of their own forests, they continued to pore after their traces, sometimes on their hands and knees; sometimes making long cross tracks through the bush, eyeing the grass and the shrubs to discover where they had been broken by any passing animal, and thus they disappeared at length in the woods; and they succeeded! After numerous hardships they came upon the original dray party on the Lower Yacandanda, and on the spot which on this discovery speedily grew into the present Yacandanda Diggings."—Vol. i. pp. 188-190.

Mr. Howitt possesses very strong views on the subject of the land system prevalent in Victoria, and these views he does not hesitate to express. It does not seem possible to disprove the general soundness of his conclusions, and we are glad that one so earnest in his advocacy, and so competent to do it justice, has addressed himself to the English people. It is difficult to engage the attention of our countrymen on matters so remote. They have pressing claims at home, and have

little energy to spare for interests in which their personal concern is slight. This is the great evil to which our whole colonial system is exposed. Men will not submit themselves to the labor which is needful to understand the case, and evils consequently flourish in our dependencies which would not be permitted to continue a single hour at home. The land system at Victoria is one of these. Let it be well understood by our countrymen, and its doom will speedily be sealed. The men who flourish on it know this, and are therefore concerned, as far as in them lies, to prevent its genuine character from being understood. We say, therefore, to all our readers, ponder well the disclosures and the reasonings of Mr. Howitt. Put them not hastily aside. Look them fairly in the face, and if they are entitled to your confidence, as we believe them to be, then bestir yourselves to aid the thousands of your countrymen who are emigrating to Victoria to break the trammels of one of the most vicious, oppressive, and ruinous systems ever devised.

"Never," says Mr. Howitt, "while the United States lie only 3,000 miles from England, and sell land choosable anywhere at five shillings an acre, and Victoria lies 13,000 miles from England, and won't sell any land for agricultural purposes at any price, will you get a fine, full, flowing emigration out here such as America has, and these colonies could have on the same fair and common sense system." But our readers will want to know what the land system of Victoria is. Very vague conceptions are entertained on this subject. Our countrymen in reality know little about it, and no trifling service is rendered by Mr. Howitt in laying the facts of the case plainly before the public eye. Up to the commencement of the present century, from 500 to 1,000 acres of land were granted by the home government to any person whom it wished to reward. This system was abolished in 1818, when the governors were empowered to grant lands to settlers and also to convicts, as a reward for good behavior. The extent to which the patronage of Government was exercised is scarcely credible. Mr. Potter Macqueen, M.P., had 10,000 acres, with a reserve of 10,000 more; Mr. Hart Davies, M.P., and his son, had 15,000 acres each; and Sir Thomas Brisbane, the Marquis of Sligo, and Mr. J. Browne, had 10,000 acres each, with a reserve of 10,000 more. These grants had no condition of residence attached to them. They were, as our author remarks, "political sops," and their influence on the colony has been highly de-

trimental. In 1843, a committee of the Legislative Council of N.S. Wales stated that about 5,000,000 of acres had been alienated from the crown.

In 1836, a new land system, known as the Wakefield system, commenced. Much opposition was offered to it; but in 1840, Lord John Russell fixed "the upset price in N. S. Wales at 12s. an acre, and at Port Phillip at 20s." This increase in the price of land was followed by most disastrous consequences. The land revenue fell from £300,000 to £8,000, and emigration ceased. The same vicious principle was applied to town allotments, which only served to increase the speculative mania previously existing, and to confer sudden wealth on land gamblers.

Another great error was committed in 1847, when Lord Grey inaugurated the squatting system on its present footing. "Perhaps," says Mr. Howitt, "no ministers of England ever contrived to inflict such a blow on the progress of our colonial greatness as Lord John Russell and Earl Grey, except those who lost America for us."

We would gladly gainsay this statement, but we cannot. Truth compels us to admit it, and our marvel is how blunders so gross could have been committed by men long practised in the conduct of our national affairs. The system thus introduced was carried out by an order in council, which divided the lands of New South Wales, including Port Phillip, into three classes—the settled, the intermediate, and the unsettled districts. It is important that our readers should clearly understand the nature of the tenure thus introduced, and see some of the evils which flow from it. This will be done by the following brief extract:—

"Under this Act, the governor is empowered to grant leases on runs of land in the unsettled districts for any term not exceeding fourteen years, for pastoral purposes, with permission to the lessees to cultivate as much as may be necessary to provide grain, hay, vegetables, and fruit, for the use of the family or establishment, but not for trade or barter. The rent to be proportioned to the number of sheep or cattle which the run may be able to support: each run to be capable of carrying at least 4000 sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle; such run to pay a licence of £10 per annum; if larger, more. A commissioner of crown lands to estimate the capabilities of the run. During the lease, no person but the lessee to purchase any portion of the run, but he himself to be allowed to buy the whole, or any part of it, not less than 160 acres, at not less than £1 per acre.

"In the intermediate districts the leases are

not for more than eight years, but at the end of each successive year of lease these runs may be offered for public sale, subject to sixty days' notice to lessee.

"In the settled districts the leases are only for one year, without interference as to time of disposal of said lands by sale or lease.

"Such is the system which has prevailed from 1847 to the present time. The number of squatting stations in New South Wales were in 1849 about 1,520, held by 1,019 persons. In Port Phillip they were 827, held by 666 persons; and the extent of land held by these individuals in these two colonies would astonish people at home. The average of square miles held by each squatter is 69; but many individuals hold immensely more. Two squatters hold more than 800,000 acres each; two, 600,000 each; one, 400,000; four, 350,000 each; three, 300,000; fourteen, 250,000 each; fourteen, 200,000 each; thirty, 150,000 each; seventy-three, 100,000 each; and 298 squatters hold more than 50,000 acres each. In New South Wales the government has granted the leases, restricting the pre-emptive right to one square mile, or 640 acres, on which conditions the squatters were glad to get them."—*ib.* 122, 123.

It is not to be wondered at, that the class favored by this Act should speedily regard themselves as possessed of a permanent interest in the land. It has been so in all analogous cases, and their irritation, therefore, is extreme at the efforts which are now made to open the colony to fair competition. The number of the squatters is very small compared with that of the public generally. Their position and wealth favor their pretensions, and may enable them for a time to prolong the struggle; but as the land question is now referred to the colonial legislature, its issue is not doubtful. However protracted and acrimonious the discussion may be, the interests of the few must give way to those of the many, more especially when the latter are enforced by common equity, and are pre-eminently conducive to individual virtue and social improvement.

Mr. Howitt has been fiercely assailed by the advocates of the present system for his exposure of its enormity. We are not surprised at this. Our author must clearly have made up his mind to it. Their interests are too seriously affected to allow of their remaining silent, and their words were sure to be bitter and unsparing. Several communications on the subject have appeared in the "Times" newspaper, but Mr. Howitt's replies have established beyond reasonable question the soundness of his views, and strengthen our confidence in his testimony. Whatever the quantity of land

recently sold, it evidently falls far below the demand, and the price is consequently raised "to an unnatural and exorbitant height." On one point there can be no dispute; a radical change is needed in order to a full development of the resources of the colony. The first and crying evil is the land monopoly; and in the words of the "Times," of the 23rd of August, we say—"Till this injustice is removed—till every part of the territory be thrown open to the intended settler, and only so much as cannot be sold for agriculture is left for the purposes of pasture—Victoria is no place for the industrious poor who seek for independence and a home on their own land. The remedy is in the hands of the colonial legislature, whose acts we do not presume to anticipate or pre-judge. The destiny of the colony is in their hands, and will be decided for good or for evil, as they break down or maintain the existing monopoly of its lands."

Our readers will not be surprised to find that drunkenness prevails to a fearful extent amongst the diggers. The fact would not surprise us even under the best and wisest regulations; but in the actual state of things it is readily accounted for. The whole system of government seems to be constructed with a view to its promotion. Instead of offering inducements to the successful adventurer to invest his newly acquired wealth in some permanent security, the authorities seem concerned to prevent his acquiring any interest in the colony. There are few things to which men are more inclined than the purchase of land, but this is practically forbidden to the emigrant by the absurd and mischievous laws which exist. He has, in fact, no profitable vent for his newly acquired gold, and is, therefore, commonly driven to intemperance as his only means of employing it, or of diversifying occupations. The result, therefore, is what might have been anticipated. "Drunkenness," says Mr. Howitt, when speaking of the Bendigo diggings, "is carried on in the most open, palpable, public manner possible. You could not avoid running your heads against crowds of drunken diggers, your noses against the fumes of vile rum, and your ears against the din and uproar of dozens of the dens of debauch, if you would. All pretence of putting it down, and of detecting sly grog-shops, is a SHAM, and the most impudent of SHAMS. You may imagine, therefore, what a hell-upon earth this is."

A large proportion of the sudden deaths are from drunkenness, and the "Argus," the leading Melbourne paper, affirms the popu-

lation of the colony to be "the most drunken on the face of the earth." A few years back, the officers of the N. S. Wales corps monopolized the sale of rum and other ardent spirits. This evil has been corrected, but the remedy was not applied until the evil had attained a fearful magnitude, and produced some of the worst effects to which a community can be subjected. The Bengal rum usually sold yields an immense profit to the vendor, and is rendered, by adulteration, one of the vilest and most noxious beverages which can be taken. "This infamous system was, at length, carried to such a pitch, that rum and other spirits became the medium of exchange instead of money; work people received rum instead of wages; the country people received rum in exchange for their cattle and their corn. The consequence, as might have been expected, was a fearful increase of drunkenness, crime, and individual ruin. But this did not at all trouble the military monopolists; their corporals were their grog-vendors, and it was thus publicly sold in the very barracks."

The progress of the evil may be traced in the government returns. In 1851, the duty on spirits imported into Victoria amounted to about £30,000; in 1852, to £80,000; in 1853, to £237,769; in 1854, £596,017; and in 1855 the government estimates calculate on its producing £900,000. This, be it remembered, is for a population of 250,000 persons, and represents not the cost but merely the duty on spirits. What a terrible scene this fact discloses! We are not surprised when informed by our author that crime increases in the ratio of from 4,000 to 10,000 per annum.

"To check this moral plague there has of late been a vigorous agitation for the introduction of the Maine Liquor Law—that is, for the total prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors in these colonies, as a last and only remedy. But this is not likely to be carried. The whole of the working population are against it. The government, deeply in debt, and defeated in its expectation of a good sum out of the squatters, is now letting loose fresh legions of publicans all over the colony. This government, which hitherto prohibited altogether the sale of spirits at the diggings; which burnt down so many tents, confiscated so much property of the grog-sellers, fined and punished them so severely; this same government is now licensing, both in town and country, and in the diggings as many pot-houses as people please to ask for. Money must be made by government—for, with about £3,000,000 a-year, it is this year £1,000,000 deficient—and this is the easiest means. They know that the people will drink brandy like so many grog-fish, if they will

only let it be freely supplied. And already in the diggings you see the result. The grog-shops are crowded, especially on a Saturday afternoon. At Bendigo, the theatre and other places of entertainment are provided with taps, and those frequenting them *have to pass through the tap to the body of the house!*"—lb. p. 20.

There is one other topic to which we must advert before closing. Mr. Howitt expresses his conviction, notwithstanding all the blunders and injustice which its rulers have perpetrated, that Australia "is destined to become one of the greatest and most flourishing countries in the world." In this conviction, we cordially join. Her progress may be retarded, but nothing can prevent her ultimately attaining a commercial and social position of commanding eminence. Exception, however, has been taken to this view, on the ground that the colony "is a vast Sahara, with an emerald fringe; the interior is apparently a plain of burning sand. A few miles—a hundred or so, more or less, ac-

ording to circumstances—of vegetation alone gladden the settler's eyes; so that there are few parts of that mighty continent where a railway train would not reach the desert in three hours from the seaside." Now Mr. Howitt's view may be correct or not; but that exception should be taken on such ground as this has greatly surprised us. We thought the time was past for any such notion being entertained, much more for its being formally stated in a journal of literary pretension. The notion of a great central desert we have long deemed an exploded error; indeed, so strong is our conviction on this point that we regard the holding of it as proof of marvellous ignorance on the subject in hand. The more extended and careful researches of recent years go to prove that the interior of Australia possesses a soil of remarkable fertility, and is altogether without the desert region which the imagination of former adventurers assigned to it.

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ARCADIA.

If it may be said that we have seen the happy and vigorous childhood of the English literature in the time of Edward the Third, and the poetry of Chaucer, then we may assign its age of adolescence to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There were favorable influences to nourish a robust development of the native genius. In the first place, there was the recent liberation of the public mind from the fear of Giant Pope. Persons of the clerkly profession, or of a certain rank in society, had doubtless been able to indulge in scepticism before, secured by the freemasonry of literary intercourse from ecclesiastical visitations for heresy. But the Reformation made theological and all other speculations, to a certain extent, an open ground for the mental exercise of ordinary men. Printed books assisted the communication of thought, and stimulated intellectual activity; and when Philosophy came forth out of the cloisters, Poetry was no longer confined to the Court,

but mingled in street and market with the common world.

The actual conditions of human life itself appeared grander and more vast, in an age of surprising and incalculable events. A great extension of territory had been gained by the community of mankind within the previous century. English sailors were already putting a girdle of circumnavigation about the globe. East and West Indies offered splendid hopes, and invited brave enterprises, yet still left room, in our imperfect knowledge, for mysterious and romantic expectations of the regions unknown. The state of Europe, though rent and agonised by sectarian strife, might encourage the ambition of the English nation to claim an eminent degree of consideration. The formidable empire of Charles V. was going to pieces; Spain was beginning its decay, France divided and miserable, and in the North political combinations were being prepared that should be ultimately the

safeguard of Protestant freedom. Still, the great kingdoms were in such pacific relations with our own, as to allow continual interchange of arts and ideas, and a very general habit of foreign travel among Englishmen who could afford it as a part of a fashionable education. The languages and literature of France, Spain, Italy, and even Germany, were studied, as a matter of course, by Sir Philip Sidney and his brothers; and "the grand tour" was then, as in later times, an accomplishment proper to their rank. Nevertheless, the superficial appliances of foreign culture did not affect the hearty English character. Whatever the Court may have been, the gentry and citizens were domestic, cheerful, and sincere. The social condition of the commons, of all the middle-class people in town and country, was sound and good. Their strength was maturing quietly for the great struggle of the next century, which was to establish their political importance; whilst the nobility, exhausted ever since the wars of the Roses, and failing to recover its power by the factious conspiracies which had been attempted, subsided into a servile courtiership (with a few exceptions among the great Catholic peers), beneath the sceptre of Elizabeth. The Queen both reigned and ruled, with the aid of the vigilant and crafty Ministers who respected her masculine sagacity, and were tolerant of her womanish foibles. The policy of Cecil and Walsingham, with a Machiavellian unscrupulousness about the means, was consistently directed to great national objects. The aim of Elizabeth and her advisers was the consolidation and advancement of this realm. To defend the Protestant succession and combine England, Ireland, and Scotland, ultimately, into one compact kingdom, they would foster treason against a neighbor sovereignty, foment the rage of a bloodthirsty fanaticism, suborn false witnesses to destroy Norfolk, and coldly sacrifice Mary Stuart, the victim of their many years' unrelenting machinations. The political morality of that age was very strange. The treacherous conduct of our own Government towards every foreign rival, secretly ministering assistance to revolt whilst maintaining a pretence of amity, was but copied from the duplicity of Continental statesmen. The skill of those who then ruled England, avoiding many and fatal mischances, preserved for her the profitable situation of an independent arbiter in the troubles of the time, improved the trade of this country, economised its finances, and established its government on a secure foundation. The vices of their system,

the fraud and cruelty which they condescended to use, were not perceived by the people at large, for as yet the people was only concerned with the Government in enjoying the prosperous and safe order of things which it maintained. There was, in Court and Cabinet, a moral poison which proved mortal to the system of absolutism in the reign of Elizabeth's next but one successor; but in her own time its mischievous effect had not become apparent. The comfort which her subjects experienced was repaid to her with extraordinary popularity, which she knew how to enhance. Her person, to dazzle the vulgar, was enshrined in a degree of ceremonial pomp not used by former English monarchs; her very womanhood and virginity were employed as political capital, to interest the sympathies of the enthusiastic, and artfully invested with the charms of romance. That Elizabeth, and those about her, made it a matter of policy to keep up the fashion of the old chivalric fictions, because it afforded the means of her Majesty's fanciful glorification, there cannot be any doubt. The Court poets might, of course, be induced to conform to this fashion. But there were other poets, happily, who addressed not a select circle of polite readers, but a broad public in the London theatres; and therefore the dramatic literature of the age was something quite of a different kind.

After the fashion of chivalry, came the rage for pastorals. This species of poetry, which gratifies not so much the love of adventure and of wonders, as it does the love of tranquil contemplation, was, perhaps, agreeable to the more pacific and sedentary habits of the people, as compared with the turbulent life of the middle ages. Tasso, Guarini, and Sannazaro in Italy, Cervantes in Spain, employed their wits in essays of this kind. The pastoral composition might either be a dialogue, like those of Theocritus and Virgil, a lyrical drama, or a prose narrative, which only differed from the modern novel in its poetic elevation of style and sentiment, and in the ideal refinement of the characters, and remoteness of the scene. The only notable specimen of this last kind in English literature is the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney; but he judiciously took care to redeem it from idyllic insipidity, by a large admixture of the other element of popular literature, chivalry, and the romance of war.

Nobody reads the "Arcadia," we believe, at this time of day; but it is really an admirable work, a marvel of constructive skill, and an abundant ocean of moving eloquence. Its

style is quite irresistible, when the reader has once become acquainted with it, so as to follow with docility its graceful and easy turns. The diction is of the purest English, and scarcely a word that has since become obsolete can be found in a score of pages. There is a familiar simplicity of manner, which is very attractive when it exists along with such rare elegance and purity; and we find nothing of that affected Euphuism, that fashion of circumlocution and antithetical smartness, which disguises so much of the literature of the time. This genuine and natural tone is very touching, whenever the author dwells, as he delights to do, upon scenes of domestic or social affection. Let us take a few such examples:—

"The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlor with the fair Parthenia—he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read. But, while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes stayed him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her; a happy couple—he joying in her, she but joying in herself, because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling because she would obey—or, rather, because she would obey, he therein ruling."

Again, here is a widow lady who bears testimony to the advantages of her former state:—

"The heavens prevent such a mischief, said Cecropia. A vow, quoth you? No, no, my dear niece; Nature, when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child. O the sweet name of a mother! O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are, as it were, eternized! If you could conceive what a heart-tickling joy it is to see your own little ones, with awful love, come running to your lap, and, like little models of yourself, still carry you about them, you would think it unkindness in your own thoughts that ever they did rebel against the mean to it. . . . O widow nights, bear witness with me of the difference! How often, alas, do I embrace the orphan side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband, and with tears acknowledge that I now enjoy such a liberty as the banished man hath; who may, if he list, wander over the world, but is forever restrained from his most delightful home! . . . For, believe me, niece, such are we women. Have you ever seen a pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while the

beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison; and let the water take its own course, doth it not embrace dust, and lose all its former sweetness and fairness? Truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint, of crystalline marriage. My heart melts to think of the sweet comforts I, in that happy time, received, when I had never cause to care, but the care was divided, when I never rejoiced, but that I saw my joy shine in another's eyes. What shall I say of the free delight which the heart might embrace, without the accusing of inward conscience, or fear of outward shame? And is a solitary life as good as this? Then can one string make as good music as a concert; then can one color set forth a beauty."

Nothing would please us so well as to go on quoting many similar passages, equal in grace and vigor to any prose writing in our language; but it is time to give some account of the story. The plot is a very intricate one, but not in the least confused. Every one of the persons and incidents, although bewildering in their multitude at first, produces some effect upon the course of affairs afterwards. The main concern is the attachment of two young princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, cousins and sworn friends, to the two fair daughters, Pamela and Philoclea, of the king of Arcadia, into whose dominions they have been thrown by the chances of war and shipwreck. The pastoral character of the scene,—so long as it continues to be so,—is explained by the capricious whim of the old king, Basilius, who, yielding to sloth and timidity, and anxious to avoid the dangers foretold by an oracle, has abandoned his court, and retired with his wife and two daughters to a rustic lodge in the forest; where he has condemned the family to a tedious seclusion from all society of their equals in rank or education, with no other neighbors than the clown Damocetas, and his not less stupid than unamiable female relatives, Miso and her daughter Mopsa. The country is very pleasant and beautiful, and the shepherds who inhabit it are mostly intelligent, well disposed people, with a native ingenuity exercised in their songs and pastimes; but the confinement and surveillance under which the two princesses, by the jealous order of their father, are kept, have grown quite intolerable. Their lovers contrive, the one disguised as a herdsman, and the other, who is a fair stripling, wearing the female dress of an Amazon, to obtain admission into the household, and a course of intrigue, stratagem, and amusing mistakes is begun, by which everybody is in turn perplexed and involved in situations of difficulty.

The disguise of young Pyrocles, as an Amazonian maiden, occasions a great deal of confusion in the family. The old king believing him to be what he appears, weakly falls in love with him; whilst the queen Gynecia, who has detected the disguise, becomes madly enamoured of the handsome youth, and conceals his secret for her own sake, endeavoring by every means to cross the hopes of her daughter. In this very awkward situation, the conduct of Pyrocles invariably maintains his honor and constancy; but after having performed wonders of cleverness and valor, and rescued the royal family from extreme dangers, a fatal complication of circumstances brings all his plans to mischief. The king is accidentally poisoned, in such a manner that the queen and the strangers are arrested for the murderers, at the very moment when the two young men are about to elope with their willing lady-loves. Ruin and death impend over all of them, until the opportune arrival of the king of Byzantium, the father of Pyrocles, who is invited to restore civil order in the distracted realm of Arcadia, saves the innocent, vindicates their lofty parentage and their virtue, whilst things are so managed that the guilt of the queen and folly of the king escape discovery, and the lovers are at last united, to live and reign in happiness.

The whole course of these transactions is managed with admirable dramatic skill, and interwoven with the fortunes of many persons, showing a great variety of characters and vicissitude of scenes. There is a delicate humor playing to and fro, which often calls up a smile to relieve the pathetic interest; although it does sometimes happen that the author attempts a broadly ludicrous description with very poor success. The only portions of the book which are really bad—and very bad they are—may be safely missed by the discriminating reader, for they are merely interludes in verse, supposed to be recited by the shepherds at the end of each part, and have no connection with the story. These eclogues, excepting that one of the rustic wedding at the end of the third book, are trivial, tedious, and mean, and the verse so rugged as to be quite painful. Sidney had unfortunately become imbued with the absurd notions of Gabriel Harvey, and other scholars of that age, about the capabilities of English for a system of metre by quantities, like a versification of the ancient languages. Where he laid aside these trammels, as in some of the sonnets of Astrophel to Stella, he could write verses as liquid

and smooth as any other poet; but his masterly superiority was displayed in prose; nor is the style of Hooker or of Jeremy Taylor to be preferred for its force and flexibility. The power of imagination, which makes not only an external scene, but the feelings which it would excite, to be vividly present to the mind, is exhibited in every page, as it is in the following shipwreck:—

"They were driven upon a rock; which, hidden with those outrageous waves, did as it were closely dissemble his cruel mind, till with an unbelieved violence but to them that have tried it, the ship ran upon it; and seeming willing to perish than have her course stayed, redoubled her blows, till she had broken herself in pieces; and, as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the sea's greediness, left nothing within her but despair of safety, and expectation of a loathsome end. There was to be seen the divers manner of minds in distress; some sat upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing, till the sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, than fear of death, cut his own throat for fear of drowning; some prayed; and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were."

We must unwillingly leave the "Arcadia," without finding room for any examples of the reflecting wisdom which makes it so full of moral instruction, or the lively representation of human characters and passions which renders it so interesting as a tale. Our purpose is not biographical, but we cannot pass over the claims of the author to consideration, for his own sake, as well as for the entertainment he may have yielded us. There is a general impression of him, as a model of generosity, honor, and the accomplishments of a gentleman. We think he must be the person in Shakspeare's mind, when Ophelia calls Hamlet

"The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue,
sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

Precisely this—and surely enough for one man, who died in his thirty-second year—we know about the life of Sir Philip Sidney. He was denied no opportunity of performing an important and leading part in the practical affairs of his time. Upon every occasion when he was employed, he acquitted himself creditably, and in a greater service would have earned a first-rate reputation, diplomatic or military, because he was naturally born to excel in everything. But

it is not what he did, so much as what he *was*, that made him the object of universal esteem before he was known as the author of the romance by which, when published, a few years after his death, the nation was delighted. He left a personal character approaching, as near as the defects of our nature allow, to the ideal of perfect manhood. We look in vain for any particular instances of his behavior which would especially vindicate this extraordinary regard. There was something about the man which cannot be described or explained; an atmosphere of noble and refined virtue, which was felt by all his contemporaries, and which the envious and malignant could not deny. The same indefinable grace pervades what he has written, and transcends the reach of ordinary criticism. It is the air of true gentility, the *bon ton* which is perceived to exist about the really well-bred man, but which can no more be made intelligible by description to those who have never seen such a person, than it can be imitated by any one of coarser and meaner nature.

Of the education, acquirements, and personal connections of Sidney, we have ample information. The correspondence of the Sidney family is perhaps the most interesting collection we possess of memorials of private life in that age. The father, Sir Henry Sidney, who had faithfully served her Majesty in the government of Wales and of Ireland, and who appears to have been a diligent, upright, and conscientious man, but ill recompensed by the Court for his honest public services—the mother of Philip, the high-spirited daughter of ambitious and rash Northumberland (the same whose unfortunate attempt was so fatal to poor Lady Jane Grey), and sister of the questionable favorite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester—the pride and stay of their house, the dutiful and accomplished Philip, who is ready with tongue, pen, and sword, to protect the revered old age of his father from the slanders and insolence of the courtiers—his younger brother, Robert, who is travelling in Germany, under the guidance of the eminent divine, Hubert Langnet, who had also been tutor to Philip, and continued to correspond with him—his sister Mary, who married the Earl of Pembroke, and was celebrated as “fair, and good, and learned,” by the judgment of Ben Jonson—with all these amiable and intelligent persons we are made intimately acquainted, if we read their abundant, sincere, and friendly letters to each other, and to those with whom they had to do. We

can see that Philip was one of those really good fellows who win the confidence and affection alike of old and young. While his father is writing to the lad Robert, “Imitate your loving brother; he is a rare ornament of our age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our Court do form their manners and life by; in truth, I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man;” Philip is also writing to the boy good brotherly letters, sending him money, too, and promising to coax his father and uncle for a larger allowance, and playfully inserting all sorts of useful advice about the study of history and languages, horsemanship and broadsword exercise, and about finding his way into the best company. Indeed, the more familiarly we approach Philip Sidney, the more estimable does he appear.

His loves, his marriage, and his official employments require a brief notice. The lady whom he wooed for several years, and who is the “Stella” of his warm and tender sonnets, the original, some think, of “Philoclea” also, did not become his wife; we know not why, but Sidney’s patrimony had been impaired by his father’s attention to his official duties; and her friends probably thought she would make a better match by becoming Lady Rich. Sir Philip himself then married a daughter of Walsingham, the Secretary of State; she was left, by his death, a childless widow, and afterwards was united to the luckless Earl of Essex. When only twenty-two years of age, after finishing his studies at Oxford, and making his foreign tour, Sidney was sent to Vienna to convey a message of condolence from our Queen upon the death of the Emperor Maximilian. In the following year, he engaged the notice and esteem of Don John of Austria, Charles the Fifth’s able and energetic son, who was viceroy of the Netherlands when Sidney travelled that way. In Italy, he met the poet Tasso; at Paris, he witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and saved his life by taking refuge at the house of the English ambassador. He might well conceive that detestation of the French court, as well as of the cruelty of the Papists, which led him to address to Elizabeth, in 1579, a bold though respectful protest against her proposed matrimonial alliance with the Duke of Anjou. This was the one great political performance of Sir Philip Sidney; and we believe the letter strengthened the hands of Her Majesty’s advisers, who had great difficulty.

that once, in dissuading her from the ruinous and foolish act which there is no doubt she intended to commit. It needed some courage for Sidney to remonstrate, in such terms, with a woman and queen of her temper, against the "odious marriage with a stranger, a Frenchman, and a Papist, the son of a Jezabel of our age; whose brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacres of our brethren in belief; who himself, having his liberty and principal estate by the Huguenots' means, did utterly spoil them with fire and sword." It was but a letter, yet it aided to save the liberties of England, and no other man at Elizabeth's Court would have spoken out so nobly; poor Stubbs, of Lincoln's inn, had his ears cropped for writing to the same purpose, at that very time.

The Queen had a discriminating eye for such merits as those which Sidney possessed, but we believe the Lord Treasurer Cecil, who hated Sir Philip's uncle, the Earl of Leicester, secretly took care to keep him out of the way of promotion. There is a letter of Sir Philip's to the great Minister, asking for an "office of ordnance;" but the fact is, that Sir Philip only got important employment when his uncle Leicester controlled the department. When Leicester got the command of the small army which was sent to relieve the Netherlands, Sir Philip accompanied him as general of the cavalry, and was nominated the Governor of Flushing. It is a pity that he was ever concerned in that ill-conducted and unfortunate expedition. Had he gone to America with Drake, as he wished to do in the previous summer, we might have seen a maritime adventurer, what Spenser calls "a shepherd of the ocean," more pure and noble in his aims than Raleigh, and a founder of new states more wise and far-seeing than the colonists of Virginia. If Sir Philip Sidney had taken the lead in American enterprise, might not his generous zeal have checked at the beginning that fatal system of negro slavery which was then commenced by English captains, and which is now the almost hopeless curse of the transatlantic world?

But it was not to be. The world was beginning to open before him; and he longed for a worthy field of action, sick of the intrigues and jealousies of the woman-governed Court. Elizabeth would not let him sail westward ho! she would not let him accept the offered crown of Poland, which might have realized his dreams of chivalry. It was to

little avail that he surprised the garrison of Axil, and saved the army from disaster at Gravelines. The Dutch war, so far as Leicester's expedition took part in it, was but an inglorious and unprofitable affair. Our mirror of knighthood and courtesy, poet and scholar as he was, statesman and great man as he must have become if longer he had been spared, perished by a blind bullet in the petty skirmish of Zutphen, giving us, while they bore him wounded to his tent, a touching and well-known instance of generous self-denial; and left the mournful remembrance of his virtues to be preserved in many a fond elegy, and to perform the proverbial standard of the character of an English gentleman. What must himself have been, when other excellent persons were chiefly accredited by their having been associated with him when alive; so that the Countess of Pembroke, who survived him more than thirty years, clever woman and authoress as she was, is firstly mentioned in Jonson's epitaph as "Sidney's sister;" and so that Fulke Greville, his college companion at Oxford, chose to be described, upon his own tomb, as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney?" What extremity and excess of praise is lavished upon him in the collection of elegiac poems entitled "Astrophel," to which Edmund Spenser was a chief contributor! How they dwell upon the worth of the dead, his kind and liberal heart, his spotless faith and honor, his wit of clear and high conceit, and upon

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in his face,"

which made his conversation, as they fondly declare, a very pleasure of Paradise!

We have mentioned the name of Edmund Spenser as one of his most attached and grateful friends. Born in East Smithfield, and probably the son of a middle-class London family, the poet, who was a year older than Sir Philip Sidney, did not become acquainted with him until after having gone through his education at Cambridge, while Sidney was at Oxford, and after several years of his youth being lost in the obscurity of a private tutor's life in Yorkshire, while the fortune and rank of Sidney enabled him to see the great world of European society. But it was a happy thing for Spenser and for us, that he had formed, whilst at Cambridge, a friendship with the learned, though

whimsical, Master Gabriel Harvey; who, being an oracle in literature, and able to make the young poet's reputation, invited him to London, and introduced him to the kind presence of Sidney. It appears that Spenser was taken home to Penshurst, and found the climate of those "dales of Kent" so much more congenial to his muse than that of his northern location, as to induce him to remain with the Sidneys at least long enough to compose his "Shepherd's Calendar," which, in just requital of such hospitality, he dedicated modestly to the man who could fear no literary competitor, because he wrote the "Arcadia" only to please his sister, printed nothing, and cared for no literary renown. Thus says Edmund Spenser, therefore, launching his first poetical venture into the ocean of publicity:—

"Go, little book! thyself present
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president

Of nobleness and chivalry.
And if that Envy bark at thee—
As sure it will—for succor flee
Under the shadow of his wing,
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd swain, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocks he fed;
And when his honor has thee read,
Crave pardon for thy hardihood;
And when thou art past jeopardy,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee."

What more he did send after this, and what sort of a person and author this young *protégé* of Sir Philip's was, and how he was concerned in certain of the events we have alluded to, with some notices of a very important personage, Sir Philip's maternal uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who had a great deal of influence upon Edmund Spenser's fortune and business in this troublesome world, we shall endeavor to describe in our next.

From Hogg's Instructor.

SCIENTIFIC PICKINGS FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION PAPERS.

Our readers are aware that the great annual meeting of the promoters and patrons of scientific investigation was this year held in Glasgow. Last year we gave a very full account of the proceedings, prefaced by a brief historical sketch of the institution; on this occasion, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler task of selecting some choice pickings from the many interesting communications placed before the Association. We shall begin with the address of the noble President, the Duke of Argyle. "Here," said his Grace, "if anywhere, we have reason to honor science, and to welcome the men whose lives are devoted to its pursuit. The west of Scotland has itself contributed not a few illustrious names to the number of those who have enlarged the boundaries of knowledge, or have given fruitful application to principles already known. I need not dwell on the fact, that it was in this valley

of the Clyde that the patient genius of Watt perfected the mechanism which first gave complete control over the powers of steam; and that it was on these waters, too, that those powers were first applied in a manner which has given new wings to commerce, and is now affecting not less decisively the terrible operations of war. These are but single examples, more striking and palpable than others, of the dependence of the arts upon the advance of science. This, however, is a dependence which I am sure the citizens of Glasgow would be the first to acknowledge, and which, no doubt, with them as with all men, must be an important element in the value which they set upon physical research. But I am sure I should deeply wrong the intelligence of the people of Glasgow, if I were to represent them as measuring the value of science by no other standard than its immediate applicability to com-

mercial purposes. They seek to honor science for its own sake, and to encourage the desire of knowledge as in itself one of the noblest instincts of our nature."

ASTRONOMY.

In that science which is the oldest and most venerable of all (continued his Grace), I mean Astronomy, if there had been nothing else to mark the progress of discovery, the construction and application of Lord Rosse's great reflector would have been enough to constitute an important epoch. Its systematic operations may be said to be still only in the first stages of their progress; yet, already, how often do we see reference to the mysterious revelations it has made, in discussions on the principles of that science, and in not a few of the speculations to which they are giving birth. My distinguished friend, Sir David Brewster, in his "Life of Newton," has designated that telescope as "one of the most wonderful combinations of art and science which the world has yet seen." All who are interested in the devotion of abilities, of means, and of leisure to the noblest pursuits, must earnestly wish to see Lord Rosse rewarded by that which he will value most—the steady progress of discovery. It must always be remembered, however, that astronomy is a science of which, hitherto at least, it might almost be said that one great genius had left us no more worlds to conquer; that is to say, he carried our knowledge at a bound to one grand and apparently universal law, to which all worlds were subject, and of which every new discovery had been but an additional illustration. The reign of that law, whether universal or not, was at least so wide, that we had never pierced beyond the boundary of its vast domain. For the first time since the days of Newton, a suspicion has arisen in the minds of astronomers that we have passed into the reign of other laws, and that the nebular phenomena revealed to us by Lord Rosse's telescope, must be governed by forces different from those of which we have any knowledge. Whether this opinion be or be not well founded—whether it be or be not probable that our limited command over time and space can ever yield to our research any other law of interest or importance comparable with that which has already been determined—still, inside that vast horizon, there are fillings-in and fillings-up which will ever furnish infinite reward to labor. Of these, not a few have been secured since our

last meeting here. Besides the patient work of our professed astronomers, and the good service rendered by such men as Mr. Lassell and Mr. Nasmyth, who have so well relieved the business of commercial industry by their devotion to the pursuits of science, we have had one event so remarkable, that in the whole history of astronomy it stands alone. If, in looking at the wonderful objects revealed to us in Lord Rosse's telescope, we turn instinctively sometimes from the thing shown to the thing which shows—from the spiral nebulae to the knowledge and resources which have collected their feeble light, and brought their mysterious forms under the cognizance of the human eye, how much more curiously do we turn from the single planet Neptune, to that other instrument which has felt, as it were, and found its obscure and distant orbit. So long as our species remains, that body will be associated with one of the most glorious proofs ever given of the reach of human intellect—of the sweep and certainty of that noble science which now honors with enduring memory the twin names of Adams and Leverrier.

GEOLOGY.

In Geology, the youngest, but not the least vigorous of the sciences, every year has been adding to the breadth of its foundation—to the depth and meaning of its results. Probably no science has ever advanced with more rapid steps. In 1840, the then recent publication of the "Silurian System" had just established those landmarks of the Palæozoic world which all subsequent discovery has only tended to confirm. The great horizons which were first defined by the labors of Murchison and Sedgwick, have since disclosed the same phenomena which they so accurately described in every quarter of the globe; and the generalizations founded thereupon have been definitely established. The same period has sufficed, partly by the labors of the same distinguished men, to clear up the relative position of the strata which represent the closing epochs of ancient life, and those which form the base of the secondary age. But, above all, the last few years have seen immense progress made in our knowledge of that vast series of deposits which usher in the dawn of existing forms, and carry us on to those changes which, though the most recent, are not the least obscure of any which have affected the surface of the globe. The investigations of Edward Forbes on the laws which determine

the conditions of marine zoology, have supplied us with data altogether new on some of the highest conclusions of the science; whilst his profound speculations on the centres of creation and areas of distribution, have pointed out paths of inquiry which are themselves of inexhaustible interest, and hold out the promise of great results. Another branch of investigation—which, if not entirely new, is at least pursued on a new system, and with new resources—has been opened up in Dynamical Geology, by the learning and ingenuity of Mr. Hopkins; whilst the thorough elucidation of the conditions of glacier motion, which we owe to Professor James Forbes, of Edinburgh, has given us clear and definite ideas on one, and that not the least important, of the agents in geological change. The observations accumulated during the recent arctic voyages have materially added to our knowledge of the operation of the same agency under different conditions—conditions which we know must once have extended widely over the friths and estuaries near where we are now assembled. I think we cannot mistake the general tendency of geological research, whether stratigraphical or zoological. It has been to prolong periods which had been considered short; to divide others which were classed together; to fill up spaces which were imagined blank; and to connect more and more in one unbroken chain the course of physical change and the progress of organic life.

The noble President then glanced at the interesting sciences of Physiology, Geography, and Ethnology, and passed a high eulogium on various living and recently departed cultivators of these sciences. He then passed on to

CHEMISTRY.

Of all the sciences, Chemistry is that which least requires to have its triumphs recorded here. The immediate applicability of so many of its results to the useful arts has secured for it the watchful interest of the world; and every day is adding some new proof of its inexhaustible fertility. There is one department of inquiry, and that perhaps the most interesting of all, I mean organic chemistry, which has received an especial impulse during the last few years—an impulse mainly due to the genius of one distinguished man, whom we have the honor of numbering among our guests upon this occasion. I think Baron Liebig will find in

Scotland that kind of welcome which a man of science values most—a readiness to profit by his instructions, and an enlightened appreciation among the farmers of the country of the practical value of studying in their husbandry the laws which have been revealed by his research. I am reminded, through the kindness of Dr. Lyon Playfair, of some facts which give yet a more special interest to this subject in connection with our meeting here. It was to the British Association at Glasgow, in 1840, that Baron Liebig first communicated his work on the application of chemistry to vegetable physiology. The philosophical explanation there given of the principles of manuring and cropping gave an immediate impulse to agriculture, and directed attention to the manures which are valuable for their ammonia and mineral ingredients; and especially to guano, of which, in 1840, only a few specimens appeared in this country. The consequence was, that in the next year (1841) no less than 2,881 tons were imported; and during the succeeding years the total quantity imported into this country has exceeded the enormous amount of 1,500,000 tons. Nor has this been all. Chemistry has come in with her aid to do the work of nature, and as the supply of guano becomes exhausted, limited as its production must be to a few rainless regions of the world, the importance of artificial mineral manures will increase. Already considerable capital is invested in the manufacture of superphosphates of lime, formed by the solution of bones in sulphuric acid, the use of which was first recommended at the last Glasgow meeting. Of these artificial manures, not less than 60,000 tons are annually sold in England alone; and it is a curious example of the endless interchange of services between the various sciences, that geology has contributed her quota to the same important end; and the exuvæ and bones of extinct animals found in a fossil state are now, to the extent of from 12,000 to 15,000 tons, used to supply annually the same fertilising materials to the soil. The exertions of Professor Daubeny, of Oxford, on the same important subject, and the continued attention which he has devoted to it, have done much for the cause of agricultural chemistry in England; whilst the thanks both of practical and of scientific men are due to Dr. Lyon Playfair and Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, for those admirable translations of Baron Liebig's works which have rendered them accessible to every English reader; and

have thereby had no unimportant influence in extending the knowledge of the laws affecting both vegetable and animal physiology. I am indebted to the same quarter for the mention of one remarkable instance of the manner in which (to use Dr. Playfair's words) "the overflowings of abstract science pass into and fertilise the field of industry." One of the newest and most obscure subjects of chemical research has been the discovery of certain conditions under which bodies, like in their composition, are nevertheless endowed with unlike properties, and thereby become convertible to new purposes. It is in the application of this principle that a gentleman of this city, Mr. James Young, has succeeded in obtaining the illuminating principle of coal gas, either in a solid or liquid state; and it has proved to be a substance of immense value for the lubrication of machinery, vast quantities of it being now manufactured and sold for that purpose. I hardly know whether it is strictly in connection with the advance of chemical knowledge that I ought to remind you of one great discovery made long since we last assembled here—I refer to the discovery of the effects of chloroform on the animal system; one which claims for my friend Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, a high place indeed among the benefactors of mankind. Chloroform, as a mere chemical composition, had indeed been known before, and had been made the subject of elaborate research by the distinguished French chemist, M. Dumas, whom we have here the honor of receiving as a guest; but the discovery of its application is not the less a triumph of science, and of the best and highest scientific faculties. Seldom, indeed, has that disposition of mind which is ever ready to receive a chance suggestion, and to pursue it, believing what great things we have yet to learn, been crowned with a more brilliant and direct reward.

NEW PHENOMENA IN OPTICS.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

Sir David Brewster read a paper on "The Radiant Spectrum." He said, the new phenomenon in optics, to which I have given the name of the *Radiant Spectrum*, consists of the ordinary prismatic spectrum of a small disc of solar light, and of luminous radiations diverging from points considerably beyond the violet extremity of the spectrum. On the 3d July, 1814, I communicated a short notice of its properties to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and in the autumn of the same year,

I mentioned the phenomenon to the Marquis Laplace, who considered the irradiations as produced by particles of dust floating in the atmosphere. In 1815, I requested Dr. Wollaston to repeat the experiment, and, in a letter dated the 23d June, 1815, he made the following observation upon it:—"What became of your new rays of light? I could not succeed in the experiment which you described to me, though I had some tendency to that appearance when the surface of my prism was slightly soiled." In the same year, I exhibited the experiments as made with white light, and with all the different colors of the spectrum, to Professor Russell, and to an eminent mathematician, the late Sir William Miller, of Glenlee, one of the Judges of the Court of Session; but being at that time occupied with various researches on the double refraction and polarisation of light, I was prevented from pursuing my experiments on the radiant spectrum. When the sun's light is admitted into a dark room through a small aperture, or through a convex lens, or is reflected from a transparent metallic surface, either convex or concave, the observer perceives a radiant image encircling the aperture, or the refracted or reflected image of the sun—a phenomenon which must have been often observed, and which generally arises from the action of a bright point of light upon the retina. Without considering the radiant image as produced by the retina, let the bright pencil of light be transmitted through a surface of finely-ground glass. The luminous aperture or image will now be surrounded with a radiant image produced by the dispersion and refraction of the incident rays caused by the inequalities of the ground surface. If we now examine this radiant image by a prism free from veins and imperfections, we shall see the radiant spectrum as shown in figure 2, where $m\ n$ is the spectrum of the luminous disc, and $p\ q$ the radiant image refracted considerably beyond the violet space. The radiations which compose this image converge, with exceptions which will afterwards be mentioned, to points between p and q . The central part, $p\ q$, which is of an oval form, has a singular mottled appearance, which it is difficult to represent—the red and yellow rays predominating in the upper part, and the blue and violet in the lower part of the refracted radiant image. In order to ascertain if this image consisted of rays more refrangible than those in the prismatic spectrum $m\ n$, I refracted the image in figure 2 with another prism, having its axis parallel

to m q , or its plane of refraction perpendicular to that of the first prism, and I observed the whole of the radiant spectrum transferred into the inclined position, m' , n' , r' , q' , as shown in figure 3, the red rays being refracted from m to m' , the violet from n to n' . The distance of the radiant image from the violet extremity increases with the dispersive power of the prism. With a flint glass prism, whose mean index of the fraction was 1.596 the index of the violet rays was 1.610, and that of the centre of the radiant image 1.640. When the red, green, and blue rays are employed instead of white light, the radiant image is red, green, and blue, and its distance from the refracted red, green, and blue space is proportioned to the refrangibility of the light, being least in the red, and greatest in the blue space. Hence we see the reason why the radiations do not all converge to points beyond the ordinary spectrum. If we correct the refraction of the first prism by a prism of high dispersive power—a process the reverse of what takes place in an achromatic object glass—the spectrum will be restored to a white luminous disc, and the radiant image will be outstanding. The phenomena of the radiant spectrum, now described, are exhibited when a thin film of vapor is breathed on either of the refracting surfaces of the prism, and they are equally produced when the dispersing surface is placed before or behind the prism. When the atmosphere is very pure, and the surfaces on which the light is incident very clean and highly polished, the radiant image in the spectrum is extremely faint, and in certain degrees of light is hardly visible. If, in this case, we view the place where it ought to be through a dispersing surface, the radiant image appears with great distinctness, the invisible radiations having been rendered visible by the dispersive surface. The same effect is produced when the ordinary prismatic spectrum is screened from the eye. Without entering into further details, I shall now state briefly the general results which these experiments authorise:—1. Every luminous ray or space in the spectrum is accompanied with invisible rays of greater refrangibility than the luminous ray or space itself. 2. This difference of refrangibility increases with the refrangibility of the visible rays to which it belongs. 3. These invisible rays are rendered visible by the dispersive action of the solids and fluids upon which they are incident, and by which they are refracted, reflected, or transmitted. 4. These invisible rays occupy the same place in the spectrums with the

chemical rays. 5. They are probably the cause of phosphorescence when produced by light incident on solid and fluid bodies.

Professor Stokes said, that from his own experiments in optics generally, he was disposed to question the possibility of any change being produced in the properties of light (relating to refrangibility) by mere reflection, refraction, or scattering, and to scrutinise very carefully any such experiments as those brought forward by Sir D. Brewster. Was it not possible that the phenomenon was in some way connected with the laws of parallax?—Sir D. Brewster said he had made no experiments with a view to such solution.

THE CHARACTERS OF SPECIES.

BY DR. CARPENTER.

Dr. Carpenter explained what is meant by a species, and stated that, notwithstanding the diversity of definitions which would be found in natural history treatises, they all recognised, in some way or other, the fundamental idea that a species is an assemblage of individuals, whose likeness to one another is sufficient to justify the conclusion that they all have had, or may have had, the same original parentage; whilst it is distinguished from any other species by sound definite character, so uniformly transmitted from generation to generation, that it cannot be supposed to have acquired this from the influence of any external conditions. The great error of a certain class of naturalists has been, that, by not attending to the *range of variation* which may occur within the limits of species, they have accounted every trifling difference between two individuals as sufficient to serve for a specific character; they have thus described *specimens* rather than *species*, and have instituted vast numbers of new species, several of which, when more closely examined, are found to be merely *varieties* of one and the same. In the case of wild animals, there was in general so great a resemblance between the kinds as to render it by no means difficult to range them under one species. The varieties of kangaroos, for example, presented so many points of identity, that they could have no hesitation in attributing to them one common parentage. But how does the naturalist attempt to prove this? He has no means of tracing out this consanguinity of descent; nor has he the opportunity of observing any number of generations. In order, then, to ascertain whether the peculiarities of kind were constantly and universally transmitted from generation to

generation, he must collect as large a number of individual specimens as possible, and compare them with each other. Apply that rule to the human race. They would find there individuals with considerable difference in the color of their hair, but they must not, therefore, class them as belonging to different species; for, by extending their inquiries, they would find that variations of color occurred in the same family—that such diversity, therefore, was quite compatible with a common parentage. When certain peculiarities are found pertaining to a large number of individuals, though there may be a graduated diversity, in some other respects they would be justified in assuming that the character was transmitted from generation to generation; and that therefore the original parent of the group was distinguished by the same peculiarities. Let them observe the cat, and they would find that that domestic animal was a small tiger; that the cat, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, &c., might all be classed under one species—*felix*. The skull of the cat differed from that of the tiger in little but its size; and the skull of the tiger so resembles that of the lion, that even Cuvier himself was unable to distinguish the one from the other. Again, with the numerous breeds of dogs the same question arose. Were they to suppose that the spaniel, the lap-dog, the mastiff, and the Newfoundland were all descended from one common parent? The generally received doctrine on these points among naturalists was, that they were only varieties of one species. The mistakes made by naturalists in deciding this question much resembled those of the traveler in Alsace, who concluded that, because the servant-girl at the inn was red-haired and the landlord a drunkard, all the men were drunkards and all the women red haired. This, indeed, was the grand mistake of naturalists, to pay greater attention to individuals than to species. Dr. Carpenter then drew attention to drawings of bivalve molluscs, rock whelks, trilobites, &c., pointed out how great a difference frequently existed in some respects between the varieties of a species, and how, with a certain general similarity, there was found a considerable range of graduated variation. He then concluded by saying, that, though his great object that evening had been to endeavor to impress on those who might be pursuing any department of natural history, the extreme importance of describing, not specimens, but species, and though the course he recommended might tend somewhat to unsettle much of what

had long been considered fairly and clearly proved, he felt sure they would all agree with Schiller in thinking, that the great philosopher is he who always loves truth rather than a system, and who will never hesitate to pull down anything if he thinks he can build it up better.

ON THE LESS KNOWN FOSSIL FLORAS OF SCOTLAND.

BY HUGH MILLER.

The President, Sir R. I. Murchison, expressed his satisfaction that the first paper to be presented to the section was to be read by his distinguished friend, Mr. Hugh Miller. That gentleman had made himself prominently and favorably known at the last meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, in 1840. He need not allude to the gigantic strides he had made in geological investigation since then. The paper now to be read was of the greatest importance, referring, as it did, to the Flora contained in the lowest tertiary strata found in the world.

Mr. Hugh Miller, who was received with great applause, read an interesting paper on this subject, of which the following is an abridgment:—Scotland has its four fossil Floras—its Flora of the Old Red Sandstone, its Carboniferous Flora, its Oolitic Flora, and that Flora of apparently tertiary age, of which his Grace the Duke of Argyll found so interesting a fragment, overflowed by the thick basalt beds and trap tuffs of Mull. Of these, the only one adequately known to the geologist is the gorgeous Flora of the Coal Measures, probably the richest—in, at least, individual plants—which the world has yet seen. The others are all but wholly unknown. We stand on the further end of the great Floras of by-past creations, and have gathered but a few handfuls of faded leaves, a few broken branches, a few decayed cones. The Silurian deposits of our country have not yet furnished us with any unequivocal traces of a terrestrial vegetation. Professor Nicol, of Aberdeen, on subjecting to the microscope the ashes of a Silurian anthracite which occurs in Peebles-shire, detected in it minute tubular fibres, which seem, he says, to indicate a higher class of vegetation than the *Alga*; but these may have belonged to a marine vegetation notwithstanding. Associated with the earliest ichthyic remains of the Old Red Sandstone, we find vegetable organisms in such abundance, that they communicate often a fissile character to the stone in which they occur. But, existing as mere

carbonaceous markings, their state of keeping is usually so bad, that they tell us little else than that the antiquely-formed fishes of this remote period had swam over sea-bottoms darkened by forests of algæ. The immensely developed flagstones of Caithness seem to owe their dark color to organic matter mainly of vegetable origin. So strongly bituminous, indeed, are some of the beds of dingier tint, that they flame in the fire like slates steeped in oil. The remains of terrestrial vegetation in this deposit are greatly scantier than those of its marine Flora; but they must be regarded as possessing a peculiar interest, as the oldest of their class—in, at least, the British Islands—whose true place in the scale can be satisfactorily established. In the flagstones of Orkney there occurs, though very rarely, a minute vegetable organism, which I have elsewhere described as having much the appearance of one of our smaller ferns, such as the Maidenhair Spleenwort, or Dwarf Moonwort. But the vegetable organism of the formation indicative of the highest rank of any yet found in it, is a true wood of the cone-bearing order. I laid open the nodule which contains this specimen in one of the ichthyolite beds of Cromarty, rather more than eighteen years ago; but though I described in the first edition of a little work on the Old Red Sandstone in 1841 as exhibiting the woody-fibre, it was not until 1845 that, with the assistance of the optical lapidary, I subjected its structure to the test of the microscope. It turned out, as I had anticipated, to be the portion of a tree; and on my submitting the prepared specimen to one of our highest authorities, the late Mr. William Nicol, he at once decided that the "reticulated texture of the transverse section, though somewhat compressed, clearly indicated a coniferous origin." I may add, that this most ancient of Scottish lignites presents several peculiarities of structure. Like some of the Araucarians of the warmer latitudes, it exhibits no lines of yearly growth; its medullary rays are slender, and comparatively inconspicuous; and the discs which mottle the sides of its sap chambers, when viewed in the longitudinal section, are exceedingly minute, and are ranged, so far as can be judged in their imperfect state of keeping, in the alternate order peculiar to the Araucarians. On what perished land of the early Palæozoic ages did this venerably antique tree cast root and flourish, when the extinct genera *Pterichthys* and *Coccosteus* were enjoying life by millions in the surrounding seas—long ere the Flora or Fauna

of the Coal Measures had begun to be! The Caithness flagstones have furnished one vegetable organism apparently higher in the scale than those just described, in a well-marked specimen of *Lepidodendron*, which exhibits like the Araucarian of the Lower Old Red, though less distinctly, the internal structure. It was found about sixteen years ago in a pavement quarry near Clockbriggs—the last station on the Aberdeen and Forfar Railway, as the traveller approaches the latter place from the north. I owe my specimen of this ancient *Lepidodendron* to Mr. William Miller, banker, Dundee, an intelligent geologist, who has taken no little trouble in determining its true history. He has ascertained that it occurred deep in the rock, seventy-one feet from the surface; that the beds which rested over it were composed in the descending order: first, of a conglomerate thirty feet; secondly, of a red rock four feet thick; thirdly, of twenty-eight feet of the soft shaly substance known to the quarriers as cauld; and fourthly, of more than nine feet of grey pavement, immediately under which, in a soft, argillaceous stratum, lay the organism. It was about four feet in length, bulged out at the lower end into a bulb-like protuberance, which may have been, however, merely an accidental result of its state of keeping; and threw off, in an acute angle, two branches about a foot from the top. Above this grey flagstone formation lies the Upper Old Red Sandstone, with its peculiar group of ichthyic organisms, none of which seem specifically identical with those of either the Caithness or the Forfarshire beds; for it is an interesting circumstance, suggestive surely of the vast periods which must have elapsed during its deposition, that the great Old Red system has its three distinct platforms of organic existence, each wholly different from the others. In the uppermost beds of the Upper Old Red formation in Scotland, which are usually of a pale or light yellow color, the vegetable remains again become strongly carbonaceous, but their state of preservation continues bad—too bad to admit of the determination of either species or genera; and not until we rise a very little beyond the system do we find the remains of a Flora either rich or well preserved. But very remarkable is the change which at this stage at once occurs. We pass at a single stride from great poverty to great wealth. The suddenness of the change seems suited to remind one of that experienced by the voyager, when—after traversing for many days some wide

expanse of ocean, unvaried save by its banks of floating sea-weed, or where, occasionally and at wide intervals, he picks up some leaf-bearing bough, or marks some fragment of drift-weed go floating past—he enters at length the sheltered lagoon of some coral island, and sees all around the deep green of a tropical vegetation descending in tangled luxuriance to the water's edge—tall, erect ferns, and creeping *Lycopodaceæ*; and the pandanus, with its aerial roots, and its screw-like clusters of narrow leaves; and high over all, tall palms, with their huge pinnate fronds, and their curiously aggregated groups of massive fruit. In this noble Flora of the Coal Measures much still remains to be done in Scotland. In 1844, when Professor Nicol, of Aberdeen, appended to his interesting "Guide to the Geology of Scotland" a list of the Scottish fossils known at the time, he enumerated only two vegetable species of the Scottish Oolitic system, *Equisetum columnare* and *Pinites* or *Peuce Eigensis*—the former, one of the early discoveries of our distinguished president, Sir Roderick Murchison—the latter, of the late Mr. William Nicol, of Edinburgh. Chiefly from researches in the Lias of Eathie, near Cromarty, and in the Oolites of Sutherland and the Hebrides, I have been enabled to increase the list from two to rather more than fifty species—not a great number certainly, regarded as the sole representative of a Flora; and yet it may be deemed comparatively not a very small one, when it is remembered that, in 1837, when Dr. Buckland published the second edition of his "Bridgewater Treatise," Adolphus Brogniart had enumerated only seventy species of plants as occurring in all the secondary formations of Europe, from the Chalk to the Trias inclusive. Among conifers of the Pine and Araucarian type, we mark the first appearance in this system—in at least Scotland—of the genus *Thuja*. One of the Helmsdale plants of this genus closely resembles the common *Arbor vitæ* (*Thuja occidentalis*) of our gardens and shrubberies. It exhibits the same numerous, slim, thick-clustered branchlets, covered over by the same minute, sessile, scale-like leaves; and so entirely reminds one of the recent *Thuja*, that it seems difficult to conceive of it as the member of a Flora so ancient as that of the Oolite. But not a few of the plants of the Scottish Oolite bear this modern aspect. The great development of its *Cycadaceæ*, an order unknown in our Coal Measures, also forms a prominent feature of our Oolitic Flora. Several of the Helms-

dale forms of this family are identical with those of the Yorkshire coast already named and figured—such as *Zamia lanceolata*, and *Zamia tazina*: a well-marked *Zamia* which occurs in the Lias of Eathie appears to be new. Another class of vegetable forms, of occasional occurrence in the Helmsdale beds, some intermediate between the *Cycadaceæ* and the ferns—at least so nearly do they approach to the ordinary fern outline, while retaining the stiff ligneous character of *Zamia*, that it is scarce less difficult to determine to which of the two orders of plants they belonged, than to decide whether some of the slim, graceful sprigs of foliage that occurred in the rocks beside them belonged to the conifers or the club-mosses. And I am informed by Sir Charles Lyell, that, as some of the existing conifers bear a foliage scarce distinguishable from that of *Lycopodiaceæ*, so a recently discovered *Zamia*, which is creating at present quite a sensation among the botanists, is furnished with fronds that scarce differ from those of a fern. From the disappearance of many of those anomalous types of the Coal Measures which so puzzle the botanist, and the extensive introduction of types that still exist, we can better conceive of the general features and relations of the Flora of the Oolite than those of the earlier Floras. And yet the general result at which we arrive may be found not without its bearing on the older vegetation also. Throughout almost all the families of this Oolitic Flora there seems to have run a curious bond of relationship, which, like those ties which bound together some of the old clans of our country, united them, high and low, into one great sept, and conferred upon them a certain wonderful unity of character and appearance. Let us assume the ferns as our central group. Though less abundant than in the earlier creation of the carboniferous system, they seem to have occupied, judging from their remains, very considerable space in the Oolitic vegetation; and with the ferns there were associated in great abundance the two prevailing families of the Pteroides—*Equiseta* and *Lycopodia*—plants which, in most of our modern treatises on the fern proper, take their place as the fern allies. Let us place these along two of the sides of a pentagon—the *Lycopodia* on the right side of the ferns, the *Equiseta* on the left; further, let us occupy the two remaining sides of the figure by the Conifera and the *Cycadaceæ*—placing the Conifera on the side next the *Lycopodites*, and the *Cycadaceæ*, as the last added key-

stone of the erection, between these and the Equisets. Such were the very curious relations that united into one great sept the prevailing members of the Oolitic Flora; and similar bonds of connection seem to have existed in those of the still earlier ages. But in the Oolite of Scotland I have at length found trace of a vegetable organism that lay, if I may so express myself, outside the pentagon, and was not a member of the great family which it comprised. I succeeded about four years ago in disintering from the limestones of Helmsdale a true dicotyledonous leaf, and what seems to be a fragment of another leaf of the same class, though of a different genus—the first precursors, in Scotland at least, of our great forest trees, and of so many of our flowering and fruit-bearing plants; and which seem to occupy the same relative place in advance of their contemporaries as that occupied by the conifer of the Old Red Sandstone in advance of the ferns and Lycopodaceæ with which I found it associated. In the arrangement of its larger veins, the better preserved Oolitic leaf somewhat resembles that of the buckthorn; but though its state of keeping is such that it has satisfied our higher botanists regarding the great class to which it belongs, it has failed to leave its exterior or circumscribing outline in the stone. The curtain drops over this ancient Flora of the Oolite in Scotland; and when, long after, there is a corner of the thick enveloping screen withdrawn, and we catch a partial glimpse of one of the old tertiary forests of our country, all is new. Trees of the high dicotyledonous class, allied to the plane and the buckthorn, prevail in the landscape, intermingled, however, with dingy funeral yews; and the ferns and Equisets that rise in the darker openings of the wood approach the existing type. And yet, though *cons* of the past eternity have elapsed since we looked out upon Cycas and Zamia, and the last of the Calamites, the time is still early, and long ages must lapse ere man shall rise out of the dust, to keep and to dress fields waving with the productions of yet another and different Flora, and to busy himself with all the labor which he taketh under the sun. Our country, in this tertiary time, has still its great outbursts of molten matter that bury in fiery deluges, many feet in depth and square miles of extent, the debris of wide tracts of woodland and marsh; and the basaltic column still forms in its great lava bed; and ever and anon, as the volcanic agencies awake, clouds of ashes darken the heavens, and cover up the landscapes as

if with the accumulated drifts of a protracted snow-storm. Who shall declare what, throughout these long ages, the history of creation has been? We see at wide intervals the mere fragments of successive Floras, but know not how what seem the blank interspaces were filled, or how, as extinction overtook in succession one tribe of existences after another, and species, like individuals, yielded to the great law of death, yet other species were brought to the birth, and ushered upon the scene, and the chain of being was maintained unbroken. We see only detached bits of that green web which has covered our earth ever since the dry land first appeared; but the web itself seems to have been continuous throughout all time; though, ever as breadth after breadth issued from the creative loom, the pattern has altered, and the sculpturesque and graceful forms that illustrated its first beginnings and its middle spaces, have yielded to flowers of richer color and blow, and fruits of fairer shade and outline; and for gigantic club-mosses stretching forth their hirsute arms, goodly trees of the Lord have expanded their great boughs; and for the barren fern and the calamite clustering in tickets beside the waters, or spreading on flowerless hillslopes, luxuriant orchards have yielded their ruddy flush, and rich harvests their golden gleam.

The reading of the paper, which was illustrated with diagrams and a number of the fossils described, which Mr. Miller had brought with him from his extensive collection in Edinburgh, was received throughout with great applause.

The chairman complimented Mr. Miller on the great and important discoveries he had made in this branch of geology, and which, he said, was quite equal in importance to the paper he read fifteen years ago in Glasgow, upon the fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, the value and originality of which had been acknowledged by Agassiz.

A very interesting conversation then took place on the subject of the discovery of the dicotyledonous leaf, found in the Oolite formation, to which Mr. Miller attached so much importance, as proving that a vegetation of a higher order had existed lower down in the formations than had been suspected.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE FORMATION OF THE MOON.

BY PROFESSOR NICHOL.

Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, delivered some interesting remarks on the chronology

of the formation of the moon, with a notice concerning the great Breadalbane reflector in the Glasgow Observatory, during which the lecture-room became excessively crowded. The professor commenced by saying that Mr. Ramage, of Aberdeen, made a reflecting telescope with a speculum of 21 inches diameter, but with a focal length of 55 feet. This inconvenient length, led, however, to its practical failure in his hands, and it is now in the Glasgow Observatory, after having been re-ground by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, to a focal length of 15 feet, and mounted at the cost of the Marquis of Breadalbane. By this instrument the aspects of the moon are seen to be apparently as confused and chaotic as any part of the earth, which, in the early history of geology was often attributed to some sudden convulsions. In our own globe, the great mountain masses had not only arisen at different periods of time, but different epochs could be defined; and as soon as this was ascertained, all appearance of chaos disappeared. It is by their relation to the stratified rocks that we distinguish the epochs of mountain ranges. But there is another mode which will apply to the moon. It is well known that where two crystalline rocks are found together they sent out branches; and when a geologist sees the branch of one running into the other, he knows at once the relative ages of the two, because the one which intersects the other must be more recent, the older being broken through. This method of judging by intersecting dislocations may be applicable to the lunar surface, and will enable us, by competent instruments, to ascertain all we can reasonably desire with regard to the moon's surface. It is well known that, besides the remarkable crater forms, there are others emphatic enough as to what they unfold; he referred to those rays which pass from the bright part Tycho; but there are several others similar. When the moon is accurately examined, there are very few portions entirely free from what are presumed to be elevations, or depressions that go deep into the moon's mass. The rays from Tycho pass through the bottoms of craters. When looked at through a small instrument, they appear well-defined, but through a large one, they appear broken up and irregular in outline. The only thing on earth to which these rays can be likened are what are called by geologists dykes, which are to be found in many districts. We cannot trace those dykes in the earth, or trace them to their origin, because they are covered by a large

mass of stratified rocks; but as we find precisely analogous appearances in those lunar rays, we have thus a key to the hieroglyphics presented by the moon. It would hence appear that the great crater Tycho is one of the oldest of the moon's formations, as we find the rays pass through a number of craters, as if these craters had been formed after those dykes from Tycho had been projected, especially as they are not merely found projecting through the craters, but are seen to pass through them without breaking the surfaces of the eminences. There are three other remarkable craters, named Copernicus, Kepler, and Aristarchus, which may be presumed, judging from similar appearances, to stand, as to age, in the order named. Such a thing as chains of mountains scarcely exist in the moon, but we find masses of mountains in ridges, with a number of small craters upon the crests. In fact, we may presume that the present position of the moon exhibits a much further back epoch in the history of the earth, before the upheaving powers had thrown up the masses of crystalline rocks. These appearances, therefore, afford the only opportunity of forming an opinion as to organic life in the moon, but the difference in the formation does not limit the power of adaptation of organic form. This, then, is the picture of a younger orb; and in the early periods of the history of the world, it was not so well prepared for organic life as the moon now is.

Sir John Ross remarked, that with an instrument like Mr. Ramage's telescope all the peculiarities mentioned by Professor Nichol might be produced by the aberration of the telescope. Mr. Barclay, of Kilmarnock, had, however, invented a telescope combining the achromatic and reflecting, which would have greater power than even Lord Rosse's.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OLD CALABAR.

BY MR. MURRAY.

A number of new fishes have been received from Old Calabar, the most interesting of which is an electric fish, a *Silurus*, which I have since described and published under the name of *Malapterurus beninensis*. In addition to the information which is given in my account of the fish in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," I have since received some additional particulars from Mr. Thomson. He informs me that its electrical properties are made use of by the natives as a remedy for their sick children. The fish is put into a vessel of water, and the child

made to play with it; or the child is put into a tub of water in which several fish are placed. It is interesting to find a popular scientific remedy of our own anticipated by the unlettered savage. Mr. Thomson also mentions an instance of the electric power of this fish, which may be worth mentioning. He had a tame heron, which, having been taken young, had never had the opportunity of searching for and choosing its food for itself. It was fed with small fishes, and on one occasion there happened to be a newly-caught electric fish among them, which it swallowed, but immediately uttered a loud cry, and was thrown backwards. It soon recovered, but could never afterwards be induced to dine upon *Malapterurus*. This species I believe to be found all along the Guinea coast. Dr. Baikie informs me that he had seen a small species at Fernando Po, which appeared to him to correspond with the description of this species. Among other interesting fish sent by Mr. Waddel, there is a species of lophiers, or mud-fish, which appears undescribed. The curious habits of this semi-amphibious family, of crawling out of the water, using their fore-fins like legs, and then sitting staring about with their great goggle eyes, is noticed by Mr. Waddel as very marked in this species. If placed in a basin, it will crawl up the side, and sit on the edge, looking about. A new pipe fish has also been received, as well as some other species of fishes, which I have not yet had the opportunity of determining. A very considerable number of snakes, lizards, &c., have also been sent. The paper also contained notices of the shells and insects of Western Africa. Mr. Murray also gave details of the recent discoveries made by naturalists in Old Calabar, and exhibited a rare collection of prepared specimens of rare insects. Prince Bonaparte observed that the west coast of Africa was full of interest to naturalists, from the new snakes, fishes, birds, &c., which it was adding to science. He was of opinion that the snakes of Africa did not differ generically from those of South America, as the paper would lead us to believe. Mr. W. Oliphant exhibited the skull of a *Manatus senegalensis* (the sea-cow), for which he was indebted to Mr. Thomson, the gentleman referred to in Mr. Murray's report as having recently brought to this country many valuable contributions to natural history from Old Calabar. The skull, which was that of a young animal, the teeth not being fully developed, was interesting; as it was from comparing their orania that

Mr. F. Cuvier has ascertained that the *Manatus senegalensis* of the west coast of Africa was a different species from the *M. Americanus* which frequents the rivers on the other side of the Atlantic.

A DISCOURSE ON BABYLONIAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY COLONEL RAWLINSON.

A large audience assembled in the City Hall, to hear Colonel Rawlinson deliver his discourse on Assyrian and Babylonian Antiquities and Ethnology—Principal Macfarlane occupied the chair. Colonel Rawlinson, who was received with much applause, said the subject was so vast, and, being comparatively new, was so difficult to be understood, that he almost despaired of making himself intelligible in the course of an hour's address. The excavations carried on in Assyria and Babylon had continued through six or seven continuous years, and had reached over a tract of country a thousand miles in extent. The memorials excavated had been sufficient to fill three or four ships, and the hieroglyphic results obtained from the monuments extended over a period of two thousand years. The papers of the Royal Library exceeded ten thousand volumes. They would understand, therefore, from the vastness of the subject, that he could merely dwell on certain portions of it, and of these portions he would merely select the heads. The portion he should endeavor to explain to them was that relating particularly to cuneiform descriptions, showing what they were, whence they had been obtained, and the nature and extent of the information derived from them. In speaking of the cuneiform descriptions, he merely suggested the mode of writing which was adapted to the use of the wedges—originally a formidable species of writing invented, not by the Semitic inhabitants of Babylon, but by those who had preceded them. It was separated into three great divisions—the Persian, the Semitic, and the Assyrian. The last form, which was the one he proposed to dwell upon, was likewise divided into three kinds; and they would naturally wish to know how it became possible to understand these writings. The colonel then gave an interesting account of the circumstances connected with the discovery of the Persian Alphabet, an insight into which had been obtained by means of proper names inscribed on certain rocks at Ecbatana, to which, twenty years ago, he had directed his attention, while in

the service of the Shah of Persia. This was the first step to the attainment of his great object—a knowledge of the Assyrian branch; but the obstacles he had afterwards to encounter were extreme, the inscriptions he had to study being, in some instances, engraved on the face of precipitous rocks at a height of 500 feet. His next point was to compare the Persian with the Babylonian form, when he succeeded in obtaining a hundred different signs, and laid the foundation for those future inquiries which had ended in his obtaining an almost complete mastery over this system of writing. Colonel Rawlinson then proceeded to mention the general nature of the results obtained from the deciphering and comparing of all these inscriptions. These he divided into ethnological, geographical, and historical, the last of which he considered the most important, and from which he hoped to show the importance of the inscriptions. An erroneous impression, he believed, had been in circulation, to the effect that the intelligence obtained from these discoveries was adverse to the Scriptures. The reverse was the case; and he felt convinced, that the more they examined and became familiar with these inscriptions, and the more extensive was their collection of documents, the more satisfied would they be of the exact accuracy of all the events recorded in the Bible. The discourse, of which the foregoing is necessarily an imperfect outline, was illustrated by an occasional reference to maps and figures, and warmly applauded throughout.

Dr. Julius Ropert then read a paper on "The Geographical and Historical Results of the French Scientific Expedition to Babylon." Dr. Ropert stated, that he had spent two years on the site of Babylon, examining the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks and stone slabs. Babylon covered an area about two times and a-half more than the site of London. But all this space was not inhabited, there being immense fields to supply the city with corn and pasture in case of siege. When we considered what Babylon once was, and what it now was, we could not divest ourselves of the question whether our great cities might not meet the same fate. There was reason to hope that they would not, and the ground of that hope was founded upon a great difference, which he need not stay to explain to a British audience.

STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

In Section G., on Friday, Mr. Ward read

a paper by W. Bridges Adams, C.E., in which he gave a description of various kinds of projectiles, and the philosophical reasons why gun-cotton is better for blasting rocks than for gunnery. The first guns in use in all countries were long; but the inconvenience of very long guns was the cause why the length was curtailed, and why also carronades and mortars were invented. The paper then went on to describe the material of which artillery should be made, and the proper mode of manufacture, and an improved trunnion, with some original suggestions regarding the form of wadding and shot best suited to give sure aim and increased velocity and penetration. In giving his idea of the best form of a ball, Mr. Adams thought that the conical form with feathers was the best, which is exactly what Mr. Kennedy, of Kilmarnock has lately patented, and which has been experimented upon lately at Ardrossan and Troon. The idea of an elongated ball, which should also be charged like a bomb, has also been anticipated by Mr. Kennedy. Welded guns, united by hydrostatic pressure—the coating inside with another metal to prevent abrasion, and several other improvements, which have in part been adopted by inventors—were also recommended.—Dr. Robinson was of opinion that feathers upon a ball was a mistaken idea. He asked whether bronze might not now be used instead of cast-iron, and suggested the probability that on experiment railway iron might be found better than cast-iron for ordnance.—Mr. William Fairbairn said the material of which guns are now made is inferior to that used fifty years ago; and added that, from a recent examination of welded guns, which, he said, were torn asunder as though they had been made of paper, he was doubtful whether guns so made would ever serve any useful purpose. Solid cast guns cool irregularly, and when the gun is bored, the metal is more porous in the centre than on the outside. He thought that the guns at present used are too short, and that by being a foot or more longer, an economy of powder would result, while the range and aim would be better. He thought the shape of guns was at present faulty. They are thick at the breech, and the walls are cast of equal thickness through their whole length; and he was inclined to think an improvement would be found if the muzzle were thinned and the breech thickened. One great evil at present was the faulty character of the iron used for ordnance. The Turkish guns, which he had examined, were cast of gun-metal, and did

admirably. The Russian guns were better than ours, and yet the most of them were cast in this country. He thought all guns made of pieces, and of many mixed metals, would prove failures, because of the frequent heatings they would have to undergo in the process of manufacture. He thought that steel guns, examples of which are in the Exhibition of Paris, might be found very useful, if not for guns of large size, at least for field-pieces and others of small calibre.

Professor George Wilson explained the construction of an electric battery. He stated that not less than fifty such powerful batteries were in action in an adjoining room, and communicating by two wires with the lamp on the table. The extremities of the two wires were charged with points of charcoal, which, on being approximated, became luminous with the electric current, and burned with an intense white light. A peculiar mechanical arrangement of the lamp regulated the approximation of the charcoal points. Messrs. Duboscq and Natchet then proceeded with numerous experiments, projecting the images of various natural objects upon the screen, where they were seen magnified to the extent of 6,000 times. Among the objects exhibited were the prismatic spectrum, the polarisation of light, the crystallisation of a salt in solution, living animalcules, various parts of insect structure, minute *Algæ* and *Dratomaceæ*, &c. Next followed a series of photographic views of the blood corpuscles of different animals; and here Dr. Wilson explained, that not only these, but also all the photographic images which would be projected on the screen, or were lying upon the table in front of the organ, had been taken, not by ordinary, but by the electric light—a new phase of photographic art not yet known in this country, and peculiarly the application of Messrs. Duboscq and Natchet. The experiments concluded with a series of beautiful panoramic views of Paris, of the Paris Exhibition, &c. During the remainder of the evening the electric light was exposed, uncovered by the lamp, and the vast extent of the hall was brilliantly lighted up by a steady, powerful white light.

Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross read a paper on "The Aurora Borealis," in support of his theory that the phenomena of the aurora borealis were occasioned by the action of the sun, when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole which were before in-

visible. He showed how the phenomena might be artificially produced. To accomplish this, he said, I placed a powerful lamp, to represent the sun, having a lens, at the focal distance of which I placed a rectified terrestrial globe, on which bruised glass of the various colors we had seen in Baffin's Bay was placed, to represent the colored icebergs we had seen in that locality, while the space between Greenland and Spitsbergen was left blank, to represent the sea. To represent the clouds above the pole which were to receive the reflected rays, I applied a hot iron to a sponge, and by giving the globe its regular diurnal motion, I produced the phenomena vulgarly called "The Merry Dancers," and every other appearance, exactly as seen in the natural sky, while it disappeared as the globe turned, as being the part representing the sea to the points of incidence. In corroboration of my theory, I have to remark that, during my last voyage to the Arctic regions (1850-1), we never, among the numerous icebergs saw any that were colored; but all were a yellowish white; and, during the following winter, the aurora was exactly the same color; and when that part of the globe was covered with bruised glass of that color, the phenomena produced in my experiment was the same, as was also the aurora australis, in the Antarctic regions, where no colored icebergs were ever seen.

Mr. Robert Allen read a paper on "The Present Condition of the Geysers of Iceland," which he had recently visited, in company with Mr. Robert Chambers. The Geysers on the south-west portion of Iceland were those best known, and they still exhibited great strength. These came into existence in the fifteenth century—viz., in 1446. Their action then must have been much more powerful than it now is. The principle springs now were the "Geyser," the "the Stroker," and the "Little Stroker." Near them were some tremendous caverns pouring over boiling water with great rapidity. This boiling water was blue and clear as crystal down to the bottom. Some others threw up boiling mud. The Geyser was the only spring of the three which had formed a mound around it. When the Geyser is quiescent, the cup and pipe are filled with hot water, which boils over the centre. After the party had waited for twenty-seven hours, an irruption took place, preceded by a subterranean rumbling noise, and a trembling of the earth under the feet, which shakes the whole body. The ebullition exhibited great force and rapidity, during which the water is thrown to

an immense height, and after its close the water recedes, leaving eight or ten feet of the pipe dry. The pipe of the great Stroker was eighty-seven feet deep, and about nine in diameter, and some of the ejections were from eighty to ninety feet high. A silk handkerchief was also thrown in, which, before being ejected, was washed into shreds. [Mr. Allen exhibited the fragments of the handkerchief.] The water, as it came from the spring, was used for culinary purposes, boiling soup, &c., and it made good toddy. The irruptions had no doubt fallen off much of late years in frequency and duration, and the quantity of water ejected was much less than before. Little doubt existed, therefore, that their action was becoming weaker, and that in due course, like Hecla, they would become comparatively quiescent. Other springs on the north side, however, were known to be steadily increasing.

Professor Thomson then read a paper on "Peristaltic Induction of Electric Currents in Submarine Telegraph Wires." The mathematical treatment of the problem of mutual peristaltic induction is contained in the paper brought before the section, but the author confined himself in the meeting to mentioning some of the results. Among others, he mentioned, as being of practical importance, that the experiments which have been made on the transmission of currents backwards and forwards by the different wires of a multiple cable, do not indicate correctly the degree of retardation that is to be expected when signals are to be transmitted through the same amount of wire laid out in a cable of the full length. It follows, that expectations as to the working of a submarine telegraph between Britain and America, founded on such experiments may prove fallacious; and to avoid the chance of prodigious losses in such an undertaking, the author suggested that the working of the Varna and the Balaklava wire should be examined. Immense economy may be practised in attending to these indications of theory in all submarine cables constructed in future for short distances; and the failure of great undertakings can alone be insured by using them in a preliminary estimate.

Sir R. I. Murchison said he had been in communication with the Governor of Australia, and it was undoubted that, though the population had of late largely increased, the produce of gold had decreased. It was a virgin country; the gold lay in great troughs, and the question was how long it would take to exhaust them. It might be a

quarter of a century — more or less — he would not like to name it; but it would be sooner or later exhausted. The riches were on the surface. No doubt, however, Australia would produce gold for many years, and enable this country to found there a magnificent empire.

Professor Ramsay described a new process, by Mr. Robert Macpherson, for obtaining lithographs by photographic process. He takes a common lithographic stone, and pours on it a solution of bitumen in sulphuric ether. In a few seconds the ether evaporates, leaving a very delicate and thin coating of bitumen, the stone exhibiting a surface like a plate prepared for etching. He then takes a negative obtained by the collodion or calotype process, and applies it to the stone, and then places it in the full light of the sun. Within a moderate time, the negative communicates an impression to the bitumen very faintly visible. The negative is removed, and the bitumen is placed in a bath of sulphuric ether, which dissolves the whole of the bitumen not acted on by the light, and there remains a photographic picture represented accurately on the stone in the undissolved bitumen. The stone may then be placed in the hands of a lithographic printer, and printed from.

Dr. Lankester exhibited a volume on "The Natural History of Deeside and Braemar," by the late Dr. Macgillivray. The manuscript of this work has been purchased from the relatives of the author by the Queen, and was now published by Her Majesty's command. The work excited much interest in a crowded section on account of its beautiful typography and illustrations of scenery in the neighborhood of Balmoral. The volume contains an account of a personal tour made by the author along the course of the Dee, and gives extensive lists of the plants, animals, and minerals of the district. It is also illustrated by maps of the geology of Braemar and adjoining districts, and contains a chapter on the Natural History of the Red Deer, by Dr. Lankester, from information obtained from sportsmen and foresters living in the Highlands. The volume is printed for private circulation.

Dr. Roscoe of Heidelberg read a highly interesting paper on "The Formation of the new metals, Strontium, Calcium, Lithium, Aluminium, &c., from the Chloride of these Substances." The metal lithium was the subject of much interest, from the fact of its being lighter than water and rock-oil, in which it is preserved. One great quality of alu-

minium was its sonorousness, exceeding in sharpness of sound, when struck by a metal instrument, the finest bell-metal.—Baron Liebig laid on the table a specimen of the metal.—Dr. Anderson explained, that this was a metal of the appearance of silver, and would be useful for many purposes. It is produced from common clay. It does not tarnish when exposed to the air. At the present time it could only be got at the price of gold, but it was expected that, as a new process of obtaining it had been discovered, it would soon come into general use.—Dr. Wilson said, there was one very important purpose to which it could be applied, namely, in the manufacture of small weights, as the hundredth part of a grain, &c. He understood that a set was at present being made in Edinburgh.

Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, read a paper on "The Chemical Changes undergone by Artificial Sea Water after Ten Months' Use in the Marine Vivarium." The author stated that the communication which he now made to the section was in continuation of one read to it at the meeting in Liverpool last year. Mr. Gosse, the distinguished naturalist, who has done so much for the improvement of marine vivaria, had given him two specimens of artificial sea water, in which living plants and animals had been kept in full vigor for periods respectively of ten and six months. On analysis, it appeared that, whereas magnesia, sulphuric acid, potassium, sodium, and chlorine, were the only substances originally present in solution in the artificial sea water; lime, phosphoric acid, gelatin, iodine, and iron now occurred in it. The lime was probably dissolved by carbonic acid evolved from the animals; the phosphoric acid was taken up as phosphate of lime by the same gas, along with water; the iodine was separated from the sea weeds; the gelatin from the *Infusoria* and fragments of rock within the vivarium; and the iron from many sources. It was further stated, that certain important substances which were likely to be present could not be detected, owing, as the author believed, solely to the small amount of water which could be spared from the vivaria not permitting a minute amount of such bodies as bromine, fluorine, ammonia, or nitric acid to be discovered. The success of Mr. Gosse's artificial sea water was shown to be complete.

Dr. Norton Shaw read a paper drawn up by Dr. Barth, communicated through the Earl of Clarendon, descriptive of Timbuctoo,—its population, commerce, &c. The roofs of the house are of mud, and one story high

—those of the wealthier classes are two stories high. There are only at present three mosques in the town. There is a market held every day. He entered the city from the south side of Kabara, having navigated a considerable channel of the river. His reception in the town was very satisfactory, being escorted from Kabara by Sidi Alawad, the brother of the absent Sheikh Bakay, and welcomed by great part of the wealthier Arabs inhabiting the place. He was obliged to sustain the character of a messenger of the Sultan of Stamboul, his real character not being known even to his protector. The Sheikh el Bakay has given full security to any Englishman visiting the city. He was always satisfied to see an English boat come up the river. Dr. Barth presented him with a considerable number of black shawls and other articles to be distributed among his followers. Timbuctoo is not now environed by a wall, the original having long ago fallen into decay. Its circumference does not exceed two and a-half miles. The population is considerably mixed. The original, and by far the most numerous of the inhabitants, are the Soury.—Dr. Blackie read an extract from a letter, dated Cape Town, May 10, 1854, from Mr. C. Anderson. Mr. Anderson succeeded in attaining the opening of a communication with Lake Ngami, from the west coast, and believed the result would eventually prove satisfactory. The new road thus laid open presents many advantages. It is comparatively safe, and is practicable at all seasons of the year. He believed it would in future become one of the high roads to the interior of the African continent. The bushmen told them that two rivers had their origin in the lake. They found the rivers, but they had no connection with the lake. One of them was navigable for several hundreds of miles.

Mr. Consul Parkes read notes on the Hindoo-Chinese nations and Siamese rivers, with an account of Sir John Bowring's mission to Siam. Mr. Parkes described the advantages of the treaty concluded with Siam. Instead of the very restrictive duties formerly imposed, there was now to be an import duty of three per cent., payable either in money or in kind, and permission was given to the British to purchase houses and lands, and even build ships in their rivers. And, in accordance with the memorial sent to the British government from Glasgow and other places, Sir John Bowring arranged that a consul be appointed to take British interests under his charge, on the same principle which

obtains in the Levant and China. The prospects of commerce with Siam were very hopeful. The Siamese were not a manufacturing people, and would be ready to take manufactures in return for their produce. In 1840, the value of our trade with Siam was about £500,000, and there was reason to hope that ten years hence it might amount to £4,000,000 or £5,000,000. Their rice was perhaps the best in the world, and the cultivation of this crop might be extended almost to any amount. There were many free schools in Siam; education was conducted by the priests, and four-fifths of the people could read. Their principal town (Bankok) had a population exceeding that of Glasgow.

Baron Liebig read the following paper on a new Cyanic Acid:—In the course of some experiments on the fulminate of mercury, I observed that that compound, when kept boiling in water, changed its color and lost its fulminating properties. On examining the change that had taken place in the composition of the fulminate, I discovered a new acid, which had exactly the composition of cyanic acid, but which differed entirely from that acid in its properties, and in the properties of the salts which are produced with the alkaline basis—salts remarkable for their beauty, and for the distinctness of their crystalline form. Taking for the equivalent of hydrated fulminic acid the formula C, manner, the elements of three equivalents of

fulminic acid unite to form one equivalent of the new acid, to which I shall give the name of fulminuric acid. This acid is monobasic. Its salt of silver is soluble in hot water, and crystallises from it in long, silky, white needles. The alkaline salts of the new acid are very easily prepared by boiling the fulminate of mercury with an alkaline chloride. The fulminate of mercury is first dissolved, then gradually two-thirds of the oxide of mercury precipitates, and the alkaline fulminate, with a certain quantity of chloride of mercury and potassium, remains in the solution. By employing the chloride of sodium, or the chloride of barium, we obtain of course a salt of the new acid, with a base of soda or of barytes. With chloride of ammonium an ammoniacal salt is obtained, the crystals of which are distinguished from all others by their adamantine brilliancy and their high degree of lustre. These crystals belong to the Klinorhombic system, and possess double refraction almost as strongly as Iceland spar. The hydrated acid is easily obtained by decomposing the basic lead salt by means of sulphuretted hydrogen. It has a strongly acid reaction, and when reduced by evaporation to a state of syrup, it is transformed by degrees into a crystalline mass, which dissolves in alcohol, and which, by the action of acids, is changed into carbonic acid and ammonia.

From Chambers' Journal.

CRYPTOGRAPHES.

LET not the reader be startled at this very learned-looking name: it simply means *secret writing*—cipher correspondence, words expressed by artificially selected and artificially employed letters and numerals. The second column of the first page of the *Times* is a magazine of such curiosities, as every regular reader of that journal knows. We threw a little light on them two years ago, in an article to which we shall have occasion to refer presently; but we wish now to draw the attention of the reader to another phase of the

subject. There is a national, a historical, a political importance attached to the past history of ciphers, not fully appreciated at the present day. The electric telegraph has thrown all other systems of correspondence so completely in the shade, in respect to celerity in passing all obstacles of river and sea, mountain and valley, that the old beaten paths have in many ways been abandoned. Not that cryptographs have yet been dispensed with by statesmen and diplomatists; for the public learned, on a recent occasion,

that some of our wisacres had been thrown into bewilderment by being unable to decipher their own ciphers, on a matter relating to the war! But it is, nevertheless, as a matter of history that cryptographs are now chiefly interesting; and in this respect they are deserving of more attention than might at first sight be supposed.

It used to be understood during the last war, and probably remains yet true, that a decipherer or interpreter of cryptographs was attached to the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in all the principal states; and these decipherers gave the high-sounding names of Cryptography, Cryptology, Polygraphy, and Steganography, to their art. So far back as the time of the Greeks, many systems of cipher were employed to transmit messages during war-time. One of these methods may be easily illustrated thus: Let us suppose that the English alphabet, by omitting the letter *j*, consists of twenty-five letters; arrange these in a square, thus:—

1	2	3	4	5	
a	f	l	q	v	1
b	g	m	r	w	2
c	h	n	s	x	3
d	i	o	t	y	4
e	k	p	u	z	5

Place figures over and at the right hand; represent every letter by two figures, by the intersection of a vertical with a horizontal row; and thus we find that 11 represent *a*; 34, *o*; 52, *w*; 14, *d*; and so on. This was the principle of one of the Greek methods—one among a numerous family, which the ingenuity of any reader could easily reproduce. The Greeks were likewise well aware of all such contrivances as affixing small dots to the letters of any epistle or manuscript-book, in such a way as to denote only the characters expressive of the secret message; substituting points for vowels; passing a thread through determinately arranged holes in a table; tying knots at determinate distances on a string; placing ink-spots at determinate distances on paper; changing the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet, and substituting one for another in writing; employing new and uncouth characters in lieu of ordinary letters; representing a whole word or a whole sentence by one single arbitrary character; abbreviating and clipping words, spelled in other respects in the usual way; or, rather, if not aware of *all* such contrivances, they were conversant with the principle on which each one rests. One of the

Greek methods was mechanical in its arrangement, and certainly curious in its kind. The two correspondents were furnished with two cylindrical pieces of wood exactly alike, each having one; the writer took a long narrow strip of parchment, wound it spirally round his staff at a determinate angle, and then wrote upon or across the *edges* of the adjacent turns of the spiral; when unrolled, the writing appeared confused and unintelligible; but the person to whom it was sent could interpret it by winding it round his staff. Perhaps the most comical of all cryptographs was one mentioned by Herodotus. Histæus, while at the Persian court, sent to Aristagoras, in Greece, a servant affected with bad eyes; Histæus told the servant that his hair must first be shorn, and his head scarified; and, in doing this, he *wrote*, or scratched, or inscribed, *a message on the skin of the man's head!* The servant was not sent until his hair grew again; but when at length he reached Greece, he was subjected anew to the shearing and shaving process by Aristagoras, under pretence that it would be good for his eyes; and Aristagoras thus gained access to the secret writing which the servant had unconsciously carried about with him in this odd manner.

During the middle ages, secret writing was much mixed up with telegraphic, military, and naval signals—no broad line of distinction being maintained among the three. Torches placed in particular positions at night; flags held in position by day; guns fired at particular intervals; large drums beaten in a pre-arranged way; musical sounds to represent letters; lamps covered by differently-colored glasses; square holes diversely closed by shutters; levers projecting at different angles from a vertical post—all were adopted as signals; but secret writing, usually so called, was in most cases a transposition of alphabetical letters. In an *Essay on Cryptography*, written by Blair about half a century ago, the use of artificial characters is illustrated in a very curious way. In the first place, eight sentences or short paragraphs are written, in eight of the principal languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, German, Latin, and Greek, one in each. Then, Blair appealed to his printers to supply him with every possible variety of type which their founts possessed, *except* the English and Greek alphabets—Anglo-Saxon, Hebrew, German type, numerals, mathematical symbols, dashes, stops, small ornaments, &c.; and these he employed, some in their proper positions, and some upside down, to repre-

sent the proper letters of the sentence—always presupposing that the two correspondents have settled what shall be the nature of the substitution.

The reader at the present day can hardly understand the eagerness with which cipher-writing was discussed in past times. Baptistista Porta, Cardan, Vieta, Dr. Wallis, the ingenious Marquis of Worcester, all wrote on the subject. Some recommended the representation of letters by small dashes placed at different angles within small squares ruled on paper; some adopted a kind of shorthand strokes upon horizontal lines; some referred to words or sentences by the employment of figures corresponding to the pages and lines of some rare printed book in the possession of the confederates. The great Lord Bacon discoursed upon wheel-ciphers, key-ciphers, word-ciphers; and prided himself much on a cipher in which *a* and *b* are made to do duty for the whole of the alphabet. He gives as an instance the sentence "Stay till I come to you," printed partly in Roman and partly in Italic characters: this intermixture of type suggests the formation of the three gibberish words, "aabab, ababa, babba;" and these suggest the plain English word "Fly," which is the real object of the message—the original sentence being merely a blind. Such is an example of the extraordinary labor which has sometimes been bestowed on this matter.

One of these crotchets consists in writing a sentence in good English, but with an intention that only a few of the words shall convey the desired message. Thus: "I shall be much obliged to you, as reading alone engages my attention at present, if you will lend me any one of the eight volumes of the *Spectator*." That this is good English is more than we will affirm; but we take it just as it is given by one of the cryptographers. The recipient, by the aid of some sort of key or clue previously agreed upon, selects the words, "I shall be . . . alone . . . at . . . eight," as conveying the meaning, rejecting the rest. Some of the professors of the art have deemed this a famous system; because, if the sentence constructed be really a sensible remark in good English, there may be no suspicion that any secret is involved. Another, of somewhat similar character, consists in writing a letter or paragraph, conveying the secret information, in a narrow column of several lines, and then increasing the column to double the width, by adding to each line additional words, which, though destroying the original sense, shall impart a new one.

This requires a good deal of tact in composition. The following has been given as the postscript to a letter written on this principle:—

"Pray throw off those vain fears; expose not yourself to scorn, when there is not any imminent danger."

Taking the left hand part of this only, there is the warning: "Pray, expose not yourself to imminent danger."

Mr. Thicknesse, a cryptographer in the last century, once received a letter from a lady who tried to puzzle him. She first composed an epistle in English, selecting for the most part words whose sounds are nearly similar to other words found in the French language; then she wrote it again, using these words instead of the English, and the letter assumed this form: "Sur—As yeux air il, doux comme and change the climat. Here, yeux mais have game, fiohe, duc, fat mutin, foule, porc, aile, port, fruit, and admirable menchette and butter; an mi sistre (a joli nymphe) tu chat tu yeux, and sing yeux an ode, tu the lute or violin. Yeux canne have a stéble for ure hors, and a place for ure chaise. Mi son met a physician neér the river, tissé fetal signe! thé sai, the pour Docteur dos grive about the affaire oing to the rude squire. But pardon mi long lettre; pré doux comme tu us about mai, if yeux canne. Mi service to ure niece. Hohe dos Raffe doux? P.S.—Pré doux comme; for ure pour Nenni seize but feu beaux." Of course, to any one at all acquainted with French, this effusion could occasion no difficulty; but the lady wrote in the Etruscan character—a form of very early Greek alphabet, not now known except to a few learned men; so that, by means of the Anglo-French hidden in the Greco-Etruscan, the fair writer doubtlessly produced an ingenious cryptograph.

In past years, the decipherers were a class of persons who made this art their especial study; and no doubt an adept could obtain high rewards for his skill from governments in search of secret information. He made himself acquainted with every imaginable variety in the art: the transposition of letters; the change of this transposition itself with every line; the use of numerals for letters; the combination of letters, numerals, and printing characters; the invention of new characters; the adoption of lines, dashes, or dots; the insertion of significant words in the midst of nonsense; the use of significant words in a long and otherwise useless sen-

tence of good English—all were familiar to them; and they were wont to establish rules whereby to discover a clue to each cipher. These rules were in some cases so complex as to equal in elaboration a scientific process: indeed, some of the cryptographers insisted that their labors belonged not merely to an art but to a science.

In the reign of James II., the Earl of Argyll, engaged in a conspiracy against the government, wrote a letter to a confederate, in which the words jumbled on in the following manner:—"I gone so I and refuse object first you time much is way the our would have business very I possible of I send here against my 'till what little upon known not which money assistance I service," &c. The attempts to discover the key to this cipher were instrumental in drawing attention to the art generally.

This subject has received some very curious illustrations in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer, treating of the oddities which sometimes make their appearance in public in the newspapers, tells of "Love with finger on lip, speaking secretly, and as he thinks securely, through the medium of cipher advertisements to the loved one. Sweet delusion! There are wicked philosophers abroad who unstring the bow of harder toil by picking your inmost thoughts! Lovers, beware! Intriguers, tremble! Many a wicked passage of illicit love, many a joy fearfully snatched, which passed through the second column of the first page of the *Times* as a string of disjointed letters, unintelligible, as the correspondents thought, to all the world but themselves, have we seen fairly copied out in plain, if not always good English, in the commonplace-books of these cunning men at cryptographs." The reviewer then lifts the veil that covers the heart-secrets of Flo, but without being able to decide whether Flo is the masculine writer or the feminine recipient of the effusion, but most probably the latter. Flo is addressed in the following rhapsodic style:—"Thou voice of my heart! Berlin, Thursday. I leave next Monday, and shall press you to my heart on Saturday. God bless you!" Four more cryptographic addresses to Flo appear in subsequent advertisements in the *Times*, one of which is translated by the reviewer thus: "The last is wrong. I repeat it. Thou voice of my heart. I am so lonely, I miss you more than ever. I look at your picture every night. I send you an Indian shawl to wear round you while asleep after dinner. It will keep you from harm, and you must fancy my arms are

around you. God bless you! How I do love you!"

All very pretty, no doubt; but Flos and their beaux must not rely too much on their cryptography. A great fright was inflicted in this particular case. After four of the letters had been written, some cipher-anatomist seems to have discovered the key, and announced the same in the *Times*; this was speedily followed by one more, and apparently a last address to Flo: "I fear, dearest, our cipher is discovered: write at once to your friend Indian Shawl (P. O.) Buckingham, Bucks." An anonymous writer, under the cognomen Senex, commented on these sillinesses; and another, Expositor, wrote thus to the *Times*: "Permit me to aid your correspondent, Senex, in exposing the absurd and sickening twaddle contained in these advertisements—twaddle, moreover, which, in its tendency, is much more likely to injure than improve the morals of the curious young folks who so readily crack such nuts at the present festive season. At foot is a translation, made in five minutes, from your journal of this morning, by a juvenile at present residing with me: and his first remark on reading it was to the effect, that if any booby should be caught ciphering in such a way at his school, he would get 'jolly well flogged' by the master."

Without wishing to bear too hardly upon poor Flo, but with a desire to show the principle on which such epistolary conundrums are usually constructed, the stately *Quarterly* points out that the Flo correspondence was carried on by means of figures or numerals, the key to which is as follows:—

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
y	u	o	i	e	a	d	k	h	f
s	t	n	m	r	l	z	g	w	p
x							c	b	
								v	

each figure, we presume, serving as a substitute for any one of the letters placed underneath it.

The reviewer shows the principle on which a certain "Cenerentola" correspondence was constructed; and also the extraordinary trouble which some one had taken to put into cipher the theorem that "the *Times* is the Jefferies of the press." But both of these nuts were cracked in our journal two years ago, as well as several others—such as a "Kensington" advertisement, in which each letter is represented by another standing twelfth before it in the alphabet; another, in

which seven letters are represented, each, by these seven ahead, seven by seven in the rear, six by six ahead, and six by six in the rear; another, on the principle of turning the alphabet end to end, and using a letter as far from the end as the real letter is from the beginning of the alphabet. Such exposures of supposed secrets are not without their use, for the correspondence either is or is not intended to fulfil some praiseworthy purpose. If it is not, then may it be well to let sentimental damsels and youths know that their sighs and raptures are detected and laughed at; while, if any really good and publicly beneficial object be held in view, then is it right to show that no cipher is safe, unless much more skilfully constructed than those usually met with in advertisements.

It is very little known how fully the rules have been developed and laid down whereby ciphers may be deciphered. In important state matters, the decipherers of past days attended to all collateral information possible to be obtained—such as the language in which the cipherer may have originally penned his communication, the period at which it was composed, the cipher most in fashion at that period, the quarter from whence the writing might possibly come, the place to which it was probably destined, the

person for whom it might be intended, and similar external conditions or accidents. There was a struggle between the cipherers and the decipherers of different nations: the former, to devise a cipher which might baffle the latter; and the latter, to defeat all such attempts. A mere transposition of letters, however ingenious, became at length no safeguard against these sharp-witted gentry, and more complex arrangements were adopted. Let us illustrate this. We will take six consecutive words from a sentence in the former part of this article: we will devise a mode of substitution, using wrong letters in every case, but yet on a system which could clearly be defined in words, whether for a long or a short sentence, and our gibberish will appear thus:

wkbbz jwj jvuclyzhuad req rfgr nejymtpi.

Now, the point to be illustrated is this—that a practised cryptographer, even without knowing that the six words have been chosen from the present article, would solve this mystery by means of certain rules which he has laid down for his guidance; whereas an uninitiated person, even with this knowledge, will make many guesses before he hits upon the right.

From Sharp's Magazine.

THE TWO MENDICANTS OF VALENCIA.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE beautiful summer's evening a mendicant, who had been plying his vocation in one of the villages in the environs of Valencia, had arrived on his return within half a mile of that city, when his attention was attracted by the aspect of a house, situated on the banks of the Guadeloria. It was brilliantly illuminated, and from the windows, which were all open, with the jalousies drawn up, came sounds of joyous music. The mansion, which rose amidst a wilderness of verdure was surrounded by lovely gardens, filled with a profusion of beautiful

flowers and bouquets of orange, citron, and other oriental trees. A broad avenue, bordered by shrubs, terminated in a grove of palms, forming a shady retreat from the heat of the day. These charming grounds, which were only separated from the water by a low laurel hedge, were profusely ornamented with statues, fountains, and cool grottos.

Finding the door open, Pedro, the beggar ventured to enter, and, creeping along the hedge, which was some distance from the house, stopped where he had a full view of the interior of the large and magnificent saloon, from which the sounds of revelry proceeded. The walls of this superb apartment

were tapestried with garlands of beautiful blossoms, and the reflection of countless wax tapers threw a softened light over a numerous and fashionable assemblage, dressed in the costume of the time of Philip IV. Among the ladies there were many of great beauty, with their dark flashing eyes, their fine glossy hair sparkling with jewels, and tall and elegant forms. But there was one young girl among them, whose beauty was so remarkable that the whole company pronounced her the queen of the fête. Donna Julia was the daughter of Donna Isabella del Marcos, a widow lady, who, having been left with three daughters and a fortune, had sacrificed her two eldest children by forcing them to the veil. The youngest had been sought in marriage by a young cavalier of good family and fortune, named Don Rinaldo de Guzman. Her proud and ambitious mother had, without consulting her daughter's inclinations, accepted this brilliant offer. The festival of this night was in honor of their bridal, and the ceremony was to be performed by midnight.

Julia looked very lovely in her wedding dress, which was entirely of white. Her hair, was confined by a superb band of diamonds, and a snowy veil, which fastened to the back of her head, added to the grace of her appearance. In no part of Spain are the women more celebrated for their beauty than in the kingdom of Valencia; and the softness and salubrity of the climate is supposed to exert a powerful influence on their persons.

Along the whole extent of the villa ran a broad stone terrace, trellised over with orange, jasmine, and other beautiful trees. A sparkling marble fountain rose in the middle, whose clear and refreshing water kept this charming spot always cool and pleasant. As Pedro, lying at his ease on the rich verdure, contemplated the gay scene before him, a voice near him whispered:—

"Comrade, what brings you here?"

"I might reply by asking you the same question," answered Pedro to Diego, the newcomer.

"I came to satisfy my curiosity. I had heard that Donna Julia was to be married this night; and, as I understood that the wedding was to take place at Donna Isabella's country house, I threw my wallet over my shoulder, and came to have a look at the bridegroom."

Diego, who was a good specimen of a Spanish beggar, had occupied a niche in the porch of the church of Notre Dame ever since his boyhood, a post which was hereditary in

his family. As he was speaking, Julia approached the open window, in order to escape the close air of the dancing room. By her side stood a tall and handsome man.

"That is the intended bridegroom," said Diego, "who is now speaking to Donna Julia."

"Do you know, her then," said Pedro.

"Yes," returned the other, "but, by our lady, that is not the countenance of the man she loves."

"What can you know about the matter," cried Pedro.

"If you will have patience to listen, I will tell you a tale of love which will answer all your questions."

"Good," said Pedro, "I am ready."

The soft serenity of the night, the purity of the heavens, studded with a thousand golden stars, gave a charm to this romantic spot, which was not unfelt by the mendicants; and, under the influence, Diego began his story:—

"Donna Isabella del Marcos attends mass regularly at the church of Our Lady. She is always accompanied by Donna Julia, whom she guards with the most jealous care. She often speaks kindly to me, and the young lady never fails to place a real in my hat. Her extreme beauty drew the attention of every cavalier who passed her on the road. One morning I observed a gentleman, whom I had seen many times before, follow the two ladies at a respectful distance. When he saw them enter the church, he crossed over to where I was standing, and beckoning me apart, said, at the same time showing me a gold piece and a letter:—

"This money shall be yours, providing you contrive to place this note in the hands of the young lady who has entered the church."

"The stranger so took me by surprise, and spoke with such an air of authority, that I was unable to refuse. When, therefore, Julia came out again, I managed, when the Argus eyes of the mother were turned another way, to fulfil my commission. I, afterwards, out of curiosity, made many inquiries about him, but could never learn either his name or rank. After this morning, I had often the same office to perform.

"About this time, Donna Isabella had occasion to leave Valencia for a short time. Her daughter came to attend mass as usual; but was now accompanied by a duenna. This person, who was very old and devout, paid very little attention to her charge, but kept her eyes constantly fixed on her book. The stranger, when informed of the absence of

the mother, ventured to enter the church, and soon made a personal acquaintance with the young lady. From that time the letters ceased; the lovers had, no doubt, found some other means of communication. At the end of a fortnight, Donna Isabella returned, and a short time after, the young cavalier suddenly disappeared.

"A visible change soon took place in the young lady's looks. She became pale and sad, and I often surprised her in tears. Affairs went on in this way for some time, when, on Sunday morning, on entering his pulpit, the priest published in a loud voice the banns of marriage between Don Rinaldo de Guzman and Donna Julia del Marcos.

"I, of course, imagined that the young lady was going to marry the dashing stranger who had sent her the letters; but the next time I saw her, as she put the real into my hand, she said in a troubled voice—

"My friend pray for me. I am very unhappy."

"Having ascertained that the wedding was to take place at Donna Isabella's country house, I came here to see what I could; but by the hair of the holy Madalene, she is going to marry the wrong person."

"That remains to be seen," said a deep voice, which seemed to proceed from the laurel grove, and, at the same time, a tall figure, wrapped in an ample cloak and wearing a sombrero, which completely shaded his countenance, stepped forward and desiring Diego to follow him, retired to a group of trees a short distance off.

"Friend," said the gentleman to the mendicant, "you have already served me faithfully. Have you the courage to carry this letter to Donna Julia and deliver it to her without witnesses?"

Diego, making the sign of the cross, took the note and walked over in the direction of the house. The dancing still continued in the saloon. Numerous couples stepped gracefully in the gay bolero or the spirited fandango, striking at intervals their light castanets. Julia feeling fatigued had left the dancers, and was looking out on the night. The perfumed breeze fanned her cheeks, which were flushed by some powerful emotion. It was plain that, under a mask of gaiety, she was a prey to a bitter sorrow. Her lips trembled and her eyes were fixed on vacancy. But she was not allowed long to remain alone; Don Rinaldo joined her, with his countenance beaming with happiness. Taking her hand, he for the first time ventured to speak of love; for Donna Isabella, fearing

that her daughter might betray her feelings, had never allowed her to be alone with her lover. His passionate words were listened to in silence by Julia, but found no echo in her heart. All was silence in the grounds; the lovely moon poured a flood of light over the whole scene; the night was so calm that scarcely a breeze stirred the leaves. Julia trembled with emotion. "On such a night as this," murmured she, "Lorenzo pledged his vows to me in the palm-grove, and received mine in return."

The remembrance of these happy meetings and her present situation, on the eve of becoming the wife of a man for whom she had no affection, weighed heavily on her spirits. She felt she was going to commit a heavy sin. As she thus mused, a shudder passed through her frame; Rinaldo perceiving it, said—

"You are not well, my love. The heat of the room fatigues you; let us leave this gay assembly. The water is beautiful, we can walk on the terrace or descend into the garden; and we shall be alone," added he, pressing her hand.

These tender expressions only increased her distress; but at that moment a shadow passed the window, and a whining voice cried out:

"Charity, good lady, for a poor Christian."

Julia knowing his voice, and suspecting his errand, appeared ready to faint. Don Rinaldo, thinking the beggar had alarmed her—

"That miserable wretch has frightened you. I will have him kicked into the road. How did he get in?"

Recovering herself by a powerful effort she replied—

"My mother has given him leave to enter; she knows the man."

The beggar now approached nearer, and again repeated his vociferations. Julia leaning over the balcony, as if to give him money, received the letter. Retiring a little apart she read the words:—

"Are you going to break the solemn engagement which has passed between us? Before I can believe in such treason, I must hear it from your own lips. Meet me immediately in the palm-grove. Leave that hollow scene, and return to him to whom you have vowed eternal fidelity."

Diego, who had retired, returned to his hiding-place. In a few minutes he saw a woman dressed in white, with her veil floating behind her, glide stealthily under the trees and take the direction of the palm-grove. The mendicant, who was very cu-

rious, crawled on his hands and knees after her, and, arrived just in time to see Donna Julia received in the arms of the tall stranger. After a few moments of silent emotion, Lorenzo, placing the agitated girl on a flowery bank, and kneeling beside her, whispered—

"A noble Spaniard never breaks his vow. I am ready to marry you in the morning."

"It is too late," faltered Julia, "this is my bridal festival; but," continued she, "why did you disappear so suddenly, without explaining the cause of your absence?"

"My father," returned Lorenzo, "whose severity of character I have before explained to you, suddenly arrived on the morning after I last saw you, and obliged me immediately to accompany him to Madrid. I dared not tell him of my engagement, as he would never, I am afraid, have forgiven a misalliance, as he would have termed it. But on arriving yesterday at this city, accompanied by my father, the first news I heard was of your intended marriage. Overwhelmed by despair, I have been hovering about this spot in the hopes of seeing you; and should no doubt have entered the saloon, had I not fortunately encountered Diego. But," continued the excited young man, his voice growing louder and louder, "I am here to carry you off, in defiance of my rival."

Julia, interrupting him, inquired why he had not applied to her mother. "I have," said she, in a tremulous tone, "thrown myself at her feet and pleaded against this marriage. I have told her that I have not a heart to bestow; but," added she, with a slight touch of indignation, "when asked the name and rank of my lover, I was obliged to be silent. You have so shrouded yourself in mystery, that I had nothing to explain. My mother, overwhelming me with reproaches, immediately named my wedding day. I am to be married at midnight."

"You shall never accomplish this treachery," cried her lover. "I will tear you from his arms, even at the foot of the altar. If you wish to prevent bloodshed, you must follow me."

"I will never follow you," said Julia, in a firm voice, "but as your wife. In that character I am content to live in obscurity—work for you, and, if necessary, share your misery; but I will not dishonor myself by becoming your mistress."

"By the honor of a gentleman, I will wed you; but we must keep our union a secret for a short time. I am my father's only child,

and we must trust to time to soften his resentment. I will place you immediately with an old lady, with whom I lodged when I first became acquainted with you. But time presses—the music has ceased, you will be missed."

Just as he finished speaking, a murmur of voices was heard; and when the mother, followed by her friends, entered the palm grove in search of her child, all that remained of the lovely Julia was her diamond band and her bridal veil.

Donna Isabella, who had witnessed the sacrifice of her two eldest children without shedding a tear, uttered bitter lamentations at the disappearance of her for whom she had anticipated so brilliant a future. Don Rinaldo left the house immediately; as his passion was but a passing fancy, he was soon consoled.

When all the guests had departed, Donna Isabella, who, too late, saw the error she had committed, sent for her confessor, Father Antonio, who was a bigot, and, inaccessible to all human sympathy, exercised a powerful influence in the family of Donna Isabella. It was by his persuasion she had placed her daughters in a convent, and was very angry when he learned her project for marrying her youngest child. This priest was past the middle age, but his face had not that calm serenity which is the sure accompaniment of a well-spent life. On the contrary, his was a countenance on which the worst passions had left their indelible stamp. He was tall and meagre in person, his forehead was wrinkled, and his eyes had a sinister and unpleasant expression. On learning the cause of his hasty summons, he overwhelmed the unhappy mother with reproaches, and told her she had brought this disgrace on herself by not following his counsels. The priests in Spain at this period were so much feared, that no one attempted to dispute their will. Donna Isabella, therefore, listened to the invectives of Father Antonio without attempting to justify herself.

"I must be allowed," said the obdurate priest, "to act in this matter for you. I will seek your daughter and place her in a convent, where, by prayer and penitence, she may expiate her crime."

In vain Donna Isabella interceded for her lost daughter. He was deaf to her prayers, and threatened her with the horrors of the Inquisition if she dared to interfere. Taking leave of her, in a cold and severe voice, he stalked out of the house on his errand of vengeance.

CHAPTER II.

LORENZO was early at the church of Our Lady, in search of Diego, whom he found at his usual post. The first thing he did was to inquire if he knew a discreet priest who, for a reward, would consent to perform the wedding ceremony at midnight that evening.

After reflecting a moment, the mendicant replied that he thought he did know of such a one, who lived at the Convent of the Dominicans, situated about half a mile up the walk of the ———, on the other side of the river. The stranger desired him to arrange the matter as soon as possible, and when he had done so, to meet him under the wall of the bishop's palace at nightfall.

"But," said the cunning beggar, "on whose part am I to make the bargain?"

"On mine," continued he, at the same time showing him a card which he had kept carefully concealed in his hand.

Diego started, but, making no remark, went immediately to perform his commission.

During the conversation between Diego and the stranger, Pedro, who was standing near, without being able to make out a single word, was very jealous that his comrade should enjoy all this good luck. No sooner did the young man depart, than he determined to fathom the mystery, and followed him at a distance until he saw him enter the bishop's palace, the doors of which, like the churches, were besieged by beggars—real beggars—gay, well-fed, but covered with rags of all colors. Approaching one of the fraternity, he asked how trade flourished in that neighborhood.

"Oh!" returned he, "we have been quite in luck the last day or two. The Duke of Sidonia has arrived here, on a visit to the bishop, and has ordered plenty of bread and handfuls of reals to be distributed."

"Is the duke accompanied by any of his family?" inquired Pedro.

"Yes; his only son is with him. He is also a brave cavalier, and does not pass us empty-handed. That was he who entered the palace just before you spoke to me."

"The murder is out," muttered he to himself. "I may make something of this."

After exchanging a few more words with the beggar, Pedro went off at a rapid rate in the direction of the Church of Our Lady. Diego, who had just returned from his expedition, was already there. Being more crafty-minded than his friend, it was not long before Pedro contrived to learn the

whole story. He immediately went to the palace, and, informing the Duke of the projected marriage, lost no time in searching out Father Antonio for the same purpose. He was well rewarded for his treachery.

After Julia had been taken from her mother's house, she had been conducted by Lorenzo to the lady with whom he had formerly lodged. This person had no suspicion of his rank. He had so well preserved his incognito, that she believed him to be the son of a rich merchant who had affairs to transact in Valencia. Julia, who now knew the name of her lover, was aware that she had acted imprudently in leaving her home with a stranger; but she knew she would soon be forgiven when she returned as the wife of the only son of the Duke of Sidonia.

As soon as the shades of night had veiled the city in darkness, Lorenzo flew to his expectant bride, whom he found kneeling before a crucifix, looking pale but strikingly lovely. She still wore her white dress, but her veil had been replaced by a black silk mantle. Lorenzo, embracing her, said—

"Everything is prepared, and I am come to conduct you to the church."

Diego, who had been punctual to the rendezvous, had found the priest, and had gone on before to await their coming. In a short time Lorenzo and Julia, accompanied by the landlady, were on their way to the chapel.

The road they had to traverse to reach the convent of the Dominicans, was a delightful one, being adorned on both sides by orange, citron, palm, and other beautiful trees. On either side were stone seats, placed there for the convenience of travellers; and a broad carriage road ran through the middle; and the banks of the numerous canals, which intersected the country for the purposes of irrigation, were rich with golden flowers. The night was beautiful, and silence had succeeded to the busy hum of the city. All was tranquil, as the party passed the stone bridge which led over the river, and their walk was cheered by the song of the nightingale and the soft murmuring of the water. When they arrived at the convent, which was hidden in a grove of tall trees, they found the door open, the priest ready, and Diego in attendance.

When Julia entered the church, she was seized with a superstitious terror. The figures of the saints, half hid in gloom, looked like so many phantoms. Mysterious voices, which sounded like words of warning, seemed to float in the air. Supported

by her lover, she approached the altar, which was dimly lighted by one wax taper. She knelt by the side of Lorenzo, and the witnesses being placed, the ceremony was about to begin, when the doors were forcibly burst open, and a tall, majestic-looking personage entered, followed by a crowd of gentlemen. He walked up to Lorenzo, and, in a severe tone of voice, desired him to leave the church immediately and follow him. His son, who was dreadfully agitated, said,

"Sir, I cannot follow you. I am bound in honor to keep my promise; and having taken this young lady from her family, I must marry her."

At these words, the duke, casting a contemptuous look on Julia, who had not yet risen from her knees, said—

"If you do not know how to guard your own honor, I must do it for you, and prevent you forming an alliance which can only bring disgrace on your family."

At these insulting words Julia rose, and approached the angry father, cried, in an agitated voice—

"Sir, although I have no fortune, my father was a gentleman;" then, turning to the spot where Lorenzo was standing, she added, in a faltering voice, "a noble Spaniard never breaks his word."

The lover, casting a mournful look at her and an appealing one at his father, was about to seize Julia in his arms, and rush out of the church, when the duke, fearing for the consequences, gave a signal; his friends stepped forward and forcibly dragged Julia away, surrounded the young man, and, before he was aware of their intentions, drew him outside, where a carriage was in waiting, and almost lifting him into it, they drove rapidly away.

When the unhappy girl saw herself deserted by all, with the exception of the mendicant and the old lady, the priest having fled on the first alarm, she fainted. On recovering her senses, she saw standing before her a form that made her tremble. Father Antonio had followed the duke's party to the convent, and had been an unseen spectator of all that had passed. In a solemn tone of voice he desired her to pass into the vestry and change her bridal attire for a dress more suiting her condition. It consisted of a dark woollen robe and a large mantle. Without a word she complied with the orders of her inexorable judge; and then desiring her to follow him, he led the way to a carriage drawn by four mules, which stood outside, and, assisting her to mount, placed

himself at her side, and in a few moments they drove off at a rapid pace.

As the carriage entered Valencia dawn had begun to appear, and shed a feeble light across the fleecy clouds which covered the sky; and the silence which followed the nocturnal movements of a great city had not yet ceased. Julia, struck by a vague presentiment, returned to inquire of her sombre companion if he was conducting her to her mother.

"You have, at present, no parent," returned he. "She refuses to interfere, and has placed your fate in my hands. I am conducting you to a convent, where you will be expected to take the veil, and expiate, by prayers and penitence, the crime you have committed."

In vain the unhappy Julia tried to soften his stern nature. Finding her pleading of no avail, she, wrapping her head in her mantle, feigned to sleep. Father Antonio only stopped on the road for rest and refreshment, and hastened on till he reached a secluded hamlet situated a few miles from Madrid.

Not far from this solitary spot rose a convent belonging to the order of St. Francis; but it had been for a long time abandoned by the monks, owing to the insalubrity of the air. The dark waters of the Tagus washed its dreary walls, and as the current is almost stagnant during the hot months of summer, it engenders the worst kind of malaria. The building was now occupied by nuns, who were often attacked by a low fever, which destroyed their health, and often cost many of them their lives.

To this dreary spot was Julia conducted by the superstitious priest, who thought he was only doing his duty in rescuing a soul from perdition. When he had arranged with the lady abbess for her board, he concluded, by charging her to subject her to the strictest discipline, and if she should refuse to take the veil at the end of her novitiate, the most rigorous methods were to be resorted to.

For two years did Julia resist all the endeavors of the abbess to take the veil. Tired of her obstinacy, she tried menaces. The poor girl lost by degrees her health and spirits. In her despair she often contemplated the dark waters which flowed beneath the windows of her cell, but religion, and her hope of ultimate escape, restrained her. In spite of all efforts, the recollection of her lover pursued her everywhere. It rose before her in the silence of the night, followed her to the foot of the altar, where instead

of praying, she mourned over her vanished happiness. In the bosom of this holy retreat she carried in the depths of her heart the consuming fire of the most violent of human passions. From the first day she had entered the convent she had submitted to the strict rules of the order without a murmur; and sister Frances, as she was called by the abbess, was a great favorite with her companions. She wore the usual dress of a novice, which had not been altered for many years. It consisted of a white cap, with narrow border, allowing part of her beautiful hair to be seen; over a black camlet petticoat she wore a dark stuff robe, and from her girdle hung a pincushion and a pair of scissors.

But this grave costume could neither hide the elegance of her form nor the delicacy of her complexion, which, owing to her sedentary life, had become a little pale. From her cell, which was furnished with great simplicity, she had the prospect of a large garden, thickly planted with trees, where the nuns took their exercise. On a low wooden bedstead was placed a single mattress, with the usual covering. A small table, a crucifix, and a chair, completed the arrangements. The walls were covered with pictures of saints, a collection which had been made by the different occupiers of the chamber, and had been left as a legacy when death or other cause summoned the owners.

One day, as Julia was returning from attending mass, she, in passing the vestry, saw a door open just inside of it, belonging to a large closet. With a rapid glance, she observed that it contained a collection of clothes belonging to the different persons who had placed them there when they took the novice's garb. Julia instantly conceived the idea, that if she could obtain one of those dresses it might facilitate her escape. That very night she determined to try.

Accordingly, when the convent was plunged in repose, Julia glided stealthily across the corridor, and soon reached the chapel. A single taper burnt on the altar, and a lighted lamp hung before a figure of the Virgin; but the other end of the church was plunged in obscurity. In the middle was planted a stake to which a cord was attached, intended for a punishment for breach of discipline, the culprits being obliged to kneel there a given time with the cord round their necks and a reversed torch in their hands.

Julia was soon engaged in searching among these spoils of vanity for a disguise which might suit her purpose. When she

had taken what was necessary, to which she added a quantity of cord in order to make a ladder, she prepared to return. The taper on the altar and the lamp in her hand, enabled her to perceive the figures in the niches, and the portraits of the saints and martyrs of the Seraphic order. Some parts of the walls were covered with paintings of the most striking scenes of martyrdom; but, happily, time and the humidity of the place, had so destroyed them, that the hideous details were scarcely to be distinguished. As Julia cast her eyes round, her heart palpitated, and she sighed deeply. Her mind wandered to the night when she had been conducted to the church of the Dominicans.

"How I have suffered since," murmured she, as, on tiptoe, she gained her cell.

She had scarcely time to hide her treasures, when the clock struck half-past four, and instantly a confused hum was heard; all the doors were opened at the same time, and the nuns flocked to the chapel to attend morning prayers.

The following night Julia spent in finishing her ladder, and the next was fixed for her attempted escape. The weather was fine, and no sound was heard but the distant barking of dogs. After assuming her disguise, Julia made a packet of her convent dress, and threw it, together with her sandals, on to a narrow neck of land which separated the walls of the convent from the river. She then threw the ladder over the window, which opened outside, so as to be able to draw it down after her; and kneeling down and recommending herself to her Maker, she prepared for her perilous attempt. At this moment neither her head nor her heart failed her; but she had not descended many yards on her frail support, before she turned giddy; a cold perspiration broke out over her; her feeble arms were almost paralyzed; and her strength failed her as she hung over the frightful abyss. Phantoms appeared flying around, and she fancied she heard the flapping of their wings. Her eyes closed; and in a few moments all would have been over, when suddenly she felt a support under her foot. The projecting sill of a window had saved her from certain death. After awhile, she renewed her efforts, and in a few seconds arrived breathlessly on the ground. Her first care was to roll up the cord, and, attaching a stone to it, she threw it into the river.

Two hours later, on finding her door closed

at the call for matins, the abbess forced open her cell. On seeing the window open, she looked out, but instantly drew back in terror.

"Fall on your knees, my children," said she, "and pray for the poor soul. Sister Frances has drowned herself."

Julia walked on at a rapid pace, the moon lighting her path. But the sun had risen high in the east when she arrived at a secluded spot on the borders of a delightful stream. On one side was a small wood carpeted with flowers, and completely embowered by the thickness of the foliage. The poor girl, exhausted by her journey, lay down in the coppice and slept, cradled by the perfumed breeze of the morning. The wood was alive with deer, which bounded backward and forward, but did not venture to disturb the sleeper, who, half-hidden in her silvery bower, was unconscious of their presence.

Julia had slept several hours, when she was startled by the sound of carriage wheels. She rose, and, running to the roadside, saw a travelling coach approaching her at a rapid pace. When it came opposite to where she was standing, she saw it contained a middle aged lady and her maid. These persons had been visiting at a distant town, and were returning to Madrid. Seeing a young girl alone in so solitary a spot, and dressed in the fashion of a beggar, twice she desired the postilion to stop, and, beckoning Julia to approach, she questioned her. Clasp ing her hands and weeping bitterly, she begged the lady to protect her, and said that she had fled from a home where she had been harshly treated. The lady, thinking so ingenuous a countenance could not deceive, and pitying her forlorn position, desired her to follow the carriage, and said she would carry her to Madrid.

The grateful girl accepted the offer; and in a short time the travellers came in sight of the capital, which is entered by an avenue of pine trees. They alighted at a magnificent mansion near the gate of the Sun. After Julia had partaken of some refreshment, she was shown into an elegant apartment, where a bath and a change of linen was provided for her. No sooner did Julia find herself alone, than she ran to examine her face in the glass, and was delighted to find that, though she looked a little pale, her beauty was unimpaired. In the morning, she was received in an elegant breakfast-room, which opened on a magnificent garden.

The lady, by her kindness, soon won the

confidence of her young guest. Julia told her tale, and was surprised to hear that the lady, who was a rich widow, knew Lorenzo's family. His father being dead, he was now Duke of Sidonia; and, though abroad at present, was expected at Madrid shortly. Donna Mercida promised to write to Valencia, where she had a friend who would make inquiries about Julia's mother. In due time an answer came. Donna Isabella was dead. She had not survived the loss of her child three months. Father Antonio, who had never divulged the place of her retreat, was also no more. Donna Isabella had left him all her property; but he did not live long to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. Although she had been the cause of her daughter's misfortunes, the affectionate girl long grieved for her loss; and Donna Mercida, delighted to possess so agreeable a companion, in order to distract her mind from her situation, took her with her into the gay world. They visited theatres, balls, and festivals; and Julia, who gradually recovered her spirits, was delighted with everything she saw. In this manner another year passed away. The lovely girl had merged into the elegant woman. She was tranquil if not happy.

One evening Donna Mercida, accompanied by Julia, went to a masked ball at the house of a friend. On reaching the mansion she found all the place in a blaze of light, and the company passed through rows of obsequious lacqueys. On entering the superb saloon, they found that most part of the company had arrived. The gentlemen wore black dominos, and the ladies were masked. Julia and her friend sat a little apart, wishing to contemplate the gay scene before they joined the dancers. They had not been long seated before the doors were thrown open, and a tall domino entered, followed by a suite of gentlemen. The stranger crossed the room and remained standing, leaning against one of the pillars which supported the orchestra. Julia, whose eyes had unconsciously followed this figure, suddenly grasped Donna Mercida's arm, as if to sustain herself; and before she could detain her, she had left her side and was threading her way through the dancers.

When she reached the other end of the apartment she glided behind the pillar, and whispered, loud enough for the stranger to hear:

"A noble Spaniard never breaks his word."

The domino turned round, but Julia had disappeared like a shadow, and was seated by her friend before the gentleman could recover from his astonishment. Julia could

see, from the place where she was sitting, that he passed rapidly backwards and forwards through the crowd, trying to get a sight of each lady's face. Fearing to be recognized in so public a spot, she begged her friend to leave, after explaining her motive for wishing to do so.

The remainder of the tale may be soon told. The Duke of Sidonia, for of course the reader is prepared to hear that it was he Julia had seen in the ball-room, ascertained, by making inquiries, that a young person answering her description had been for some time under Donna Mercida's protection. In a very few days he was seated by the side of her he had never forgotten.

In a week or so, he presented the beautiful Julia to the fashionable world as the Duchess of Sidonia. Some time after, Diego, who had found his way to Madrid—business being slack in Valencia—presented himself at the palace of his former patrons. He was well received, and overwhelmed with presents; but he refused a post which was offered to him in the Duke's household. A wandering life had become a habit, and he would never be able to be contented in one spot. He accepted the gold, but did not change his occupation. Pedro, the traitor, disappeared from the scene, and it was conjectured that he had joined a band of Bohemians.

From Tait's Magazine.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SOCIETY, like a cowardly and hypocritical government, whose policy of suppression muffles the life it cannot destroy in free hearts, has to pay the penalty which always waits upon a policy of suppression. The ground is mined beneath her; perils peep over her shoulder; the air she breathes is thick curses. She is threatened by conspiracies of all sorts and sizes, and some of those whom she welcomes most warmly to her bosom, after her own selfish fashion, actually carry at their girdles the weapons that are to let out her tainted life.

In political reform, the work is often accomplished by one vivid, bloody *coup*, and the first man to mount the barricade and give his breast to the bullet is a hero. In social reform, it is different; and the man who, to his wounding and to his hurt, breaks through a conventionalism, is sure to be reminded of what he "owes to society." He is *not* a hero, he is a "poker," a nuisance, a pestilent fellow, who ruffles the placid atmosphere of *les convenances* by his "counter-check quarrelsome" and "lie direct;" and he must be taught manners. Let us be moderate. Let us

"take the bright ideals of our souls,
And lock them fast away,

Nor ever dream that things so beautiful
Were meant for day,"

and behave like "respectable people." There is reason in all things, and there are three-per-cents and dinners. *Il-y-a fagot et fagot*. The case is complicated. Let us confess the truth in holes and corners, act daily falsehoods, look sharp after our vines and fig-trees, and—say our prayers. Martyrs, and other disappointed people, may console themselves, if they please, with the reflection that in the next world they will have moderate people to black their boots; but such matters are too high for us, and we will stick to gravitation and solid pudding.

That is what society says, and the hypocritical jade gets served with her own sauce. She is allowed to languish in chronic filth, misery, and shame, while a chronic process of amendment is being carried on.

Of all the guarded but deep-laid conspiracies which threaten the existence of social life in England upon its present terms, that which ramifies so widely in our literature is the *most* threatening. The Beast of social wrong and falsehood is receiving its deadly wound, which shall *not* be healed, from the petted favorites, of whom it speaks mincingly and tenderly, in *salon*, and street, and market-

place. Men like Carlyle, Thackeray, Kingsley, and Tennyson speak with a forked tongue, and address two audiences. Their prophetic inspiration is spoken to the thinkers, to the men and women who *will* understand, and who themselves influence public opinion. Their poetry, their style, their satire, their humor, their invention, are aimed at the million, who do not comprehend their inspirations, but among whom these qualities sometimes serve to wing a shaft of truth which *may* quiver and rankle in the right place. The song is heard by a million listeners, but its burden is caught by a few only. The burden is taken up by the few, and both the music and the meaning are diluted for the lower tiers of the audience. And so the process is repeated, downward, and onward, and onward—

Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And are not lost forever !

We have before remarked in this series of papers that if the multitude knew the real "doctrine" of the Rabbis they swear by, they would turn and rend them. It is almost amusing to think of the innocence with which they allow the viper of social revolution to warm itself in their bosoms, and lay its eggs on their drawing-room tables under their very noses. But they do, and, fortunately for us all, they cannot help themselves. It is hardly an over-statement, we think, to put the matter thus:—Select a council of the most advanced intellects in every leading department of human thought, sentiment, and knowledge—take Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Kingsley, Liebig, and so on, and put them on their allegiance to truth, saying—"Gentlemen—From circumstances which I need not explain, I find myself in a difficult position. One of two things I must do—a fate is upon me, and I can choose no *via media*. I must go altogether *with* the stream, and live exactly after the model of my neighbors, Brown, Jones, and Robinson; or I must go dead *against* the stream, and do just the reverse of what is done by those respectable individuals (*very* respectable—silk umbrellas, silver forks, seat in church, &c., &c.) from day to day, and from hour to hour. Now, this being my predicament, and my object being to compass the Absolute Right—in one word, to live a noble life—on your honors, gentlemen, as lieges of the radiant goddess who dwells in Sun, and sees things as they are, tell me, which shall I do? Is

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it peace or war?" And the council thus adjourned, would answer,—“Anxious inquirer, go *against* the stream. It is the safer alternative.” We say we believe this to be no overstatement; but did the estimable Mrs. Grundy ever put the case thus to herself, or came to our conclusion upon it? We suspect not. Dear old soul! how her eyes would blink at the thought of it! . . .

From the noble army of prophetic conspirators who are carrying on works of social destruction and renovation under cover of literary forms, we select for this month's paper one with whom our sympathy is as broad as it is deeply respectful—and, we would add, affectionate; for CHARLES KINGSLEY is a man whom it is hard not to love. He is not, perhaps, the best understood of the prophetic order; because, among other reasons, he speaks English; which is not intelligible to Englishmen just now, on account of (what Fuseli called, speaking of Dante or Tasso) “*d——d* ignorance of de language” in a Christian community where such artistic forms of lying, as perversion and suppression, constitute the polite recreation. But *pax sit rebus*—with time and patience, the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin, and he can wait.

We are not sure that we, or the Muses, or any one else whom it may concern, can count the leaves in Mr. Kingsley's crown. He is poet; he is novelist; he is a descriptive writer of extraordinary power; he is a pattern preacher; he is a practical social reformer; he is a metaphysician; he is a naturalist. His literary career has been short, but the man who wanted all his works from Mudie's at once would have to quadruple his annual subscription; and, if he went to fetch them, would require a full-sized infant perambulator to bring them away in. TAIT's is not a bookseller's catalogue, so we merely intimate that his productions run in linked sweetness long drawn out, from “The Saint's Tragedy” to “Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore,” and are neither of them of an infantine degree of merit, notwithstanding our anti-Malthusian figure of speech.

A very able and respected contemporary has the impertinence to say that Mr. Kingsley is a man with genius and—a hobby. The meaning is that he is a born lyricist, and would never go out of his way to write novels, if he had not a societary theory to urge. That he is a lyric poet, we do not doubt—it is his crowning glory; but that he would in any case, “hobby” or no hobby, have produced works of fiction and of metaphy-

sico-ethical speculation we feel sure. He is naturally a many-sided man; "Glaucus" was quite as spontaneously produced as "The Saint's Tragedy;" "Westward-Ho!" not less so than either. Mr. Kingsley is no more a man of one idea than the Thomas Carlyle to whose teaching he owes somewhat; only a certain obtrusive impatience, hurry, and dash of style, a peculiar dogmatic mannerism of his own, irritates his readers, and makes them now and then cry *Siste!* if you *are* as tedious as a King, do not bestow it all on our worships! Perhaps this matter lies in a nutshell: Mr. Kingsley is above all things, and at all times a preacher—when he is not a poet; and no one likes to be perpetually preached to.

The leading idea of Mr. Kingsley's teaching is—to reunite God and nature, godliness and life, which have been wilfully divorced by the fancies and selfishness of men. The world is God's world; life is a sacrament; every good and perfect gift cometh from above; everything, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, is to be done to God's glory.

This may seem nothing new, but it is so, in its full significance, to what is called the Christian world. In point of fact an antithesis exists in the popular "religious" intellect between the kingdom of God and "the world." In expectation of the speedy return of their master to take up the sceptre, the early Christians sought "a city yet to come," and pronounced an anathema upon "the world." Mr. Kingsley, and all teachers of the Broad Church School, seek to remove that anathema. They say, *Here* is the Kingdom of God; His royal symbol is on every green blade, and on every creeping thing; on every thought and every passion of your complex nature; His will shall be done on this earth as it is in heaven; become as little children, and enter this realm.

The "Evangelical" view of the relation of Divine Truth to life may be vaguely held and seldom expressed except in the rhapsodical form; but it is plainly not identical with Charles Kingsley's. Jane (or Emily) Taylor writes:—

Cease, my fond, fluttering heart!
Come, struggle to be free!
The world and thou must part,
How hard so e'er it be.
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to *the dust!*

Dr. Watts falls in love, "after his small model," as Lord Bacon says, with the mag-

nificent woman who afterwards becomes Mrs. Rowe. Dr. Watts is only five feet high. Mrs. Rowe says, not unnaturally, and we hope not unamiably, "she admires the jewel, but despises the casket." Dr. Watts—whose memory we love and reverence, and whose character and talents have never, we think, received full justice—relieves his mind with a hymn like this:—

My soul forsakes her *vain delight*,
And bids *the world* farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
No longer will I seek your love,
Or ask your friendship more,—
The happiness I now approve
Is not within your power.
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road,—
There sits my Saviour drest in love,
And there my smiling God!

What was "the world" from which Miss Taylor thought it "just" "to part?" Had she any right to chide her "fond, fluttering heart," or was her "fond, fluttering heart" in its right place? Had Dr. Watts any business to call a fine woman a "vain delight," and repudiate *the world* as "base as dirt?" Was there, on any true Christian ground, a real antithesis between "the happiness I now approve," and such happiness as he might have found in an evening in the lady's society, if she had happened to admire the casket, and let her hair droop on the little divine's shoulder? Mr. Kingsley says, No, to most of these questions; and as to "the world," he says it is God's world, that beauty and joy, and animal happiness, are God's gifts, and that neither Miss Taylor or anybody else has a right to call them bad names and "part" from them. No, *nor to accept themulkily or timidly, under protest.* This is what Mr. Kingsley's answer would be, we suspect; and we will support our conjecture by a few extracts from his "Village Scenery." First let us see what he has to say of

GOD'S WORLD.

This very 104th Psalm, for instance, speaks entirely about things which we hardly care or even think it proper to mention in church now. It speaks of this earth entirely and the things on it. Of the light, the clouds, and wind—of hills and valleys, and the spring on the hill-sides—of wild beasts and birds—of grass, and corn, and wine and oil—of the sun and moon, night and day—the great sea, the ships and the fishes, and all the wonderful and nameless creatures which people the waters—the very birds' nests in the high trees, and the rabbits burrowing among the rocks—nothing on earth but this psalm thinks it

worth mentioning. And all this, which we would expect to find only in a book of natural history, is in the Bible, in one of the psalms, written to be sung in the Temple at Jerusalem, before the throne of the living God and His glory, which used to be seen in that Temple—inspired, as we all believe, by God's Spirit, God's own word, in short; that is worth thinking of. Surely the man who wrote this must have thought very differently about this world, with its fields and woods, and beasts and birds, from what we think. We should have wished to say or sing something spiritual, as we call it; at all events something very different from the 104th Psalm, about woods, and rivers, and dumb beasts. . . . Perhaps even some of the old Jews thought themselves spiritual and pure-minded for looking down on this psalm, and on David for writing it. Very likely, for men have had such thoughts in all ages, and will have them. But the man who wrote this psalm had no such thoughts. He said himself, in this same psalm, that his words would please God. Nay, he is not speaking and preaching *about* God in this psalm, as I am now, in my sermon; but he is doing more—he is speaking *to* God—a much more solemn thing, if you will think of it. . . . David looked on the earth as God's earth; we look on it as man's earth, or nobody's earth. . . . He felt that he belonged to this world, and must not forget it or neglect it; that this earth was his workfield and his lesson-book. . . . "As a garment shalt thou change them." Ay! there was David's secret. He saw that this earth and skies are God's garment—the garment by which we see God; and that is what our forefathers saw, too, and what we have forgotten. We say, "The light shines." David says something more—"Thou, O God, adornest Thyself with light as with a curtain." We say, "The clouds fly and the wind blows." David says, "God makes the clouds his chariot, and walks upon the wings of the wind."

Next let us hear him for a few minutes concerning

THE WORK OF GOD'S SPIRIT—"EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT."

First, now, that common gift of strength and courage. Who gives you that? Who gave it David? For he that gives it to one is most likely to be he that gives it to another. David says to God, "Thou teachest my hands to war, and my fingers to fight; by the help of God, I can leap over a wall. He makes me strong, that my arms can break even a bow of steel." That is plain spoken enough, I think. Who gave Sampson his strength again? What says the Bible? How Sampson met a young lion, which roared against him, and he had nothing in his hand, and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he tore the lion, as he would have torn a kid. . . . All wisdom and understanding, all prudence and strength of mind come from the Spirit of God, which giveth us understanding. . . . Again, good-nature and affection, love, generosity, pity,

—whose likeness are they? What is God's name but love? And must not, then, all love and affection, all generosity and compassion, be his gift? . . . There is no sin in being happy. If God has given to a young man a bold spirit, and powerful limbs, or to a young woman a handsome face and a merry, loving heart, he will not punish for these—God forbid! What he gives, he means to be used; and according as you use those blessings, so you will be judged at the last day.

And, yet once again, upon the doctrine that all life is sacramental, and that

RELIGION IS NOT GODLINESS.

Did you ever remark, my friends, that the Bible says hardly anything about religion—that it never praises religious people? This is very curious. Would to God we would all remember it! The Bible speaks of a religious man only once, and of religion only twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion, to condemn it, and shows what an empty, blind, useless thing it was. What does this Bible talk of, then? It talks of God;—not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious, but to be godly. . . . *If Jesus Christ came to you in the shape of a poor man, whom nobody knew, should you know Him?*

The question means, should you, professing and calling yourself Christian, at once recognise the Ideal of Godliness, and say, instinctively, That is the Divine Man, Christ Jesus?

Should you admire him, fall at his feet, and give yourself up to him, body and soul? I am afraid that I, for one, should not; I am afraid that too many of us here would not. That comes of thinking more of religion than we do of godliness—in plain words, more of our own souls than we do of Jesus Christ. But you will want to know what is the difference, after all, between religion and godliness? Just the difference that there is between always thinking of self, and always forgetting self—between the terror of a slave and the affection of a child. . . . There is a dark, false view of God, and of the good news of salvation and the kingdom of heaven, which the devil is always trying to make men take. The Evil One tries to make us forget that God is love—he tries to make us forget that God gives us all things richly to enjoy—he tries to make us forget that God gives at all, and to make us think that we take, not that he gives—to make us look at God as a taskmaster, not as a father; in one word, to make us mistake the devil for God, and God for the devil. . . . Every healthy breath you ever drew, every cheerful hour you ever spent, every good crop you ever raised safely, came to you by "the visitation of God." I tell you that every sensible thought or plan that ever came into your heads—every loving, honest, manly, womanly feeling that ever rose in your hearts, God "visited" you to put it there.

In all this, there is surely too much dogmatism of *manner*, too much of the "*I tell you*" element—but is the *matter* to be dismissed so lightly?

Mr. Kingsley is a Christian Socialist; he contributed to the periodical bearing that name, and assisted in Christian Socialist organizations. He knows what havoc personal attachment makes with our pitiful "rights;" he knows that love may lawfully and beautifully sacrifice anything for the beloved; he believes that God's will, revealed in love, is the measure of the individual's "rights"—that when He tells you to love your neighbor as yourself, he means it; and this is how he talks, in his "*Yeast, a Problem*," to the gregarious mob, called a nation, which writes over its Exchange, "*The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof*," and then proceeds to act within the gates upon the principle of—every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost:—

Yes, the bank had stopped! The ancient firm of Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and Co., which had been for some years expanding from a solid golden organism into a colossal tissue and huge balloons of thread-bare paper, had at last worn through and collapsed, dropping its car and human contents miserably into the Thames mud. Why detail the pitiable *post-mortem* examination resulting? Lancelot sickened over it for many a long day; not, indeed, mourning at his private losses, but at the thorough hollowness of the system which it exposed, about which he spoke his mind pretty freely to his uncle, who bore it good-humoredly enough. . . . Not that Lancelot was hard upon him—on the contrary, he assured him repeatedly of his conviction that the precepts of the Bible had nothing to do with the laws of commerce; that though the Jews were forbidden to take interest of Jews, Christians had a perfect right to be as hard as they liked on brother Christians; that there could not be the least harm in share-jobbing; for though it did, to be sure, add nothing to the wealth of the community—only conjure money out of your neighbor's pocket into your own—yet was not that all fair in trade? If a man did not know the real value of the shares he sold you, you were not bound to tell him. Again, Lancelot quite agreed with his uncle that though covetousness might be idolatry, yet money-making could not be called covetousness, and that, on the whole, though making haste to be rich was denounced as a dangerous and ruinous temptation in St. Paul's time, that was not the slightest reason why it should be so now. All these concessions were made with a freedom which caused the good banker to suspect at times that his shrewd nephew was laughing at him in his sleeve; but he could not but subscribe to them for the sake of consistency; though, as a staunch Protestant, it puzzled him a little at times, to find it necessary to justify himself by getting his "in-

fel" nephew to explain away so much of the Bible for him. But men are accustomed to do that now-a-days, and so was he. . . . "If I were a Christian," said Lancelot, "like you, I would call this credit system of yours the Devil's selfish counterfeit of God's order, of mutual love and trust; the child of that miserable dream, which, as Dr. Chalmers well said, expects universal selfishness to do the work of universal love. Look at your credit-system, how—not in its abuse, but in its very essence—it carries the seeds of self-destruction. In the first place, a man's credit depends, not upon his real worth and property, but upon his reputation for property. Daily and hourly he is tempted, he is forced to puff himself, to pretend to be richer than he is."

The banker sighed, and shrugged his shoulders. "We all do it, my dear boy."

"I know it; you must do it, or be more than human. There is lie the first—and look at lie the second. This credit-system is founded on the universal faith and honor of men towards men. But do you think faith and honor can be the children of selfishness? Men must be chivalrous and disinterested to be honorable. And you expect them all to join in universal faith—each for his own selfish interest! Selfishness can collect, not unite, a herd of cowardly wild cattle, that they may feed together, breed together, keep off the wolf and bear together. But when one of your wild cattle falls sick, what becomes of the corporate feelings of the herd then? For one man of your class who is nobly helped by his fellows, are not the thousand left behind to perish? Your Bible talks of society, not as a herd, but as a living tree, an organic individual body, a holy brotherhood, and kingdom of God. And here is an idol which you have set up instead of it!"

In "*Alton Locke*," besides the urging of the Societarian views, which are always present to Mr. Kingsley as a believer in God's kingdom upon earth, there is the enforcement of another lesson—that the love of sensuous beauty may become a curse—(has not Hawthorne finely hinted that in reference to Clifford Pyndean?)—that it is not to be idolized, as Alton idolized Lillian, but to be cherished as "the sacrament of heaven, the finger-mark of God." "Do not," says Lillian's sister, to the broken-spirited struggler—

Do not despise your old love for the beautiful. Do not fancy that because you have let it become an idol and a tyrant it was not therefore the gift of God. Cherish it, develop it to the last; steep your whole soul in beauty; watch it in its most vast and complex harmonies, and not less in its most faint and fragmentary traces. Only, hitherto, you have blindly worshipped it; now you must learn to comprehend, to master, to embody it; to show it forth to men as the sacrament of Heaven, the finger-work of God!

"Alton Locke" is full of fine insight and

touching writing. How beautiful is Alton's "sacred modesty" of silence, which would not let him breathe Lillian's name to Sandy Mackaye for so long! How beautiful her sister's delicacy in calling in Crosthwaite after Alton had just made the discovery that she and Lillian had all along been the true friend and gentle benefactor—calling him into the chamber, lest, alone with her, Alton's eager and affectionate nature should tempt him to say more than the moment had room for! But there are also serious blemishes in "Alton Locke;" and certainly Mr. Kingsley does not understand either Calvinism or Calvinists.

It has been matter of surprise with some of this gentleman's critics that he should so pertinaciously preach the sanctity of sexual affection, and rebuke so painstakingly and unflinchingly as he does (*e. g.* in "The Saint's Tragedy") all ascetic views of the relation between man and woman. Why should he do so? it is asked. What is the occasion for all this? We think the occasion is obvious. The sexual relation is the point upon which ascetic morality and the current morality, which begins with suppression and limitation, alike bring their heavy guns to bear. *The passion*—that awful, beautiful, mystery of creative love—is classed among moral *pudenda*. It is the point into which all ideas of repudiating the "world" are collected. Hence Mr. Kingsley's energetic and repeated attacks—it is with him the Malakhoff Tower of pseudo-Christian morals. How nobly he thinks of sexual love we shall soon see, in a passage which we also quote for another purpose; but his strong views of the sacredness of passion, his faith that "that which is the most luscious is also the most pure," do not prevent his recognizing that form of attachment between the sexes usually called Platonic Love. How, indeed, should any man of generous and delicate nature—not to say any poet—fail to recognize that "ailment" (it is Mr. Kingsley's own word), which is to the mature man or woman what "calf-love" is to the boy or girl? There is an element in human nature which, while it exalts passion into a celestial ecstasy which is nameless, transforms friendship under certain conditions into the *l'amour sans ailes* which is born of Apollo and Venus Urania. We quote from the first volume of "Hypatia":—

But though the friends and scenes of his childhood had fallen back so swiftly into the far horizon, he was not lonely. His heart found a lovelier hour than it had ever known before. For during those four peaceful and busy months of study; there had

sprung up between Hypatia and the beautiful boy one of those pure and yet passionate friendships—call them rather, with St. Augustine, by the sacred name of love—which, fair and holy as they are when they link youth to youth, or girl to girl, reach their full perfection only between man and woman. . . . Earth knows no fairer bonds save wedded love itself. . . . But man can no more live upon Platonic love than on the more prolific species of that common ailment, &c., &c., &c.

Our next extract, which is from "Yeast" again, we quote for the purpose of giving Mr. Kingsley's view of Love in small compass; for that of relieving this paper; and also for reasons which will appear in subsequent comments:—

"I will walk," said Argemone, in her determined way.

Mrs. Lavington began something about propriety, but was stopped with another pound's worth of oaths by the Squire, who, however, had tolerably recovered his good humor, and hurried Mrs. Lavington and Honoria, laughingly, into the dog-cart, saying—

"Argemone's safe enough with Smith; the servants will lead the horses behind them. It's only three miles home, and I should like to see any one speak to her twice while Smith's fists are in the way."

Lancelot thought so too.

"You can trust yourself to me, Miss Lavington."

"By all means. I shall enjoy the walk; after ———," and she stopped. In a moment the dog-cart had rattled off, with a parting curse from the Squire to the servants, who were unharnessing the horses.

Argemone took Lancelot's arm. The soft touch thrilled through and through him; and Argemone felt, she knew not why, a new sensation run through her frame. She shuddered—not with pain.

"You are cold, Miss Lavington?"

"Oh, not in the least." Cold! when every vein was boiling so strangely! A soft, luscious melancholy crept over her. She had always a terror of darkness; but now she felt quite safe in his strength. The thought of her own unprotected girlhood drew her heart closer to him.

For the first time in her life she knew the delight of dependence, the holy charm of weakness. And as they paced on silently together through the black, awful night, while the servants lingered far out of sight about the horses, she found how utterly she trusted him.

"Listen!" he said. A nightingale was close to them, pouring out his whole soul in song.

"Is it not very late in the year for a nightingale?"

"He is waiting for his mate. She is rearing a late brood, I suppose."

"What do you think it is which can stir him up to such an ecstasy of joy, and transfigure his whole heart into melody?"

"What but love, the fullness of all joy, the evoker of all song?"

"All song? The angels sing in heaven."

"So they say; but the angels must love, if they sing?"

"They love God!"

"And no one else?"

"Oh yes—but that is universal spiritual love—not earthly love—a narrow passion for an individual."

"How do we know that they do not learn to love all, by first loving one?"

"O, the angelic life is single!"

"Who told you so, Miss Lavington?"

She quoted the stock text, of course: "In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels."

"As the tree falls, so it lies.' And God forbid that those who have been true lovers on earth should contract new marriages in the next world. Love is eternal. Death may part lovers, but not love. And how do we know that these angels, as they call them, if they be really persons, may not be united in pairs by some marriage bond, infinitely more perfect than any we can dream of on earth?"

"That is a very wild view, Mr. Smith, and not sanctioned by the Church," said Argemone severely. (Curious and significant it is, how severe ladies are apt to be, whenever they talk of the Church.)

"I explain historic fact, the early fathers and the middle-age monks did not sanction it: and are not they the very last persons to whom one would go to be taught about marriage? Strange! that people should take their notions of love from the very men who prided themselves on being bound by their own vows to know nothing about it!"

"They were very holy men."

"But still men, as I take it. And do you not see that love is, like all spiritual things, only to be understood by experience—by loving?"

"But is love spiritual?"

"Pardon me, but what a question for one who believes that 'God is love!'"

"But the divines tell us that the love of human beings is earthly."

"How did they know? They had never tried. Oh, Miss Lavington! Cannot you see that in those barbarous and profligate ages of the later empire, it was impossible for men to discern the spiritual beauty of marriage, degraded as it had been by heathen brutality? Do you not see that there must have been a continual tendency in the minds of a celibate clergy to look with contempt, almost with spite, on pleasures which were forbidden to them?"

Another pause.

"It must be very delicious," said Argemone, thoughtfully, "for any one who believes it, to think that marriage can last through eternity. But then, what becomes of entire love to God? How can we part our hearts between him and his creatures?"

"It is a sin, then, to love your sister or your friend! What a low, material view of love, to fancy that you can cut it up into so many pieces,

like a cake, and give to one person one tit-bit and another to another, as the Popish books would have you believe! Love is like a flame—light as many fresh flames at it as you will, it grows instead of diminishing by the dispersion!"

"It is a beautiful imagination."

"But oh, how miserable and tantalizing a thought, Miss Lavington, to those who know that a priceless spirit is near them which might be one with them through all eternity, like twin stars in one common atmosphere, for ever giving and receiving wisdom and might, beauty and bliss, and yet are barred from their bliss by some invisible adamant wall, against which they must beat themselves to death, like butterflies against the window pane, gazing and longing, and unable to guess why they are forbidden to enjoy!"

Why did Argemone withdraw her arm from his? He knew and felt that she was entrusted to him. He turned away from the subject.

"I wonder whether they are safe home by this time?"

"I hope my father will not catch cold. How sad, Mr. Smith, that he will swear so. I do not like to say it; and yet you must have heard him too often yourself."

This is the most natural passage in the whole conversation. Lancelot resumes:

"I wish, this summer, for the first time in my life, to try and do some good—to examine a little into the real condition of English working men."

"I am afraid, Mr. Smith, that I did not teach you that duty."

"Oh, you have taught me priceless things! You have taught me beauty is the sacrament of heaven, and love its gate—that that which is the most luscious is also the most pure."

"But I never spoke a word to you on such subjects?"

"There are those, Miss Lavington, to whom a human face can speak truths too deep for books."

Argemone was silent, but she understood him. Why did she not withdraw her arm a second time?

In a moment more the Colonel hailed them from the dog-cart, and behind him came the britchka, with a relay of servants.

They parted, with a long, lingering pressure of the hand, which haunted her young palm all night in dreams. Argemone got into the carriage, Lancelot jumped into the dog-cart, took the reins, and relieved his heart by galloping Sandy up the hill, and frightening the starting coachman down on one bank, and his led horses up the other.

"*Vogue la galère*, Lancelot! I hope you have made good use of your time."

But Lancelot spoke no word all the way home, and wandered till dawn in the woods around his cottage, kissing the hand which Argemone's palm had pressed.

Well, what have we to remark? With Mr. Kingsley's doctrine concerning asexual love we will not deal here; but we have certainly

a piece of powerful dialogue, with as much of the *unnatural* about it as could well be crowded into so small a space. It is "curious and significant" that ladies should be strong upon "Church" matters—women are naturally loyal to Directors and Guardians of all kinds. John Milton might have been quoted by Lancelot in favor of love in heaven, in that confession of the archangel, in making which he turns

Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,

so beautifully commented upon by Keats in the couplet—

Into the deep-recessed woods they flew,
Nor turned they pale, as mortal lovers do.

But the whole thing is *intensely unreal*, to our thinking. Would any gentleman, alone with a young lady, begin a conversation by talking about a nightingale rearing a late brood and singing for love? Would he discuss the question of monkish celibacy, and use such language as we have put in italics, about "spite," and "forbidden pleasures?" We think not. And we will be bound to say that there is not a lady in these kingdoms who would be guilty of the gross *material* rudeness of withdrawing her arm from a gentleman for a purely metaphysical reason, which might be imaginary, and of which, at all events, she had no business to betray any consciousness. Then, why should Lancelot feel rebuked, because she was "entrusted to him?"—she was entrusted to him take home safely, but he was under no pledge not to make love, and he had a right to do it. Again, if he *did* feel rebuked, why did he go on just the same? Did he not continue to make love in that dialogue? Most distinctly he *did*, and when Bracebridge hoped he had made "good use of his time," he was not so wide of the mark. Lancelot's behavior at the close of the scene is natural—but in general Mr. Kingsley, who is a wonderfully minute and successful painter of character, fails in the conduct and conversation he attributes to his personages. We think this is true, after making every allowance for what licence he may claim as an idealistic artist. We do not expect a love passage of Mr. Kingsley's to read like the prattle of Clive and Ethel Newcome: but he need not be as wide of the mark as in the scene we have quoted, or in that (we fancy) equally extravagant scene where Lancelot takes an impossible picture to Argemone, and she behaves with such

passionate absurdity—an English lady in Argemone's position would have covered her confusion by an attempt at banter or something of that sort. All this need not prevent our adding that we think "Yeast" a noble book, of very deep significance—we have given it many perusals, and shall give it many more.

We had intended to bring upon the page some specimens of Mr. Kingsley's extraordinary and versatile powers as a descriptive writer, but space fails us, and we prefer to use what remains for some specimens of his lyric vein. First, let us give the immortal ballad from "Alton Locke," with its setting of incident:—

"Perhaps," I said humbly, "that is the only way to write songs—to let the air get possession of one's whole soul, and gradually inspire the words for itself." She looked up, just as if she had been unconscious of my presence till that moment. "Ah, Mr. Locke!—well, if you understand my meaning so thoroughly, perhaps you will try and write some words for me." She rose and left the piano, saying, archly, "Now, don't forget your promise!" and I, poor fool, *my sunlight suddenly withdrawn*, began torturing my brains on the instant to think of a subject.

The words we have italicised recall to our memory a sweet little sonnet of Mr. Kingsley's, which appeared in the *Christian Socialist*:

The baby sings not on its mother's breast,
Nor nightingale's, who nestle side by side—
Nor I by thine—but only let us part;
Then, *lips which should but kiss, and so be still,*
As having uttered all, must speak again.
O stunted thought! O chill and fetter'd rhyme!
Yet my great bliss, though still entirely blest,
Losing its proper home, can find no rest:
So, like a child who whiles away the time
With dance and carol, till the eventide,
Watching its mother homeward through the glen;
Or nightingale, who, sitting far apart,
Tells to his listening mate within the nest
The wonder of his star-entranced heart,
Till all the waken'd woodlands laugh and thrill—
Forth all my being bubbles into song,
And rings aloft, not smooth, yet clear and strong.

Has the connection between Love and Song, especially the tendency of the lover to sing when his "*sunlight is withdrawn*," ever received the inquisitive attention that is due to it as a great psychological phenomenon? We just ask the question, and return to "Alton Locke":—

Lillian's wild air rang still in my ears, and com-

bined itself somehow with that picture of the Cheabire Sands and the story of the drowned girl, till it shaped itself into a song, which, as it is yet unpublished, and as I have hitherto obtruded little or nothing of my own composition on my readers, I may be excused for inserting here.

I.

Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee—
The western wave was wild and dark wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mists came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

III.

O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea—
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.

IV.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Why should Mr. Locke be "humble" about the true way of writing words to music? Surely it is obvious, if anything is, that the "true way" must be to get inside the tune, and then let the words grow of themselves; and Mr. Locke was sage enough to know that without a "perhaps."

Nearly as touching as the above, and quite as full of lyric beauty, is the subjoined nameless little lament, from the *Christian Socialist* :—

The merry merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

The "Three Fishers" has been so much quoted of late, that our readers may have already seen it; but they will thank us for reproducing it here, "so absolute it seems,

so in itself complete." and this also appeared in the *Christian Socialist* :—

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

I.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

II.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;—
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

III.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those will never come back to the town;—
For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

We give one more quotation—a conjugal warble, which dwells in our memory, though we forget where we found it :—

I.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
But yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife!
Never come over again!

II.

For woman is warm, though man is cold,
And the night shall hallow the day,
Till the heart that at even was worn and old,
Shall arise in the morning, gay,
Sweet wife!
To its work in the morning, gay!

Here we must stop, and add a few parting words.

Goethe said that great part of the immorality of England was traceable to the didacticism of its literature and institutions. We think he was right, and that all teaching

which begins by telling you *what you should not do*, is essentially immoral, and most clearly anti-Christian. If we could choose our own mission, it would be to preach that "Except a man become as a little child he shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven"—that simplicity and spontaneousness are the grand characteristics of right action. But has not Mr. Kingsley chosen this mission too? If not, why has he, in "Westward Ho!" given us Amyas Leigh as the Christian Ideal of a man—"One not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just *doing the right thing, without thinking about it, as simply as a little child*, because the Spirit of God is with him"—in contrast with Eustace Leigh, "*trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules which he has got by heart*; and like a weak oarsman, feeling and fingering his spiritual muscles over all day to see if they are growing"?

Dear Reader! We have endeavored faithfully to translate Charles Kingsley's message for you, and we leave it in your hands—praying of you to believe that we mean most seriously much that we have written playfully; and praying of Mr. Kingsley that he will pardon the shortcomings which we know there must be in this paper, and our errors of statement and of criticism, if any.

We recollect that we have hinted at his indebtedness to Thomas Carlyle: but he has claims to the attention of a professedly Christian community which Mr. Carlyle has not. He is not to be called, by any class of readers, a "dealer in mere negations." He sees, and he denounces, the want of individual faith and energy which Mr. Carlyle sees and denounces; he discerns existing social mischiefs, and echoes Alfred Tennyson's awful curses—

Curst be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Curst be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Curst be the sickly forms that err from nature's honest rule!

And curst the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool!

But he goes farther. He says that there is in the Christianity which, adulterated and debased as it is, yet is actually here in our very midst, a fount of true manliness and womanliness, and of social blessing. And the number is daily increasing of those who think this message worth attention, and find CHARLES KINGSLEY a faithful interpreter of the highest mysteries, and of their bearing upon life and conduct, as well as a trenchant critic upon our heterogeneous and bewildering civilization.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ST. MARC GIRARDIN.

THE Girardin best known in England is not St. Marc, but Emile. Emile, husband (alas, widower now) of a woman of genius; editor of *La Presse*; the man who "accepts all revolutions;" of whom it has been said that no money can bribe, no principles bind him; whose hand it was that dealt the death-blow to Armand Carrel, and wrung the deed of abdication from Louis Philippe, bearing it, "wet with the old man's signature, from the Tuileries to the barricades," there to be baffled by the contemptuous outcry, "Too late! too late!" A very different man is the Girardin with whom these

present notes have to do—a man to whom such things as firebrand journalism, duelling, browbeating a king, and scaling the barricades, are not a necessary of life, but a trouble and vexation of spirit. M. St. Marc Girardin is a critic of refined taste, imagination, and feeling; quick to discern a beauty, quick to denounce a vice; impartial in his judgments, kindly wherever he can be so with a good conscience; exemplifying, in the main, that order of loving criticism whose function it is to explain, elicit, illumine; showing (as the essay "On giving and taking Criticism" defines it) the force and

beauty of some great word or deed which, but for the kind care of the critic, might remain a dead letter or an inert fact; teaching the people to understand and to admire what is admirable. He discriminates, too, with fairness and intelligence:

The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what
should not.

Nearly thirty years ago, he was hailed by M. Villemain as a writer *singulièrement vif et spirituel*, and somewhat later by M. Jules Janin, as "that young writer of so much imagination, who will be eloquent as soon as he shall have learnt to keep his imagination in control:" possibly this patronizing *perge puer* tone, on the part of such a critic as J. J., towards such another as St. Marc Girardin—(they have both of them indited critical histories of dramatic literature, with a difference)—was a little gratuitous.

The *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* has been given to the world by slow instalments. Three volumes have been published, the two last being welcomed each more heartily and more widely than its predecessor. There was about these dissertations on the theatre, a "safe and sound" moral tone, which won the ear even of budge doctors of the stoic fur, and elicited the approval of authorities by whom, whether *ex officio* or *ex animo*, such subjects are generally and peremptorily taboo'd. A distinguished Evangelical professor, of the German school, the excellent Alexandre Vinet, hailed their publication "as a most happy event," and recommended the perusal of them to inquiring youth. He recognized a special qualification for this subject in M. Girardin, arising from his joint acquaintance with the theatre and with morals. A sufficient knowledge of the theatre, this critic observed, is common enough among those who frequent it, and minds greatly inferior to M. St. Marc Girardin can manage that part of the question almost as well as he; but few indeed of them would be in a position to treat, with *his* ability, the moral aspects of the subject. "His superiority over other writers is frequently nothing more than a certain good sense of the heart; but there are epochs when this good sense is the very thing that is most a-wanting." He is therefore profitably consulted by those who would "lay down the law" in dramatic criticism.

Here they, who long have known the useful stage,
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.

Comparisons have naturally been drawn between this and the cognate work by A. W. Schlegel. In one particular, a very important one, there is a marked contrast between them. Not only does Girardin propose certain principles, as philosopher and critic, but he supports and illustrates them by full and appropriate quotations. De Quincey somewhere calls the absence of sufficient illustrations, the common defect of German criticism.

The nature of dramatic emotion is first investigated. The reflections to which this inquiry gives rise, lead on to an exposition of the manner in which the theatre of the ancients expressed emotions occasioned by physical pain, and by the fear of death—compared with the treatment of the same subjects by the theatre of the moderns. Thus the Iphigenia of Euripides is contrasted with the Catarina in Victor Hugo's "Angelo." "Certainly," says M. Girardin, "the feelings expressed by Catarina, in the scene where she has to choose between death by the sword and death by poison, are true and natural; you are made to feel, in her utterances, the horror of death and the clinging to life; but what you hear is rather the cry of the body given up to the throes of agony, than the cry of the soul. It is the flesh revolting against death; the revolt is entirely material, entirely physical; the soul counts for nothing. Catarina affects me, but it is by physical suffering. I witness the sensations of one condemned to death; I see the flesh quiver, the countenance grow pallid, the limbs tremble; I am present at a scene of agony. But why do you show me only a material death? why give me but the moiety of human nature? why, in delineating the emotions of a dying one, why suppress the more noble, the higher, those which are addressed to man's legitimate compassion, the compassion that harmonizes with admiration and respect, and not that which borders on disgust?" Whereas, in the case of Iphigenia—though she, the devoted daughter of a kingly race, utters her laments at leaving the pleasant light of life, and her dread of the darkness of the grave—yet in her laments there is something else, something higher than mere physical, mere material horror of death; while in the final act of resignation, there is a nobility, a dignity, that as it were lifts up the hearts her affliction has cast down. "Unquestionably there is truth in the cries and agonies of Catarina; but it is a truth which, so to speak, ranks with the truths of natural history. In the laments of Iphi-

genia, there is truth of a more humane and noble kind." In further illustration of which view, M. Girardin contrasts the death-scene of Madame Roland—quitting life without agitation, without cries or convulsive struggles—dignified, majestic to the last—with that of the Dubarry, who, having never learnt "courage and dignity elsewhere than at the *petite-soupers* of Louis Quinze," when haled to the scaffold gave vent to shrieks of despair, and agonizingly importuned *Monsieur le Bourreau* to grant her one tiny instant more, yet another little moment of dear life!

As an example of man's struggle against physical pain, the Philoctetes of Sophocles is brought under review; of man's struggle against personal danger, there follow illustrations selected from the careers of the Greek Ulysses and the English Crusoe—both shipwrecked and much enduring men—while to relieve narrative fiction with narrative fact, there are added descriptions of the wreck by which an Apostle was cast on the island called Melita, and of the burning *Kent*, in 1825. Then comes the question of suicide, and the *tadium vite* that leads to it—illustrated by the story of Virgil's Dido, by the *Œdipus* of Sophocles and of Seneca, and by an episode of interest in the Homilies of St. Chrysostom—and again, from modern sources, by the Hamlet of Shakspeare, revolving in his distraught mind the canon 'gainst self-slaughter, and—abrupt transition! (at least to English taste) by the Pamela Andrews of worthy Mr. Samuel Richardson, the meditated felo-de-se of which *belle et spirituelle* damoisel, M. Girardin avows, "m'a toujours beaucoup ému." There is an inquest held, too, over Goethe's Werther, whom the coroner-critic has no kind of liking for; and another over De Vigny's Chatterton, the marvellous boy who perished in his pride—and whose suicide, according to M. de Vigny, is not the act of a despairing lover or of an austere stoic, but the mere result of pique, "because the lord mayor of London, instead of paying honor to his genius, advises him to write no more verses, and offers him a berth as valet de chambre." This advice of his lordship, M. Girardin remarks, is a proof that the lord mayor in question is an impertinent dolt; but is that any reason why the young verse-maker should kill himself? is it not making life a little too cheap to put it at the mercy of the first fool one meets withal? "The slander of a journal, and a piece of epistolary impertinence, are the motives which impel Chatterton to self-slaughter. When Cato

slew himself, at least it was for something more than that."

Paternal love comes next under discussion. M. Girardin does not seek to define it; for it is the merit of dramatic literature, he says, not to define our sentiments, but to put them into action: he scouts, therefore, the spirit of analysis and definition—for who dissects that which is alive? He takes paternal love such as it is represented by the elder dramatists, especially by Corneille, and compares it with examples of the same passion in latter-day drama and romance. Don Diègue and old Horace are instanced—loving their sons with a certain sturdy, elevated love, which is modified by the superior influence of honor and patriotism. In contrast with them is placed the Triboulet of Victor Hugo—Triboulet, made "wicked" by a composition of forces, three in number—personal deformity, disease, and his position as court-jester. Triboulet is designed to show how paternal love sanctifies physical deformity, just as the same dramatist's Lucretia Borgia is designed to show how maternal love purifies moral deformity. But our critic objects to the character of this impassioned buffoon, that the love he exhibits towards his daughter Blanche is not consonant with paternal love—that its ardent, vehement character pertains in reality to a love of quite another sort. "Triboulet appears to love his daughter as a woman is loved; he loves her with a selfish, jealous passion—for himself, not for herself. Not so do fathers love. They love less, perhaps, if you take the word love in its most passionate sense; but they love better." Another instance of this *égoïsme paternel* is produced from the "Pariah" of Delavigne—in evidence of the argument that paternal love, in its historical development on the stage, is first painted in all its tender devotion, qualified by firmness and lofty principle, and at last, by an over-curious elaboration of whatever it may, in its morbid action, discover, in the way of sensitive jealousy and exacting selfishness.

Filial ingratitude is illustrated from the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, and Shakspeare's King Lear. *Œdipus* is described as a man subjected to the control of a mysterious power, insomuch that his acts seem not to be his own—whether the act of slaying the sire he recognizes not, or that of cursing his ungrateful sons—in either case he is the instrument of the gods, the representative of the fatalism of the ancients. Lear, on the other hand, is regarded as the representative of human liberty in its weakness and ca-

prices. Both poets, however, enforce the same idea of the sacred right of fathers, and the perdition attached to the breach of it. In unfavorable contrast with this, the critic refers to the altered tone of modern fiction—making Balzac's *le père Goriot* the text for some exegetical and practical observations, which to the fast young men of this time of day, who, were Œdipus himself their father, or Lear, or Cato the Censor, or Cato Uticensis, would not scruple to call him "the governor" (strictly on *lucis à non* principles), may seem very old-fashioned indeed.

A section is devoted to paternal clemency; and in its exemplification are cited Terence's *εὐφρόνιστος*, the sobbing and slobbering old Menedemus, the Prodigal Son of Voltaire—and of the New Testament. M. Girardin is no Voltairian Frenchman, but he is Frenchman enough to brace together the parable in St. Luke and the *Enfant Prodigue* of Arouet, "libertin du dix-huitième siècle," and, after quoting a parcel of verses by this *Euphémon fils*, who is aghast at being "deshérité," and made to

Sentir l'horreur de la mendicité,
A mon cadet voir passer ma fortune, &c.,

it is quite à la Française to add: "Ce sont de beaux vers; mais nous sommes loin de l'Enfant Prodigue de l'Evangile." Very much so. The *loin* is far enough to be reckoned immeasurable—so true that it becomes a truism. Euphémon fils is in no danger of being mistaken for him that of old time wasted his substance in riotous living; nor the elder brother, that was in the field, for the *cadet* Fiérenfat, respectable denizen of Cognac. After this, M. Girardin proceeds to examine the treatment of the paternal character in comedy, selecting, with that view, Diderot's *Père de Famille*, M. d'Orbesson, who analyzes and expounds the tenderness he feels for his children—Géronte, in Piron's *Les Fils Ingrats*, an insipid comedy, in which if the sons are displeasing, the sire fails to please—and Dupré, in *Les Deux Gendres* of M. Etienne. Rousseau's charge against Molière, of bringing paternal authority into contempt, is investigated with regard to its special and its more general validity, as affecting not Molière alone, but the writers of comedies as a class. M. Girardin discountenances the notion of Molière's comedy being, in this respect, of depraving tendency: it is your fifth-rate comedies, and your modern dramas, he contends, that really deprave the heart, just because of the claim

they set up to preach and instruct, and because in effect they enervate the soul by their sentimentalism, and corrupt the mind by their sophisms: "whereas good comedy amuses at the expense of the vices it sets over against each other, without sanctioning or showing favor to any one of them.

Maternal love follows. Andromache is criticized, as she appears in the objective portraiture of Homer, in the subjective art of Euripides, and in the polite rhymes of Racine. Mérope is criticized in her fourfold incarnation—as represented by Torelli, by Maffei, by Voltaire, and by Alfieri—the palm being virtually given to Maffei, who rejected the *fadeurs amoureuses* which spoil the character in Torelli, and the philosophical sentimentousness with which Voltaire unadvisedly encumbers his version of the much-vexed heroine. The Lucretia Borgia of Victor Hugo gets some rough usage—though the critic avows he shall never forget the first representation of the piece, the ardent curiosity with which he watched its development. "I wept not," he says, "nor was I touched with emotion; but I was astounded and overpowered. Those vehement sentiments, those multiplied *coups de théâtre*, those dramatic *tours de force*, held me in suspense. My feeling was not that of one softened to tenderness, but of one sensibly under a strong despotic yoke, which he cannot shake off." Victor Hugo would here delineate maternal love; but it is, in this Italian White Devil, no longer a passion inspired by nature, approved by morality, and indeed woman's purest, most fervent virtue, but a passion all blindness and violence, acting with impetuosity and caprice. Voltaire's Idamé, in *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, is also discussed; and as exemplars of maternal love in a perverted form, we are introduced to Cleopatra in Corneille's *Rodogune*—a character inspiring nothing but horror, odious from beginning to end—and Iamène in Quinault's *La Mère Coquette*, a personage neither vindictive nor consumed by hate, but intolerant of personal rivalry in her own daughter, whom she sees growing daily more beautiful, while she finds it a growing struggle to maintain her good looks; it is a case of *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*—comparative degree, *pulchrior*; ay, there's the rub.

Next comes filial piety. Under this head M. Girardin discourses freely of Ulysses, of Telemachus, of Orestes, in ancient story; of the Sirois in Rotrou's *Comédiens*; of the Count in *Le Glorieux* of Destouches;

and of that "noblest and most touching of all examples of filial piety, in history or on the stage," Coriolanus—not, however, old Hardy's version, or Chevreau's, or La Harpe's, but Shakspeare's. Madame Cottin's Elizabeth is also duly registered, and shown to suffer, as a piece of artful fiction, in comparison with the simpler truth and nature of Xavier de Maistre's Prascovie.

Fraternal love gives occasion to a review of the characters of Orestes and Electra in Æschylus and Sophocles—of Merimée's story of *Colomba* (a heroine who "has not indeed the proportions of Electra," and is, comparatively, a miniature beside an ancient statue; "but this miniature belongs to the same school with the statue; it expresses in little what the statue expresses at large, and it does so in an accurate and decided manner")—also of Goethe's Iphigenia—and of Scott's Jeanie Deans, whom the critic admires with a very enthusiasm of appreciative sympathy. The opposite sentiment of fraternal discord leads him to discourse on Cain and Abel, as they appear in the sacred records, and in the pastoral platitudes of Gessner, in Langewald's *Adamus*, in the Fathers of the Church, and in the daring speculations of Lord Byron. The Atreus and Thyestes of Seneca and of Crebillon (père) have a chapter to themselves. Voltaire's Adélaïde du Guesclin, and Schiller's Bride of Messina, have another. Rivalry between sisters is illustrated by the story of Psyche, treated by Corneille, and Molière, and Lafontaine, as well as Ovid—and by the Genoese Ceba's tragedy, *Le gemelle Capovane*, "touching history, which opens, like the history of all other maidens, with the pleasures and innocent triumphs of beauty, only to end in the most deplorable of catastrophes, supported and accomplished by penitence the most heroic." An animated section is devoted to the strifes and sorrows of the house of Œdipus, and the sublime devotion of Antigone, that "holy heathen," as De Quincey calls her, that "daughter of God, before God was known" in Greece, that flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed; who quitting all things for which flesh languishes, safety and honor, a palace and a home, made herself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, her outcast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; that angel, who bade depart for ever the glories of her own bridal day, lest he that had shared her misery in childhood, should want the honors

of a funeral; that "idolatrous, yet Christian lady," who in the spirit of martyrdom trod alone "the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of" her brother.

Love is a large subject, and M. St. Marc Girardin treats it largely. He exhibits its kind and power of action as developed in the Theatre of the Greeks—a Hæmon paying court to Antigone, a Phædra pining wickedly for Hippolytus; he illustrates it from life among the Germans described by Tacitus, from medieval tales of chivalry,—and again in its Platonic phases, at sundry times and in divers manners,—what it was in the court of Francis I., and in that of Henry II. ("toujours pleine," says Brantôme, "des femmes et des plus jolies")—its aspect in the Tales of Margaret of Navarre, in the Romance of the Rose, in Marot, in Ronsard, in Du Bellay, in Mathurin Regnier, in Malherbe; in the Amadis of Gaul, in D'Urfé's *Astrée*, and in the Scudéry's *Clélie*—a romance which may at first sight appear stuffed with nothing but ridiculous love-nonsense, affecting the metaphysical, a mere pedantic manual of gallantry, but which examined more attentively, is pronounced by our critic a book of serious as well as curious character, "in which all questions relating to the condition of women in society are treated in a style both piquant and judicious." Ingenuous love is portrayed from manifold examples, chiefly in pastoral poetry—and we are led back to the idyls of Theocritus, and the bucolics of Virgil, and occasional rural intervals in the lyrics of Catullus and Horace, Tibullus and Propertius; and then conducted through a throng of old romances in prose and verse, all in quest of this same "ingenuous love"—King Arthur, and Valentine and Orson, and Sir Huon, and the Arcadia of Sannazar, as well as of Lope de Vega and our own Sidney, and Tasso's Amintas, and Guarini's Pastor Fido, and the Diana of Montemayor—and anon we "assist" at the *idylle charmante* of forest-life in Shakspeare's Cymbeline, and now are we in Arden, under the shade of melancholy boughs—whence (for our own part, with wandering steps and slow) we are summoned to the *Alphée* and other pastorals of Shakspeare's contemporary, Hardy, and the similar performances of those once renowned gentry, Messieurs Racan, Rotrou, Gombaud, Mairet, &c.;—while the more ruffled and troubled passages of that course of true love that never did run smooth, are evidenced in

the cases of Pyramus and Thisbe, Hagbart and Syène (see Grammaticus Saxo, and Ehlen Schlager), and Romeo and Juliet; the entire work, so far as is hitherto published, being closed with an essay on "pastoral" according to the notions of Sègrais, who, regretting the discarded variety and simplicity of ancient models, would fain have been more rustic and less *galant*, but who was constrained by pressure from without to hit the humor of Persons of Quality, for he lived at the court of the Great Ma'm'selle, and must write accordingly: of *Ménage*, *grand habitué* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and alive to this hour in the mockery of Molière:

Nous avons vu de vous des églogues d'un style
Qui passe en doux attrait Théocrite et Virgile,
&c.;

of Madame des Houlières, of whom St. Beuve has made an interesting study in his "Portraits des Femmes;" and finally, of Lamothe, with his pseudo-pastoral pretentiousness, and Fontenelle, whose eclogues have one parlous want, the want of rural inspiration, and whose loftiest ideal of country-life simplicity does not extend beyond a shepherd with the gait and feelings of the salons, or a peasant transported and transcribed, with very little of revision or correction, from the boards of the opera.

If M. Girardin, in his literary tastes, is of the classical party, he is also acknowledged to belong to the party of tolerance—with a liking for diversity of gifts, and the free course of talent, provided always that man's highest sentiments are left intact, and the eternal laws of morality unassailed. He is styled by Desiré Nisard the liberal par excellence in literature; and as your true liberal is also conservative in certain essential features, so is he faithful to the time-proved and time-approved classicalism of French taste. But he is susceptible to the influence of new modes, to the impression of new qualities. He is not, says the same critic, astonished at not finding himself in another author; rather he is charmed at finding one who is *not* himself. Accordingly he relishes the kind of composition to which his own bears little or no affinity. "Even a melo-drama has charms for him; and see now how commendable the charity, how delicate the sense of justice, which can dispose so natural a mind to enjoy the effect produced by even a melodrama's sound and fury."

If he delights, as he says he does, in his

functions as Professor, it is mainly on account of the scope his Professorship affords him to indoctrinate others with principles of good morals and good taste conjoined—"to caution," he says, "and, if I can, preserve them from false ideas and false sentiments, to make them love what is good and beautiful in literature and in morals." The end and aim of true criticism consists, in his judgment, in showing that the end and aim of literature is the beautiful, and in combating whatever opinions and ideas are calculated to draw aside the mind from this supreme object: the æsthetically beautiful being inseparable from the ethically good. He the more insists upon this harmony, because of the modern tendency to deny or practically ignore it. Hence his solicitude to show, from examples found in sacred records and "profane" classics, that "le beau et le bon s'accordent plus souvent qu'on ne l'a cru de nos jours." Hence his neglect of no opportunity for certifying the union which exists between "le bon goût et la bonne morale." Thus, as one of the capital conditions of dramatic emotion he requires, that it should address itself to the intelligence of man, and not to his senses: art, he contends, must speak only to the mind; to the mind only should it convey pleasurable feelings: if its object be to excite the senses, it is degraded. "This rule applies to the arts in general. Dancing itself is an art, when, by its steps and movements, it pleases the soul and awakens in the mind the divine idea of the graceful. It ceases to be an art, and becomes a trade, when its object is voluptuous, to excite sensual enjoyment." He points out how, with the Greeks, philosophy and art were of one accord to give predominance to moral over material nature—art, by their worship of beauty, which exists but in tranquility, while even physical repose proceeds from a mental source—and philosophy, by their doctrine of the superiority of the mind to the body. "This progressive ascendancy of mind over body prepared the world for Christianity, which was the triumph of moral nature over material nature; and thus, by an admirable harmony, the worship of the beautiful became the means of conducting mankind to the worship of the good." Thus, too, when he is engaged in analyzing the romance of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, he claims the palm of merit for the old *conteur* over the modern graces of Wieland—alike in the delineation of character, in the elucidation of "ingenuous love," and in the charm of imaginative art—that love being so much

the better portrayed in the *vieux roman*, as it is there of a purer and more honest sort—for the attraction that belongs to these olden pictures “is lost the moment that coquetry or voluptuousness try to mingle in the painting, to embellish or to enliven it.” Hence, again, M. Girardin’s promptness to censure such a psychological result as Balzac’s *Père Goriot*, who, dying, and bewailing the ingratitude of his children, exclaims: “My daughters—ah, there was my sin! they were my mistresses!” &c.—strange language, objects of our critic, the choice of a romance-writer who, his design being the delineation of paternal love, which is, of all human loves, the purest, the most intelligent, the most moral, makes it brutal and vicious in order to make it strong.

Any such exhibition of “strength,” of a morbid quality, is utterly repugnant to the taste of M. Girardin. “Beautiful it is,” writes Thomas Carlyle, “and a gleam from the eternal pole-star visible amid the destinies of men, that all talent, all intellect is in the first place moral;—what a world were this otherwise! But it is the heart always that sees, before the head can see: let us know that; and know, therefore, that the Good alone is deathless and victorious.” One deeply imbued with this faith, in whom it is the heart always that sees, whose intellect is in the first place moral, revolts from what that heart intuitively pronounces an offence against its laws, from whatever that moral intellect repudiates as in proximate tendency immoral.

The “strong” writing of latter days appears to our critic to have a distorted, abused, unnatural strength. Whereas in former times the poets gave to their creations a single vice or a single passion, and then took every pains to make them in other respects virtuous, that they might be worthy of interest—it is, he complains, the wont of modern poets to give to their characters a heap of passions and vices past reckoning, with the counterpoise of some one single virtue. And this one virtue, poor solitary thing! has no mission to purify the depraved soul in which, by a sort of chance, it has found a lodgment. It assiduously respects the independence of the imperious vices, nor is it designed to challenge the interest of spectators or readers; for vice is now-a-days the proposed object of interest, thanks to a certain attribute of noble pride, made fashionable and seductive by the heroes of Byron. “It seems, in fact, that we have a taste for ruins in morals as well as in architecture,

and prefer that which is half fallen to that which stands erect and entire.” He complains that the manner of delineating the four or five leading sentiments which make up the subject of dramatic art, has lost its ancient truthfulness; has become violent, exaggerated, pretentious; that grief has degenerated into melancholy, tenderness into excessive sensibility, meditation into reverie; that everywhere the substance has given place to the shadow—a shadow larger, it is true, and more supple than the body, but also more dim and empty:

Et sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.

Whether it be Victor Hugo, ascribing to his *Dona Sol* (“Hernani”) a capricious melancholy, wherein phantasy has more of a part to play than passion—and in his *Triboulet* “substituting caricature for portraiture,” and animal instinct for impassioned sentiment—and in his *Catarina* representing the convulsions of physical excitement; or again, Dumas detailing the agonies of *Monaldeschi*, the terrified expectant of Christina’s sure and speedy vengeance; or De Vigny giving words to the suicidal intents of *Chatterton*; or Delavigne making of his old pariah, *Zarès*, an exacting egoist; or Balzac putting extravagant rhapsodies into the mouth of dying *père Goriot*;—under any such provocation, *πᾶντι τε καὶ πανταχού*, M. Girardin is ready with a demur, an exception, a protest.

If his tone of objection is frequently that of a grave remonstrant, who thinks the fault no light matter, and who therefore adopts no light manner in his strictures, he also, on occasion, just opens a vein of quiet railery, utterly void of all bad blood. As where, having called Voltaire’s “Prodigal Son” a comedy, he corrects himself, and calls it a drama: “for all Voltaire’s comedies end in drama, except when they turn to ennui.” Of Voltaire he elsewhere says, that “like a good many partisans of Equality, he was fond enough of it in relation to his superiors, but put it less into practice towards his equals.” Again, commending Sir Walter Scott’s judgment in interposing difficulties in the way of Jeanie Deans’ access to royalty, he observes: “In ordinary novels, where a peasant or soldier wants to talk with a king, there is no kind of difficulty; a knock at the door seems amply sufficient; his majesty himself comes to open it; and forthwith the conversation begins between countryman and king.” Similarly he comments on the custom of establishing a connection between man and

nature, between the sombre gloom of lonely forests and the crimes of man, by giving to every *scélérat* his cavern, his clouds, and his tempest: "no such thing as crime on a fine sunny day, or a soft moonlight night; nor must the fury of the passions reach its outburst before that of the storm is brewed and ready." We might refer, again, to his criticism of the rather maudlin tenderness of Diderot's *Père de Famille*, and the "very German" dialect of Goethe's Greeks (*Iphigenia* to wit, *Orestes*, &c.), and the vapid unrealities of pseudo-pastoral, and the habit novelists have of ignoring the life of woman except while at a loveable, and that a very limited age. "The life of women in a novel begins at seventeen years of age, and terminates at about thirty, although attempts have been made in the present day to prolong it to even forty. When they border on this age, either the novel puts them to death, or else the novel itself comes to a close, inasmuch that a woman in years is a rarity in novels, unless where represented *en mal*, as an envious, malignant old creature, just because she is old."

The *Cours de Littérature Dramatique* is M. Girardin's magnum opus, by which he is (in a double sense) best known. But the *Essais de Littérature et de Morale* also contain much that, having engaged, will repay an attentive reading. Some of these essays were written when he was hardly out of his teens—that on Le Sage, for instance, which is nevertheless distinguished by much penetration and precision. The notices of Washington and Lafayette are just noticeable, and little else; that of Bossuet is not unworthy of its high argument; that of Beaumarchais is a lively résumé of a strange career—the career of the bourgeois adventurer, who burst the strait laces of social caste, figured at court, united in one rôle trader and courtier, sent arms to revolted America, agitated the length and breadth of France about a trial for fifteen louis, all but overthrew a magistracy instituted by royal authority, and by the mouth of *Figaro* proclaimed the rights and asserted the prerogatives of the third estate, as vigorously as Sièyes himself in his memorable pamphlet. The *étude* on St. Augustine compares his Confessions with those of "Saint" Jean Jaques, and insists on a

closer resemblance between them than that of title only. The Homilies of St. Chrysostom on the Book of Genesis afford scope for some orthodox suggestions on the assumed feud between Scripture and Science, Moses and the Geologists. There is a genial review of Silvio Pellico, earnest homage being paid to his religious feeling; others in Louise Bertin, on the poetry of young France, on Lucretelle, &c.; historical papers on Napoleon, on the war in Spain of 1823, on the fall of the Abbassides; and miscellanies on themes ancient and modern—on newspapers among the old Romans, on Greek tragedy, on Persius, on Corsica, Florence, Charles Edward the Pretender, Paul Louis Courier, on the ethics of Marriage, on the Literary Profession, on the Unity of Europe, and on the historical past and speculative future of the United States. And in tracing the development of M. Girardin's mind, from its almost boyish *earnests* (*'appaßawa*) to its matured results, we see much to fulfil what has been said to distinguish the genuine critic—namely, that in accordance with Coleridge's definition of genius, he carries forward the freshness and geniality of youth into the powers of manhood, like those trees in Arcadia, where blossoms and full-grown fruit are found together.

The name of St. Marc Girardin, M. Nisard confidently predicts, is sure of a place among those that will endure. For, argues the critic, unless future generations of Frenchmen differ in their whole nature from their forefathers, they will demand in the books of to-day what the readers of to-day demand in the books of yesterday—the human heart, French *esprit*, and style. Of these three conditions he hails the conjoint presence in St. Marc Girardin's writings: the human heart—illustrated by a thousand traits; the national *esprit*—nowhere in contemporary authorship more signally displayed, in point of practical sense, neatness, unaffectedness, and lively elegance of movement;—and a style—resembling that of the best times, while it is marked by an individuality and by certain material novelties, which distinguish it from a mere imitation. And as for this side the Channel, there are few authors in modern France whom we should more gladly see naturalized among ourselves.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the vast border country lying between Switzerland and Wirtemberg, stretching down from the mighty Alps, whose summits are capped with eternal snows, there is a great inland sea, towards whose shores the blue mountains come shadowing down in long, long misty lines, vague and undefined as the everlasting heavens above. The placid waters of that great lake, called the Bogen-See, ripple on low, undulating shores, darkened by immense forests of pine, which fringe the deep cliffs and ravines in the near-lying hills, and are visible from afar, like a sombre, sullen mantle cast over the distant mountains, lending a lonely, mysterious character, suggestive of all wild, unreal, and fantastic fancies, to the melancholy beauty lingering around the shores of that boundless lake. In the creeks and bays breaking the water's edge, little villages and hamlets peep out, each with its tall spire and picturesque wooden houses, whose galleried fronts project over the blue waters, or nestle under the overspreading trees, planted in walks and avenues round each friendly little spot. Close under the shadow of the sombre pine forest, in a place where the dark trees almost dipped in the lake, stands the little village of Bogenhafen, its clustered houses enveloped and surrounded by the deep woods, in which the spirits, and the Kobolds, and the lovely, soulless Undines dwell, who, in calm summer nights, when the moon is on the wane, love to sport and mirror themselves in the cool waters, and comb their long tangled locks of emerald green by the pale light falling on the lake.

In the village of Bogenhafen of which I spoke dwelt a poor laborer, whose name was Franz, an excellent, industrious man, simple and pious withal as a young child. He was married to Gretchen, the poorest and the prettiest girl in the village, and although their house was bare, and they lived but by the labor of their hands, they were thankful and happy.

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"It is but a thatched roof and an earthen floor," said Franz, as he looked round, "but the light of the poor man's life—his own pretty wife—brightens the walls, and we are happy as princes—are we not, Gretchen?"

Heaven blessed their union, and after a time a child was born under the low roof—a wonderfully beautiful child was their boy, at least so thought Franz, as he donned his Sunday coat, and went out into the village to tell the news, and ask the miller with whom he worked to be godfather.

Now the miller lived in a fine white house, overshadowed with willow-trees, beside a running stream, which turned his mill-wheels, that day and night keep up a perpetual whirr, to remind him what a wealthy and great man he was, with fields, and woods, and acres upon the mountain sides. The miller, too, was stingy as well as rich, so when Franz, beaming with happiness, made his request, he answered that he thanked him for the compliment, but that it cost money, and that he never spent a thaler he could help. "So," said he, "you must look elsewhere."

Franz turned sorrowfully away, no longer joyous.

"What!" said he to himself, "is it possible this rich man cares more about a miserable thaler than my beautiful boy, to whom he might have been a benefactor here and hereafter?"

Quite sad and crestfallen, he then betook himself to the landlord of the village inn, and earnestly begged him to undertake the office. But "mine host," a proud, redfaced man, only puffed his pipe in Franz's face, who stood before him as he lolled outside his door under the great linden-tree, where travellers sat round a table and ate in the warm summer-time. For some time he did not vouchsafe to answer. At last he spoke:

"What can possibly induce you to ask such a favor of a man like me? You, the lowest in the village, and I next to the

guadiger graf himself, whom I have the honor to serve! You never come and sit round my fire in winter-time and spend gold: you neither spend nor drink, miserable devil that you are. Begone, and henceforth learn to ask favors from your equals."

Franz turned away. "And so," said he to himself, "this hard-hearted, proud man will not accept a pious office, and honorable to a Christian, because he is vain, and worldly, and ambitious."

Then he turned to the cottage of a fellow-laborer like himself, who was neither proud, nor avaricious, nor ill-natured; but at this moment a horse stood saddled beside the door. When Franz called to him and told him what he had come for, the other answered:

"You see I am ready, and my horse is saddled, to start to the great fair at Brechen-thal. There will be fine fun going, and the beer is excellent. Excuse me, for I must go, if I refuse to stand godfather; another time I shall be happy, but now——"

And he threw himself on his horse, and galloped so quickly away his last words were lost in the wind. Franz, nearly broken-hearted with the disappointments he had experienced, looked sorrowfully after him.

"All men seem alike to-day," groaned he, "and even my comrade, so good-natured and kind hitherto, cares for a fair and a jug of Bavarian beer more than my child."

Now Franz, after these three refusals, knew not where to go; he dared not return home without finding a godfather to his anxious wife, who would cry her eyes out when she heard how all had fallen out; so he went into a field near at hand, and, sitting down under a hedge, wept bitterly. "Blessed saints!" cried he, wringing his hands, "men have no feeling for me; they all drive me away; but ye turn from none who call on you in trouble. Oh! help and assist me, sweet Madonna, for the love of heaven." He rose, and made his way towards a little chapel, where he had often prayed. The walls were blackened by age, and overgrown with grey moss; it was a lone and solitary spot, opening towards the pine forest, which spread all around. Beside the door waved some magnificent linden-trees, overshadowing the whole building. As Franz put his foot on the door-sill, he started back at beholding a heavenly, beautiful angel standing on the steps of the altar. His wings shone like pure gold, his long robes were white as the driven snow, and a glory surrounded him more dazzling than lightning. He looked like the holy angel spirit that came down to

guard the grave of the newly-risen Saviour, as it is written in the blessed Gospel. Franz trembled. But the angel spoke with a soft loving voice: "Fear not; come hither. I will bear thy child at the holy baptism; but gold or presents have I none." Then Franz, bowing low, replied: "Ah, blessed angel, I am not worthy that thou shouldst leave the bright heavens to be godfather to my child. As to the gold, surely I do not think of it. Be thou then the guardian angel of my bright boy, and lead him up towards heaven under the shadow of thy wings, that is more blessed than gold or christening gifts." The angel smiled, and said: "God will point out to thee some other way. Go in peace." And then, shaking from his dazzling wings thousands of stars, he vanished into a golden mist, and the dim lamp burning before the blessed Virgin Mother on the altar was all the light remaining in the now gloomy chapel, before radiant as the courts of heaven.

Now Franz, overjoyed at the vision, desired to reach home by a shorter path than he had come, to tell the good news to his beauty-wife, who lay, with the little babe pressed to her bosom, anxiously awaiting his return. He plunged into a dark track leading through the thickest mazes of the fir woods, so gloomy, dark, and solemn in the deepening night, that, well as he knew the path, he dared scarcely to look around him for fear. As hurrying along, he was passing through the darkest portion of the wood, a hunter suddenly appeared in his path, emerging from the shadows of the trees, dressed in a dark suit of green, with a high-pointed hat and waving feathers. There was a mocking, grinning look in the hunter's face—strange and suspicious, as Franz thought, especially when he remarked that under the dark green robes a cloven foot peeped out. "Gracious Heavens!" thought Franz, "this is——yes, it must be the devil himself." The hunter, seeing him start back in affright, offered him his hand, drawing back, however, the sharp claws growing on the fingers, as a cunning cat before she seizes on her prey. "Give me your hand, good Franz," said he. "I will be your godfather. I have a heavy sack by me full of gold and silver, and it shall be thine. See how the gold pieces sparkle in the light, and how merrily they chink. The rich to whom you went have rejected you, what can you expect from the poor? Instead of a copper gift to the bright boy at home, I will give you all this treasure. Let us be friends. Come on."

But poor Franz, shuddering as he spoke, replied :

"No; never while I live. Before I would touch the gold and silver you offer, may hunger consume me."

Then Satan, knitting his wrinkled brows, darted a fierce look out of his fiery eyes, and menaced him savagely with his claws. But Franz said :

"He that died for us on the cruel cross, and rose from the grave that he might hear our prayers in heaven, has taken from thee all power of harming me. Rage on, foul fiend ! I trust in Him who died to save me, and I fear thee not." Saying which he devoutly crossed himself.

Then the devil disappeared in a cloud of black sulphur-smoke, and the dark wood around looked gloomier than before, and the evening wind came sighing sadly through the trees in ominous murmurings. Night had closed in before Franz reached the outskirts of the village and the church, which lay in the midst of wooded fields at a little distance. "I will go in," said he to himself, "for a moment, and say a prayer over the grave of my beloved parents, beside the two green mounds under which their bones lie. I will recall their pious precepts, and the early lessons of humanity they taught me. Our heavenly Father, who promises to hear the prayers of all who address him with sincerity, will never forget the blessing that my good father and my dear mother invoked on me when they lay on their deathbeds. Their prayers shall be fulfilled."

Just as Franz entered the dark arch, and was about to penetrate into the gloomy church, a figure holding an hour-glass and scythe in his bony hands advanced from within, and Franz knew that the white ghastly skeleton before him was Death himself. He was so despairing and miserable that he neither shrank back with fear nor rushed away, but looked calmly at him, wondering if he were come to fetch him away to the distant home above, when Death, stretching out his hand, thus addressed him :

"I," said he, "will be godfather to thy son."

Then Franz, seeing that Death looked kindly, and spoke such friendly words, replied with a sigh :

"Oh, Death ! thy offer is kind ; thou art the only friend of the poor. Through thee they become rich in the world beyond the tomb, up there in the far-off fatherland, where the stars twinkle so brightly,"

"Yet is not Death welcome to the happy?" answered the figure. "To thee I come as a friend, because thou art wretched."

"Yes," answered Franz, "thou art, indeed, welcome, for I am oppressed, and thou alone wilt bear my burdens, and relieve me from all my sorrows, and cares, and adversities. Thou art ever in my mind, thou gracious skeleton. But, for all that, Death cannot be godfather to my bright boy, for as soon as the priest, and the sexton, and the company saw thy face they would rush away from thee with fear and horror."

Then Death spoke again in a low, gentle voice, like the murmuring of the night wind over fallen, dried-up leaves. "Fear not," said he ; "good men have no horror of me ; to them I am welcome. They desire and long for my appearance, as the sick man for the dawn. I am to them a messenger calling them from a world of sin, and sorrow, and suffering, to the glorious realms above, where their souls shall live in eternal peace. The priest is a pious, Christian man : to him I should be as welcome as an angel of light. The sexton is scarcely so good as his master, and he very likely would be terrified and affrighted at my sight. And then the other persons who would be there might also be alarmed, for Death is not welcome to the multitude. But fear not, good Franz ; I will clothe myself in the snowy grave-clothes that Christ our Redeemer left in the rocky tomb when the radiant angels awoke him and carried him up to heaven. Clothed in the robes of the blessed Arisen One, I cannot be dreadful to any man. Say thou, therefore, to the priest and the sexton that the ceremony is to take place ; but tell no man the godfather thou hast got. To-morrow morning we will meet at the spot and at the hour beside the font."

When the church-bell sounded in the morning, and the priest, and the sexton, and Franz, and the nurse, with the bright boy in her arms, stood beside the font, only awaiting the coming of the sponsors to begin, a figure enveloped and robed in white linen appeared, and Franz knew that Death was come into the church. Even his arms and his feet were completely covered, and a long white train swept on the ground as he passed up the aisle ; his face was also concealed with the finest linen, which just showed a little of his hollow features. The priest and sexton were somewhat surprised, but the rest said, whispering to each other :

"See, see ! what a noble lady is come to stand for Franz's child ; she is not of our

country, but some rich stranger, who will not show her face. The poorest man in the village has then got the grandest godmother. Oh, that is wonderful!"

When the holy rite was over, Death whispered in Franz's ear, "Come with me!"

Then they left the church and the company and went to the quiet, lonely corner in the churchyard, where lay Franz's parents, and, standing beside their green graves, Death spoke:

"Although, according to the will of the great God who made heaven and earth, and gave me power over life and death, I take away all from every living man who is delivered over to me—houses and farms, gold and silver, pearls and jewels, whatever they possess—all, indeed, and everything save their good deeds, and their virtues, and their sins, written in the great books which lie before God's throne—still I keep nothing for myself. I cannot, therefore, give thy boy any christening gift, but I will show thee a way out of thy present poverty and distress, now that the good wife lies in bed, and thou must attend on her, and neither can work to gain their daily bread. Listen, therefore, to my words. The magistrate at Eichberg is very sick; already three doctors have been called in, and all have given him over, and, with many shoulder-shrugs and dismal looks, they have told his wife that he must die. But because he is a good man, who loves God, and has ever lived in his fear, the earnest prayers of his wife and children, as well as of all who had dealings with him, have been heard, and our merciful Father in heaven wills that he should be made whole and well; God, therefore, bade me spare him. Take thou healing herbs and simples, such as you peasants know, and dry them, and break and beat them into a powder, and put the powder into a paper, and set forth at sunrise to-morrow morning on the way to Eichberg, where thou wilt arrive as the sun goes down. Ask for the wife of the magistrate, and tell her you bring a wonderful medicine, which, if her husband will take, after three days he shall be perfectly cured. He will take these drugs, and he will recover, and all the people about him—his wife and their friends—will be astonished and delighted. Thou wilt be called hither to this rich man, and thither to another, and wilt have thy hands full. I will always be visible to thee standing by the sick bed, but no other living man shall see me save thou only. And mark what I say to thee. When I appear to thee standing at the *foot* of the bed, give thy

powder freely and the patient shall recover; but if I am visible to thee standing at the *head* of the bed, stretching out my arms over the sick person lying beneath, let no prayers or entreaties prevail on thee to give a morsel of thy powder, or thou wilt lose all thy credit and reputation as a skilful physician, for whenever I so appear the sick person shall surely die. Hear also further my words. Take from the poor and the wretched who call on thee for help not so much as the value of a groschen, but from the wealthy and great, who freely offer thee of their abundance in gratitude for what thou hast done, take gold for thy necessities. Dress thyself cleanly, but with common ordinary clothes like a working man, and build up thy old house, which will else soon fall down, and make a new, spacious, healthy home for thyself, and thy wife, and my godson; but let the building be suitable to thy station, such as are the other houses in the village. All that remains over and above of the gains give to the poor, remembering how great and pinching were thy wants until thou met me. Now promise me to keep all my words in thy heart."

Then Franz promised to do all he was told, and Death vanished from his sight.

Before sunrise on the following day Franz arose, and taking his way through the dark, gloomy forest of the thick firs, had already walked two miles towards Eichberg before the sun rose. He came in the evening to the magistrate's house, and the servant, whom he knew well, came out and asked him what he wanted. Then Franz told him his business. The servant showed him into a lower room, and went up-stairs to give the message to his mistress, who sat in the chamber with her dying husband. And with her were some country people, who had come from far to ask after the magistrate's health; two, indeed, had watched by his bedside all night, and sat there still beside her. All were weeping and very sad, for they feared his end was near. After a little space, the magistrate's wife came down to Franz and received him kindly, and led him up to where her husband lay. Franz trembled a little as he saw so many people, and thought on his strange errand; but to his great joy his friend Death was there standing at the *foot* of the bed. So Franz put his powder in a silver spoon, poured water on it, and gave it to the rich man. Death after that was seen no more, and the magistrate felt on the very instant better. The very next morning he was able to rise, and

the following day he went into the garden, and on the third day he sat again before his desk in his own room, when he received the townsmen and people, and heard their causes. As the magistrate was a good man and much beloved, and had many friends and relations in all the villages in the mountains round the Bogen-See, the news that he was recovered spread far and wide, and with it the account of his miraculous cure from such a hopeless malady; and people could not wonder enough at the event.

In a few days Franz returned home, loaded with presents. So many messengers from all parts were sent to call him to different sick persons, that he scarcely knew what way to turn; week after week he was perpetually walking from one village to another. And now that the fame of his miraculous cures spread all over the country lying on that side of the Bogen-See, many of the rich farmers condescended to bow and take off their hats to the poor laborer, who before they esteemed no more than the clods of earth in their broad fields; but there was one, the village apothecary, who hated Franz, and always when they met turned his back on him. And when the country folks collected round the linden-tree before the inn to drink their beer and smoke their pipes, and the wonderful cures which Franz performed were discussed, and this one had this tale to tell, and that another, the apothecary grew very angry, and declared that "the man knew nothing of medicine, and was an impudent impostor. Why the devil should people wonder," continued he, "that he never loses a patient? When he sees there is no hope, he never gives anything, and quietly walks away."

One morning, as Franz was returning home late through the pine wood, the proud miller rushed forward to meet him—proud no longer, but quite meek and humble now. The tears stood in his eyes, and he looked overwhelmed with sorrow.

"Good Dr. Franz," said he, "I once treated you scornfully and unkindly; and I did very wrong, as well as being a great fool, for who can say what people may become? I entreat you to forgive me, and bear me no ill-will for my behaviour. You are a Christian, and will, I hope, return good for evil. My only daughter is dangerously ill. Oh, come, I implore you, and help her with your skill. You will not refuse me when you remember what a good girl she is, and how handsome too."

Franz returned with him home, and, on

entering the room where the maiden lay on her bed, lo! to his great joy, Death stood at the foot of the bed. Then Franz joyfully exclaimed:

"Be comforted; your daughter shall not die!"

And when the maiden was recovered, the miller was so grateful to Franz, that from that day he did not possess a kinder friend in the world, or one that more loudly sang his praises, than the man who used to treat him so contemptuously.

A dreadful fever raged in the village, and many of the people died, and there was great trouble and sorrow. Franz was called everywhere. At last mine host at the inn was taken ill. Now, the innkeeper was a rich man, and loved his money dearly; but when he felt he was sinking under the fever, he sent for Franz. Death was there before him, but he stood at the bottom of the bed.

"Franz," cried the sick man, as he entered, "if you will only cure me, I will give you ten golden thalers."

"I will not take them," replied Franz; "I want not your money, although you are welcome to my help."

Then the old miser smiled and chuckled as he lay in his bed, at the notion of getting cured for nothing. But Franz spoke further:

"Before I give you any of my drugs, I have a favor to ask of you. You say you are ready to give me ten golden thalers? I do not want them, but the poor sick in the village do. So send it to the priest for them, and I will cure you quickly."

When he heard this, the rich man scratched his ear and paused.

"This proposal of yours, friend Franz, requires consideration; perhaps—who knows but that I may recover without any medicine?"

So this avaricious man would rather have run the risk of dying than give his money to help the poor. But his wife, who was a discreet woman, took ten thalers out of a drawer, and gave them privately to Franz; who then with his powder soon cured her husband, who never knew until he was well how dearly his sickness had cost him.

Now Franz had built himself a pretty cottage where his old hut stood, and there was a gallery of carved wood before the windows, and carvings on the roof under the yellow thatch, and a garden of bright flowers lay before the door, and the dark fir-trees overshadowed it at the back, and kept off the cold winds from the distant snow

mountains. Here he lived happily and in the fear of God, with his beautiful wife, now become a buxom matron, and the bright boy, who had grown and prospered, promising to become a strapping youth. Franz's heart overflowed with gratitude for all the blessings he enjoyed, as he looked on his smiling wife knitting under the gallery with her boy standing before her. One spring morning, as they were admiring the apple-blossoms covering the young trees like a shower of snow, and listening to the birds warbling out in the sunshine that rested on the wood beyond, a horseman suddenly appeared, covered with dust, and riding up to the cottage-door, asked for Dr. Franz.

"I am he," answered Franz.

"Then," said the horseman, "I have important business with you, for his serene highness the prince is dangerously ill, and the princess his wife has commanded your immediate attendance. I was sent on first to give you time to prepare; the royal carriage follows, but as the roads through your woods are very bad, it could not travel fast. Now prepare yourself at once to go with me when it arrives."

Then Franz went into his room, and taking his best clothes out of the trunk, dressed himself, and made up a little parcel of linen, with his powders and the different herbs of which death had taught him the use.

At the end of a couple of hours a magnificent equipage appeared at the skirts of the wood and drove up to Franz's door. Out of the carriage stepped a royal chamberlain, who, after paying his compliments to Franz, with great politeness, begged him, without further loss of time, to return with him. As it was night, and the forest pitch dark, two outriders preceded the carriage with lighted torches, which threw such a strange and lurid light among the trees that Franz trembled, and remembered the evening when the foul fiend himself had tempted him with gold in this very forest. All night they travelled, for the courier who rode before had already ordered horses at every station, and although the road was rough and the ruts deep, they went on and on, always at a gallop. As they proceeded, the chamberlain, who was a pleasant, friendly man, informed Franz how long the prince had been ill, and how many doctors had been called in, all in vain, to cure him. Besides the court physician, two other doctors had been sent for, and they all had a consultation together; but excepting dismal looks and long faces, and shrugging

their shoulders, nothing came of it. Fresh medicines were ordered, which the prince took, but instead of better he became daily worse. In this extremity, one of the ladies in waiting told the poor princess, who was well-nigh broken-hearted, about the celebrated doctor of Bogenhafen, and of his miraculous cures.

"But at the mention of your name," said the chamberlain, "the three doctors, who had hitherto done nothing but dispute and quarrel, were instantly of one mind—that if you were fetched the prince would be sure to die—and they entreated her highness, as she valued her husband's life, to have nothing to do with such an audacious impostor, as—(pardon me for the expression)—they called you. But the princess, seeing no other hope, would not listen to them, but calling me to her, begged me to start immediately and fetch you to the court. May Heaven grant that my errand may be successful, and that you may cure our beloved sovereign! but I confess to you I have my doubts, after so many skilful doctors have failed, that you will cure him."

When the morning broke and the sun was just risen, they drove through the great portal, between two high turreted towers, into the spacious court-yard of the royal castle. A crowd of grand livery servants, covered with gold lace, ran up to Franz, to beg him to hasten in without delay, as his arrival was expected most anxiously by the princess. One took his cloak, another his parcel, a third his hat, which so confused him, unused as he was to such state and pomp, that he quite lost his composure. Then his friend and companion, the chamberlain, taking him by the arm, led him up the broad marble staircase, which opened from the magnificent hall, glittering with gold and painting, and armor, and beautiful statues arranged against the colored marble columns supporting the arched roof, groined and corniced with gilding. Franz quite lost his breath as he looked round in astonishment at all these wonders. At the top of the great marble staircase stood the physician of the court, dressed all in black, with an immense powdered wig covered with hundreds of little stiff curls, his cocked hat under his arm, and a sword by his side—for the princess, to his infinite mortification, had commanded him to receive the doctor of Bogenhafen with all possible honor. Franz made him a low bow as soon as they met. But no sooner did the court physician see a countryman, dressed in a

brown coat, a red handkerchief round his neck, and green pantaloons, than he called out in a rage:

"Who brought this fellow here? What do you want? If you have a wife or child ill, and wish me to visit them, why do you not go to my house? I will speak to you there; but here, in the royal residence, it is against all etiquette to admit such people. Be off with you at once—be off, I say."

"Not so fast, good sir," replied Franz. "Don't be in too great haste to send people away. I am not here to ask for your medical help, but I am come to see what I can do for your prince, who is, I hear, dying."

"What! how!" cried the physician; "the man is mad. Hey! you servant fellows, send him away—drive him out—he must not stay here on the stairs of the royal residence—it is scandalous."

Then the chamberlain stepped forward, and explained to the physician that Franz was in reality the expected doctor.

"He!" exclaimed the physician. "I retract—I apologize. Great geniuses and most learned men are often subject to strange eccentricities. But allow me to observe, my good sir, that it is a foolish whim of the learned professor to disguise himself as a day-laborer—it causes confusion. The professor, however, will understand how the mistake arose. In the mean time I beg pardon."

Franz who was growing tired of the talking of the fat man in the great curled wig, scarcely listened to the end of his speech, and then begged the chamberlain to conduct him at once to the prince's room. But the physician interposed.

"Not so fast, learned sir," said he—"not so fast. It is always the custom among professional men, that the newly-arrived doctor consults with his brethren, already in attendance before seeing the patient."

So he led Franz into a room which had been prepared for the purpose, where the other doctors were in waiting, whom he introduced. Then he went over all the symptoms of the case, and mentioned the medicines they had prescribed, with long Greek and Latin names, which sorely puzzled Franz. He shook his head, and said,

"I do not understand one word of all that gibberish."

"How!" exclaimed the physician, "you have never gone through your humanities, and neither understand Greek nor Latin, and you dare presume to prescribe for his serene highness the sovereign prince!"

"What does the name of an illness signify?" replied Franz; "or what matters the names of the medicines? Long foreign names will cure no one."

"Certainly not," answered the physician; "but as all medical books were formerly written in Latin, and as a great many Greek words occur also, it is necessary for those who study medicine to comprehend well those languages. Therefore, if you are ignorant of them, it follows you cannot have studied medicine, and can be no doctor. It is therefore my duty, as body physician to his serene highness, carefully to examine what drugs you propose to administer, in order to assure myself that there is nothing among them that can injure him."

Then Franz opened his parcel and showed the powders which he had made of the herbs, as Death had directed him.

"Here we are," said the physician, contemptuously turning them over—"camomile, and dandelion, and mint—weeds that grow in the fields and hedgerows. And you seriously, with this trash, propose to cure his serene highness, after all our united learning has failed? Impossible! Vigorous and powerful remedies are necessary—remedies costly and precious, brought from foreign lands far over the sea."

"But, by your leave," replied Franz, "the learned physician must allow that it would be against all common sense and reason if sick people were only to be cured by medicines brought from over the seas, thousands of miles away. What would the poor do, who have no money nor means to get them? God is not so unjust towards his creatures, and with camomile, and mint, and other herbs, I have restored many and many that he has created, but who in this world's goods are poor and miserable."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the chamberlain to fetch Franz away and carry him to the princess.

"Her highness," said he, making a low bow before the physician, "desires that the new doctor shall proceed at once to the apartment of the sovereign. I shall have the honor, therefore, learned sir, to accompany and conduct you."

The poor princess, bathed in tears, and pale and worn with watching, stood at the door of the room, waiting for Franz. She had been already prepared for his appearance, and knew that the wonder-working doctor was a simple laboring man. She saluted him, however, with the utmost kindness, and led him into the prince's room.

Who can paint the astonishment of Franz when he entered the apartment, which seemed to him higher and larger than even the church in his village, and saw the magnificent carpets into which his feet sank, among beds, as it were, of brilliant unknown flowers; the splendid bed, covered with gilding, surmounted with nodding plumes of feathers, and shaded with heavy draperies of purple satin, stiff with gold and embroidery. In his wildest dreams he had never conceived such surpassing magnificence. "But," said he to himself, looking round, "it is clear, gold, and silk, and riches can help no man, either against sickness or death, else I should not be here." He drew near the great state bed, and on the right side, nearest the light, he saw, as plainly as his eyes could show him, the destroying angel ready to take the soul of the good prince and carry it to heaven. The bright seraph messenger looked heavenly kind and friendly upon Franz, but withal sad and solemn. On the left hand of the bed hovered a monster of hideous and fearful aspect—black, dim, and shadowy, with fiery red eyes—watching whether he might not catch the soul of the good prince before the angel could carry it away. As Franz advanced, he shot down looks of rage and defiance upon him out of his horrid eyes, and menaced him with his sharp claws, for he knew he was the man who had resisted his temptation and refused his proffered gold. But further, at the head of the bed, Franz saw, with terror and dismay, Death himself, with his scythe and hour-glass, leaning with his long outstretched arms over the prince, who lay in a deep sleep—that the court physician announced as the prelude to that eternal slumber he would never awake from until the day of judgment. Franz, who during his simple life had never learned the art of concealing his feelings, or not expressing at once all he felt, when he beheld this dismal sight wrung his hands and exclaimed,

"Alas! alas! my art, or any other man's, is vain and useless here."

The poor princess shrieked aloud. She and the royal children, their eyes streaming with tears, then surrounded him, imploring him with earnest prayers that he would at least endeavour to do something to save the beloved prince, who lay there hovering between life and death. The noble princess, sobbing and crying, and forgetting her royal dignity in her great sorrow, even knelt before the lowly peasant, and held up her hands to him in urgent supplication. Then Franz, who

felt as if his heart would break at this melancholy sight, and unable to contain himself, burst out into a flood of tears. He approached Death, and clasping his hands, whispered softly in his ear:

"Oh, kind friend and benefactor, move, I implore you—I beg you, and go down to the feet of the sick man."

But Death answered with a hollow, deep voice, yet so low that no one but Franz heard it:

"My son, I move not from the place where I stand."

"Oh, joy!" exclaimed Franz, "then all shall be well. I take thee at thy word, thou awful man."

And he cried with a loud voice to those standing around:

"Let us turn the bed, so that where the head now is the feet may be. This is all I can do to save the beloved prince."

In a moment he had taken off his brown coat, and begun to move the bed, and all the attendants, and the princess, and the young princes and princesses helped him. But Death menaced Franz with his outstretched bony arm, and spoke so solemnly and earnestly, that the poor man shuddered.

"Follow me," were the words he said, in a sad, hollow voice, that echoed in the vast room. Then Franz, with trembling limbs and a beating heart, followed Death out of the room through a side-door opening in the tapestry.

But the prince, as soon as he was moved, sat up in his bed, and wiping the cool death-dews from his temples, spoke.

"Oh, how well is it now with me!" exclaimed he. "All the pain, and fear, and horror, and the heavy oppressive weight that lay upon me, dragging me down to the grave, is gone. Great God and father, I give thee hearty thanks!"

And he ordered his attendants to bring him his clothes, and called for some food; and he rose up from his bed, and sat down to a table and ate with good appetite, the poor princess and her children, almost out of their senses for joy, looking on the while at this wonderful miracle. The whole castle, too, echoed with sounds of rejoicing and thankfulness, when it was known that the beloved prince was out of danger.

After the first burst of joy and thankfulness was past, and when the royal family had a little recovered from their recent emotion, the princess looked all over the hall where the prince had lain after the country-

man who had worked so miraculous a cure. The prince wished much also to see his deliverer, and sent some of the courtiers to seek him, but he was nowhere to be found. In vain the attendants searched the whole residence; and even the princes and princesses hastened from room to room in the general anxiety to find him, but all in vain. Franz had vanished. The soldiers that kept watch inside and outside the gates were questioned, but they had seen no one pass out.

"This is incomprehensible," cried the princess. "I must and will find him, and thank him myself."

"If he would only appear, that good doctor who saved our father," cried the children, "we would kiss his hands."

But he came not.

Whilst the prince and his wife, and the princes and princesses, their loving children, searched high and low over the residence in vain; while the attendants and the court physician shrugged their shoulders, and all the world echoed the same words, "Where can the strange doctor be?" Franz found himself in the royal mausoleum, a vast arched subterranean chamber, deep down below under the palace, lit up by many lamps burning around an altar which stood in the midst. Over this solemn altar, where masses for the death-souls of the departed princes, whose bones lay around, were daily said, instead of a picture was a beautiful sculpture, representing, in white marble, the resurrection of Lazarus. Along the walls on either side stood stately monuments, ornamented with statues, and angels, and all grave and death-like decorations, within which lay the bones of the ancestors of the beloved prince. On each monument were engraved words of Holy Writ, full of comfort and encouragement to those who read them. "The hour is coming when all that lie in the graves shall hear his voice and shall arise," was written on one; "Death is swallowed up in victory," appeared on another; "God will wipe away all tears from your eyes;" together with many other holy and comfortable words.

Into this sepulchral chamber was Franz conducted by Death, through a secret passage leading down from the palace. Then Death, standing on the altar, turned his hollow eyes upon his terrified and trembling companion, and thus spoke:

"Fear not: I have led thee hither that we may speak freely and without interruption, and that in this silent chamber of the

dead my words may sink deeply into thy soul. For thou seest me now for the last time for a long while; forget not, therefore, my parting admonitions. The prince, out of gratitude, will desire to make thee his physician; refuse this offer, for thou knowest, after what thou hast done, all thy power of healing the sick has departed. But the prince, who is a gracious and a God-fearing man, will desire to keep thee about his court, and this offer thou mayest accept. Send not for Margaret or thy boy, because soon a longing shall come over thee to see again the lake on whose shores thou wert born, and the great forest overshadowing thy home. When the prince hears that thou art weary of his court, he will give thee gold to buy the broad field which lies between thy house and the forest, and much more gold, with which thou canst live in honor and comfort. All this will the beloved prince do out of gratitude for the service thou hast done him. Above all things, attend to have the bright boy, whose godfather I am, brought up an honest and religious man. God, who sent me to thee in thy distress, has given him as guardian angel the glorious angel whom thou hast twice seen, to watch over him. Impress deeply in the heart of thy child that the holy angel is ever hovering invisible around, and that all he does, or thinks, or says, is known. Thus shall he himself become pure and good as the blessed spirits themselves, who sing before the eternal throne, and thou his father wilt be full of joy. The bad spirit, who appeared to thee as a hunter, and strove to drive thy soul into the nets of the destroyer, and to tempt thee with gold, he also will be beside thy child. He will ever watch to turn good into evil, and to tempt and ruin him. The Lord tells us, that while the people slept the enemy sowed tares among the wheat. Watch, therefore, over the bright boy, and teach him to guard against temptation. And now, good friend Franz, a word to thee concerning myself. Never forget Death, and as time wears on, teach thy son never to forget him either. I am the best instructor, for I it is who teach men practically, not in words but in deeds, that this world is nought but the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. In my presence, pomp, majesty, and worldly grandeur fade and vanish as a bundle of lighted tow. I will, on my part, always be a friend and protector to thee, for thou art a pious and an excellent man; and when the time comes for thy departure hence, thou

shalt sink softly into my arms, and I will bear thee gently to a happier and a better world, into the presence of the great God."

Then Franz promised all that Death required, and he vanished from his sight.

No sooner had Franz left the subterranean chamber and returned into the palace, than he met the chamberlain, who was looking about everywhere to find him. "His highness," said he, "wishes to make you court physician, and in his joy at his recovery he has announced his gracious intention before all the court. So come instantly with me into the audience-chamber."

When the prince, who by reason of his illness had not noticed Franz, saw the simple countryman who stood before him, he was not a little astonished. He began first to speak to him of medicines and other scientific subjects connected with the study of physic—studies to which he was not a stranger—but Franz answered him:

"Of all that I know nothing. I am not fit to be court physician."

This pleased the prince; for seeing what kind of man Franz was, he was glad not to be obliged to keep his word. Then he talked to him of agriculture, and of the cultivation of land—subjects with which Franz was quite at home. So the prince laughed, and said:

"Well, well, I see, my honest friend, what will suit you. You shall manage my private purse and my home farm, and live at the court, at the table of my suite."

At first, Franz was delighted with the court. In his own sphere of life he was no fool, but, on the contrary, a sensible, shrewd man; still he knew nothing of good breeding and manners, and all the court fashions were to him like Greek. He was always saying or doing something *mal à propos*, and getting himself laughed at. For instance, the first time he sat down to dinner with the chamberlain, and the equerries, and the pages, when the servant gave him a dish of soup he took up a handful of salt out of the salt-cellar with his fingers. The chamberlain, who sat next to him, whispered that the proper way to help himself to salt was with the spoon.

"Oh," replied Franz, "that is very easy. I will remember."

So taking out the salt again with his fingers, he carefully laid it on a spoon, and then salted his soup. Every one at table was convulsed with laughter. The chamberlain was a droll man, who delighted in fun, and therefore took every opportunity to turn him

into ridicule for the common amusement. Another time some crabs were served up at table.

"Have you ever tasted crabs, councillor?" said he to Franz.

"Never," said he. "Such crabs as these I have never even seen; black crabs, indeed, are plentiful in the streams about our place, but we country folks are afraid of their claws, and the fishermen catch them and take them off to the town."

The chamberlain chose a small crab, with a soft new shell on it, and ate it up, shell and all, and then laid a large one, with great claws and thick shell, on Franz's plate. He broke off a claw and put it in his mouth, but after turning it about, making the most fearful grimaces all the while, he could make nothing of it.

"These crabs," said he, "are baked too hard. They have hurt my mouth so, I believe the blood has come. A very dangerous food, I should say."

Upon which there was a general laugh.

Every day there was some fresh story invented about the mistakes of poor Franz, which served even to amuse their highnesses themselves. But his perfect simplicity and good nature won all hearts, and the princess, whenever she saw him, always addressed as *the good man*. Once, as she was carrying the youngest princess in her arms, they met in the court garden, and the child, stretching out her little hands, called after him, "*Good man, good man*;" so from that time all about the court gave him that name, which pleased Franz mightily—much more indeed, than being called councillor.

But at last, after a time, he grew tired of being the laughing stock of the company; the life at court lost all its charms for him; he was weary of it, and began to long after his home, and Margaret, and the bright boy. So he went to the prince and spoke to him.

"I cannot," said he, "stay any longer at court; at first, everything was new, and delighted me, and the grand dishes at the table where I dine tasted most delicious; but now, somehow or other, they seem all turned sour and nasty, and I relish them no longer; I would rather have a hunch of black bread and a horn of Bavarian beer than all those jellies and pastries. The wine, too, is excellent, but then one gets it in such little glasses, no bigger than thimbles, that there is no judging how it tastes; and, for my own part I would rather have a deep drink out of a clear fresh spring, such as run among the grass in the forest down into the lake, than

all the wine that ever was made. But the worst of all to me is, that I have nothing to do; instead of getting up at five o'clock, I must lie like all the world in soft feather beds till near mid-day; there is no one to speak to, and the time seems very long and wearisome; then I cannot sleep at night for thinking of Margaret and the boy, so I beg you to let me go home to my cottage in our village and live among my own people."

The prince laughed at Franz's description of a court life, and told him he would willingly give him permission to go, but not empty-handed.

"Tell me," said he, sincerely, "what I can do for you? Whatever it is it shall be done."

Franz replied:

"I have, indeed, a great favor to ask. At the back of my garden, between it and the forest, lie some fields and a large beautiful meadow. It would make me the happiest of men if I had those fields, and if his highness would be so good as to buy them for me."

"Say no more," answered the prince, "the fields shall be yours. I will send my secretary to your village; he shall buy them in my name and make them over to you; but that is not all—you must want more, surely, besides that?"

"Well," said Franz, scratching his head, to be sure, a pair of oxen to work the land, and a cart——"

"To be sure," replied the prince, "you shall have two pairs of my best oxen and three carts, in case of accidents. But where will you put them, and the hay and corn from the fields?"

"Why, I should want a stable and barn for that; but I shall be able to manage without troubling your highness."

"I will build you," said the prince, "a stable and a fine large barn for your stock, and order, besides, all tools, and seeds, and utensils you can need for your farm. The tools shall be made new, expressly for you."

Overcome with gratitude, Franz burst into tears, and could hardly find words to thank the prince for his goodness; he kissed his hand, and bathing it with his tears, took leave. Then he went to bid adieu to the princess and her children, and there again many tears were shed, for they all loved and esteemed *the good man*. Then he collected his clothes and made up his parcel, and took his stick, and was walking out of the palace, when he met the chamberlain, who brought him back, and said that his serene highness the prince had commanded him to conduct him back to his house with the same equipage that had fetched him to court.

So the prince's stately carriage, all painted and gilded, drawn by two splendid horses, with outriders and attendants in superb gold-embroidered liveries, stood beside the cottage door on the following evening, and Margaret rushed out with the bright boy beside her, and embraced Franz with all her heart. Then the good-natured chamberlain drew out no end of packages and parcels from the carriage, containing valuable presents from the prince to Franz, from the princess to Margaret, and from the princes and princesses to the bright boy. After which, he took his departure back to the court.

Franz related all his court life to Margaret, who was greatly astonished at much that he told her. She had scarce patience to hear him out, and always kept interrupting him with exclamations of joy, and many kisses and tender caresses.

"Only to think," cried she, "that the fields and the meadows are ours, and a new barn and a stable, and the beautiful oxen! Oh, the good prince; he is well called the beloved."

And in the morning Franz and Margaret walked out while the dew yet shone on the grass, and the morning mist lay heavy over the lake; and Franz said:

"How happy I am to be once more at home, far away from the great walls and buildings of the palace that shut out the light. How beautiful it is to see the rising sun, and the green fields full of flowers, and the great wood with its deep shade, and to hear the singing of the birds and the lowing of the cattle. How happy am I too, who was once so poor, to have a house and a farm of my own, and oxen, and stables, and barns, and all that a farmer can wish to possess. Oh, Gretchen! let us thank God for all his mercies towards us, his unworthy servants."

Then Margaret and he knelt down on the flowery meadows, now their own, and prayed that God would bless them, and bless also the bright boy, and that he might prosper under the charge of the blessed angel that guarded him.

When it was known that Franz had returned home, crowds came from all parts to ask his advice; but he replied to them that he was no longer a doctor. "A doctor, indeed, I never was," he said, "and all my cures were mercies from God. But what I did, and how I did it, is a secret taught me by the white stranger that stood godfather to my child, and who every one wondered at, and asked from whence he came. Therefore, good friends and neighbours all, as I tell you,

my cures are over—seek me no more, but go to the doctors that are near you, for all my power to help you has fled.”

The barn and the stables were built, and the fields cultivated; they bore abundant crops under the labor of Franz’s hands, for a blessing was on all he touched—everything prospered under him. He lived in the fear of God, happy and contented, the pattern of an industrious, pious farmer.

The bright boy grew up into a comely youth, steady and obedient, promising to be as good a man as his father, whom he assisted in his work, ploughing and sowing the broad fields behind their house; he gave ear to all the blessed angel whispered, and never listened to the temptations of the dark hunter, but followed in all things his parents’ example.

At last, after many happy years of love,

and peace, and contentment, Death came again, first to the *good man* Franz, gently folding him in his arms without pain or suffering, carrying him up far away beyond the blue heavens to the eternal mansions of the just; then he came a second time to fetch Margaret, and, at last, he came to bear away their son; but he came as a kind and loving friend to all. So after a happy, peaceful life, they slept in the quiet grave—a soft and blessed sleep, calm and undisturbed, for they departed full of hope and trust in the up-risen Saviour, whose death has given us life; and they were buried in the village church by the side of the two green mounds where lay Franz’s parents, the very spot where he had knelt down in his trouble, and where Death had first appeared to him in the church-door at twilight. *Requiescat in pace.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE COURT OF OUDE.*

GIBBON speaks of “the deep and dangerous question how far the public faith should be observed, when it becomes incompatible with the public safety.” In India, at the present day, the public safety is happily not in peril; but still the British Government is in a state of chronic dilemma with respect to the question “how far the public faith should be observed.” It has bound itself to native princes by solemn treaties, rendered the more obligatory by the circumstance that a heavy price, in the double form of cession of territory and sacrifice of independence, was paid in each instance for the protection of a power felt to be irresistible; and the lamentable experience of the many years which have passed since these treaties were severally entered into, has demonstrated, to the conviction of all intelligent observers, that faith can be kept with the representatives of the princes in question only at the expense of perpetuating the most atrocious

misgovernment, involving the misery of millions, throughout some of the fairest provinces of Hindostan.

Oude has long held a bad pre-eminence among the states thus situated. The sovereign enjoys the guarantee of the British Government, which has undertaken, for a large territorial consideration, not only to guard his dominions against aggression from without, but to protect him from all the consequences of misrule which might be expected to result from the indignation and violence of an oppressed people. It is said that there is no word to signify “a republic” in any Asiatic language. Any constitutional limitation of the power of the sovereign is equally unknown. The only practical check is this:—when tyranny becomes utterly intolerable, the nobles, or the people, as the case may be (for sometimes the one class, and sometimes the other, are the principal sufferers), take the law into their own hands, act with all the promptitude and vigor of Judge Lynch, destroy the oppressor, his instruments, and it may be also, all the male members

* *The Private Life of an Eastern King.* By a Member of the Household of His late Majesty, Nussur-u-deen, King of Oude. London: 1865.

bers of his family, and then quietly submit themselves to the like despotic rule exercised by the lucky adventurer whom circumstances have raised up to reign in his stead. Thus Nadir Shah, the conqueror of Persia, of Affghanistan, and of Western India, was murdered by the principal commanders of his army on his return from the sack of Delhi. Thus in countless other instances, tyrants, who have played a less conspicuous part on the stage of general history, but whose crimes and cruelties have worn out even Asiatic powers of endurance, have suffered the just punishment of their enormities, inflicted either by the victims of some special outrage, or by a general outbreak of popular indignation.

But the King of Oude is safe—as far as human power can protect—from all penal consequences of misgovernment. A considerable British force is cantoned in the immediate vicinity of his capital; his subjects are well aware that thousands more of the same irresistible troops are stationed close at hand, ready to support their comrades; and though these troops have been carefully restrained, of late years, from all interference in the internal administration of the country, such as the enforcement of the payment of the land revenue, or the execution of any acts of rapine or violence which it may please the king or his ministers to order, they have a rabble soldiery of their own sufficient and well qualified for such duties, and they know, and the people know, that if resistance be carried beyond a certain point, the aggressors need only to cry out “Treason,” and to invoke the assistance of the British Government under the treaty. The result is, that the hateful yoke of the worst Asiatic tyranny is fastened upon the necks of the hapless people, by the gigantic strength of a well-organized European Government, with a gripe which excludes the slightest hope of deliverance. In no other country, we believe, has there existed—for many centuries, at least—such a combination of an evil will and of absolute power to give it effect.

It is probable, indeed, that this world—the scene of so much misery—has never witnessed such a government as that of Oude, unless it be thought impossible that any tyranny should surpass that of Nero or Domitian. But in ancient Rome we believe that the doctrine laid down in Goldsmith’s well-known lines was verified; that the provincial governments were sufficiently strong, in spite of the horrible oppression exercised in the capital, to afford considerable protection to the

great body of the people; and that those “remote from courts,” suffered comparatively little from the atrocities even of the

“*Monstrum, nulla virtute redemptum
A vitiis.*”

But Oude is a small and very compact country, with a central capital; and the system of land revenue which prevails there, as throughout India, has this strong characteristic, that according as it is well or ill administered, it conduces more directly and intensely to the happiness or to the misery of the people than any other fiscal scheme. Nineteenths of the population are in the position of the cottiers of Ireland. The possession of land is to them a necessity, the very vital element:—if they have it not, they starve, with their wives and little ones. It is no wonder, therefore, that they cling to it with the same desperate tenacity which distinguishes the peasants of Connaught, submitting to any amount of extortion and wrong, rather than abandon it. Sores is this tie strained in Oude. The several districts are either farmed out, or are managed by Amils, who regard their offices only as a means of amassing wealth from the difference between what they can extort from the Ryots, and what they are compelled (for the process is often one of compulsion) to pay in to the royal coffers. Where there are Zemindars, the only difference is that another screw is interposed between the farmers-general or amils, and the actual cultivators of the soil. The zemindars often exact payment from their ryots, and then hold out in their mud-forts against the amil, until the contending parties can arrange, after a certain amount of battering and a sufficient number of parleys, the exact sum which will satisfy the royal exchequer, and leave a suitable balance for the benefit of the amil. Between such millstones as the amils and zemindars of Oude, the unhappy ryot is of course ground to powder. Besides growing the crop and paying the revenue, he is impressed by the zemindar to fight his annual battles against the amil, whose rabble retainers spoil his goods, and devour or drive off his cattle. The battles in question are of every day occurrence. A member of the House of Commons recently stated in his place, that whilst marching through Oude some years ago, he had heard the sound of artillery, either on the one side of his road or the other, on each of the first nine days of his journey. That was and is the ordinary mode of collecting

the revenue from landholders of power and courage sufficient to resist the authorities, rather than patiently submit to be plundered. When the end in view cannot be effected by these which we have truly called ordinary means, still stronger measures are resorted to without scruple. Within the last ten years, an amil sold a thousand men, women, and children into slavery, in order to make good a deficiency of revenue from the proceeds of the sale.

The same despotic lawlessness pervades every department of the government—if a state of things so wretched be worthy of such respectable terms. Very recently, the king appointed one of his fiddlers chief justice of the realm. Probably, the judge was upon a par with the court. Police there seems to be none for the prevention of crime. Government exists for the collection of revenue. Men are shot down in broad daylight close to the gates of Lucknow, and the murderer replaces the pistol in his belt, and deliberately walks off, without question or hindrance from any one. We are indebted to the surgeon of the British Residency, now a member of the Medical Board, for the following anecdote:—He had been out into the country to attend a patient. On his return to the city, he heard a pretty brisk fire of musketry, but such sounds were too common to excite any great surprise. After passing the gate, however, he found that two regiments of the king's infantry having quarrelled, each corps had taken possession of the houses upon one side of the principal street, across which they were keeping up a smart fusillade. When the officer, whose person and equipage were well known, approached the scene of action, a chief combatant of one of the regiments rushed into the middle of the street, and bawled out at the top of his voice, "Stop, stop! wait a minute till the Doctor Sahib has gone by!"

The curious volume which has called forth these remarks purports to be written by an Englishman, formerly in the service of a late king of Oude. We see no reason to doubt the genuineness of the work. If the narrative be not true in every particular, it is, at least, "*vraisemblable*." Every fact which it relates might well, we think, have happened at the court where the scene is laid; and there is nothing out of character in any word or deed attributed to the several actors. The work is anonymous, and we have no means of ascertaining more as to the authorship than the author has told us. "Five European members of his household," he says,

usually attended the king's private dinners. "His tutor was one of the king's friends; his librarian was another; his portrait-painter was a third; the captain of his body-guard was a fourth; and last, but by no means least, his barber—his European barber—was a fifth: of these five I was one."

That tastes differ is a proverbial truism; but how any one, with the spirit and feelings of an Englishman, could have endured the degradation and the unspeakable disgusts of such a service, as long as there was a wet ditch to be dug or a heap of road-metal to be broken in this country, or the roughest drudgery of an indigo factory to be performed under the burning sun of India, we are utterly at a loss to understand. But as it has been proved to demonstration that Boswell's folly and meanness and shamelessness pre-eminently qualified him for that work of biography, which he fulfilled with a degree of excellence beyond the powers of far abler and better men; so no one who had not partaken of the childish or cruel amusements, and submitted to be the tool or butt, and wallowed in the filthy orgies of King Nussir-u-deen, could have depicted with adequate minuteness such scenes as some of those described in the volume before us. We are told by the author in his preface—if we had needed such an intimation—that the scenes described were by no means the grossest which were witnessed. It is but justice, however, to say, that the indignation of the well-paid and much-enduring courtier was at last so excited by the abominable cruelty of the king to one of his uncles—a helpless old man, whom he delighted to insult and torment—that he voluntarily threw up his appointment. We hope to satisfy our readers, however, that some of the *tableaux* which the narrative exhibits, though barbarous as becomes the Court of an Oriental Potentate, have a certain wild interest which redeems them from disgust. On the whole, therefore, both as a matter of curiosity, and as good may, perhaps, be educed from the evil exhibited, whilst no harm can possibly result from the example of such a life, it might have been regretted if the words and deeds of King Nussir-u-deen (those, at least, which will bear publication), had perished from the same cause that has condemned to lasting darkness the brave men who lived before Agamemnon.

Of course, Nussir-u-deen, brute as he was, took the liveliest pleasure in the combats of animals. All sorts and sizes of animals, therefore, from quails to elephants, some-

times like with like, sometimes one creature with another—as a man-eating horse with a tiger—at all times and in all places, in the open park by the side of a river (into which the discomfited elephant plunged and found safety), in an arena, encircled with palisades, and on the table at the palace after dinner, fought to the death for the amusement of his Majesty. The mutually inflicted wounds of partridges or antelopes are purely pitiful, but here is a vivid account of a battle between two specially ferocious tigers.

"There was a famous tiger—a monster of a tiger—named Kagra, who had triumphed at Lucknow on several occasions. He was certainly one of the largest I have ever seen; and beautifully streaked was his glossy coat, as it moved freely over his muscular limbs and long back. The connoisseurs in sport had despaired of finding a fitting adversary for Kagra, when news arrived that a tiger of enormous size and strength had been taken uninjured in the Terai, the long strip of jungle-land between Oude and Nepaul, just at the foot of the Himalayas. It was anticipated that there would be glorious sport when this new monster was brought face to face with the redoubted Kagra.

"The signal was given—the bamboo railing in front of the cages rose simultaneously on either side—the doors of the cages opened. Terai-wallah sprang with a single bound out of his cage, opening his huge jaws widely, and shaking from side to side his long tail in an excited way. Kagra advanced more leisurely into the arena, but with similar demonstrations. They might have been fifty feet apart, as they stood surveying each other, open-mouthed, the tails playing all the time.

"At length Kagra advanced a few paces; his adversary laid himself down forthwith upon the court-yard, where he stood facing him, but with his feet well under him, not extended, evidently quite prepared for a spring. Kagra watched his foe intently, and still advanced slowly and cautiously, but not in a straight line, rather towards the side, describing an arc of a circle as he drew near.

"The Terai-wallah soon rose to his feet and likewise advanced, describing a similar arc on the opposite side, both gradually approaching each other, however. It was a moment of breathless suspense in the gallery. Every eye was fixed on the two combatants as they thus tried to circumvent each other; it was enough to arrest the attention, for the tigers were unusually large; both were in beautiful condition, plump, and muscular. The color of the Terai-wallah was somewhat lighter than that of Kagra, a more yellowish hue shone between the black stripes. Both were very beautiful, and very courageous, and very formidable.

"At length, as they thus advanced, step by step, very slowly, Kagra made a spring. His former victories had probably made him a little

self-confident. He sprang, not as if it were a voluntary effort of his own, but as if he were suddenly impelled aloft by some uncontrollable galvanic force which he could not resist. The spring was so sudden, so rapid, so impetuous, that it had quite the appearance of being involuntary. The Terai-wallah was not unprepared. As rapidly as Kagra had hurled himself up into the air, so rapidly did he jump aside; both movements seemed to be simultaneous, so admirably were they executed. Kagra alighted, foiled; but before he could recover himself, before he could have well assured himself that he *was* foiled, the Terai-wallah was upon him. The claws of his adversary were fixed firmly in his neck, and the horrid jaws were already grating near his throat. It was the work of a moment. We could scarcely see that the Terai-wallah had gained the advantage—we could scarcely distinguish his huge fore-paws grasping the neck, and his open mouth plunged at the throat—when Kagra made another spring, a bound in which he evidently concentrated all his energy. The Terai-wallah was dragged with him for a little; the claws that had been dug into his neck were torn gratingly through it; the open mouth snapped fiercely but harmlessly at the advancing shoulder, and Kagra was free. His neck and shoulder, however, bore bloody traces of the injury he had received; and no sooner did he feel that he had got rid of his assailant than he turned with greater fierceness than ever to assail his foe.

"*'Shavash! Kagra—bravo! I'll make it two hundred gold mohurs,'* said the king, turning to his prime-minister.

"*'The asylum of the world commands it—two hundred let it be,'* replied Rooshun, as he took out his tablets anew.

"But the interest of the contest in the arena was too intense to admit of attention being withdrawn from it. It was but for an instant that the two tigers stood surveying each other, open-mouthed, after Kagra had shaken off the grip of his antagonist. With distended jaws, the ample mouths opened to their utmost limit, their beautifully-streaked skins starting from their forms in excitement, the eyes distended as they watched each other, the ends of the tails moving once or twice, as if with convulsive twitches, they stood. Kagra was the first to attack again. This time his opponent was too near to try his former stratagem of slipping to one side. He met him boldly. They stood at that moment near the centre of the arena; and as the sharp claws moved incessantly, and the huge mouths tried to grasp the neck on either side, it was impossible to distinguish the attack from the defence; all was so rapid.

"Drawing gradually nearer as they fought with claws and mouths ferociously, uttering fierce snarls as they did so, both seemed to have succeeded in gripping their antagonist. With their mouths buried in each other's throats, and their claws dug deeply into the neck, they rose at length to the contest on their hind legs—straining and tugging, and wrestling, as it were, with each

other, each with his utmost force and skill. It was a spectacle of startling interest, that; and however you may turn away, good madam, and exclaim horrible! or savage! believe me there were many elements of the sublime in that contest; and doubtless such contests often take place in the jungle.

"They stood more than six feet high as they thus grappled with each other, elevated on their hind legs, in a sort of death-struggle; their round heads and glaring eyes surmounting the muscular pillars of their long bodies beautifully. It was wonderful to see how firmly the claws were fixed into the neck on both sides. There was no shifting of position, no further grasping either with claw or mouth. It was now a contest of life or death. Both were bleeding freely, and it would chiefly depend upon strength as to which should be thrown under the other, and thereby probably lose his hold.

"These things take long to describe, but they occurred very rapidly. There was deep silence in the arena and in the gallery, as the two wild beasts thus stood confronting each other on their hind legs—deep silence and earnest gazing on all sides and from all quarters; even the very breathing was suspended in many, as they watched the contest. Not for long, however, as I have said. Kagra, more skilful or more impetuous than his antagonist, overthrew him at length, and the two rolled over on the arena; the Terai-wallah on his back beneath Kagra above.

"*'Shavash, Kagra'* uttered the king again, well pleased. *'Kagra has the advantage,'* uttered more than one voice in English.

"But the advantage was only momentary. The hind claws of Kagra were being plunged into the belly of his foe, when the Terai-wallah, who never let go his hold for a moment with his mouth, struck one of his fore-paws over the face of his antagonist. His claws evidently pierced Kagra's eyes; one of them was torn from its socket; and, uttering a howl of pain or despair, the mutilated beast relinquished his grip, and would have torn himself from his antagonist. This, however, he was not permitted to do. The Terai-wallah clung pertinaciously to his throat. His teeth were deeply infixed. He was dragged for a few paces over the arena by Kagra, who tried to release himself in vain; and then, all at once leaping from his prostrate position, the Terai-wallah hurled himself on the top of his assailant.

"The contest was virtually at an end. Kagra, now fallen beneath his foe, and fast losing blood, was incapable of regaining the advantage he had lost. The Terai-wallah, thrusting one paw under his lower jaw, forced back the head further, until he infixed his teeth still more deeply into the throat. Kagra did battle ineffectually with his claws, tearing the skin of his antagonist here and there; but he had lost the hold he had obtained with his mouth, and was evidently fast sinking under the victor's grasp and bite.

"*'Kagra is beaten,'* was uttered in Hindustani and English in the gallery above.

"*'He is,'* said the king, as he gave orders to

the servants below to open Kagra's cage and drive off the Terai-wallah.

"Red-hot rods were thrust through the bars of the enclosure, and the successful tiger was cruelly burnt before he would relinquish his hold. It was the most barbarous part of the exhibition; and yet it was the only way to save the life of Kagra. At length the Terai-wallah was driven off, his jaws dripping blood as he went. Kagra's cage was opened, and he made for it immediately, with all the marks of the conquered about him. He left his track on the arena in blood-stains, whilst his tail hung flaccidly between his legs; yet, though he was flying, he fled stealthily, as it were, not vigorously and upright as a horse would have fled, but with stealthy, creeping, cat-like agility. The red-hot rods were held before the Terai-wallah to prevent him from pursuing. He still faced towards, and glared after, his beaten foe; and ere Kagra had reached his cage, he sprang high above the rods to attack the flying tiger once more. He fell short of his victim, however. Kagra quickened his steps, reached the cage, and buried himself in the furthest corner, cowering like a whipped cur.

"As for the Terai-wallah, he watched his defeated antagonist steadily to the last, never once taking his eyes off him; and then, shaking himself two or three times, he licked his paws, rose majestically from his crouching posture, and walked deliberately towards his own cage, which was open to receive him; his torn shoulders, and the large drops of blood which fell from him as he walked, proclaiming how dearly he had won his victory."

There is another equally graphic account of a battle between a man-eating horse and a tiger, a special pet of the king, called "Burrhea," from a village at the foot of the Himalayas near which he had been taken. No one who has never been in India can form an adequate conception of a really vicious horse; yet we suspect that the story of the feats of this "man-eater," in clearing the streets of the city, and driving the inhabitants to take refuge on the house-tops, is a little highly colored. The result of the conflict was that the tiger's jaw was broken by a kick of the ferocious horse; that the king, enraged at the defeat of his favorite, ordered another tiger to be let loose, who, having been recently fed, refused to attack the "man-eater," and that then three wild buffaloes having been brought into the arena, the horse was, for the third time, the conqueror.

"*'I shall have an iron cage made for him,'* exclaimed the king, *'and he shall be taken care of. By my father's head, but he is a brave fellow.'* He had an iron cage made for him—one twice the size of many modern London dining-rooms; and there, roaming round the walls of

his iron house, the man-eater exhibited his teeth to admiring visitors, snapped at them valorously, and often showed how he had assaulted the ribs of the buffalo, by playing the same tune on the bars of his cage. When I left Lucknow, the man-eater was still one of its sights."

Another story of an elephant fight results in Malleer, the conqueror, killing, in fury, his "mahout," or driver, who fell from his neck at the moment of victory:

"When," says the author, "our alarm and horror were increased at seeing a woman rushing from the side whence Malleer had made his appearance, rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit."

It was the wife of the slain mahout.

"O Malleer, Malleer, cruel, savage beast! see what you have done," she cried; "here, finish our house at once. You have taken off the roof, now break down the walls; you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well; now kill me and his son."

"To those unaccustomed to India, this language may appear unnatural or ridiculous. It is precisely the sense of what she said; every word of it almost was long impressed upon my mind. The mahouts and their families live with the elephants they attend, and talk to them as to reasonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger.

"We expected to see the wild animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed. Malleer's rage was satiated, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcass. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him; whilst he stood, as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before, for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing between the legs of the elephant—it is no uncommon thing to see the elephant waving his trunk over it, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then tenderly bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

"Let the woman call him off," shouted the king; "he will attend to her."

"She did so, and Malleer came back, just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master.

"Let the woman mount with her child, and take him away," was the king's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted; Malleer gave her, first the mutilated carcass, and then her infant son.

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She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place, and led him quietly away. From that day she was his keeper, his mahout. He would have no other. When most excited, when most wild, *must* or not *must*, she had but to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper. She could lead him without fear or danger to herself; and the authority which she had thus obtained doubtless her son would possess after her."

Such were some of the most reasonable and innocent of King Nussir-u-deen's amusements. The volume under comment contains many a darker page of reckless caprice, of indifference to human suffering, and of absolute cruelty, patent to the most cursory observation; and many a hint or allusion, also, to iniquity of this or that kind on the part of those whose hands were strong to commit wrong, and to the misery inflicted on their victims, which few, perhaps, but those familiar with the habits of Eastern rulers and subjects would readily understand. One or two specimens of the former character will suffice. Rajah Buktar Singh—a Hindoo, as the name indicates—was the general of the king's army, and chief of the police. Up to a certain minute he was a prime favorite of the king. Then, he was disgraced, and ordered for immediate execution (with great difficulty averted), for the simple offence of making a bad joke. The king twirled his thumb through the top of his hat, and the general said, "There's a hole in your majesty's crown." Instantly went forth the mandate, "Take off his head." By means of the interference of the British Resident his life was saved, but he was literally stripped to the skin, of honour, property, and clothes.

"All the garments of the disgraced chief had been removed—his richly ornamented turban, his magnificent oriental dress, his tulwar or sword, his pistols, his cashmere scarf, used as a belt—all had been removed. With a scanty cloth tied round his loins—a cloth such as the lowest of the laboring classes wear—he was lying when we entered, on this uncomfortable couch" (a rough native bed, such as is used by native servants, without mat or mattress), "otherwise naked."

The condemned man thus addressed the author and his other visitors:—

"I shall die, gentlemen, I know I shall die; Rooshun (the Prime-Minister) is not my friend; but, oh, good Englishmen, preserve my family from disgrace. Surely, his Excellency the Resident will protect them, if you ask him. I am a man, I can bear torture and death; but my

wives and children—my aged bed-ridden father—my wives, that have never seen the face of man, save of their relations—my children who are all of tender years—what will become of them when I am gone? Good gentlemen, promise me to say a kind word for them. . . . Should my family come to want, *should they only lose their property and be otherwise uninjured*, perhaps you will sell this (an emerald ring, which he had contrived to secrete) for them. Do, good Englishmen; but oh, try and save them from the torture and disgrace, and the blessing of the widows and the orphans will be yours.' . . . As to his own life, he never for a moment thought it would be saved; for he had heard the order given for his execution, and he attributed the delay simply to an intention of inflicting torture upon him. He had made up his mind to this. 'He knew the king better than we did,' said he, as he shook his head mournfully. He had seen the most excruciating tortures inflicted upon men for less than he had done."

There was good ground for the poor man's alarm, about his family, at least. His old bed-ridden father, and his wives and children, were all cast into the same degrading prison. The author and the other European courtiers went to give them what comfort they could.

"They were all treated as Buktar had been treated—stripped of their fine clothes and their ornaments, given only the same scanty covering that he had been allowed: there they were, cowering like sheep and lambs awaiting the slaughter; the old bed-ridden father, with his wrinkled skin and spare frame, through which the skeleton could be clearly distinguished, as the bones protruded in all quarters; and he was weeping, weeping not for his own sufferings or dishonour, but for the woes of his son and of his son's wives. Young, delicately-moulded women, who had been nursed in every luxury, and brought up tenderly, whose faces had never been exposed before to the eyes of men, there they cowered, huddled together, with their children, exposed to the rude gaze and brutal jests of the native soldiery who were scattered about the courtyard. One clasped her infant to her breast, and seemed to find some satisfaction in all her woe in fulfilling a mother's duties. Another sat in silent misery, with downcast face and drooping form, a Hindu Niobe. . . . When they heard that we had come as comforters and friends of Buktar, the cowering fear which had formerly possessed them gave way to passionate entreaty and fervent expressions of thanks. The women and children threw themselves at our feet, and begged our intercession for the doomed culprit. It was pitiable to see them grovelling on the ground before us in all the agony of fear, and in all the abasement of commingled fear and love. It was not for themselves they sought protection and succour, but for him whose incautious words had brought them into that miserable position. Truly, if Hindustan is ever saved, it will be by

the virtues of its women, for more honorable, more honest-minded, more nobly-endowed female humanity is not to be found in the most highly civilised regions of the earth, than amongst the Zenanahs of India."

How well does this testimony correspond with the noble eulogium passed by Mungo Park upon the women of still more deeply degraded Africa! Buktar Singh "was put into a large wild beast cage, and otherwise somewhat hardly and harshly dealt with, but his family was more tenderly treated." The Resident had interposed on their behalf, and "they blessed the great Sahib, as grateful women and children only can bless. . . . The Resident's interference had done wonders with the natives of all classes. Rich and poor, princes and sepoyes, fear the *Kompanny Behadur*, and the Resident, as its representative." The sequel of the story is truly oriental. After the Rajah had been fourteen months in his cage, there were bad harvests in Oude, and consequently high prices, discontent, and riots in Lucknow. The king resolved, being in the mood for a frolic, to visit the bazaars in disguise, as, he said, the Caliph "used to do in Bagdad." Some of the Rajah's friends got notice of this intention, and, of course, the king overheard shopkeepers and customers deploring the evil times, shaking their heads gloomily, and saying, "It wasn't so when Rajah Buktar was the king's minister: he kept the bazaars in order."

"Two months after that, Rajah Buktar Singh was in his old place at court, resuming his duties and his honors as if nothing had occurred. The next harvest was abundant; and when I left Lucknow, Rajah Buktar was still the 'general,' and the head of the police, as before—in great favor with the king, nay, in greater favor than ever."

We have not room to tell the painful story, how the king, with the aid of his favorite and real prime minister—an English barber, insulted and tormented his two aged uncles, making them drunk (the wine being mixed with brandy), and then stripping one of them of every particle of clothes, compelled him to dance in that state before all the minions and buffoons and parasites of the court, "whilst servants, male and female, of all grades, collected together to witness the humiliation of the king's uncle." The other was subjected to less extremity of insult, but to more severe personal injury, fireworks being let off under his chair, to the arms of which his moustache had been tied with twine. In the agony caused by the fire, the drunken ma

started violently to his feet, tearing away the hair and flesh from his upper lip. It was in consequence of this atrocious outrage that the author left the court, after a vain endeavor, in concert with another of the European courtiers, to persuade the king to dismiss the barber, the prime instigator of and agent in these and the like abominations.

"Such," says the author, "was the end of my experience of royal favor. A few words only are necessary to complete the tale of Nussir's life. The power of the barber waxed daily greater. His pride increased with his power, and no limits were set to the caprices and wild pranks of despotic authority and reckless depravity combined. The scenes which occurred in the palace were whispered over India. 'His majesty might one hour be seen,' said the *Calcutta Review*, 'in a state of drunken nudity with his boon companions, and the low menial who was his chief confidant; at another he would parade the streets of Lucknow, drunk at mid-day, driving one of his own elephants. All decency and propriety were banished from the court. Such was more than once his conduct at this period, that Colonel Lowe, the Resident, refused to see him, or to transact business with his minions.'

"This state of things could not long continue. The energetic remonstrances of the Resident at length forced the king to part with his favorite, the barber, who left Lucknow, it is said, with £240,000. But sending away the favorite was signing his own death-warrant. His family soon obtained influence in the palace: the king was poisoned; and one of the very uncles whom he had treated so badly, a cripple, succeeded him on the Musnud."

Such was "the private life" of King Nussir-u-deen. Such — *mutatis mutandis*, according to idiosyncrasy—is, and will be, the private life of all his majesty's successors. The present king treads, we understand, very closely in the footsteps of Nussir-u-deen. As the private life, so is the public administration. There is no law, no hope of redress for injuries, except at an expense in purchasing it, by payments to every official who bars the way to justice, more grievous than the first loss. The chief-justice, as we have mentioned, was the king's barber. The head of the police was, probably, some pimp,—or worse. Wide strips of land adjoining the high road are lying waste:—no one will raise crops to be devoured by every passer-by who is strong enough to set the poor villagers at defiance.

Happily for themselves, and for the country which they would otherwise pillage as free-booters (for universal rapine and injustice deprive them of all hope of an honest livelihood), the flower of the peasantry find an asylum, and means of supporting their families, in the armies of the Company, which are now recruited almost exclusively from Oude. Formerly our own districts of Behar furnished, from the cultivating classes, almost the whole of our Rajpoot soldiery. Now, those classes find full employment in peace and plenty, under the shadow of a strong and protecting government, at home; and our ranks are filled by those whom a diametrically opposite state of things drives out of Oude, to seek their bread abroad.

How is this frightful anarchy to last? How long is the British Government to be held bound, not merely to stand by and let Oude slide, but virtually to maintain and perpetuate the evil, by upholding with its strong hand the miserable despots, one worse than another, who inflict such an amount of misery upon millions of their fellow-creatures? Are we to be deterred from doing our duty to those millions by a morbid fear that we shall be charged with cloaking ambition and greed under a pretence of humanity? There is no hope — no possibility of self-regeneration. Such a government as has long afflicted Oude is incapable of permanent improvement by any means short of the actual deposition—phrase the measure as you will—of the dynasty which has reduced it to its present state of utter disorganization. Such plain speaking as this will, we are well aware, be misconstrued and vilified. Let those who object to the proposal show us a more excellent way to the same end of regeneration, and we will gladly give it our support. Till this be done, —and it will demand infinite sagacity to devise such a middle course,—our opinion, in defiance of all misconstruction, must be in entire accordance with that expressed by our author in his preface:—"that Oude is one of the most miserably governed countries under heaven, is no secret; and that it would be a blessing to its numerous inhabitants were the Indian Government to do for it what has been so well done for the Punjab, every one will admit."

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKS BEFORE PRINTING.

IN an age like the present, it is difficult to conceive the intellectual condition of our ancestors of the middle ages, who, living before the invention of printing, were almost wholly without books. Among the numerous publications which give its character to our own time, we are fortunate in falling upon one which holds a torch to the past, while further illuminating the present; and the well-known name of the writer is a sure guarantee for the admirable way in which his spiriting is performed.* Our readers are indebted to Mr. Knight's lucubrations throughout for whatever benefit they may fancy they derive from this attempt to give them some notion of Books before Printing.

Less than five hundred years ago, such books as there were belonged exclusively to scholars, or rather to the ecclesiastical corporations which, under the name of abbey, monasteries, and the like, included amongst their members, not only everybody that had any pretence to learning, but almost everybody that had the ability to read. An old writer, Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the "love of books," avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." It is presumable that he would not have said this if laymen had then been at all in the habit of reading. It is indeed a fact, that even many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's view of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be intrusted with books than the despised and unlettered laity. In the treatise alluded to, his lordship is not sparing of

his reproach in regard to the frequent misuse of books which had come under his notice. He rebukes the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers. With a solemn reverence for a book, at which, as Mr. Knight remarks, we may now smile, but for which we can hardly help respecting him, he says: "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed"—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though, of course, its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.

The good bishop's own collection of manuscript-books was a somewhat considerable one for the time in which he lived; and he appears to have made a goodly use of it. He bestowed a number of volumes upon a company of scholars residing in one of the Halls at Oxford, and instituted "a provident arrangement" for lending books to strangers—meaning by strangers, students of Oxford not belonging to that Hall. One item of the arrangement may, on account of its curiosity, be quoted: "Five of the scholars dwelling in the aforesaid Hall are to be appointed by the master of the same Hall, to whom the custody of the books is to be deputed; of which five, three—and in no cases fewer—shall be competent to lend any book for inspection and use only; but for copying and transcribing, we will not allow any book to pass without the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, whether secular or religious, whom we have deemed qualified for the present favor, shall demand a loan of a book, the keepers must carefully consider whether they have a duplicate of that book; and if so, they may lend it to him, taking a security which, in their opinion, shall exceed in value the book delivered." Anthony Wood, who in the seventeenth century wrote

* *The Old Printer and the Modern Press.* By C. Knight. Murray, London.

the lives of eminent Oxford men, speaks of his library as formerly containing more books than all the bishops of England at the same time possessed. He tells us further that, "after they had been received, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several scholars deputed for that purpose." In the time of Henry IV., a library was built in the college which is now called Trinity College, and then, says Wood, "the said books (meaning those given by Richard de Bury) were put in pews, or studies, and chained to them." The statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI., are quoted in Warton's *History of Poetry*, as furnishing a remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by a scarcity of books: "Let no scholar," says one to them, "occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." From this we learn at once the exceeding scarcity of books in those times, and the great care that was taken to preserve them. At an earlier period, however, the scarcity must have been still greater, and the process of reading of a slower operation, as we find that it was the custom of librarians in the monasteries to give out a book to each member of the fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the Lent following. The original practice of keeping the books in chests would seem to indicate that they could not be very frequently changed by the readers; and the subsequent plan of chaining them to the desks, suggests the notion that, like many other things tempting by their rarity, they could not be safely trusted to *anybody's* hands. It was a very common thing to write in the first leaf of a book; "Cursed be he who shall steal, or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book."

But notwithstanding this primitive difficulty of getting access to books, there is abundant historical evidence to show, that the ecclesiastics of those olden times did their utmost to multiply them for the uses of their particular establishments. In every great abbey there was a room called the scriptorium, or writing-room, where boys and novices were constantly employed in copying the service-books of the choir, and the less valuable books for the library; whilst the monks themselves laboured in their cells in transcribing missals and compendiums of the Bible. Equal pains were taken in providing

books for those who received a liberal education in collegiate establishments. Warton says: "At the foundation of Winchester College, one or more transcribers were hired and employed by the founder, to make books for the library. They transcribed books, and took their commons with the college, as appears by computations of expenses on their account now remaining." But there are several indications that even kings and nobles had not the advantages of scholars by profession, and, possessing few books of their own, had sometimes to borrow of their more favoured subjects. It is recorded that the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, had lent to Henry V. the works of St. Gregory; and he complains that, after the king's death, the book had been ungenerously detained by the prior of Shene. The same king had borrowed from the Lady Westmoreland two books, that had not been returned; and a petition is still extant, in which she begs his successors in authority to let her have them back again. Louis XI., of France, wishing to borrow a book from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, they would not allow the king to have it till he had deposited a quantity of valuable plate in pledge, and given a joint bond with one of his nobles for its due return. The books that were to be found in the palaces of the great, a little while before the introduction of printing, were for the most part highly illuminated manuscripts, and bound in the most expensive style. In the wardrobe accounts of King Edward IV., it is stated that Piers Bauduyn is paid for "binding, gilding, and dressing of two books, twenty shillings each, and of four books, sixteen shillings each." It should be borne in mind, that twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But this cost of binding and garnishing did not include the whole expenses; for, we are informed, there were delivered to the binder no less than six yards of velvet, six yards of silk, laces, tassels, copper and gilt clasps, and gilt nails. As the price of velvet and silk was then enormous, we may conclude that these royal books were as much for show as use.

One of the books thus garnished by Edward IV.'s binder, is called *Le Bible Historiaux* (The Historical Bible,) a work of which several manuscript copies may still be seen in the British Museum. In one of them, the following paragraph is written in French: "This book was taken from the king of France at the battle of Poitiers; and the good Count of Salisbury, William Mountague, bought it for a hundred marks, and

gave it to his lady, Elizabeth the good countess Which book the said countess assigned to her executors, to sell for forty livres." From another source, we learn that the great not only procured books by purchase, but employed transcribers expressly to make them for their own libraries. In a manuscript account of the expenses of Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, it is stated that in 1467, Thomas Lympnor—that is, Thomas the Limner—of Bury was paid the sum of fifty shillings and twopence for a book which he had transcribed and ornamented, including vellum and binding. The limner's bill is made up of a number of items—for whole vignettes and half-vignettes, capital letters, flourishing, and plain writing. That books were in those days luxuries which few people could spare the money for, may be seen from a letter of Sir John Paston, printed in the collection called the *Paston Letters*. Writing to his mother in 1474, Sir John says: "As for the books that were Sir James's (the priest's), if it like you that I may have them, I am not able to buy them, but somewhat would I give; and (as to) the remainder, with a good devout heart, by my troth, I will pray for his soul." Think of a man seriously proposing to pray for a person's soul, by way of paying the balance of a valuation for books which he could not meet in cash! It shows us that our modern notions of book-buying and devotion differ very widely from those that were entertained in 1474. Sir John's offer, however, but reflects the simple superstitious piety of his time; and in these more favoured and enlightened days, we must blame rather his time than him for the absurdity. It was a kind thing of him, at any rate, to leave us an inventory of his books—only eleven in number, one or two of which appear to have been collections of small tracts—showing us what constituted a gentleman's library in the fifteenth century.

Bookselling, in those days, had not yet grown to be a separate or special business; but it nevertheless appears there was an actual trade in books, and that there were schemes and plans devised for making them, to some extent, of general use. In Paris, as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, people who dealt occasionally in books were commanded to keep a number of them for hire; and in a register of the university of Paris, M. Chevillier found a list of books so circulated, and the price of reading each. Of course, the circulation must have been limited to persons of rank and learning. "That," as Mr. Knight remarks, "the eccle-

siastics and lawyers constituted the great bulk of readers, and that the addition of a book, even to the private library of a student, was a rare occurrence, is evident from the absolute necessity for manuscript books being dear. If the number of readers had increased—if there had been more candidates for the learned professions—if the nobility had discovered the shame of their ignorance—if learning had made its way to the Franklin-hall—manuscript books could never have been cheap. But from the hour when a first large expense of transferring the letters, syllables, words, and sentences of a manuscript to movable type was ascertained to be the means of multiplying copies to the extent of any demand, then the greater the demand, the greater the cheapness.

"If the nobles, the higher gentry, and even the lawyers and ecclesiastics, were indifferently provided with books, we cannot expect that the yeomen had any books whatever. The merchants and citizens were probably somewhat better provided. The labourers, who were scarcely yet established in their freedom from bondage to one lord, were probably, as a class, wholly unable to use books at all. Shakspeare, in all likelihood, did not much exaggerate the feelings of ignorant men—who, at the same time, were oppressed men—when he put these words in the mouth of Jack Cade, when addressing Lord Say: 'Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.' The poet has a little deranged the exact order of events, as poets are justified in doing, who look at history not with chronological accuracy, but with a broad view of the connection between events and principles. The insurrection of Cade preceded the introduction of printing and paper-mills into England. Although, during four centuries, we have yet to lament that the people have not had the full benefit which the art of printing is calculated to bestow upon them, we may be sure that, during its progress, the general amelioration of society has been certain, though gradual. There can be no longer any necessary exclusiveness in the possession of books, and in the advantages which the knowledge of books is calculated to bestow on all men."

When books were so costly and so inaccessible to the great body of the people, as they necessarily were before the date of

printing, bookselling was carried on by merchants as one of the various branches of their business. There were, indeed, a class called stationers, who had books for sale, and who probably executed orders for transcribing books. Their occupation is thus described by Mr. Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe*:—"These dealers were denominated stationarii, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though statio is a general word for a shop in low Latin. They appear, by the old statutes of the university of Paris, and by those of Bologna, to have sold books upon commission, and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the librarii—a word which, having been originally confined to the copyists of books, was afterwards applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which, with us, though, as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of stationery; and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers." But the merchants in their traffic with other lands, and especially with the Low Countries, now called Holland and Belgium, appear to have been the agents through whom valuable manuscripts found their way to England; and in this respect, it has been remarked, they were something like the great merchant-princes of Italy, whose ships not unfrequently contained a cargo of Indian spices and of Greek manuscripts. John Bagford, who, about 1714, wrote a slight life of Caxton, the first English printer, which is in manuscript in the British Museum, says: "Kings, queens, and noblemen had their particular merchants, who, when they were ready for their voyage into foreign parts, sent their servants to know what they wanted; and among the rest of their choice, many times books were demanded," which they were ordered to buy "in those parts where they were going." Caxton himself tells us in the *Book of Good Manners*, which he translated from the French and printed in 1487, that the original French work was delivered to him by a "special friend, a mercer of London." This commerce in books could not have been very great, and certainly not great enough to employ a special class of traders.

So long as books existed only in manuscript, and could be multiplied only by laborious transcription, the authors, of course, enjoyed but a restricted reputation. Yet some of them attained a considerable

renown, and from kings, princes, and the higher nobility received a liberal degree of patronage. In England, the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer were undoubtedly familiar to all well-educated persons, however scanty was the supply of copies, and however dear their cost. The poet Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer, seems also to have gained a considerable popularity. His principal poem, *Confessio Amantis*, printed by Caxton in 1483, is said to have been the most extensively circulated of all the books that came from his press—a fact which leads us to conclude that it must have previously been in great demand. The poem has all the elements required for popularity in those times, being full of stories that were probably common to all Europe, running on through thousands of lines with wonderful fluency, though with no great force. The play of *Pericles*, ascribed to Shakspeare, is founded upon one of these stories. Romances of chivalry, stories of "fierce wars and faithful loves," were then especially the delight of the great and powerful. When the noble was in camp, he solaced his hours of leisure with the marvellous histories of King Arthur or Lancelot of the Lake; and when at home, he listened to or read the same stories in the intervals of the chase or of the feast. Froissart tells in a simple and graphic manner, how he presented a book to King Richard II., and how the king delighted in the subject of the book: "Then the king desired to see my book that I had brought for him; so he saw it in his chamber, for I had laid it there ready on his bed. When the king opened it, it pleased him well, for it was fair illuminated and written, and covered with crimson velvet, with ten buttons of silver and gilt, and roses of gold in the midst, with two great clasps, gilt, richly wrought. Then the king demanded me whereof it treated; and I showed him how it treated matters of love; whereof the king was glad, and looked in it, and read it in many places, for he could speak and read French very well." Froissart, being a Frenchman, wrote in French; but even Englishmen, at that period, often wrote in the same language, and some of Gower's early poems are in French. According to his own account, the long poem of the *Confessio Amantis* above referred to, was written in English at the command of the same King Richard; whence it would appear that royal personages were among the first to encourage the cultivation of the vernacular language.

Somewhat later than Gower and Chaucer

lived John Lydgate, a monk of Bury, who was a very popular poet, and possessed great versatility of talent. Warton says: "He moves with equal ease in every mode of composition. His hymns and his ballads have the same degree of merit: and whether his subject be the life of a hermit or a hero, of St. Austin or Guy Earl of Warwick, ludicrous or legendary, religious or romantic, a history or an allegory, he writes with facility. . . . He was not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a May game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord-mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of Corpus Christi, or a carol for a coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry." A fine illuminated drawing in one of Lydgate's manuscripts, now in the British Museum, represents him presenting a book to the Earl of Salisbury. Such a presentation may be regarded as a first publication of a new work before the date of printing. The royal or noble person at whose command it was written bestowed some rich gift upon the author, which would be his sole pecuniary recompense, unless he received some advantage from the transcribers, for the copies which they multiplied—which in most cases is unlikely. Doubtful as the rewards of authorship may be in an age when the multiplication of copies by the press enables the reader to contribute a small acknowledgment of the benefit which he receives, the literary condition must have been far worse when the poet, humbly kneeling before some mighty man, as Lydgate does in the picture, might have been dismissed with contumely, or have had his present received with a low appreciation of the labour and the knowledge required to produce it.

The fame, however, of a popular writer was of a kind far more direct and flattering than belongs to the literary honours of modern days. There is little doubt that the narrative poems of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, were familiar to the people through the recitations of the minstrels. Mr. George Ellis, in his agreeable work on the *Rise and Progress of English Poetry*, observes: "Chaucer, in his address to his *Troilus and Cressida*, tells us it was intended to be read, 'or elles sung,' which must relate to the chanting of the minstrels; and a considerable part of our old poetry is simply addressed to an audience, without any mention of

readers. That our English minstrels at any time united all the talents of the profession, and were at once poets, and reciters, and musicians, is extremely doubtful; but that they excited and directed the efforts of their contemporary poets to a particular species of composition, is as evident as that a body of actors must influence the exertions of theatrical writers. They were, at a time when reading and writing were rare accomplishments, the principal medium of communication between authors and the public; and their memory in some measure supplied the deficiency of manuscripts, and probably preserved much of our early literature till the invention of printing." We may thus learn, that, although the number of those was very few whose minds could be elevated by reading, the compositions of learned and accomplished men might yet be familiar to the people through the agency of a numerous body of singers and reciters. There has been a good deal of controversy about the exact definition of the minstrel character—whether the minstrels were themselves poets and romance-writers, or the depositaries of the writings of others, and of the traditional literature of past generations. Ritson, a writer upon this subject, says: "that there were individuals formerly who made it their business to wander up and down the country chanting romances, and singing songs and ballads to the harp, fiddle, or more humble and less artificial instruments, cannot be doubted." They were a very numerous body a century before Chaucer; and most indefatigable in the prosecution of their vocation. They even appear to have become at length something of a nuisance, like the barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies that now infest the quieter portions of our towns. There is a writ or declaration of Edward II., which complains of the evil of idle persons, under colour of minstrelsy, being received into other men's houses to meat and drink; and it then goes on to direct, that to the houses of great people, no more than three or four minstrels of honour should come at most in a day; "and to the houses of meaner men, that none come unless he be desired; and such as shall come, to hold themselves contented with meat and drink, and with such courtesy as the master of the house will show unto them of his own good-will, without their asking of anything." Nothing can more clearly exhibit the general demand for the services of this body of men; for the very regulation as to the nature of their reward, shows plainly that they were accus-

tomed to require a liberal payment, and it was only when their demands began to approach towards extortion, that the state found it needful to interfere with them. After this enactment, they struggled on, in a sort of vagabondish manner, sometimes prosperous and sometimes depressed, according to the condition of the country, till the invention of printing came to make popular literature always present in a man's house. The book of ballads or romances which was then to be bought, could be constantly retained without the incurring of any charges for "meat and drink;" for, in the words of Richard de Bury, whom we quoted in the beginning, books "are the masters who instruct us without rods, without hard words or anger, without clothes and money. If you approach them, they are not asleep: if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you." To this truthful and judicious eulogy, let us append Milton's more modern and more eloquent laudation:—"Books," says he, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And . . . unless wariness be used, as good kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the

eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."*

The inestimable advantage of good books, printing has secured to us as an inalienable possession. Whosoever will, may at a trifling cost procure them. These few particulars, relating to the condition and commercial circumstances of literature prior to the use of printing, may nevertheless be interesting to some of the readers of this Journal. Taken in contrast with the present state of knowledge, and the means existing for its dissemination, they may serve at least to show the great advances that have been made since William Caxton first set up his printing-press at Westminster. To appreciate all the advantages of the present, it is sometimes advisable to look into the past, and to contemplate from that position the higher ground of benefit and convenience to which we have attained. Without the mechanical contrivance of printing, the thoughts of ennobling imaginations of genius could never have become possessions to any but the affluent and favoured few; but by means of that imperishable invention, they can now be made available to the uses of all who have learned the simple art of reading; and a man's poverty, unless it be extremely desperate, need no longer hinder him from sharing in the wealth of mind and fancy which was meant for the common inheritance of mankind.

* *Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* 1644.

THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.—Mr. Henry Scott Riddell, of Teviothead, the well-known author of "Scotland Yet," and many other esteemed and popular national songs, was recently, on the recommendation of a clergyman of the Established Church, employed to translate the Gospel of Matthew into the Lowland Scotch. Mr. Riddell finished his

task a few weeks ago, and he has now been informed that his employer is no other than the Emperor of the French. The Emperor, he has been given to understand, takes a curious interest in language, and it would appear is especially interested in the older language of Caledonia, the country of the progenitors of his Empress.

From Blackwood's Magazine.]

MODERN NOVELISTS—GREAT AND SMALL.

GREATNESS is always comparative: there are few things so hard to adjust as the sliding-scale of fame. We remember once looking over a book of autographs, which impressed us with an acute perception of this principle. As we turned over the fair and precious leaves, we lighted upon name after name unknown to us as to a savage. What were these? They were famous names—scraps of notes and hoarded signatures from the great Professor this, and the great Mr. that, gentlemen who wrote F. R. S., and a score of other initial letters against their names, and were ranked among the remarkable people of their generation. Yet we—we say it with humiliation—knew them not, and we flatter ourselves that we were not inferior in this particular to the mass of the literature-loving public. They were great, but only in their own sphere. How many spheres are there entertaining each its own company of magnets? How few who attain the universal recognition, and are great in the sight of all men! There is not a parish or a county in the three kingdoms without its eminent person—not an art or a science but has its established oligarchy; and the great philosopher, who maps the sky like any familiar ocean, is not more emphatically distinguished among his fellows than is some individual workman in the manufactory from which came his great telescope—so true is it, in spite of the infinite diversity of individual constitution, that we have but a series of endless repetitions in the social economy of human nature. Nor is it much easier to define greatness than to limit the number of those for whom it is claimed. In the generation which has just passed, are there not two or three grand names of unquestionable magnitude and influence, the secret of whose power we cannot discover in anything they have left behind them? In fact, all that we can do when we descend from that highest platform whose occupants are visible to the whole world, and universally acknowledged, is to reconcile the claims of the lesser and narrower eminences, by permitting every

individual of them to be great “in his way.”

And there is no sphere in which it is so necessary to exercise this toleration as among the great army of novelists who minister to our pleasures. In no other department of literature is the field so crowded; in few others do success and failure depend so entirely upon the gifts of the artist. A biography, however indifferently executed, must always have something real in it. History may be intolerably heavy—may be partial, or disingenuous, or flippant, but still it is impossible to remove fact and significance altogether from its pages. Fiction, on the other hand, has no such foundation to build upon, and it depends entirely on the individual powers of its professors, whether it is merely a lying legend of impossible people, or a broad and noble picture of real things and real men. To balance this, it is also true that few people are without their bit of insight, of whatever kind it may be, and that the greater portion of those who have the power of speech, the trick of composition, have really seen or known something which their neighbors would be the better for hearing. So far as it professes to represent this great crowded world, and the broad lights and shadows of universal life, with all its depths and heights, its wonders and mysteries, there are but few successful artists in fiction, and these few are of universal fame; but there remains many a by-way and corner, many a nook of secret seclusion, and homes of kindly charity, which genius which is not the highest, and minds of a lower range and scantier experience, may well be content to embellish and illustrate. Nor does it seldom happen that a story-teller of this second rank finds a straight road and a speedy entrance to the natural heart which has but admired and wondered at the master minstrel's loftier tale.

Place aux dames! How does it happen that the cowardice of womankind is a fact so clearly established, and that so little notice is ever taken of the desperate temerity of

this half of the creation? It is in vain that we call to the Amazon, as the lookers on at that famous tourney at Ashby-de-la-Zouch called to the disinherited knight, "Strike the hospitaller's shield—he is weak in his saddle." While we are speaking, the feminine knight-errant rushes past us to thunder upon the buckler of Bois Guilbert, the champion of champions. Where philosophic magnets fear to tread, and bodies of divinity approach with trembling, the fair novelist flies at a gallop. Her warfare, it is true, is after the manner of woman: there is a rush, a flash, a shriek, and the combatant comes forth from the *melée* trembling with delight and terror; but the sudden daring of her attack puts bravery to shame. This, which is the age of so many things—of enlightenment, of science, of progress—is quite as distinctly the age of female novelists; and women, who rarely or never find their way to the loftiest class, have a natural right and claim to rank foremost in the second. The vexed questions of social morality, the grand problems of human experience, are seldom so summarily discussed and settled as in the novels of this day, which are written by women; and, though we have little reason to complain of the first group of experienced novelists who lead our lists, we tremble to encounter the sweeping judgments and wonderful theories of the very strange world revealed to us in the books of many of the younger sisterhood.

No; Mrs. Gore with her shining, chilly sketches—Mrs. Trollope with her rough wit and intense cleverness—Mrs. Marsh with her exemplary and most didactic narratives—are orthodox and proper beyond criticism. To have remained so long in possession of the popular ear is no small tribute to their powers; and we must join, to these long established and well known names, the name of a writer more genial and kindly than any of them, and one who has wisely rested long upon her modest laurels, without entering into competition with the young and restless powers of to-day—Mrs. S. C. Hall. The *Irish Sketches* of this lady resemble considerably Miss Mitford's beautiful *English sketches* in *Our Village*; but they are more vigorous and picturesque, and bright with an animated and warm nationality, apologetic and defensive, which Miss Mitford, writing of one class of English to another, had no occasion to use.

The novel of conventional and artificial life belongs to no one so much as to Mrs. Gore. Who does not know the ring of her

regular sentences?—the dialogue which chimes in exactly the same measure, whether the speakers speak in a club, or in the dowager duchess's sombre and pious boudoir? *Mammon* is a good representation of her average productions; and so is *Transmutation*, an anonymous novel recently published, in which, if it is not Mrs. Gore's, we are wonderfully deceived. Even in works of the highest genius it is seldom difficult to trace a family resemblance between the different creations of the same hand; and it is impossible to imagine that any mortal fancy could retain originality through the long period which this lady has spent in the composition of novels; so it is not wonderful that we need to pay especial attention to the names; to make ourselves quite sure that it is a new and not an old novel of Mrs. Gore's which we have in our hand. There is the same country house—the same meek lady and morose gentleman—the same "nice young man" for hero—and the same young ladies, good and naughty, in the same white muslin and blue ribbons. There is the same chorus kept up through the book, of conversations at clubs upon other people's business, which the parties interested either overhear or do not overhear, as is best for the story. And so the tale glides on smoothly and easily, its sorrows disturbing our placidity as little as its joys, and everybody concerned having the most composed and tranquil certainty as to how it is to end. Nevertheless, Mrs. Gore's novels have a host of readers, and Mrs. Gore's readers are interested. People will be interested, we suspect, till the end of the world, in the old, old story, how Edwin and Angelina fell in love with each other; how they were separated, persecuted, and tempted; and how their virtue and constancy triumphed over all their misfortunes. And there is much vivacity and liveliness, and a good deal of shrewd observation in these books. They are amusing, pleasant beguilers of a stray hour; and, after all our grand pretensions, how valuable a property is this in the genus novel, which proclaims itself an ephemeron in its very name!

Mrs. Trollope is a different person. It pleases this lady to put her fortune to the touch, whether she will delight or disgust us, and according to her auditors is her success. The bold, buxom, daring, yet very foolish Mrs. Barnaby, seems to have been a work entirely after this author's heart, and at which she labored *con amore*; but we cannot profess to have the smallest scrap of admiration for Mrs. Barnaby, though there is no

doubt that the coarse tricks, the coarse rouge, the transparent devices, which were too barefaced to deceive anybody, are perfectly kept up throughout the book. We are afraid it is a fundamental error in a book to seek, not our admiration and interest, but our disgust and disapprobation for its principal character. We do not choose to leave the hero or the heroine, whose fate we have followed through three volumes, in the hands of Nemesis; we would much rather that it could be possible for her to "take a thought and mend;" and though we can resign to poetic justice a secondary villain, we revolt against entering upon a history which is only to end in confusion and overthrow to its principal actor. That Mrs. Barnaby is a real kind of woman, it is impossible to deny; and the success of her representation is but another proof of how strangely people are attracted in fiction by characters from which they cannot keep themselves sufficiently far away in real life; but we do not think the creation of this redoubtable adventurer, nor of her companion portrait, the *Vicar of Wrexhill*, are things which bring the author nearer to any heart. Mrs. Trollope has the same broad, coarse humor, which, with such an odd, unlooked-for contrast, breaks into those mincing, genteel histories of *Cecilia* and *Evelina*, which Johnson and Burke sat up all night to read; and though she deals lovingly with Mrs. Barnaby, there is a venom and bitterness in her picture of the Low Church Vicar, which is not very edifying. She is perhaps a cleverer woman, but we miss the silken rustle and lady-like pace of her contemporary, and find Mrs. Trollope a less agreeable companion than Mrs. Gore.

The author of *Emilia Wyndham* is of an entirely distinct character. This lady, whatever else she is, must always be exemplary. We have a distinct impression of a little circle of young ladies, emancipated from the school-room, but scarcely entered upon the world, sitting in one of her own pretty, orderly, morning rooms, clustered about the kind, but precise story-teller, when we open one of her novels. *They* dare never be so much engrossed in the tale as to forget the "deportment" which their instructress is so careful of; and she has leisure to pause now and then to bid some forgetful little one to hold up her head or throw back her shoulders. Yet there is real goodness, some dramatic power, and the natural instinct of telling a story in Mrs. Marsh. Her first and most ambitious work is not addressed to her audience of young ladies, nor would it be very

suitable for them; but we prefer the good Emilia to the high-souled and sinful Lucy, and feel that the author is more in her element with one of her own pleasant groups of girls—the good one with her innocent wisdoms, and the other who is not quite good, with her almost equally innocent naughtinesses—or with her two lovers, the wild, gay, handsome, young gallant, and the grave, quiet, passionate man—than with those mysteries of sin and misery, which in very abhorrence and pity a good woman is sometimes fascinated to look into, wondering whether something may not be found there to account for the tremendous fall. But the author of *Emilia Wyndham* has lost some ground during these last few years. She has taken to making books rather than to telling stories, and has perceptibly had the printing-press and certain editorial censors before her, instead of the dove's eyes of her sweet young audience. Yet there is always something pleasant in her anxious care to point an example:—"My dear children, here is the good and here is the evil, and you see what they lead to; and here again you perceive how the evil is overcome by the good," is the burden of her tale; and the world has not been slow to acknowledge the goodness that lies in her old-fashioned moral, nor the many indications of power and purpose which her works contain.

When we leave these respectable elder sisters of the literary corporation, we immediately find ourselves on very ticklish ground. Ten years ago we professed an orthodox system of novel-making. Our lovers were humble and devoted—our ladies were beautiful, and might be capricious if it pleased them; and we held it a very proper and most laudable arrangement that Jacob should serve seven years for Rachel, and recorded it as one of the articles of our creed; and that the only true-love worth having was that reverent, knightly, chivalrous true-love which consecrated all womankind, and served one with fervor and enthusiasm. Such was our ideal, and such our system, in the old halcyon days of novel-writing; when suddenly there stole upon the scene, without either flourish of trumpets or public proclamation, a little fierce incendiary, doomed to turn the world of fancy upside down. She stole upon the scene—pale, small, by no means beautiful—something of a genius, something of a vixen—a dangerous little person, inimical to the peace of society. After we became acquainted with herself, we were introduced to her lover. Such a lover!—a vast, burly, sensual

Englishman, one of those Hogarth men, whose power consist in some singular animal force of life and character, which it is impossible to describe or analyze. Such a wooing!—the lover is rude, brutal, cruel. The little woman fights against him with courage and spirit—begins to find the excitement and relish of a new life in this struggle—begins to think of her antagonist all day long—falls into fierce love and jealousy—betrays herself—is tantalized and slighted, to prove her devotion—and then suddenly seized upon and taken possession of, with love several degrees fiercer than her own. Then comes the catastrophe which prevents this extraordinary love from running smooth. Our heroine runs away to save herself—falls in love with another man almost as singular as her first love—and very nearly suffers herself to be reduced to marry this unloved and unloving wooer; but, escaping that risk, finally discovers that the obstacle is removed which stood between her and her former tyrant, and rushes back straightway to be graciously accepted by the blind and weakened Rochester. Such was the impetuous little spirit which dashed into our well-ordered world, broke its boundaries, and defied its principles—and the most alarming revolution of modern times has followed the invasion of *Jane Eyre*.

It is not to be wondered at, that speculation should run wild about this remarkable production. Sober people, with a sober respect for womankind, and not sufficient penetration to perceive that the grossness of the book was grossness that only could be perpetrated by a woman, contested indignantly the sex of the writer. The established authorities brought forth proofs in the form of incorrect costume, and errors in dress. Nobody perceived that it was the new generation nailing its colors to its mast. No one could understand that this furious love-making was but a wild declaration of the "Rights of Woman" in a new aspect. The old fashioned deference and respect—the old fashioned wooing—what were they but so many proofs of the inferior position of the woman, to whom the man condescended with the gracious courtliness of his loftier elevation! The honors paid to her in society—the pretty fictions of politeness, they were all degrading tokens of her subjection, if she were but sufficiently enlightened to see their true meaning. The man who presumed to treat her with reverence was one who insulted her pretensions; while the lover who struggled with her, as he would have struggled with another man, only adding a certain

amount of contemptuous brutality, which no man would tolerate, was the only one who truly recognized her claims of equality. "A fair field and no favor," screams the representative of womanhood. "Let him take me captive, seize upon me, overpower me if he is the better man—let us fight it out, my weapons against his weapons, and see which is the strongest. You poor fellow, do you not see how you are insulting and humiliating that Rachel, for whom you serve seven years? Let her feel she is your equal—make her your lawful spoil by your bow and by your spear. The cause of the strong hand for ever—and let us fight it out!" Whereupon her heroine rushes into the field, makes desperate sorties out of her Sebastopol, blazes abroad ammunition into the skies, commits herself beyond redemption, and finally permits herself to be ignominiously captured, and seized upon with a ferocious appropriation which is very much unlike the noble and grand sentiment which we used to call love.

Yes, it is but a mere vulgar boiling over of the political cauldron, which tosses your French monarch into chaos, and makes a new one in his stead. Here is your true revolution. France is but one of the western powers; woman is the half of the world. Talk of a balance of power which may be adjusted by taking a Crimea or fighting a dozen battles—here is a battle which must always be going forward—a balance of power only to be decided by single combat, deadly and uncompromising, where the combatants, so far from being guided by the old punctillios of the duello, make no secret of their ferocity, but throw sly javelins at each other, instead of shaking hands before they begin. Do you think that young lady is an angelic being, young gentleman? Do you compare her to roses and lilies, and stars and sunbeams, in your deluded imagination? Do you think you would like to "deck and crown your head with bays," like Moutron, all for the greater glory to her, when she found you "serve her evermore?" Unhappy youth? She is a fair gladiator—she is not an angel. In her secret heart she longs to rush upon you, and try a grapple with you, to prove her strength and her equality. She has no patience with your flowery emblems. Why should *she* be like a rose or like a lily any more than yourself? Are these beautiful weaklings the only types you can find of *her*? And this new Bellona steps forth in armor, throws down her glove, and defies you—to conquer her if you can. Do you like it, gentle lover?—would you rather break her head

and win, or leave her alone and love her? The alternative is quite distinct and unmistakable—only do not insult her with your respect and humility, for this is something more than she can bear.

These are the doctrines, startling and original, propounded by *Jane Eyre*; and they are not *Jane Eyre*'s opinions only, as we may guess from the host of followers or imitators who have copied them. There is a degree of refined indelicacy possible to a woman, which no man can reach. Her very ignorance of evil seems to give a certain piquancy and relish to her attempts to realize it. She gives a runaway far-off glimpse—a strange improper situation, and whenever she has succeeded in raising a sufficient amount of excitement to make it possible that something very wrong might follow, she prevents the wrong by a bold *coup*, and runs off in delight. There are some conversations between Rochester and *Jane Eyre* which no man could have dared to give—which only could have been given by the overboldness of innocence and ignorance trying to imagine what it never could understand, and which are as womanish as they are unwomanly.

When all this is said, *Jane Eyre* remains one of the most remarkable works of modern times—as remarkable as *Villette*, and more perfect. We know no one else who has such a grasp of persons and places, and a perfect command of the changes of the atmosphere, and the looks of a country under rain or wind. There is no fiction in these wonderful scenes of hers. The Yorkshire dales, the north-country moor, the streets of Brussels, are illusions equally complete. Who does not know Madame Beck's house, white and square and lofty, with its level rows of windows, its green shutters, and the sun that beams upon its blinds, and on the sultry pavement before the door? How French is Paul Emmanuel and all his accessories! How English is Lucy Snowe! We feel no art in these remarkable books. What we feel is a force which makes everything real—a motion which is irresistible. We are swept on in the current, and never draw breath till the tale is ended. Afterwards we may disapprove at our leisure, but it is certain that we have not a moment's pause to be critical till we come to the end.

The effect of a great literary success, especially in fiction, is a strange thing to observe,—the direct influence it has on some one or two similar minds, and the indirect bias which it gives to a great many others.

There is at least one other writer of considerable gifts, whose books are all so many reflections of *Jane Eyre*. We mean no disparagement to Miss Kavanagh; but from *Nathalie* to *Grace Lee*, she has done little else than repeat the attractive story of this conflict and combat of love or war—for either name will do. *Nathalie*, which is very sunny and very French, is, for these its characteristic features, to be endured and forgiven, closely though it approaches to its model; but *Daisy Barnes*, which is not French, has much less claim upon our forbearance, and the last novel of this author exaggerates the repetition beyond all toleration. The story of *Grace Lee* is a story of mutual "aggravation," in which the lady first persecuted the gentleman with attentions, kindnesses, scorn, and love; and the gentleman afterwards persecutes the lady in the self-same way. When John Owen is worried into falling in love with her, it becomes *Grace Lee*'s turn to exasperate and tantalize, which she does with devotion; and it is not till after a separation of many years, and when they are at least middle-aged people, that this perverse couple are fairly settled at last. The lady is a pure heroine of romance throughout, and has no probability in her; but that is a lesser matter; and the hero, without a single amiable quality, so far as appears in the story, has only to recommend him to this same bitter strength, which we must conclude to be the sole heroic attribute worth mentioning in the judgment of the author. We might perhaps trace the origin of this passion for strength further back than *Jane Eyre*; as far back, perhaps as Mr. Carlyle's idolatry of the "Canning"—the king, man, and hero. But it is a sad thing, with all our cultivation and refinement, to be thrown back upon sheer blind force as our universal conqueror. Mr. Carlyle's Thor, too, is a sweet-hearted giant, and bears no comparison to Mr. Rochester and Mr. John Owen. We suspect, indeed, that Thor would be even sheepish in love, and worship the very footsteps of his princess; whereas it is principally in love, and in vanquishing a woman, that the strength of the other gentleman seems to lie. No, it is no Thor, no Berserker, no mighty Goth or Northman. One could fancy how such a genuine and real personage might eclipse the "manly beauty" of the bland Greek Apollo, to certain forms and moods of mind. These ladies, however, are not so solicitous to have some one who can conquer war or fortune, as to find some one who can subdue, and rule with a hand of iron—themselves. Nor is the in-

direct influence of this new light in literature less remarkable.

Mrs. Gaskell, a sensible and considerate woman, and herself ranking high in her sphere, has just fallen subject to the same delusion. *North and South* is extremely clever as a story; and, without taking any secondary qualification to build its merits upon, it is perhaps better and livelier than any of Mrs. Gaskell's previous works; yet here are still the wide circles in the water, showing that not far off is the identical spot where Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe, in their wild sport, have been casting stones; here is again the desperate, bitter quarrel out of which love is to come; here is love itself, always in a fury, often looking exceedingly like hatred, and by no means distinguished for its good manners, or its graces of speech. Mrs. Gaskell is perfect in all the "properties" of her scene, and all her secondary people are well drawn; but though her superb and stately Margaret is by no means a perfect character, she does not seem to us a likely person to fall in love with the churlish and ill-natured Thornton, whose "strong" qualities are not more amiable than are the dispositions of the other members of his class whom we have before mentioned. Mrs. Gaskell lingers much upon the personal gifts of her grand beauty. Margaret has glorious black hair, in which the pomegranate blossoms glow like a flame; she has exquisite full lips, pouted with the breath of wonder, or disdain, or resentment, as the case may be; she has beautiful rounded arms, hanging with a languid grace; she is altogether a splendid and princely personage; and when, in addition to all this, Margaret becomes an heiress, it is somewhat hard to see her delivered over to the impoverished Manchester man, who is as ready to devour her as ever was an ogre in a fairy tale. The sober-minded who are readers of novels will feel Mrs. Gaskell's desertion a serious blow. Shall all our love-stories be Squabbles after this? Shall we have nothing but encounters of arms between the knight and the lady—bitter personal altercations, and mutual defiance? It is a doleful prospect; and not one of these imperilled heroines has the good gift of an irate brother to exchange civilities with the love-making monster. There is one consolation: Have we not in these favored realms a Peace Society? And where could these most respectable and influential brethren find a fairer field?

There is one feature of resemblance between Mrs. Gaskell's last work and Mr.

Dickens' *Hard Times*. We are prepared in both for the discussion of an important social question; and in both, the story gradually slides off the public topic to pursue a course of its own. *North and South* has, of necessity, some good sketches of the "hands" and their homes, but it is Mr. Thornton's fierce and rugged course of true love to which the author is most anxious to direct our attention; and we have little time to think of Higgins and his trades-union, in presence of this intermitting, but always lively, warfare going on beside them. Mrs. Gaskell has made herself an important reputation. The popular mind seems to have accepted *Mary Barton* as a true and worthy picture of the class it aims to represent; and *Ruth*, though a great blunder in art, does not seem to have lessened the estimation in which her audience hold her. *Ruth* is the story of a young girl betrayed and fallen while little more than a child—innocent in heart, but with her life shipwrecked at its very earliest outset; and Ruth is the sole heroine and subject of the book. The vain attempts of her friends to conceal the irrecoverable downfall of this poor child—the discovery that comes after many years—her humility and devotion and death—are, of course, the only circumstances in which the author can place her unfortunate heroine; the mistake lies in choosing such a heroine at all. Every pure feminine mind, we suppose, holds the faith of Desdemona—"I do not believe there is any such woman;" and the strong revulsion of dismay and horror with which they find themselves compelled to admit, in some individual case, that their rule is not infallible, produces at once the intense resentment with which every other woman regards the one who has stained her name and fame; and that pitying, wondering fascination which so often seems to impel female writers to dwell upon these wretched stories, by way of finding out what strange chain of causes there was, and what excuse there might be.

We will only instance one other young writer touched by the spirit of Jane Eyre, the author of the *Head of the Family*; but the long and most tantalizing courtship of Ninian Græme, the hero of this book, with its "many a slip between the cup and the lip," is redeemed by the fact that it is the lover here who is humble, patient, and devoted, and not the lady. There is a great deal of talent in this lady's works, and a great deal of love. Alas! for this hard world, with all its rubs and pinches! how soon it teaches us the secret of harder stog-

gles than those of love-making. In the last work of this writer, *Agatha's Husband*, we have plenty of quarreling; but these are legitimate quarrels between married people, lawful sport with which we have no right to interfere, and which the author describes with genuine relish, and with no small truth.

We suppose it is a natural consequence of the immense increase of novels that the old material should begin to fail. It is hard to be original in either plot or character when there are such myriads of "examples" treading in the same path as yourself, and prior to you; and many a shift is the unfortunate fictionist compelled to, if he would put some novelty into his novel. We have before us at this moment two different books, which we are constrained to class together as novels of disease. *The House of Raby* is a tale of a family afflicted with insanity. We have first some legendary information about a "wicked earl," whose madness is furious and vicious, but scarcely known as madness to the world. Then comes his son, an amiable and worthy gentleman, who falls in love, and is refused by a virtuous Margaret Hastings, who is deeply attached to him, but thinks it a sin that he should marry. In this view the gentleman coincides for a while; but ultimately gets rid of his conscientious scruples, and marries his cousin. Then comes a second generation, the twin sons of this couple, of whom one inherits the family malady in periodical fits, but in his sane intervals shows the greater genius, takes an important place in society, and has no *weakness* about him. This is the hero; and he falls in love with a second Margaret Hastings, the niece of the former one whom, however, more self-denying than his father, he never wishes to marry, but is content to have a very fervent and loving friendship with. Margaret is a clergyman's daughter, and being left with no great provision, accepts an appointment as housekeeper at Carleton Castle, the ancestral house of the family, where she has always been a friend and favorite, and lives there, taking care of her lover in his dark hours, and enjoying his society when he is in his proper mind—all with the fullest sanction of his elder brother the earl, and Margaret's friend the countess; and so the story ends. With less incident, and also with less interest, Miss Jewsbury follows in the train of the anonymous author of *The House of Raby*. The hereditary malady is the most shadowy possibility in the world in the family of *Constance Herbert*; but her mother, in whose blood there is no such disease by de-

scent, becomes suddenly mad, and settles into a hopeless idiot. Constance, too, has an Aunt Margaret—Aunt Margarets are fashionable in novels—and when she is in all the joyful excitement produced by her young lover's first declaration, she is carried away for the first time to see her mother, and is told how the case stands with her, and how she is bound not to marry, lest she should transmit to others this dreadful inheritance. Such is the argument of these books; and they form one of the many modern instances of super-refinement and improvement upon the infallible laws of nature and revelation. That there could be anything which possibly might make up to the unfortunate supposed children—for whose sake Arundel Raby will not marry Margaret, nor Constance Philip—for the great calamity of being born, our authors do not seem to suppose; but Miss Jewsbury's heroine, when she feels herself very miserable, takes refuge in abusing Providence and God for her dreadful privations, and for the cruel injustice of creating her under such circumstances. Indeed, Miss Jewsbury's opinion seems to be, that the only business which God has to do with at all is to make His creatures happy, and prevent those discourteous ills and misfortunes from laying hands upon them; and when grief does come, the unfortunate afflicted person has full permission to upbraid the great Author of his misery, who ought to have paid attention to it, and taken means to stay the evil; nay, is quite justified in refusing altogether to believe in the existence of the careless Deity, who will not exert himself to keep troubles away. This, indeed, seems a very fashionable doctrine in these days, when we have all become so very much kinder and more charitable than the God who preserves the life in these ungrateful hearts. Now, we cannot help thinking it a great error to make any affliction, like that of hereditary insanity, the main subject of a story. It is permissible as a secondary theme: but a thing out of which no satisfactory result (according to our carnal and mundane ideas of happiness) can come—is not a fit central point for fiction. The position of the lady housekeeper and her lover patient, alternately a madman and a genius, is in the highest degree uncomfortable, and we cannot reconcile ourselves to it in any shape; and we have seen few books so perfectly unsatisfactory as *Constance Herbert*. The anonymous author has the advantage of Miss Jewsbury—there is always interest, at least, in the *House of Raby*.

There is one other class of books, written "on principle," and in which some very pleasant results have been attained—books which we will not call "religious," but rather "Church" novels. The *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Heartsease* are important individuals in this family. There is no accounting for the wonderful rise of the "bubble reputation" in many instances; but though we cannot admit that these books deserve *all* the applause they have got, they are still very good books, and worthy of a high place. The best thing in the *Heir of Redclyffe*, to our judgment—though not the pleasantest—is the wonderful impersonation of a "prig" in Philip Morville. This intolerable coxcomb, solemn and faultless, does—with the best intentions—the villain's work in the book; and we have no patience with the cruel murder of the good young Guy, to make room for this disagreeable cousin. *Heartsease*, too, is very clever and lively, and has a great deal of character in it. And there are other unobtrusive books of the class, which, putting aside their High-Churchisms, and all the little martyrdoms their heroines suffer in the cause of district-visiting and Dorcas societies, have much shrewd appreciation of common life, and a quiet eye for a piece of oddity. Such books as *Katherine Ashton*, in spite of their occasional tedium, are by no means bad fare for the young ladies of the party they represent; and any little bit of fanciful harm that may be in their mild Puseyism is more than counterbalanced, in our opinion, by a great deal of substantial merit.

We cannot deny that, in this second rank of eminence, the magnitude and variety of the female professors of our art do somewhat pale the glory of our literary craftsmen of the nobler sex, though it is true that the Broad Church, in the stalwart person of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is rather more than a match even for the *Heir of Redclyffe*, the most notable of the High Church novelists. Yet Mr. Kingsley himself will scarcely hold his own by the side of some of the lady-writers whom we have already mentioned. We do not intend to discuss the merits, as a novelist, of this stout and boisterous champion of popular rights, and of the unspeakable latitudes of doctrine to which a man may reach, while still he sits under the shadow of the Prayer-book and the Thirty-nine Articles, as under his own vine and his own fig-tree. Mr. Kingsley is a speculatist, and not a born story-teller, and we leave him for the present.

Nor are we sure that we are quite justified in placing the name of an American in the foremost rank of our own secondary eminences. If "the American language" has gained a certain right, by its own peculiar elegances, to be distinguished from the mother tongue, American novels are still more individually characteristic. Our good neighbors and cousins are too smart not to exhaust rapidly all the ordinary "sensations" of every-day existence. Adventure with them is exhausted in the humorous slang stories of the backwoods; they have little history to fall back upon; their art is still either elementary or borrowed; and their fashion—alas the day!—is a wonderful development of what human foolishness may come to if it is but sufficiently pertinacious. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that a morbid investigation into great secret passions and crimes—that a tinted and half-perceptible horror—and that the new science which is called "anatomy of character," should be in great request among them. For ourselves, we have small admiration of the spiritual dissecting-knife, however skilfully handled, and very little tolerance for the "study of character," which has been quite a fashionable pursuit for some time past. We would prefer, for our own individual choice, to be "taken to pieces" in a neighborly way, and with legitimate gossip of all our antecedents and circumstances, than to have a small committee "sit upon" our character and idiosyncrasies in every intellectual family with which we had the misfortune to be upon visiting terms. The books of Mr. Hawthorne are singular books: they introduce to us not only an individual mind, but a peculiar audience; they are not stories into which you enter and sympathize, but dramas of extraordinary dumb show, before which, in darkness and breathless silence, you sit and look on, never sure for a moment that the dimly-lighted stage before you is not to be visited by the dioramic thunders of an earthquake, falling houses, moaning victims, dismay, and horror, and gloom. Had the reputation of this gentleman been confined to his own country, it would have been out of our sphere of comment; but he has had great popularity on this side of the Atlantic, where we understand he is now resident, and his books have perhaps excited the public curiosity almost as much as the books of Miss Brontë. *The Scarlet Letter* glows with the fire of a suppressed, secret, feverish excitement; it is not the glow of natural life, but the hectic of disease which burns upon the cheeks of its

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actors. The proud woman, the fantastic and elfish child, the weak and criminal genius, and the injured friend, the husband of Hester, are exhibited to us rather as a surgeon might exhibit his pet "cases," than as a poet shows his men and women, brothers and sisters, to the universal heart. In this book the imagination of the writer has been taxed to supply a world and a society in accordance with the principal actors in his feverish drama. The whole sky and air are tropical; and instead of the gentle monotony of ordinary existence, its long, wearing, languid sorrows, its vulgar weariness and sleep, we have a perpetual strain of excitement—a fire that neither wanes nor lessens, but keeps at its original scorching heat for years. The landscape is parched and scathed; the breeze is a furnace-blast; the volcano is muttering and growling in the depths of the earth; there is an ominous stillness, like the pause before a great peal of thunder. Nor is the air once clear, nor the fever dissipated, till, with a sigh of relief, we escape from the unwholesome fascination of this romance, and find ourselves in a world which is not always tending towards some catastrophe—a world where tears and showers fall to refresh the soil, and where calamities do not come from the blind and mocking hands of fate, but mixed with blessings and charities from the very gates of heaven.

The House of Seven Gables is not less remarkable nor less unwholesome than its predecessor. The affectation of extreme homeliness and commonplace in the external circumstances, and the mystery and secret of the family with which these circumstances are interwoven, is very effective in its way; and if it were not that its horrors and its wonders are protracted into tedious long-windedness, we would be disposed to admire the power with which these figures were posed and these situations made. But we are never contented with manufactured stories. If they do not grow with a sweet progression of nature, they may please our eye, or flatter, with a sense of superiority to the multitude, our critical faculties; but we cannot take such productions into our heart. Hephzibah Pyncheon is, perhaps, the most touching picture Mr. Hawthorne has made, and her first attempt at shopkeeping, with all its little humiliations and trials, is a pitiful picture, true enough to reach the heart. We can understand how the poor old gentlewoman cries over the scattered sweetmeats which roll over the floor when she lets them fall. We can comprehend her nervousness, her

pride, her self-humiliation. There is a spark of human kindness in her, as there is a touch of delicate art in the canker-eaten roses in the old desolate garden; and her devotion to her brother, uncouth and awkward as its demonstrations are, has something pathetic in it. The brother himself is one of those peculiar individuals who owe their existence to the spiritual anatomist whose business it is to "study" his neighbors. Clifford's perfect selfishness is only an intense development of love for the beautiful, says his biographer. Hephzibah's shy and awkward tenderness disgusts and irritates rather than delights him, because it is his natural instinct to seek beauty, and there is nothing lovely in the withered ancient lady, in spite of the deep love at her heart. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Hawthorne calls this "poetic," this heartlessness of his hero, and certainly endeavors to elevate it into something higher than the common hard selfishness which we are accustomed to, both in the world and in novels. Whatever it may be in America, we should be greatly disappointed to find the poetic temperament resolved into this vulgar sensualism in our own more sober world. A nice eye for external beauty, and a heart closed to all perception of the beauty of other hearts, may make a voluptuary, but will never, with any amount of talent added thereto, make a poet. The character is fit enough for Harold Skimpole, and comes in admirably to make up that capital sham: but we entirely reject and disbelieve it in any personage of more serious pretensions. It has just originality enough to strike a casual observer, or a rapid reader, as "something new;" but we know of nothing more repellant or obnoxious to common humanity, than a man who rejects, and is disgusted by, honest affections and tenderness of which he is entirely unworthy, because, forsooth, they are not lovely in their outward manifestations, and he has an "eye for beauty," and a fastidious taste, which cannot endure anything that is not attractive to the eye.

In the death-scene of Judge Pyncheon, we are wearied and worried out of all the horror and impressiveness which might have been in it, had its author only known when to stop. Perhaps there is scarcely such another piece of over-description in the language. The situation is fairly worn to pieces. Throughout the book this is the leading error. Everything is dwelt upon with a tedious minuteness. The motion is slow and heavy. The story-teller holds our buttons and pours out his sentences all in the same cadence. We

feel ourselves compelled to submit and listen to the long story. But even the power and fascination it undoubtedly possesses, does not impel us to forgive the author for this interminable strain upon our patience. Like the wedding guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, we sit reluctantly to hear it out; and when it is done, and no adequate reward is forthcoming of either wisdom or pleasure, we are injured and indignant, and do not understand why we have been detained so long to so little purpose. For it is no particular gratification to us to know how Mr. Hawthorne studies his subjects—how he sets them in different lights, like a child with a new toy, and gets new glimpses of their character and capabilities—we want the result, and not the process—the story completed, but not the photographs from which it is to be made.

In the *Blythedale Romance* we have still less of natural character, and more of a diseased and morbid conventional life. American patriots ought to have no quarrel with our saucy tourists and wandering notabilities, in comparison with the due and just quarrel they have with writers of their own. What extraordinary specimens of womankind are Zenobia and Priscilla, the heroines of this tale! What a meddling, curious, impertinent rogue, a psychological Paul Pry, is Miles Coverdale, the teller of the story! How thoroughly worn out and *blasé* must that young world be, which gets up excitements in its languid life, only by means of veiled ladies, mysterious clairvoyants, rapping spirits, or, in a milder fashion, by sherry-cobbler and something cocktails for the men, and lectures on the rights of women for the ladies. We enter this strange existence with a sort of wondering inquiry whether any *events* ever take place there, or if, instead, there is nothing to be done but for everybody to observe everybody else, and for all society to act on the universal impulse of getting up a tragedy somewhere, for the pleasure of looking at it: or if that may not be, of setting up supernatural intercourse one way or another, and warming up with occult and forbidden influences the cold and waveless tide of life. We do not believe in Zenobia drowning herself. It is a piece of sham entirely, and never impresses us with the slightest idea of reality. Nor are we moved with any single emotion throughout the entire course of the tale. There is nothing touching in the mystery of old Moodie; nothing attractive in the pale clairvoyant Priscilla—the victim, as we are led to suppose, of Mesmerism and its handsome diabolical professor. We are

equally indifferent to the imperious and splendid Zenobia, and to the weak sketchy outline of Hollingsworth, whose “stern” features are washed in with the faintest water colors, and who does not seem capable of anything but of making these two women fall in love with him. The sole thing that looks true, and seems to have blood in its veins, is Silas Foster, the farmer and manager of practical matters for the Utopian community, which proposes to reform the world by making ploughmen of themselves. Could they have done it honestly, we cannot fancy any better plan for the visionary inhabitants of the farm and the romance of Blythedale. Honest work might do a great deal for these languid philosophers; and Mr. Hawthorne himself, we should suppose, could scarcely be in great condition for dissecting his neighbors and their “inner nature” after a day’s ploughing or reaping; but mystery, Mesmerism, love, and jealousy are too many for the placid angel of agriculture, and young America by no means makes a success in its experiment, either by reforming others or itself.

After all, we are not ethereal people. We are neither fairies nor angels. Even to make our conversation—and, still more, to make our life—we want more than thoughts and fancies—we want *things*. You may sneer at the commonplace necessity, yet it is one; and it is precisely your Zenobias and Hollingsworths, your middle-aged people, who have broken loose from family and kindred, and have no *events* in their life, who do all the mischief, and make all the sentimentalisms and false philosophies in the world. When we come to have no duties, except those we “owe to ourselves” or “to society,” woe to us! Wise were the novelists of old, who ended their story with the youthful marriage, which left the hero and the heroine on the threshold of the maturer dangers of life, when fiction would not greatly aid them, but when the battle-ground, the real conflict, enemies not to be chased away, and sorrows unforgettable, remained. The trials of youth are safe ground; and so, to a considerable extent, are the trials of husbands and wives, when they struggle with the world, and not with each other; but the solitary maturer men and women, who have nothing happening to them, who are limited by no particular duties, and have not even the blessed necessity of working for their daily bread—these are the problem of the world; and the novelist had need to be wary who tries to deal with it.

We believe no one will deny great talent to

Mr. Hawthorne; and if he would but be brief, we would admit, with greater satisfaction, the power of his situations, and the effectiveness of his scenery. Though it is strange to us to contemplate the old Puritan exiles under their new circumstances, vexed with sumptuary laws and social economics—doing their best in their rigid yet lofty optimism to make a perfect commonwealth, and only making a strait and narrow society instead—yet we believe there is truth, as there is force, in the sketch of them given in the *Scarlet Letter*. We do not recollect to have seen any historical picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, by an American hand, giving a very favorable view of these pioneers of the new empire, or showing anything of that affectionate prejudice which we ourselves are subject to in favor of our special ancestors. How is this? Is it the progress of enlightenment which puts an end to human partialities? Or is it the power of truth and candor in our clever cousins, which will not be deceived either by an appearance of goodness, or by a hereditary claim to their respect.

Mr. Hawthorne, we are afraid, is one of those writers who aim at an intellectual audience, and address themselves mainly to such. We are greatly of opinion that this is a mistake and a delusion, and that nothing good comes of it. The novelist's true audience is the common people—the people of ordinary comprehension and every day sympathies, whatever their rank may be.

Our renewed acquaintance with war, and the universal interest we have in everything which illustrates to us the life of our gallant representatives in the field, will no doubt renew, to a considerable degree, the first freshness of approbation with which the public hailed the works of Mr. Lever. Though these brisk and lively narratives are considerably like each other, we do not desire to see a more animated and interesting story than *Charles O'Malley*—a book which bears a second reading; and they all show, more or less, its characteristic qualities. It is not Mr. Lever's forte, perhaps, to dive into the secret heart of things, or analyze his heroes and his heroines; but who can take a standing leap like the author of *Harry Lorrequer*? Who can witch the world with such noble horse-manship? He has the true spring of Irish humor and Irish shrewdness in him. Mickey Free is as merry and honest a rogue as ever happy fancy invented; and all the secondary bits of life and character in the home-country are admirable. We have a very undue propensity to underrate these stories of adven-

ture; but we think it remains to be proved that our books of emotion and sentiment are really of a higher class, as they certainly are not of a healthier. It is good to be the favorite of youth—good to awake the eager interest, the laugh which rings from the heart; and now that the trumpet sounds in our ears once more, it is time to throw off our supercilious contempt for those manly feats of strength and daring which delight a boy. Outer life, life as it goes on in the world, is sometimes quite as elevated, and occasionally a more important matter for our observation, than that life in the heart which we love so much to dwell upon and disclose. A campaign against the national enemy, agitating a thousand brave souls and widening its influence to embrace a thousand homes, and to touch every rank of the community, is a greater thing than the campaign of a king or queen of hearts, even though it be a quite successful one, and result in a few blighted lives and long-winded miseries. There is no dulness in Mr. Lever's dashing, daring, rapid books. Of their kind they are capital—almost as exciting still as even these letters from the Crimea which we seize so eagerly. A strange change has passed upon the thoughts of this peace-loving nation. What piece of abstract literature, though its writer were laureated poet or throned philosopher, would not be put aside to-day for the simple letter of some poor private from the fated seat of war?

Something new! Happy people of Athens, who had it in their power to say or to hear every day some new thing! In our times we know no such felicity, and far and wide are our researches for the prized and precious novelty which it is so hard to lay hands upon. The "sensation" which it is the design of Mr. Wilkie Collins to raise in our monotonous bosom, is—horror. This novelist would be content to do for our sakes what the redoubtable *Firmilian* does for his own; and, to secure a shock for his readers, would not hesitate to place his hero in any frightful situation. *Antonina* is one of those formidable novels which are so correct that there is neither error nor life left in them. We dare not impugn a fold of the faultless drapery. We feel perfectly convinced that the author has "authority" for every piece of marble in his landscape, and that the luckless critic would be drowned under a deluge of "examples" did he venture to question any bit of costume in the whole elaborate book. Mr. Collins, we do not doubt, has studied his age with the most conscientious diligence; but he certainly has

not studied how to keep the marks of the chisel from this production, which works out its story with a laborious solemnity not pleasant to see. All the points of this tale are points of horror—the frightful feast in famine-stricken Rome, with its ghastly introduction of the old dead woman, who turns out to be the mother of one of the guests, and the still more frightful catastrophe of Goisvintha, are quite unequalled in their peculiar quality. Nor is *Basil*, the tale of modern life, for which its author is careful to inform us he has studied as diligently as he studied the antique, less remarkable in this respect. If the wretched disfigured Marmion, the villain of the story, does not haunt our slumbers, it is not Mr. Collins's fault; and as all this tale progresses artfully towards its concluding horrors, and is nothing without them, we conclude that the object of the author is simply to excite those feelings of abhorrence and loathing with which we are compelled to regard his catastrophe. Modern life, no doubt, like every other, has great crimes, calamities, and miseries hidden in its bosom; but we are afraid that the man who judges by *Basil* of the ordinary existence either of our shopkeeping Sherwins, or of the aristocratic families who are plagued with such "young sons ordained their father's soul to cross," as the hero of this tale, will form a very inadequate opinion of the life which, even in London, is made up of every day and small events, and is by no means a series of catastrophes.

We suppose a Scotsman's national pride ought to be gratified by *Christie Johnstone*; but Scotsmen, like other people, are apt to be perverse, and we are afraid we do not quite appreciate the compliment paid by a "Southron" who can only handle it imperfectly, to our native Doric. There is a certain sweet and subtle charm in a language which only those to the manner born can express or understand. The Scotch of Mr. Reade, and, in a less degree, the Scotch of Mr. Kingsley, is too Scotch to be genuine. We can fancy that the manuscript of *Moredun*, this wonderful treasure-trove which we hear so much of, may be extremely like the handwriting of Sir Walter, only "rather more so," as the Cockneys say; for the fictitious writer, of course, is bound to be characteristic in every turn of his pen, while upon our simple and genuine giant there lay no such compulsion. The Scotch of Sir Walter is vernacular—there is no effort in it; neither Cuddie Headrigg nor Jeanie Deans step a strawbreadth out of their way to secure a Scottishism; and some of the more delicate sketches among the collections of Mr.

Galt depend on the idiom and construction of their language a great deal more than on their words for the effect they produce. In *Christie Johnstone* this principle is entirely reversed. The words are broadly, coarsely, elaborately Scotch, but the idiom and construction are purely English, and the bloom is gone from this uncouth dialect, which loses the fragrance of its own spirit without gaining the inspiration of the other. Mr. Reade has never observed so closely as Wordsworth did, nor found out what the language is which the poet refers to—"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use;" and one can almost suppose that the modern recipe for "making Scotch" is to cut off all the y's—to be careful always to write "awa" instead of "away;" and to pepper this prepared foundation with the most *outré* words which can be collected out of an ancient or modern glossary. We confess there are Scotsmen of the present day who profess this system as much as our English friends. Let anybody compare one of Burns's songs with some of the pretty verses of our modern Scottish ballad-makers, and they will immediately perceive the difference between the Scotch which is unconscious and natural, and the constrained and elaborate manufacture of the same.

Christie Johnstone, nevertheless, is a clever book; and though we cannot see how the interests of art, or of the heroine, or of the public, are served by making the Newhaven fisherwoman an artist's wife in London, there is a great deal that is very good in the conception of *Christie* (alas! it ought to have been *Kirsty*, a harsher sound), who would have been much more fitly mated with some bold fisher lad, than with the poor, aimless wishling, who has not courage either to have her or want her, and who, we are afraid, will give *Christie* a great deal of trouble yet, now that she has married him. We prefer *Peg Woffington*, however, to her Scottish sister. The artist has no difficulty here with his tools, and is at liberty to put all his strength upon his subject; and he has produced a very animated, bright, good picture—though here again, strangely enough, it is the women of the book who are worth anything. The hero is of the poorest class of heroes, more like the pet rascal of some misanthropical lady novelist than the production of a man.

We dare not venture to touch upon the voluminous glories of Mr. G. P. R. James, nor the horrors of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, nor those dreadful perfect little girls who come over from the other side of the Atlantic to do good to the Britishers, like the heroines of

Queechy and the *Wide Wide World*; and there are a host of nameless novelties of our own country, all worthy commendation in their way, whom Maga, did she give all her space for the purpose, could scarcely enclose—so great a crowd are they—in her Temple of Fame. There are many who, deserting the dangerous paths of terror and mystery, are content to paint in good Dutch colors the quiet life and quiet homes which they see every day. There are not a few photographists who put down everything, attractive and repulsive alike, with a minute fidelity which is remarkable; and there is a very good flying squadron of merely pleasant story-tellers, who do us service unobtrusively, without a great deal of either thanks or reward. Of the Dutch painting we have many considerable professors. In a book lately published, *Matthew Paxton*, we find a very curious daguer-

reotype of a peculiar phase of manners; and there is excellent story-telling in Major Hamley's *Lady Lee*, with its three capital heroines; but this has graced the columns of Maga too recently to gain longer comment at our hands; for when could our modesty pause if we dwelt upon the novelists of Maga?

One would suppose that the mass of novel-readers must have greatly increased in these days; but no novel exercises such a universal fascination as fell to the lot of those wonderful books which came to the eager public out of a mysterious cloud, when the author of *Waverley* was the Great Unknown. And to think of little imposing Miss Burney, and Burke sitting up all night with *Evelina*! Those were the days! Who would not have been the happy instrument of cheating Edmund Burke out of a night's rest?

From Chambers' Journal.

THE COSSACK PRINCE AND THE PARISIAN LADY.

THE present war, unhappily, has made us all but too familiar with the aspect of the Cossack in the field and in the foray; but, happily, to most of us he is yet unknown in his social intercourse with the civilized world of Western Europe; so we are about to introduce to our readers the celebrated Platoff, hetman of the Cossacks, as he has been portrayed to us by the lively pen of a French lady, who became acquainted with him and his family during the occupation of Paris by the Allied Powers in 1814.

The younger Platoff had been quartered in this lady's hotel, which was one of the most elegant and sumptuous mansions in Paris. To this arrangement she of course made no objection, and wisely resolved to bestow upon her unwelcome guest the hospitality befitting his rank and position.

Madame d'Abrantes, accordingly, charged her domestics to behave with all due respect to the princely intruder, and placed her confidential *valet de chambre* in close attendance upon him. The domestics were, however, but little disposed to yield their services to

a Russian. Day after day, complaints were made to his courtly hostess of the barbarous customs of her guest. The *femme de charge* came to tell her, that with such an inmate she could no longer manage the household, for that she could not stand by and see things wantonly destroyed as they were by these Russian savages. On inquiring from the faithful Blanche the cause of her discomposure, Madame d'Abrantes learned that the primitive young hetman was in the habit of going to bed in his boots, and with his spurs on into the bargain; so that each morning found the fine bed-linen of the duchess not only dusty and blackened, but also torn in shreds by these equestrian appendages.

The Duchess d'Abrantes smiled at the indignation of her *femme de charge*, and advised her to have patience with the ungainly habits of her guest. It seemed to her as though the exhortation had been effectual, for several days passed on without any new complaint being uttered by the thrifty Blanche. At last, she inquired whether their *pensionnaire* had become more civilized.

"No, indeed, madame," replied Blanche; "but I do not fret myself so much about it now, for I have given him the sheets which are intended for the stable-servants. They are only too good for a savage like him!" added she in a contemptuous tone.

The *valet de chambre* who was placed in attendance on Platoff, marked his dislike to the Cossack in a still more original manner, and one that might have been less innocuous in its results.

Young Platoff had a voracious appetite, and was very gluttonous in his tastes. His French attendants were resolved to try and cure him of his *gourmandise*. For this purpose, the *maitre d'hôtel* purchased a strong emetic, and mixed some grains of it in each dish which was prepared for his table. On the morning fixed upon for this experiment, ten or twelve dishes were served up at his breakfast—the ragouts, the sweetmeats, even the wine and brandy, were strongly dosed by his relentless foes.

The Cossack ate voraciously of all. As one dish after another disappeared before him, the valet looked on with inward glee. "Well," thought he, "the brute will be properly punished!"

At last, breakfast was despatched; and after swallowing a large cup of *café à la crème*, and finishing his bottle of brandy, the hetman yawned, stretched himself two or three times, and threw himself upon his bed, from whence his sonorous snores were soon heard to echo through the adjoining apartments. Joseph listened with surprise. He expected quite a different result from the huge dose which had been administered. At last, he grew alarmed at the prolonged and heavy slumber of the Cossack. It occurred to him that he might, unawares, have poisoned the stranger, and he felt not a little troubled at the thought. To his relief, however, as evening approached, Platoff suddenly started up, and inquired of the valet what o'clock it was. Joseph replied it was past five, and expressed a polite hope that the hetman was not indisposed.

"By no means," replied he; and then swearing out one of his accustomed oaths, declared that he was dying of hunger, and commanded that his dinner should be got ready as quickly as possible. Joseph gazed at him with a stupefied air of disappointment and surprise.

"Go at once," resumed the hetman, "and desire the cook to hasten dinner as much as possible. I have not felt so hungry since the day I arrived in Paris."

Joseph went down into the kitchen, looking so bewildered and crest-fallen that the *maitre d'hôtel* and the cook both cried out at once: "Good heavens, he is not dead!"

"Dead, indeed!" rejoined Joseph; "can such fellows ever die, I wonder? No, no; he is crying out for his dinner as if he had not tasted a morsel for the last four-and-twenty hours!"

"His dinner!" repeated the *maitre d'hôtel* incredulously—"his dinner, after the dose we have given him. Surely that is not possible."

"It is not only possible, but certain; and he will be in a fury if it is not served directly."

"Well, we must only give him another and a stronger dose."

"No, no," replied Joseph, whose conscience misgave him for the part he had acted. "We have done wrong already in playing this trick on the Cossack without madame's knowledge; and now I will go and tell her all about it."

Madame d'Abrantes could scarcely refrain from smiling as her valet retailed to her this extraordinary experiment; but, assuming an air of gravity, she expressed her disapproval of such conduct towards a stranger dwelling beneath her roof, and desired her servants, under pain of her heavy displeasure, not to play any more tricks of the sort with Platoff.

She was by no means sorry, however, when a few days later her uncouth guest took his departure, and was replaced by a far more polished personage, Monsieur Volhinski, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Emperor Alexander.

It seemed to her now as if she had done with the Platoffs; but one day when M. Volhinski was paying his *devoirs* to his fair hostess, he informed her that the famous Platoff, and his daughter Madame Grécoff—father and sister to the ogre from whom she had so recently been delivered—were very desirous to become acquainted with the widow of Napoleon's first aide-de-camp, the intrepid Junot; and at the same time he requested permission to present them to her. Madame d'Abrantes of course gave a gracious assent to the proposal; and a few days later, M. Volhinski was announced in company with his Cossack friends.

The attention of Madame d'Abrantes, as might be expected from a true Parisienne, was at once attracted to the extraordinary costume of her female visitor. Madame Grécoff was young, and had a pleasant physiognomy, without, however, possessing any

pretensions to beauty. She was of small stature, of dark complexion, and bedaubed with red and white paint. In her dress, she betrayed that half-barbaric taste which delights in showy finery as well as in a profusion of ornaments, placed without skill or order about her person. She wore a dress of rich yellow silk, which suited but ill with the colour of her eyes. It was very badly made, forming a sort of domino or *robe de chambre*, with short sleeves, which were the more unsuitable for a morning-dress, as the weather was cold and changeable. Her arms were covered with long white gloves, over which were placed very handsome and expensive bracelets; and on each of her fingers was a ring. Even her thumb was adorned in like manner. The effect of this profusion of trinkets over a pair of gloves may be more easily conceived than described. And her head-dress—it was of such an outlandish form that the Parisian *élégante* could not define to herself whether it was a cap or a bonnet; she only knew it was twice too large for the little head on which it was placed, and that in the attempt to fix it firmly there, it had been sadly mutilated and spoiled. As for her *chaussure*—she wore a pair of coarse silk or *filoselle* stockings, dyed almost blue; and large leather shoes, which showed themselves but too evidently from beneath her fine yellow dress, which was as much too short in front as it was too long behind.

This barbarous *chaussure* seemed almost a social crime to her courtly hostess, who dwells less complacently upon the remembrance of Madame Grécoff than upon that of her father, the famous Platoff, who, despite his uncivilized deportment, contrived to win the good graces of Madame d'Abrantes. This remarkable man was at that time between fifty and sixty years of age. He was tall, and of commanding aspect; had a finely formed head; and his physiognomy was devoid of that savage expression common to so many of his tribe. He wore a long robe of blue cloth, reaching nearly to his feet, and plaited closely round his waist, like a lady's dress. Around his neck was suspended a very conspicuous order, set in diamonds, which the Empress Catherine had had made expressly for himself. At his side hung a Turkish sabre, given him by Potemkin, and said to be of immense value.

Neither Platoff nor his daughter could speak a word of French. They could both of them talk a little German and English; but as Madame d'Abrantes was not ac-

quainted with either of these languages, the conversation was carried on through M. Volhinski, who acted as interpreter to both parties. The hetman said many flattering things of Junot, which were very acceptable to his widow. M. Volhinski inquiring of him what he thought of Madame d'Abrantes, Platoff bent one knee before her, as if to ask pardon for what he was about to do, and, taking her by the hand, led her to a window. There he examined her countenance so attentively for some minutes, that she could scarcely preserve her gravity at such an unusual procedure. At length, with a low bow, he conducted her back to her seat, and said some words in Russian to Volhinski and his daughter. The smile with which they heard him, indicated that his observations were laudatory; so the duchess naturally desired to know their purport.

"He says," replied Volhinski, "that you surely must have the mind and the soul of a man; and that he is convinced you are very courageous, and have great firmness of character."

This, doubtless, was regarded by the Cossack as the greatest compliment he could pay to a woman. As he was about to conclude his visit, Madame d'Abrantes's children entered the apartment. One of them, an infant boy in his nurse's arms, on seeing the hetman in his outlandish robe and cap, set up a loud cry, and turned away his face in childish terror. Platoff went over gently to the boy, spoke to him with his eyes rather than his lips, and quickly won his good graces; so that the little fellow allowed him to take him in his arms, and during a quarter of an hour played with his brilliant decorations, and laughed with delight at the magnificent baubles. On returning the infant to his nurse, Platoff began to laugh, and spoke a few sentences in Russian to Volhinski.

"Do you know what he says?" inquired he.

"No."

"Well, he was relating to me, that in a town of Champagne, the name of which he cannot now recollect, a woman in whose house he was quartered seeing him take into his arms her child, a charming little girl of eighteen months old, fell at his feet bathed in tears, and besought him to give her back her infant. Fortunately, she spoke a little German; so he understood her, and inquired what she was afraid of.

"O sir!" cried out the unhappy mother, clasping her hands in an agony of tears, "pray, pray, don't eat my child!"

"Which was the savage then—this woman or me?" inquired Platoff laughing.

The famous old hetman, however fierce and relentless he might be in the battle-field, had undoubtedly much of that kindliness of look and manner which, during the more peaceful hours of life, wins the good graces

of both women and children. His visit left a very favourable impression on Madame d'Abrantes, who, despite the voracious habits of the younger Platoff, no longer thought with horror and disgust of the redoubtable hetman of the Cossack tribes.

HORACE WALPOLE.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

OUR portrait gallery is enriched with a fine engraving, of HORACE WALPOLE, the celebrated wit, court-gossip, and litterateur. He was the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, was born 1717. In 1734 he went to King's college, Cambridge, and there distinguished himself by his elegant verses in honor of Henry VI., the founder of Eton school. Under the patronage of his father, he obtained, in 1738, the office of inspector of exports and imports, which he afterwards exchanged for that of usher to the exchequer, with which he held the place of comptroller of the pipe, and of clerk of the escheats in the exchequer for life, appointments of the annual value of nearly £5,000. In 1739, he was permitted by his father to travel on the continent, and accompanied by Gray he made the tour of France and Italy; but a dispute at Reggio unfortunately separated the two friends, whose intimacy was again renewed in 1744, to the honor of both. On his return to England in 1741, he was elected into Parliament; but though he sat in the house for above twenty-five years, he never distinguished himself as a speaker, except on one occasion, in defence of his father, in 1741. On giving up his seat in Parliament, he retired to his favorite house at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, which he had purchased in 1747, and tastefully adorned with all the striking features of Gothic times. In this charming spot the literary hermit established, in 1757, a printing

press, where he published first the two sublime odes of his friend Gray, and afterwards edited other works in an elegant and highly finished style. On the death of his nephew in 1791, he succeeded to the title of Earl of Orford, but elevation of rank had no charms for him. He never took his seat in the House of Lords, and with reluctance submitted to the respect or adulation of his friends in assuming an empty title, which he contemptuously called a new name for a superannuated old man of seventy-four. Respectable as a man of letters, Lord Orford was distinguished for his extensive information; he was polite in his manners, facetious in his conversation, and in his sentiments, lively, intelligent, and acute. If avarice and vanity were, according to one of his biographers, his leading foibles, affability and a companionable temper were his most distinguishing virtues. He was of a benignant and charitable disposition; but it must be confessed, that no man ever existed who had less the character of a liberal patron. He died 2nd March, 1797, aged 80. The best known of his works are, a Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, republished with great additions by Th. Park, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1806—Historic Doubts concerning Richard III.—Anecdotes of Painting, enlarged from Vertue—the Castle of Otranto, an interesting romance in the marvellous style, written in eight days—Essay on Modern Gardening—and the Mysterious Mother, a tragedy.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

ABOUT three miles north of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, is a small village called Caistor. It is situated near the sea, and contains a few houses and a great deal of sand. There are a few trees near it; and those few seem sickly, as if their growth were stunted by the keen winds which sweep along the coast. The only object which attracts attention is a lofty tower, surmounted by a slender flag-pole, which points towards the sky. On nearer inspection, it is found to be only a ruin. The winding stairs which once led to the summit of the tower have been removed, and in places the wall has crumbled away, leaving apertures through which the winds moan mournfully. Four walls enclose a large space of ground, but everything is decayed and in ruins, though enough is left to give the spectator an idea of its former grandeur. Here is what was a moat, but now a dry ditch, choked up with mud and weeds; and there is a massive gate and the remains of a draw-bridge. Part of a chapel is visible, where, in times past, priests with rich vestments sung the solemn mass, and instructed the devout Christians who were assembled in the way to everlasting life. But priests and auditors, nay, the chapel itself, are gone, and nought remains but the crumbling stones, which mutely tell their tale.

The castle was built by no less a personage than Sir John Falstaff—honest Jack Falstaff! Yet the brave knight bore a character far different from that portrayed by the immortal dramatist. Sir John was no bully, no boaster, no ignorant boor. England is indebted to him for counsel and assistance in times of danger, and ought not entirely to forget the exploits of so brave and loyal subject.

Old Fuller tells us that Shakspeare at first introduced Sir John Oldcastle upon the stage; but that being resented on account of the high religious character of the knight, he gave his ideal creation a new name, being that of another personage of the period, whose real character was scarcely less different.

John Falstaff, or, more correctly, Fastolfe, was the son of John Fastolfe, a mariner, and came into the world about 1379. He was

soon left fatherless, and, according to the custom of the feudal times, was placed under the guardianship of John Duke of Bedford, the regent of France. He afterwards accompanied to Ireland Thomas Duke of Clarence, on his appointment to the governorship of that country. Whilst there, we presume, he fell in love; for on St. Hilary's day, 1409, he married Millicent, daughter of Sir Robert Tiptoft, and widow of Sir Stephen Scrope, whom, on his wedding-day, he contracted to allow £100 per annum for pin-money; this sum was regularly paid until her death, which took place during her husband's lifetime.

The vice-regent's court seems not to have suited the taste of Falstaff, who was more addicted to fighting than lounging about in idleness. He soon, therefore, assumed another character, and, having buckled on his armor, proceeded to France, where abundance of glory was to be obtained. There his bravery soon made him known. In the accounts of most of the engagements of that period, Falstaff's name occurs in the list of combatants. In Normandy, Gascony, Guienne, Anjou, and Maine, his arm helped to sustain the British power. When Harfleur was taken in 1415, he was made lieutenant of the place, and shortly afterwards received the honor of knighthood. At Agincourt, he took a noble prisoner—no less a person than the Duke of Alençon. He was in the midst of the strife at the taking of Rouen, Caen, Falaise, and Seez, and stormed numbers of strong fortresses and castles; amongst others, the castle of Sillé le Guillaume, for the capture of which he was rewarded by the title of baron in France.

Among other honours poured upon him, he was elected a Knight of the Garter. At his election, there were an equal number of votes for our knight and Sir John Radcliffe; whereupon the Duke of Bedford gave the casting vote in favor of Falstaff, and sent him a letter abounding with expressions of praise. Now, Monstrelet, in his Chronicle, states that Falstaff was degraded from the order on account of his dastardly conduct at the battle of Patay, where he and his followers, being struck with terror at the appearance of the

mysterious Joan of Arc, took to their heels, and left the French army in possession of the field. This tale, unsupported by another testimony, is utterly false; for although it is a fact that Sir John was put to flight at Patay, the tale of his being degraded from the Order of the Garter, is proved untrue by the circumstance of his regular attendance at the chapters of the order long after the period at which his degradation is stated to have taken place. Shakspeare, however, did not forget this story; witness the first part of *Henry VI.*, where Lord Talbot says:

Shame on the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next
To tear the garter from thy craven leg (*plucking it off*),
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou was installed in that high degree.

The crowning exploit of Sir John was his brave conduct at the battle of the Herrings; and how could a Yarmouth man fail to conquer in such a battle? With a small band of Englishmen, he routed a numerous French army, commanded by "le jeune et beau Dunois" himself. The battle got its name from the circumstance of our knight making a kind of fortification with his wagons, which were for the most part full of herrings; for, besides the army being led by a Yarmouth man, the season was Lent, and these two circumstances combined show the reason of his carrying so large a quantity of that small but excellent fish.

The year following the affair at Patay found Sir John lieutenant of Caen; and he was sent in 1432 as ambassador to the council of Basle, where he seems to have fulfilled his duty satisfactorily, for he was afterwards sent

to conclude a peace with France. A few years after this event, the good old knight retired from service, with glory and renown; he turned his steps towards his native place, and, building a castle at Caistor, there spent the remainder of his life. He died in 1459, and was buried at the priory of Broomholm. His resting-place while dead, and his habitation while living, have bowed before the stroke of time, and nothing now remains but a few mouldering, crumbling walls. A few years more, and all will be gone.

In his retirement, Sir John was not oblivious of the advantages of learning. In that age little encouragement was given to literature, but to that little, he contributed a part. The translation of Tully de Senectute was made by his order, and printed in 1481, by the father of English printing. To Oxford, he was a bountiful benefactor; nor was he forgetful of the sister university of Cambridge.

He was intent in his old age upon founding a college for seven priests, and the same number of poor men: but unexpected difficulties arrested its progress, and death proved an irresistible obstacle to its completion.

Such was the Falstaff of fact, a soldier of courage and conduct, and altogether, for his age, a worthy and respectable character. It will always, probably, remain a mystery how Shakspeare should have thought of adopting for his extraordinary personation of sensuality, cowardice, and drollery, the name, first of a virtuous martyr, and, secondly, of a thoroughly noble soldier. So it was, however; and never, while the English language endures, shall we cease to recognise in the word Falstaff, instead of a name of honor and dignity, a signal for raising mirth.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS. — M. Alexandre Dumas writes to the *Presse*, that, unfortunately, the story told, and, moreover, vouched for, by a correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, of an octogenarian having left him a legacy of 3,000,000*f.* is a fable. He has already, he says, received, on the faith of the announcement, applications from creditors for 163,000*f.*; so that, even had the

news been true, he would now have only a balance of 137,000*f.* He throws out the hint that some kind friend may have perhaps invented the story, in the hope of putting into the head of some octogenarian or nonagenarian to bequeath a fortune to him. In that case, he takes the will for the deed, and begs to thank his anonymous friend.

